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*The Bequest of
Theodore Jewett Eastman*

The
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Monthly.

VOLUME IV.

1870.



NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.

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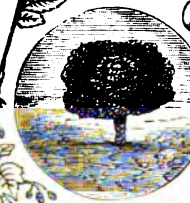
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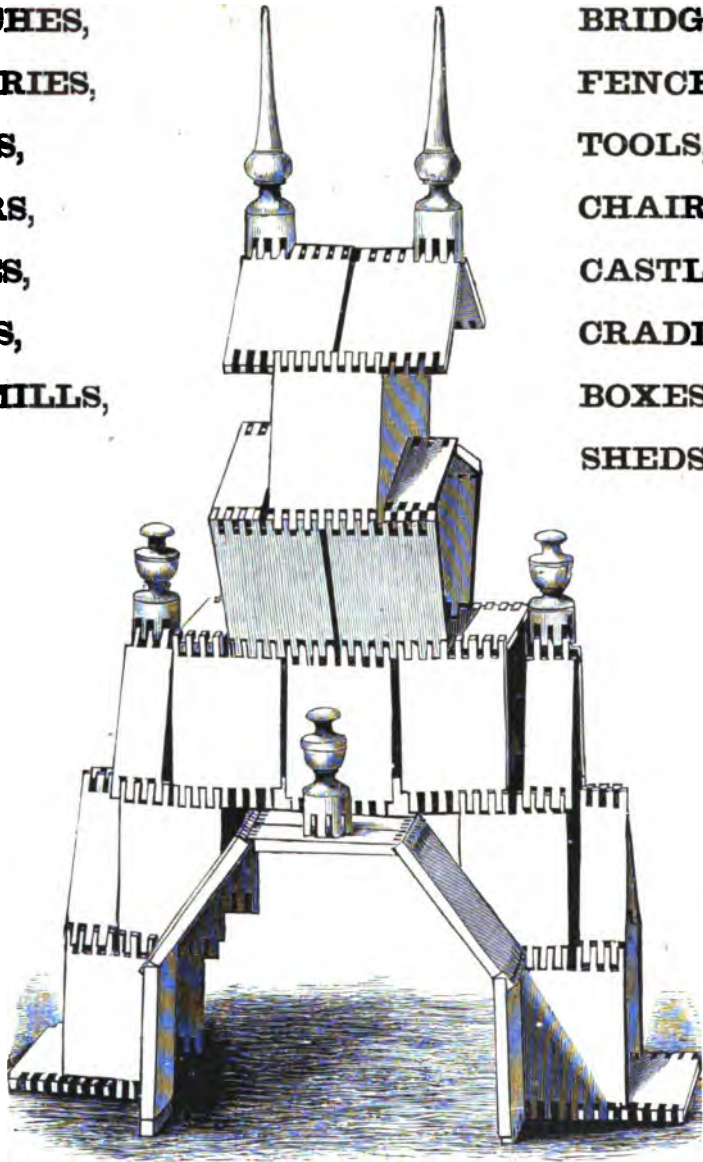
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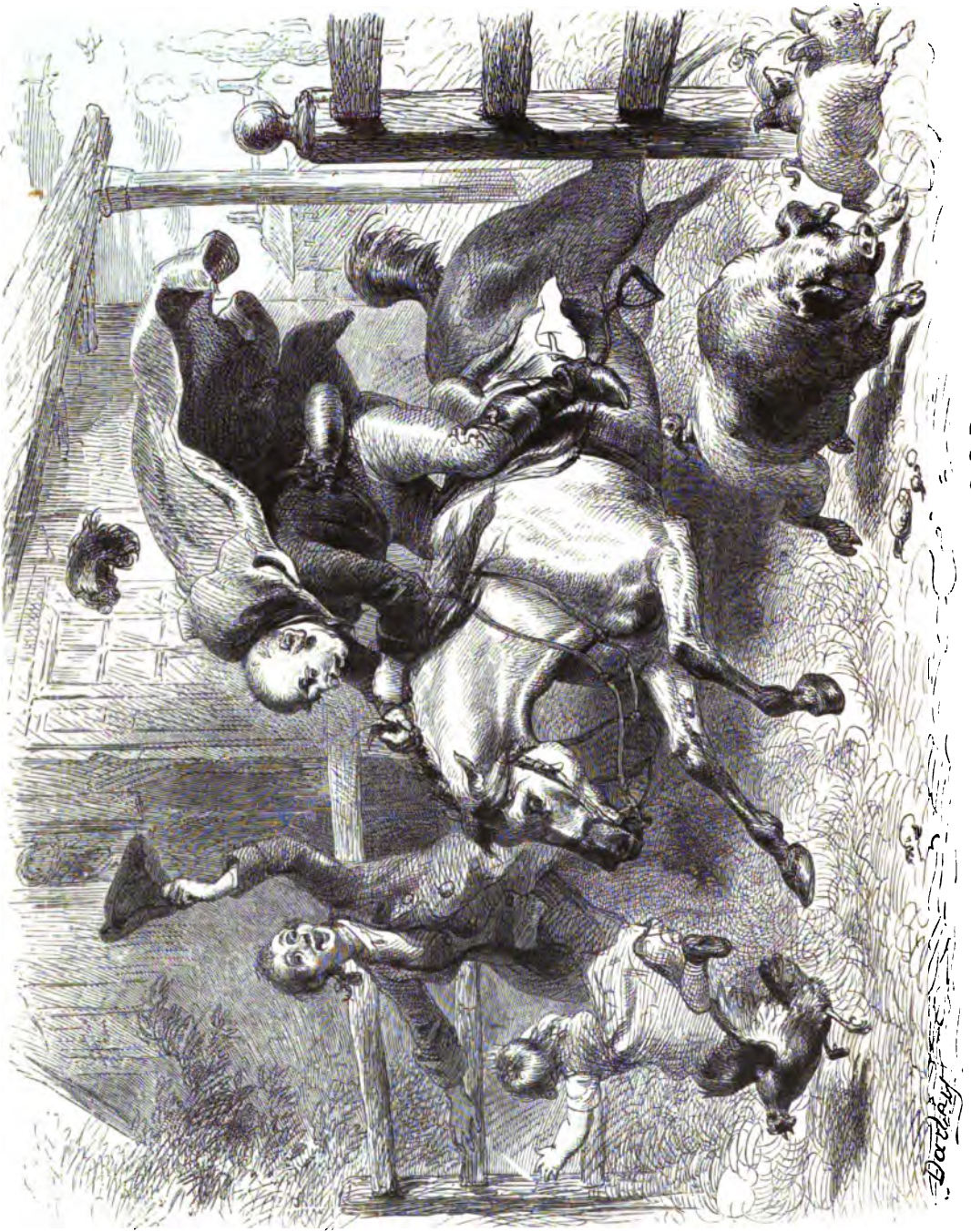
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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — JANUARY, 1870. — No. XXXVII.



THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN GILPIN."

THE hymns which we sing at church were written at different times by different men, and if we knew all about the most familiar ones, we should know how they came to be written, for those hymns which people have come to care most about, are sure to have something very real in them; they say for us just what we want to say, but for which we have not so good words: perhaps they are the hymns that spring to our lips when we are happy, and feel God's love in us: perhaps they are the hymns that we find just to our need when we are sorry for sin and want forgiveness, or are in great trouble, and cannot find elsewhere such fitting words for our sorrow. But always we should find that those who wrote these hymns were glad, or repentant, or sorrowful, and because writing was their way of saying what they felt, as singing may be ours, they wrote what we sing.

Now, of all the writers of hymns, there was one, William Cowper, whom all love when they know of his life. For he had a gentle, lovable nature, and suffered in his life-time from sickness and trouble more than it is easy to tell. He wrote very few hymns, but they are almost all sung in our churches, and they tell much of his life; he wrote long poems also, and a great many charming letters to his friends; he translated the Iliad and Odyssey into English, and he amused himself with writing many bright, happy little pieces of poetry, — among them the amusing story of "John Gilpin," from which the picture at the front of this number of our Magazine is taken.

He was born November 15, 1731, in the little village of Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, where his father was rector of the church; not much is told us of his father, but the memory of his mother, who died when he was six years old, has been preserved for us by him in that most choice domestic poem, suggested by seeing a portrait of her, beginning, —

"O that those lips had language!"

Her death probably broke up the family home, for the child was now sent away to school, and for twelve years was passing through the course of education considered suitable for English boys of good families; that is, besides his classical and mathematical training, and manly sports of football, and cricket, and swimming, he was made to feel the tyranny of a coarse minded older boy, who, by custom, was allowed almost absolute control of him. The sensitive child, ready to open at the mere touch of kindness, was bruised and rendered miserable by the inhumanity of his tyrant. The latter part of his school life, however, was bright and cheerful; he was full of vigor and fun, and the melancholy which made his childhood sad was forgotten and covered up in the breezy, brisk life of boyhood.

At eighteen he finished his schooling, and began preparation for a lawyer's life, studying in the office of a London solicitor, and living in his family. Cowper was of gentle birth, and it was expected that through friends in government he would obtain some office where he would be maintained, and a knowledge of the law was a

means to such appointment. When he had served the usual time, he took chambers in the Temple, that famous cluster of buildings between the Thames and Fleet Street, just within the limits of the old City of London, once the court of the Knights Templars, now the quiet home of lawyers and gentlemen of leisure. Here for about fifteen years he lived, associating with wits and men of the world, writing verse more for amusement than for any other reason, visiting his friends and relations, but having no special calling or regular employment. It was near the end of this time that one of his kinsmen proposed



that he should take office under government; the duties were not arduous, and above all, did not require of him a public appearance, for Cowper was painfully diffident, and the idea of being brought conspicuously before men, made him recoil with alarm. We have seen how in early life his sensitive temperament was rudely handled by being turned away from the quiet, gentle influences of home, and subjected to the torture of a public school; deep under all the playfulness and carelessness of his after-youth lay this shrinking spirit, unhealed, and always seeking to shun the glare of publicity: the influences about him had

not, little by little, led his nature to bear the sight of the world, and the thought that makes one strong, and the faith that makes one clear-sighted and courageous; rather, everything had forced the Cowper, whom no one saw, back into his secret place, to brood over trouble, and start and shrink from his own shadow.

Thus it was that now when the plan was proposed that seemed so simple and excellent to his friends, Cowper was thrown into great agitation, especially when it was found that before he could receive the appointment he must undergo a public examination as to his capacity. In vain he endeavored to crowd down his mental terror by study and preparation: this only deepened his self-distrust and his diseased fancy of imagined evils. As the day approached, his poor, weakened spirit, which had so long struggled against the creatures of its own production, gave way, and he lost his reason. He was removed to a hospital in the country, and placed under the care of a kind, wise physician, named Cotton.

Dr. Cotton began at this late day the tender, thoughtful care of Cowper's wounded spirit, which a mother's love would have kept whole, had she been suffered to remain with the sensitive child. By degrees he soothed and cheered him, and knowing well that the poet's self-distrust could never become self-trust, he sought to lead his mind away from his own weak, pitiable self, and fix its dependence upon God. So it was that after a two years' stay, he was so much himself again, as the saying is, or rather was so newly furnished with a source of strength and comfort, that he was able to leave the physician. In his own words: "The Lord was pleased to reveal Himself in His word, and to draw the poor desponding soul to His own bosom of infinite love."

His brother was at this time studying at Cambridge, and so Cowper removed to the neighboring village of Huntingdon, that he might have easy access to him. Here he sought only retirement: to live away from the world, where he had suffered so much, and spend his time in religious meditation. The first fruits of this temper were quiet, and a tremulous sense of peace and happiness, that might suddenly be snatched from him. How beautifully has he given expression to this in his verses called "Retirement," sometimes sung in churches:—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee."

Happily, he was not left in solitude, but soon and easily fell into the way of knowing one or two of the people living in the village, with whom he formed a lasting friendship. Here is his own account of them, in one of his pleasant, sociable letters:—

"The last acquaintance I made here is with the race of the Unwins, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter, the most comfortable social folks you ever knew. The son is about twenty-one years of age, one of the most unreserved and amiable young men I ever conversed with. He is not yet arrived at that time of life when suspicion recommends itself to us in the form of wisdom, and sets everything but our own dear selves at an immeasurable distance from our esteem and confidence. Consequently he is known almost as soon as seen, and having nothing in his heart that makes it necessary for him to keep it barred and bolted, opens it to the perusal even of a stranger. The father is a clergyman, and the son is designed for orders. The design, however, is quite his own, proceeding merely from his being and having always been sincere in his belief and love of the Gospel. Another of my acquaintance is Mr. —, a thin, tall old man, and as good as he is thin. He drinks nothing but water, and eats no flesh,—partly, I believe, from a religious scruple, for he is very religious, and partly in the spirit of a valetudinarian. He is to be met with every morning of his life, at about six o'clock, at a fountain of very fine water, about a mile from the town, which is reckoned extremely like the Bristol spring. Being both early risers, and the only early walkers in the place, we soon became acquainted. His great piety can be equaled by nothing but his great regularity, for he is the most perfect time-piece in the world. . . . I am persuaded, in short, that if I had the choice of all England, where to fix my abode, I could not have chosen better for myself, and most likely I should not have chosen so well."

The Unwins henceforth were to be his chosen friends, and in their society he passed the rest of his life. Mr. Unwin died, the son and daughter went away to homes of their own, but Cowper remained with the motherly Mrs. Unwin, a bright, good-tempered, lively, and religious woman, who cared for the poet, and grew old with him. It was a couple of years after he became one of

the family that Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse, and they removed from Huntingdon to the little town of Olney, chiefly because they had a friend there in Rev. John Newton, who was rector of the church, and is well known now by familiar hymns. Olney was a poor town, the townspeople being in a state of poverty, bordering constantly on famine, and the country near by was not very striking, only pretty. Here, for nearly twenty years, the poet lived, always with the Unwins, and for half that time Newton also was there. The last ten years of his life were passed at Weston, a very pretty place, much more agreeable evidently than Olney.

It was a very quiet, uneventful life that he led. He had his books, and he wrote most delightful letters to old friends in London and elsewhere, but much of his occupation came through his intercourse with Mr. Newton. This minister was one who in youth had been a wild fellow, who left his home that he might give way to his wicked passions without restraint. He afterwards became a Christian man, and as minister at Olney labored most indefatigably among the poor and ignorant. He was a man of strong will and of sympathetic nature, and having much feeling for what was beautiful, especially in religious life, he was attracted by the gentle, melancholy poet. He became his fast friend, yet never having known in himself what it was to suffer as Cowper had suffered, he did not understand him, and tried to force him into living and thinking in the same way that he lived and thought. He was strong in many ways, and Cowper weak, and so, while he often helped and strengthened Cowper's nature, he could not truly direct and guide him,—that needed a gentler hand and a more winning love; and had it not been for Mrs. Unwin's affectionate nature, the poor poet would have suffered much more than he did at the hands of his well-meaning but inexperienced friend. Yet Cowper loved Newton, and owed much to his strong faith and zealous labor.

Another friend joined his circle: Lady Austen, a quick-witted, merry lady, who enlivened his days; and whenever she saw him dropping into melancholy again, would seek to divert him. It was on one such occasion that she told him a story she had heard in her childhood of one John Gilpin, and the fun of it effectually drove away all other thoughts. "The next morning he said to her that he had been kept awake during the greater part of the night by thinking of the story and laughing at it, and that he had turned it into a ballad." This is the well known ballad of

"John Gilpin." It has been read by thousands from that time to this; pictures have been made from it, and some of the lines — such as

"A hat not much the worse for wear," —

have become familiar sayings. To keep the story alive, we have had a new picture made, which fronts this number of the "Riverside," and as many who read this Magazine have not seen the poem, here follows —

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,
SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, —
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, — "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Callender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife,
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came, for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind."

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul,
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught,
Away went hat and wig,
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button falling both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had along,
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he;
His fame soon spread around —
He carries weight, he rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smok'
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Isington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house," —
They all at once did cry,
"The dinner waits and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin, — "So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there,
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Callender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him, —

"What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the Callender
In merry guise he spoke, —

"I came because your horse would come;
And if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit, —
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, — "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear,
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

"Stop thief, stop thief — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute,
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space,
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!"

The ballad of "John Gilpin" did not at first attract much notice, until it fell into the hands of a public declaimer, a Mr. Henderson, who read it to hosts of delighted people, and it became the most popular poetic piece in England.

But Cowper's name, though associated most

with his sad, sweet hymns, and with this lively ballad, is known also by his larger poems, "The Task," and others. The one thing, perhaps, that made his poems then specially worthy of honor, was that he wrote with simplicity. Many thoughts and feelings passed through his mind; he saw the open country, and was always struggling, too, after a simple faith in God; when he wrote, it was to express all this simply and naturally. He was not ashamed to let the tear show itself in his verse, if his own heart was sad; he let the smile play over his poetry, if he himself was happy. This does not seem much, but it was more than the poets just before him had done, and this it was that made Cowper's poetry eagerly read, for there are always to be found people who will listen when they hear others singing naturally and sweetly.

We will not linger about the last years of Cowper, for the clouds which had been lifted gathered again, and he went to his grave in sorrow in his seventieth year; but before we turn away altogether, let us look at the poet in one of his most pleasing moods, when he is watching three little hares that grew up under his care, until the oldest died of sheer old age at twelve years. These little animals were his playmates, and he has written a very charming account of them and their habits. Any edition of Cowper's poems, I presume, will contain this account, and one should by all means read his story of "Puss, Tiney, and Bess."

HOW THE CAPTAIN CAME BY A LEGACY.

BY VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

THE Captain — my uncle, who fought his last battle, that with Death, in the winter of 1860, and was defeated, as thousands of greater soldiers than he have been — told me many strange stories. His life was a volume of adventures, and I believe, knowing his character well, that he never drew a long bow, nor let his imagination color that which he pictured. He was a bachelor, a chivalric old gentleman, and our favorite uncle. He was born a soldier, but his father, with an old-fashioned prejudice against West Point, would not allow him to profit by its education, so he had to gratify his military spirit by an apprenticeship to fighting in the Indian wars; and afterward he commanded a volunteer company in the Mexican War. At Re-

saca del Palma, in a moment and position of great peril, the Captain turned to encourage his men, and having his side-face to the enemy, a Mexican bullet entered one cheek and made its exit by the other. The good soldier, open-mouthed, was shouting some command at the moment, so it happened that the ball made its journey without touching a tooth, though it ploughed a furrow in my uncle's tongue. In consequence of that wound, the Captain ever after nipped his words in a fashion which always reminded me of a button-hole scissors; and he got the habit, probably from feeling the two punctures in his cheeks as they healed, of holding a hand to his chin, the thumb on one scar, the first finger on the opposite. When much interested,

listening or talking, he always did this. In his Indian days the small pox once got hold of him and marked his face in the most orderly manner, so that Brother Hugh said, with one of his many witty similes, that Uncle Captain (so we all called him) looked as if he had sat down on his face in a cane-bottomed chair. Nevertheless, my dear Uncle Captain was a very handsome man, of medium height, muscular figure, fine shoulders, erect as Mars, — his head always held as if anxious to catch the first note of a charge, his nose the Roman type, his chin strong and finely chiseled, a rugged, overhanging brow, beneath which the somewhat small brown eyes sparkled with bright fire and feeling; and to complete the picture of our Bayard, you must fancy the iron-gray hair, and his virile moustache, clipped à la *militaire*. Only a small proportion of his stories were warlike, and those were of others' prowess, not of his own. The one I am about to recall was of his boyhood, before he had tasted the romance of tent and field, and I have tried to draw his portrait, because I want you to see, as well as hear him tell how he came by a Legacy. He told it one autumn evening, before the lamps were lighted, — mother and father, an artist guest, Hugh, Sister Maggie, and I sitting in the dining-hall before the big, open, wood fire-place. My Uncle Captain, astride of a camp-stool that had once been the property of Santa Anna, just as if he was mounted on horseback, his left hand often feeling the scars in his cheeks, — an aid to memory, perhaps, — and the right hand motioning with an empty brier-wood pipe, which was at times laid on the stool between his legs. The captain's only audience, apparently, was a flame-y top-log of hickory, which seemed to enjoy its glow in the speaker's face, and to be proud of its skill in varying and warming the shades and outlines of his figure and features.

"It really seems but two or three months ago when you and I, Lydia," — that was his sister, my mother, who was resting on a lounge near him, — "and Donald were children together in Kentucky, just as your young ones, George, Maggie, and Hugh are children here. Your youngsters have never heard about the Rich Dwarf; how their mother, and their Uncle Donald, and I knew that mysterious man, who left me an acre of land which has made me rich. Well, — and now, Lydia, you set me right, if I oblique in my march on ground tramped many long years ago, — I was about fifteen years of age, Donald between twelve and thirteen, — he died at eighteen, the year that Gray-Fox, the

bloody Comanche, nearly scalped me in the Prairie-rouge fight, — and Sister Lydia ten; and Lydia, it was only because of your prettiness that we ever came to be friends of a man whom no one else knew except by sight and false reports. However, we went to G — County, because father took us there one summer for mother's health, and there we continued for nearly three years. We lived in the oldest and finest house in the village of Altonborough," — I must, for very good reasons, change the real names that my Uncle Captain gave. "Was it not a wild, pleasant, out-of-the-way village, Lydia? Do you remember the great oaks standing without any order in the one broad, grassy street, — the four-horse stage-coach that swung up to the Buck Hotel every Tuesday and Friday at three in the afternoon, — the great field back of the gray church, where the turkey-shoots used to come off, — the little niggers swinging on every gate, the big niggers whistling, lounging, or laughing by every big tree, — the rows of saddle-horses with long curbs and heavy saddles, that were always pawing and neighing at the hitching bars — a hitching bar for every house — at all hours of the days, — the groups of tall, hairy back-woodsmen lounging in their hunting-shirts and leather leggings on the piazza of the Buck, — and, finest memory of all, our low, brown, capacious house, with the hundreds-of-years old oak resting one of its biggest, crookedest branches, like an elbow, on the roof, to steady its repose? Yes; your mother remembers it all as well as you, Maggie, and the boys will recall, forty years even from this, every corner and moulding of this dining-hall.

"One of the most frequent and curious subjects of talk in Altonborough was the 'Rich Dwarf.' Grown people and children had their stories and fancies about him of whom no one knew much. The loafers at the Buck had fables of his feats as horseman and hunter. Some said his riches came from a gold mine under his house. Others said he was a madman. The black maumas frightened their children with stories of his power to stop the growth of any boy or girl, and to change crying babies into wild cats. And now I will tell you exactly what facts were known about a character so mysterious. The Rich Dwarf was the only son of a distinguished French nobleman, who joined our cause during the Revolution, and commanded a regiment through the last years of that war. He was a very gallant soldier, an elegant gentleman of large wealth, and a very eccentric man. The

son's, i. e. the Dwarf's, real name was Surenne d'Auvergne. In France, his title after his father's death would have been Marquis — Marquis Surenne d'Auvergne. His mother died at the time of his birth. His father died when his son was twenty-one; their home then was in New Orleans. The Rich Dwarf left New Orleans after his father's death, and with a large inherited land claim, entered the property, to the amount of four miles square, near Altonborough, in Kentucky. There he built a stone residence, — not a house, not a castle, — but an extensive and a strange, wild piece of architecture, well suited to its situation. No one in Altonborough, at the time we moved there, had ever crossed the threshold of the Rich Dwarf's home, and but very few had ever put foot within the four miles square of his domain. The estate covered a tract of forest land about which the Black River " (a name I substitute for the one my Uncle Captain gave) " made a great bend, inclosing the property on three sides; on the fourth side (the west) was a rough mountain, or hill, which ended precipitously at each end in a rocky backbone, to resume its mountainous course again from both extremities, after crossing the river. It was as if a monstrous snake had made the two crossings of the river under water, and reared a counter coil on the intervening land. The river, very swift in its currents, and bordered along that inclosed point by thick hummocks and swamps, made on the three sides a sufficient defense from trespass and intrusion. On the mountain side the Rich Dwarf had cut off the timber for a breadth along the ridge, and made with it an impassable *chevaux de frise*, like a tremendously strong and high Virginia rail fence, the great branches projecting one way and the other, as the trees were felled. That impenetrable wall of trees reached from Black River to Black River again. So did the Rich Dwarf shut himself and his possessions of home, game, and plantation (there was but little of the last) off from the world. At a narrow piece of the river he had thrown over a draw-bridge, or rather swing-bridge, like the postern bridge of feudal days, on which he himself might cross and recross. By that bridge, on his side of the river, stood a lodge, or guard-house. There was another at the extreme last point of the estate, a third by the north end of his west line, and a fourth on the mountain side, in the centre of its range, from river to river. Each was occupied by a huntsman, or guard, — a Frenchman, a bachelor, a taciturn, cross, unpumpable old fellow in each case, that no tres-

passer, or curious one could approach, evade, or beguile. When the Rich Dwarf went outside of his place, it was in a coach, — a vehicle, otherwise than in the shape of a stage-coach, unknown in those days in that part of the country. A black man drove the coach; an immense dog followed it; and no more of the Rich Dwarf than his face was seen by gazers on the roads, and in the village. One more fact was known of the Rich Dwarf: A reckless Kentuckian, of high social position, had once penetrated the Rich Dwarf's estates, and had, notwithstanding the threats of the guards, persevered in hunting there. Finally, when two of the guards swore they would shoot him if he did not turn back to his boat on the river bank, he retreated, but not until he had sent a most profane and insulting message to the Rich Dwarf. The next day the intruder was challenged, the bearer of the message being a foreigner, who had never before been seen in Altonborough or the State, and who was never again seen after the duel's termination. The challenged party chose pistols at six paces. Only the seconds and a surgeon witnessed the fight. The Kentuckian fired first, and then the Dwarf shot him through the heart. That event made for the Dwarf a respect that was somewhat colored with admiration. As I have said, so much was true in the stories told of the Rich Dwarf; but to us children, who heard and believed the legends of Altonborough, no character of the 'Arabian Nights' was more marvelous in interest and prowess than the Rich Dwarf, and so it continued until eleven months after our coming to Kentucky. In that time we had never once had a glimpse of our mysterious hero; but in our strolls a little back from the village, we had beheld, as we might have gazed on an enchanted castle, through the distant woods, and against the background of the mountain, pieces and lines of the 'Dwarf's Castle,' — for that was what we called it, — and indeed his stone house looked, as we saw it, like the castles we imagined.

" But one day — it was in the spring — don't you clearly remember it, sister? — we three, Donald, Lydia, and I were just out of the village on the roadside, strolling aimlessly along in play and talk, when our attention was attracted by an enormous, fawn-colored dog, some kind of a hound, the largest I have ever seen, that was galloping, tongue out, on the road. 'The Dwarf's dog, I'll bet,' said Donald. 'Yes, look, there comes his carriage, isn't it?' And there, as we turned to look, approached, on a quick trot, a large, splendid pair of rough-haired black

horses, drawing a handsome coach. A tall, gray-wooled negro was driving with much style. On they came, the dust rising grandly. Elated by such a fine sight on our village road, Donald and I shouted 'Hurrah!' as the equipage drew near; and what did sister do — shocked at our rudeness — but clap her hands over Donald's mouth! And so she stood, her cheeks rosy with exercise and excitement, her flat straw hat blown back on her long brown hair, which waved, with the hat-ribbons, nearly to her waist, and her face and attitude full of grace, playfulness, and determination, as she struggled to prevent Donald from shouting again. At that moment — the carriage was about ten yards from us — a man's head was thrust from the window, and, with a laughing expression of pleasure, the Dwarf earnestly regarded our group. Before the carriage had passed us, its master shouted quickly to the coachman, 'Belzar, halt!' and in a second the fine horses were pulled back on their heavily-levered bits. Lifting his hat, — a sort of shako of fine black fur, with a tassel falling from the top, — he said, in the pleasantest manner imaginable, 'A good day to you, my beautiful little girl, and to your brothers, too;' to which we replied suitably; and then he continued to gaze at us fixedly, but with an abstracted expression of countenance, for many minutes, and I suppose we watched him, too, with eager curiosity, connecting the tales we had heard of the Rich Dwarf with what we saw of him, — only his head: a large, handsome head, with short, curly black hair; a broad brow, and the face narrowing considerably at the mouth and chin; the complexion a dark, clear olive; eyebrows much curved; dark brown eyes, as beautiful and tender as the gentlest woman's, yet restless and piercing as the falcon's at times, and often twinkling with fun. I did not see all this at the time we first met him, but I describe now what I found in his face when I knew it well. I never have seen a face more full of contradictions: firm, yet weak; martial, affectionate, sensitive, and flashed with wild humor, it changed like a kaleidoscope. A moustache, several shades lighter than his hair, narrow, bushy, and trimmed short, save at the ends, where it curved up a little and lengthened in silky points, gave a picturesque and almost weird force to the whole countenance.

"The situation was suddenly changed by sister, who, stepping timidly to the carriage side, lifted up to its occupant a little bouquet of spring wild flowers which she had gathered in our morning's stroll. He caught her hand in both of his,

and leaned his head from the carriage window to kiss sister's hand over and over again, and I wish you could have seen the thankfulness and happiness which his face expressed. I think there were tears in his eyes as he released her hand, and said, 'Children, animals, and birds.' Then, after a pause, he asked, 'Whose children are you, and where do you live? you must come and see me — will you?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'if mother will allow us to. I will go now and ask.' Again he looked at us for several moments without a word, and then said with a sigh, and as if he were speaking to himself, 'A soldier — a loving mother — Ah! manhood unreachd! . . . Belzar, turn!' The great dog, who had come back to the carriage when it was stopped, and had stood watching his master as intently as we had, now gave a loud, sharp bark of one note, as the coachman turned his horses and drove back to the village. Those last expressions of the Dwarf, as his eyes gazed searchingly on each of us in turn, impressed me as very strange; and I remembered them. It would seem now as if he spoke prophetically: I to become a soldier; sister what she is now, as you children can devoutly attest; and Donald to die before manhood. However, be that as it may, our adventure proved of great moment to us, for our mother had received Mr. Surene d'Auvergne very graciously, and promised that we children should visit him.

"The call of the Dwarf made a great excitement. When he came out from our house, a crowd of white and colored people were gathered about the gate, to peer with vulgar curiosity at him. The hound growled ominously, and showed his big tusks, as if he longed to scatter the vulgar crowd; but his master said aloud, 'No matter, Cartouche; they have more of the brute in them than you: go on.' Before this, the inhabitants of Altonborough had never seen more of the Rich Dwarf than his head through the carriage windows; or at rare times, when he passed near the village on horseback, his diminutive figure then, when splendidly mounted on his light-framed, blooded horse, and sitting with perfect skill, appearing very far from contemptible. Extreme sensitiveness to his misfortune had imbibed his life, and driven him to his seclusion; and he studied in every way to escape the curiosity of the vulgar. My mother was much pleased with his praises of her children, and impressed by the fine, and even dignified manners of one whom she had heard of as some evil monstrosity. She repeated to us, when we returned,

their conversation, and told us that though the top of his head was just on a level with the mantel slab, — three feet ten inches from the floor, — yet his figure was good.

“About a week after that, one morning, as we rose from breakfast, the Rich Dwarf’s mettlesome black horses drew up at our door. This time a dark mulatto boy, dressed in close-fitting blue, with steel buttons and bauds, sat beside the dignified black coachman. The driving purchase was hardly slackened in the horses’ mouths, before he sprang, with the lightness of a monkey, from the high seat, and pranced in miniature style of a French dancing-master to our door-bell, the ivory showing wide in the pleasure he could not control, but otherwise assuming — self-important young nigger — the airs of an ambassador extraordinary. Our respectable old housewoman — black too, all the servants there were negroes — answered the tremendous jingling of the bell, on which the small ebony Mercury from Dwarf-land seemed to play a martial break-down. When she opened to him, he tossed back his head, and indifferent to the woman’s years, size, or dignity, addressed her, — ‘Hi, gal: you waits on dis ’ouse, eh?’ Of course there was no reply from our astonished and insulted Peggy. ‘You does: wal, jis you ’and dat letter to your missus — you har.’ And with that, he would have walked into the hall-way, but Peggy could stand it no longer. Catching him by the braided collar, she gave him a push and a swing that put him out the door, and left him spinning, like a black top, on the carriage-stone. ‘You black piccaniny debbil, I learns you ’pliteness: wait dar, monkey!’ She slammed the door on him, ejaculating all through the hall, — ‘Pshaw — fur dat wee debbil to cuss me like plantation han’. Lor! I’s big mine to jis trow ’im on my knee, an’ paddle ’is behine.’

The missive was a short, polite note, asking my mother to allow her children to spend the day with Mr. Surene d’Auvergne, at Terre Sauvage (the name of his estate); that his carriage would convey them, and return them in safety. We were soon properly dressed, and seated in the comfortable carriage. The impish black boy had subsided after his discomfiture by Peggy, and now shut the door quietly enough when we were inside, and climbed with agility to his perch beside the large, grave coachman, who had, on our appearance from the house, raised the whip to his hat, in respectful salute. The country as far as the Black River crossing to Terre Sauvage — five miles — was well known

to us, so it awakened not our interest. We were very quiet, anticipating the day’s adventure. We were driven at a very fast rate, and said but little to one another. So we arrived at” —

“You forget,” interrupted my mother, “the funny conduct of our little black footman outside.”

“O yes,” said my Uncle Captain, with a smile; “little nigger, at short intervals of our drive, let out the most peculiar peals of laughter and partly suppressed screams, like the calls of a screech-owl, or the wailing of a moon-struck tom-cat, and each time his fun or misery, or whatever caused the remarkable sounds, was cut short by the deep, peremptory voice of the old coachman, ‘Broke dat, Mezzo!’ ‘Chaw dat short, you raben!’ ‘Shu’ up, quick, or I ’bleege to lick you!’ ‘Mezzo, you yearde me, — do him ’gain, an’ I drap you und’ de hosses.’ However, as I was saying, we arrived at the river, where the bridge, after we had waited a minute or two, swung down in place, and we rattled across into the kingdom of the Rich Dwarf, at the entrance to which was a rough stone cottage, whose occupant, the bridge tender, stood by its porch, and touched his hat as we passed, — a grim, stern old chap, who looked like a veteran soldier. Here we were in a beautiful forest, through which the road (drier and smoother than our village street) wound picturesquely. When perhaps half a mile in the estate, we heard a furious galloping of feet, and looking through the vistas of great trees, we beheld a horse and rider approaching at speed. It must be our host, the Dwarf, though he was too distant yet to be recognized. He was riding at such a tremendous rate that the noise startled our horses, so that the coachman, I thought, had some difficulty to restrain them. ‘Whoa! whoa!’ I heard him say several times, and then, ‘Massa — hi — for sure!’ Yes, it was the Dwarf coming. A fallen tree lay in his track, the great trunk making a wall six feet high and six feet broad, whilst a main branch stretching from its now upper side, separated from it not more than five feet at the widest part. Over the trunk, and through the gap, leaped horse and rider, without stop or jolt, and on they came at the same speed, not diminishing it in any degree, until the horse (when it seemed the next stride would bring his legs through the carriage window) drew up in a flash on his haunches, and the rider, not as much discomfited as the horse, raised his hat, saying, with a laugh, ‘The best of fortune, I declare, to see you. A right good happy morning, children.’ Had he

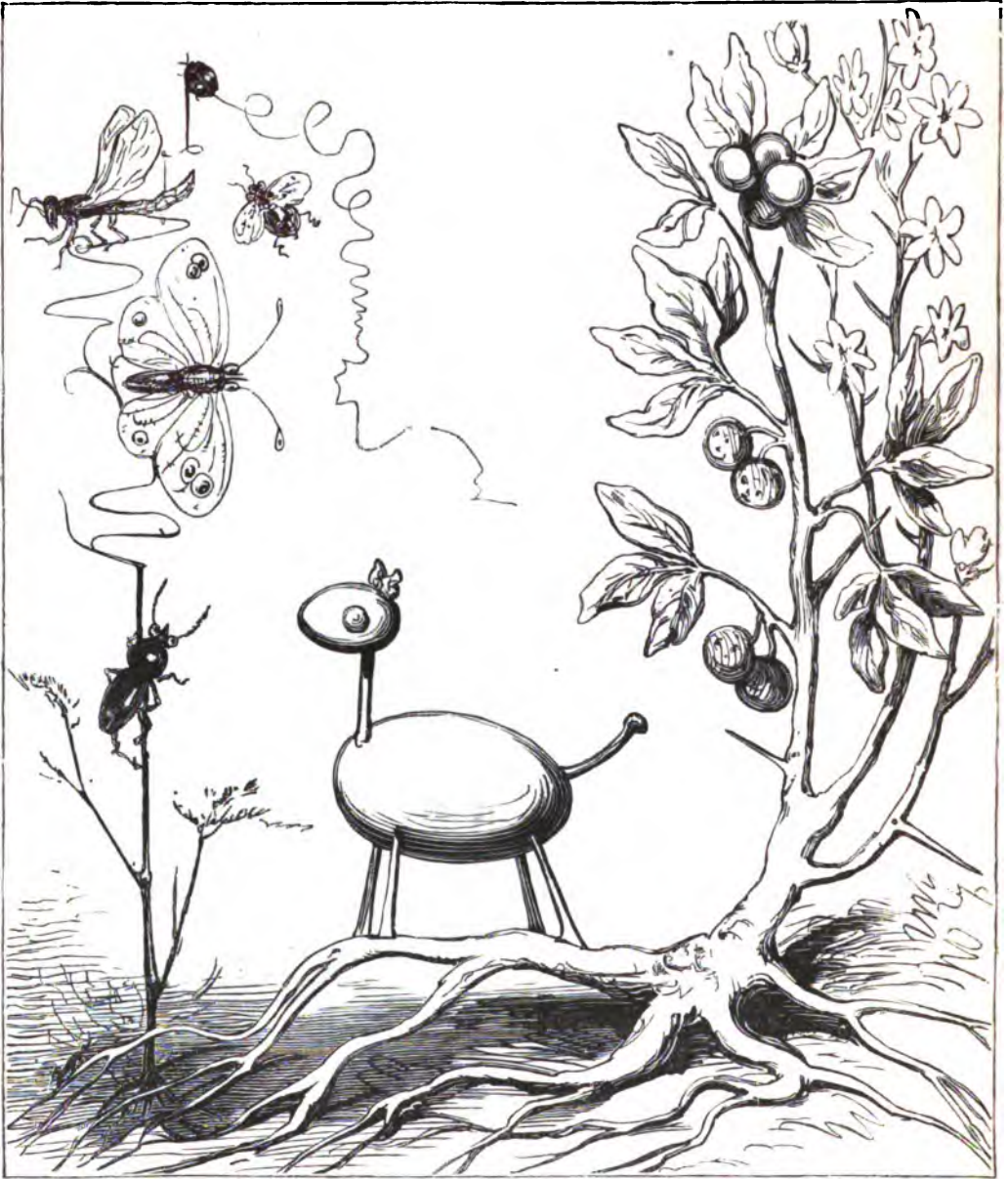
stood by us and called us, all so much larger than he, *children*, I think I should have laughed; but as he looked on horseback, and in the remembrance of the leap and the halt, it seemed perfectly proper, — as it was at any rate, for I, the oldest, was, as I have told you, only a little more than fifteen, whilst the Rich Dwarf was a man of thirty-two. But what a fairy-book picture it was to ride in a rich coach through that venerable wood, and have at our carriage side that slender, foam-flecked, cord-veined, glossy horse, throwing his head in pride and impatience, arching his neck with grace to the hand of his master; carrying the wavy tail like a splendid plume, and in every motion proudly showing a great, fiery spirit, and a mettle which never knew exhaustion or fear, whilst the Dwarf sat him as a gull rides the storm. The horseman wore yellow buckskin top-boots, and fierce silver spurs. His breeches and short loose sack were of black velvet. His vest was scarlet, the collar covered partly under the coat by a lace neck-collar, such as we have seen in the pictures of cavaliers. On his head he wore the tasseled black shako we had seen when we had met him first. He held his splendid steed by the lightest rein, and his seat was the easiest, the most graceful, and the closest that I have ever seen. It seemed the Dwarf's home and throne; as if there he felt not his diminutiveness: as if it strengthened him, made him happy, carried him over the gulf that a diseased sensitiveness had rolled between his fellow-men and him. We noticed afterward, when we saw him in the house, what we had not observed when we had seen him in his carriage, — the disproportion between his head and body, the former being of the size of a large man's, whilst the latter, though well turned, and muscular, only lifted the fine head to the height of a child's of six years of age; nor did we see it as he rode beside us, though perhaps it caught our observation when the brilliancy of his riding had ceased

to be a novelty, if it ever ceased to be that. Before we reached the castle — for I must call it *castle* — his horse became frightfully restive, plunging madly every few steps, with a snort like an angry buck's, and rearing — do you remem-



ber, sister, how you leaned back in the coach and covered your eyes with your hands? — rearing to fall back with every lift, had not the Dwarf, when the animal each time seemed about to topple over, jerked his head around by a catch on one rein near the bit, and thus, destroying his balance, forced him to regain it by coming down again. But the Dwarf was cool and enjoying. He spoke to his horse playfully and soothingly, while he looked laughingly at our excitement.

(To be continued.)



THE TRULY RURAL ROMAUNT OF THE SLEEPY PRINCESS.

I.

A DOUGHTY Knight, a dainty Dame,
 A Dragon with a tail of flame ;
 A Hermit bald, with shirt of hair,
 Who doth the tender Damsel scare ;
 And other matters droll or dry,
 Aptly to tell of, let me try.

II.

But first in order hither come
 Our trusty war-horse, Mussel-plum :
 Eager he pants, and paws the earth,
 This steed of horticultural birth,
 In deeds of fame to play his part,
 With but a plum-stone for a heart.



III.

Pomona, help me to provide
 A proper man this horse to ride ;
 Sure nothing mean should him bestride.
 Presto — he comes in armor bright,
 The brave Sir Pea-pod Aconite,
 Ready as well for love, or fight.

IV.

With spear in fist, and spur on heel,
 And glittering helm like polished steel,
 Each limb in prickly holly cased,
 Each nerve to deeds of valor braced.
 He springs to saddle. Now beware,
 Ye monsters of the earth or air.



V.

Place for the Princess Poppy-flower,
 Who leaves at noon her opiate bower,
 To take an airing on the lake,
 And haply from her senses shake
 What most our poppel doth oppress,
 An interesting drowsiness.

VI.

The six-oar'd boat a bean-shell makes;
 Three Kidney Beans for slaves she takes;
 With oars of grass they cut the wave,
 And as they row intone a stave,
 Which helps them equal strokes to keep,
 But sends poor Poppy off to sleep.

(To be continued.)

GUNPOWDER EXPLOSIONS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

NATURE OF COMBUSTION.

If you put a log of very dry wood, no matter how dry, upon a very hot fire, or even into a glowing furnace, it will burn slowly,—that is, slowly as compared with some other objects. It will burn at first only on the outside, and the fire will extend to the inner layers of the wood by degrees, and only as fast as the outer layers are consumed.

The reason of this is very plain to those who have correct ideas of the nature of the process of burning, or combustion.* Combustion is a process by which certain elements which go to compose the air, combine with certain elements composing the wood, and do this with such intensity of action as to give out heat and light. Of course the process can only go on so fast, as the elements of the air come in contact with the elements of the wood. In other words, the outer layers of the wood must be burnt away before the air can get access to the inner layers; and they cannot burn, that is, their elements cannot combine with the elements of the air, any faster than the air can get access to them.

PILE OF SHAVINGS.

If, instead of a log of wood, we have a pile of coarse shavings, the combustion will proceed with much greater rapidity, and this for an obvious reason,—namely, that the interstices between the shavings are all filled with air, so that every portion of the wood has a portion of air pretty close at hand; and now it is not necessary that the outer portions should be burnt away to give the air access to the inner portions.

If now, instead of a pile of coarse shavings, we take shavings that are very thin and fine, and lay them up very lightly, so as to have as much air as possible close at hand to every portion of the wood, they will burn more rapidly still. The combustion will not, however, yet be instantaneous,—for any shaving, however thin, must have some thickness; and there would not be, moreover, air enough in the interstices of such a heap

to furnish a sufficient supply for the complete combustion of it. To furnish air enough in the interstices for the complete combustion of the whole mass, would require that the shavings should be at a much greater distance from each other than it would be possible to make them lie. If they could be made to lie so as to contain within the heap a sufficient quantity of air for the complete combustion of the material, the heap would burn with very great rapidity,—almost with a flash, in fact.

But we may suppose the wood reduced to a still finer state of comminution. It might be converted into sawdust, or even to an impalpable powder. Now if particles of such a dust could be held in suspense in the air, in such a manner as to have around each particle just the right quantity of air required, then the combustion would be almost instantaneous. It would become almost, if not quite, a flash.

This is substantially what is done, in the case of gunpowder.

OXYGEN.

In order to explain exactly how this is done in the case of gunpowder, I must say that it is not the whole substance of the air which is concerned in combustion, but only a certain portion of it. This portion is called oxygen. The oxygen can be separated from the air, and kept by itself, in a jar, or other receptacle, in a pure state. Any combustible substance will burn much more rapidly and fiercely in pure oxygen than it will in the air. The air is *diluted oxygen*; and just in proportion as it is diluted it is impeded in its action, and the combustion is enfeebled. The oxygen is very much diluted too; only about one quarter of the substance of the air is oxygen.

The oxygen in the air is in the form of air, or, as the philosophers term it, in the form of a *gas*. In this form it is greatly expanded, so as to occupy a very large space in proportion to its real quantity. There is as much substance in a piece of lead as big as an egg, as there would be in quite a large room filled with oxygen gas.

But oxygen may exist in a solid state, though not alone. There is no known mode of condensing it into a solid form except by combining it with other substances. But there are various substances in which it is thus combined, and one

* The term *combustion* is more precise than *burning*, inasmuch as this last term is used in several different senses. A boy burns his fingers by touching a hot iron: but there is no combustion in that case. In the same manner bricks are said to be burnt in a kiln; and limestone is burnt to change it into lime,—but there is no combustion of the bricks or of the limestone.

of the most remarkable of these, and the one which is used in the composition of gunpowder, is saltpetre.

Saltpetre is a kind of crystallized salt, found chiefly in India, which contains a very large quantity of oxygen. Of course, by reducing it to a very fine powder, and mixing it with some combustible substances also reduced to a very fine powder, we have a compound similar in its character with the pile of shavings containing air in all the interstices, — that is, we have a combustible substance, minutely divided, and a supply of oxygen close at hand by every minute portion of it. And as in this case the combustibles are reduced to an extremely minute division, infinitely more minute than the wood can be by any kind of cutting or shaving, the combustion becomes so very rapid as to be practically instantaneous.

COMBUSTIBLES USED IN GUNPOWDER.

The combustibles used in gunpowder are sulphur and charcoal. Wood itself would do, but it would be impossible to pulverize it so minutely; and there would be, moreover, some other objections. The charcoal contains all that is essential in respect to combustibility, and can, by long grinding in a suitable mill, be reduced to a state of the most extreme comminution. The sulphur is used because it is extremely inflamma-

ble, and so aids very much in increasing the rapidity of the combustion.

RESULTS OF THE COMBUSTION.

All the materials of which gunpowder is composed are in a solid state, but the moment that the combustion takes place they instantly form themselves into new combinations, all of which are *gaseous*, and so are enormously more bulky. These gases have been collected, sometimes, for experiment's sake, and measured, and they have been found to be two thousand times as great in bulk as the gunpowder from which they are evolved. That is, if a charge of two inches of gunpowder were put into a gun-barrel placed perpendicularly, and fired, the gases resulting would, even when cold, have expansive force enough to fill the barrel, if it were more than three hundred feet high.

But these gases are not cold when they are evolved. They are enormously heated by the heat of the combustion and by the great pressure which they undergo. The consequence is an explosive effect, which scarcely any force can withstand. The force is sufficient to burst in pieces the most solid rocks, and even to tear asunder thick masses of iron or steel, as in the blowing open of safes.

This is the philosophy of the explosion of gunpowder.

JAKE'S WEDDING.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

I.

CHESTER sat in the arm-chair, — no, he didn't sit, he squirmed; and Linda, sitting opposite in another big chair, seemed to be going on in the same way.

"O! if my legs were only tin, I shouldn't care," Chester said, with a groan. "Mamma, if you'd let me go out and finish my trench, I know I shouldn't be so sick."

"You know the doctor said we couldn't," said Linda.

"Well then, I shall die pretty soon," Chester went on. "Keep the hole to remember me by, mamma, for I don't believe you'll have a little boy much longer. I'm itching all to bits; I know I can't stay together."

"If you'd only play every minute," Linda said, "you wouldn't think so much about it. Now I play with Amelia, and 'most forget; and if it gets too bad, then I read some."

"Poor children!" mamma said, coming and sitting down by Chester, "I know it's hard; but only be patient, and 'twill soon be over."

"I've been patient 'most an hour," Chester said, beginning to cry. "What made you let us get scarlet fever?"

"Think how much sicker you might be," mamma said, soothingly. "Poor little Harry, next door, may never get well; and Molly has to sit in a dark room because her eyes are so weak; while you, if you do not take cold, will soon be

well, and have not had to go to bed at all, except at night, when all good children go."

"I know it, mamma; but I do get so tired playing with this old Solitaire Board. Now Linda's got a doll, and she knows how to read, and I don't."

"I read to him some," Linda said, "but I can't read much when my throat's so sore."

"I get tired hearing her, too," Chester went on. "She doesn't say it right off, like you, mamma."

"I guess I'm not as old as mamma yet," Linda said, quickly. "I guess I could, if I was."

Mamma stopped what might have been a dispute, by beginning a story, which lasted, with some few interruptions, till papa came home, bringing two big oranges; and these, with more story, kept them busy till bed-time. Linda, who was almost seven, had her own little room; but Chester, who was only five, still slept in a big crib in his mother's room, and from the sitting-room she could see him tossing and tumbling, till at last, too tired to roll about any longer, he fell asleep in a little heap. Mamma straightened him presently, and coming back to the sitting-room, took from a drawer in her work-table some bits of black morocco, and began to cut them.

"What are you doing?" papa asked, presently.

"Making something to help Chester in keeping still to-morrow. Linda has her doll; and now that Chester must be in the house so much, I think he will not despise one. A black doll, with a gay suit of clothes, is just what he will like, I think. If he does not, Linda will."

Mamma sat up late that evening, till the very last button was sewed on the red shirt, and the new doll, quite finished, was put in Chester's chair. It was a little darkey, so real, that papa said he didn't think it would be safe to leave him alone all night, for, as he was a stranger, they didn't know his character, and he might run away with the spoons. His head was covered with tightly curling black wool from an old "waterfall." His eyes were very small white buttons, sewed to the face with black silk; his nose was as real as could be, and so were his lips, painted red, and rolling over in the most natural way, showing four teeth made of very little white beads. His shirt was red flannel, and his trousers black alpaca. There he sat all night, and there he was next morning when Chester came out, still wishing his legs were tin, and wondering what he should do all day.

Now Chester, when asked by Linda to play he was Amelia's father, had always said he hated dolls, and boys that knew anything never played with them. So she was surprised enough to see him run into her room, holding the new doll, and said at once, "I thought you wouldn't ever play with such things."

"Well, this isn't a doll," said Chester. "It's a little, small, black man; he looks real old, too. I wouldn't wonder if he was, maybe, 'most twenty. I'm going to play with him all I want to. When did you make him, mamma?"

"Last night, dear; and I'm very glad you like him. Linda will be glad of him whenever you are tired of playing."

"She won't ever get him," Chester said, holding him tight. "I'll keep him 'till I'm big, and then let my own little boy have him,— unless, maybe, he gets scarlet fever o' me. Do you believe he will, mamma?"

"Who? The little boy, or the doll?" Linda said.

"Why, the doll; only he isn't a doll."

"No, I don't think he will," mamma answered. "What shall you call him?"

Here was something to think about. Chester sat down, and did not stir when the breakfast-bell rang.

"I don't love to eat breakfast when I've got scarlet fever," he said. "It doesn't taste good. Augustus is a pretty nice name. What's that long one I heard you say yesterday, papa? The one I asked you about?"

"Marcus Antoninus," papa answered, laughing.

"There was more," Chester said; "you said a lot to mamma."

"The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus," said papa; "but that is the name of a book, and too long for a doll. Why don't you name him after old Jake, whom you like so well?"

"I wouldn't have such a name as Jake," said Chester, with great scorn. "There's a very big name I heard one of the great boys spell, and he had to do it so many times, I couldn't help remembering it. An-thwo-pop-a-gi. That was it. I shall call him An thwo pop a gi."

"He sha'n't have anything to do with Amelia, if he's going to have such a name as that," said Linda. "I never heard such a name."

"Nor I," said mamma; "but Chester can call him what he likes."

So it was decided; and for a while An thwo pop a gi learned his letters, and went of errands,

and did all a doll could do, for the amusement of its master. Toward afternoon, though, it grew tiresome to think of the long name, and to bear quietly all the fun Linda made of it. Then grandma came in to see if the children were any better, and laughed so when An thwo pop a gi was introduced, that Chester began to think again of a name which he should never tire of saying, and at which nobody would laugh.

"Jake is the easiest one, I do believe," he said to himself. "Then I can play old Jake is his grandfather, an' I'll take little Jake to see him."



Still, having fixed on the first name, he did not like to tell Linda he had changed his mind, and thought for quite a long time how he had better manage.

"My throat feels sorer, seems to me," he said at last. "I shouldn't wonder if it hurt it to keep saying such a long name. I guess, maybe, I'd better have a shorter one, or I sha'n't get well quick. Don't you believe Jake's a pretty good name?"

"It ought to be," said Linda. "It means Jacob, and he was Joseph's father, you know, that mamma tells us about. Anyway, it's a better name than the one you had."

"It's better, because it's easy to say," Chester insisted. "That's the reason I'm going to change it. Mamma, I think I can't ever get well, unless I go out-doors this very afternoon. I've been in three whole days. I never was in the house so much before."

Mamma looked at the clock.

"Half-past two. What would you say if I were to bundle up both of you, and let you play for an hour in the yard?"

"O!" screamed Linda and Chester together. "O you lovely mamma! I thought we'd got to stay in a week. Freddy did."

"I know it," said mamma, "but I think it better for you to be out-doors as much as possible. If it had not rained yesterday and this morning, I should have let you go before. Get your thickest shoes, Chester, and you too, Linda, for the ground is damp."

Ten minutes later both the children were in the great swing: Jake and Chester on one side, Linda and Amelia on the other; and little Fred Harmon, who lived next door, and was sitting up for a few minutes, begged to have his chair moved to the window, so that he might watch them.

"It's the best yard for play in all Minneapolis," he said, and rapped on the window, to make the children look up. Linda saw him first.

"Let's swing way up to him," she said. "Your knees are just like little pokers, Chessie. You've got to bend 'em more, if you want to go high."

"But — you — see — I don't dare to," Chester said, keeping an eye on Jake, who had fallen forward a little,

and seemed to be leaning over the edge of the swing. "Jake'll fall out! O, I know he will! Stop, Linnie! There! O dear! Everything o' mine tumbles out all the time!"

Chester half tumbled himself on to his seat, and cried till the swing stopped, while Jake, who really had fallen out just as they went highest, lay face down on the wood-house roof.

"He's broken all to bits, I know," Chester groaned, as mamma, who had heard the crying,

came out to see what could be the matter with the children.

"Not a bit of it," she said brightly. "He has fallen just where you can reach him, too. Run right up the ladder, and you'll have him in a moment."

Chester pulled himself up the little ladder, too much discouraged to go fast, and reaching over for Jake, gave a little pull.

"O, what is the matter?" screamed Linda, for Chester fairly danced on the top rung.

"His teeth! O, his teeth!" he roared. "Every one o' them gone! He caught on a nail when I pulled him. O dear me, what'll I do? what'll I do?"

"Stop crying, for one thing," said mamma, "and bring Jake down."

"Fred Harmon thinks you're crazy. He's opening the window to see," said Linda. "Now somebody has pulled him away. It's old Aunt Becky, that goes round nursing, you know. Just listen; she's saying something."

Chester, who seldom cried, and who only did it now because of being sick, and having so much trouble at the same time, ran into the house with Jake, while Aunt Becky, throwing up the window, called, "For the land's sake what's the matter? Them two children is making Fred and the others just wild to get out. Ain't you two got scarlet fever?"

"Yes," said mamma, "but very lightly."

"Then you'd better keep 'em in, you'd better keep 'em in," said Aunt Becky, shaking her head. "I never knew no good to come o' taking up with new-fangled notions. If you let 'em out-doors, why, five minutes is enough to kill 'em. You'd better keep 'em in."

Aunt Becky drew in her head with a jerk, and shut the window with a bang, and Linda looked up a little frightened.

"It won't really kill us, mamma?"

"No, dear; no indeed! It is more likely to help you to live. Aunt Becky is very old-fashioned, and thinks that when any one has a fever they must be kept in a warm room, and have no water to drink. 'Tis a pity that Fred and Molly have no one but her to take care of them. Let us go in now, and see what Chester is doing."

Chester sat on the sofa in one corner, groaning, and Jake in the other.

"I can't bear to look at him, mamma," he said. "He's torn a hole in his face, and there's only one tooth left. Seems to me he's 'most dead."

"We shall have to play that he has grown old

very fast," said mamma, "and that the dentist has pulled all his teeth. I will be the dentist, and make him a nice new set."

"He looks old, anyway. You know you said he was 'most twenty, maybe," said Linda, "but if mamma puts the new teeth in just the same places, he'll look just the same, won't he?"

"Yes, maybe," said Chester, doubtfully; "but there's the hole in his face: that'll always show."

"Well then," Linda said, "let's play he's been a black soldier, and got wounded. We'll fix a hospital in the corner, and give him some pills. You know Uncle Henry was in a hospital ever so long."

"So he was," Chester said, beginning to feel better. "Bring all the dolls, Linnie, and we'll have 'em sick too."

So while mamma looked for some more little white beads, Linda made a row of little beds in the bay window, and laid a doll in each one, and Chester put on his father's tall hat, and came walking up to the window with the great umbrella.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he said. "I'm the doctor, come to see all the sick people."

"How do you do, sir?" said Linda. "I'm the nurse, and there's something dreadful the matter with every one of them. This soldier got shot right out of a cannon, so't half his head fell off."

"You must give him some peppermint," said Chester. "Show me your tongue, sir. O, it's red! Now I've got to feel of your hand. Doctors always do feel of your hand, don't they, Linda?"

"They feel o' your pulse, Chessie. I should think you ought to know that. It beats, you know, just like a little heart in your wrist."

"Does it?" said Chester, forgetting about the dolls, and sitting down to find out for himself. "It doesn't. I don't hear a thing."

"O, you can't hear; you can only feel. Now, put your fingers so, and you'll feel it in a minute."

Chester could not for a long time find any pulse at all; and while he tried, first Linda's, and then his own wrist, mamma sewed the teeth in, and darned the little tear in Jake's cheek, so that one could hardly see the spot at all.

"There will be just a little scar," she said, as the children came to look at him. "You had better nurse him for a day or two, till he is quite strong. Put him to bed, and you can give him some supper when you have yours."

For the rest of that day Jake stayed in bed,

and the children took care of him. Papa told them some stories of wounded soldiers that evening, and the next day they played that all the dolls were wounded in the same way, and there was so much bandaging, and cutting, and feeding to be done, that they hardly thought of the rain which poured down steadily till almost nightfall. Chester forgot to wish his legs were tin. Indeed, the worst itching was over; and when the sun came out next morning bright and clear, and, shining into his eyes, waked him early, he jumped out of bed as bright as if nothing were the matter. Jake lay on the pillow, just where he had been put the night before, and as Chester gave him a little hug, seemed almost to laugh.

At breakfast papa read from the morning paper the marriage of one of Linda's teachers, at which both the children were very much surprised.

"She never told the boys she was going to be married," said Chester. "I don't believe one of 'em knew about it. She married Mr. John Titus, you said, papa. Did I ever see Mr. John Titus?"

"Yes, I think so," papa answered,— "in Tuck-er's store, where you've been with me."

"The man that wears blue spectacles?" said Chester. "I didn't know people that wore spectacles ever got married."

"Why, Chessie!" said Linda. "There's the minister, and there's Mrs. Smith, too. They both wear spectacles, and they're both married, you know."

"Well, but that's *after* they're married. I don't believe they did before," persisted Chester, but Linda had gone into the hall for the clothes-brush, and made no answer. Chester picked up Jake, and walked out to the back piazza. The morning-glories which covered one end, were all open, drops of dew still shining on them; and he picked two or three, which in his hot little hand soon began to fade. He threw them away, and picking a bright pink one, put it on Jake's head for a cap.

"That's like the wishing-cap in Linnie's story," he said to himself. "I know what I wish. I wish Jake had a wife; a real nice little black wife, with a turban and all, like old Jake's wife. I wish mamma would make him one. Mamma," he called, as Mrs. Ripley went through the hall, "won't you make Jake a wife?"

Mamma did not hear, and passed on; but Linda, coming out with Amelia and the two baby dolls, said, "I never heard anything like

you, Chessie. You always keep wanting something else."

"So do you," said Chester. "Didn't you cry to have red strings in your shoes? I wouldn't cry for such a thing."

"And I wouldn't cry to have my doll married," said Linda. "I think it's silly."

"O, but only think, Linnie! We could have 'em live in the corner of the play-house, and do things, you know, just like old Jake and Dinah. We could play we'd got a garden, and have Jake take care of it, and his wife could bake short-cakes on your little stove, and wash, and every-thing."

"So she could," said Linda, who began to think better of it; "but he can't have a wife unless mamma makes one. I don't know how."

"Let's ask her now," said Chester.

"No, because she is going away a little while," said Linda. "You know she hasn't been out for ever so long, and papa says he'll take us all over to grandma's this morning, and come for us 'to-night."

Sure enough, as Chester ran in, he saw the rockaway at the door, and old Whity whisking off the flies with his speck of a tail, which somebody who owned him long before papa did, had been foolish enough to cut off. Chester hurried on his coat and cap, and, still holding Jake, ran out to the front gate, where papa stood waiting. Mamma came soon, and Linda with her dolls, and the party jogged along over the pleasant prairie road, to the little lake, near which Grandma Ripley's house stood. I could tell you all about this day, and the two or three more which the children spent there before going home, and perhaps I shall some time, but not now.

In another week Linda and Chester were quite well enough to begin school once more, and Jake stayed alone from nine till one o'clock each day. Chester begged mamma to make a wife, so that he need not be lonesome; but she only laughed, and said he could spend the time taking care of the baby dolls, and going on errands for Amelia, the oldest one. Chester played with him when at home, and even one day took him to school; but all the boys laughed so, and called him Miss Chester, that he never did it again. Whenever the children swung, Jake had a seat in the corner; and if they ran races through the garden paths, or turned somersaults on the turning-pole near the fence, Jake generally sat in the top of a currant-bush, or hung by one leg from the grape-vine, and watched it all. His red shirt wore all to pieces, he led such a

busy life, and mamma made a new one for him, quite as handsome as the first. So the summer went on, and before Chester knew it, autumn had come, and the grapes were ripe.

"It's time for me to be six years old, isn't it, mamma?" he asked, coming in one morning with a great cluster. "Doesn't my birthday come when grapes are ripe?"

"Yes, dear," mamma said. "'Tis the twenty-sixth of September, and that will be here in a few days."

"O, O!" Chester said, dancing up and down. "Am I going to have all the boys and girls here, just the way we did last birthday?"

"Yes," said mamma, smiling a little, "and this afternoon you and Linda can carry the invitations. Linda wanted me to write them, so that it might be like a 'real' party, she said; so I shall do it while you are at school."

Chester could hardly learn his spelling lesson that day, and Linda spelled *party* when her teacher put out the word *cheerful*; but she only smiled, for Linda had told her all about it before school. Chester ate his diuner standing, he was in such a hurry, and just as soon as mamma would let them, set out, with the little notes of invitation in Linda's satchel. There were only fourteen, for mamma thought it much pleasanter to invite only a few, and then they could have a sit down supper, instead of standing all about the room, and spilling everything. All the little boys and girls who had ever been at Mrs. Ripley's, wanted to go again, and so each one of the fourteen who received an invitation, talked about it all day, and dreamed about it all night. There was good reason, for this is what it said in every note:—

"Linda and Chester Ripley will be glad to see their friends, Monday afternoon, at four o'clock.

"Ceremony at half-past six."

"'Ceremony at half-past six!' what ceremony? What does it mean?" asked Fred and Molly Harmon, at whose house the children had stopped first, and waited while the note was read. "What are you going to do, Chess?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Chester, as

much astonished as anybody. "I guess it's something splendid for supper. Do *you* know, Linnie?"

"No I don't," Linda said, with her eyes very wide open. "What *is* a ceremony, any way?"

"You oughter know, for it's in your own letters," said Fred.

"But I don't, you see, for mamma wrote 'em. We're going to Annie Paul's now: she's big, and will know."

Annie Paul didn't know, though she was almost ten years old, and tall too, and neither did the three Mitchell children. In short, not one of the fourteen could tell anything about a ceremony, though the next morning Annie Paul brought a slip of paper to school.

"I asked mother to look in the big dictionary," she said, "and this is what it says about 'ceremony'—all she had time to write, any way. There's more that I read, but I don't know what it means. Here's this: 'CEREMONY: *Forms of civility. Rules established by custom for regulating polite intercourse.*'"

"I know what *civility* means," said Linda. "It means to be polite to everybody, but I don't believe mamma would have told you all to be that. She'd think you'd be *that*, any way. What's the other thing, Annie?"

"'Social intercourse,' " read Annie. "I know about 'social.' That means to like to talk to people. That's it, Linda. Your mother doesn't want the boys to get into one corner and the girls into another: she wants 'em all to be *social*; go right ahead and talk, you know. Here's the teacher. Now, Miss Mather, won't you please tell us about this word?"

Miss Mather took Annie's note, and read the line, "*Ceremony at half-past six.*"

"It sounds as if somebody were going to be married," she said. "It is what they say on wedding cards, but can't be that. It must mean some sight you are to see at half-past six: perhaps a magic-lantern."

"It's a puzzle," said Sam Mitchell. "I don't believe it means anything."

"Well, it's only three days more, any way," said Linda, "and then we shall all know; but I think it's very queer."



JAMIE AND HIS MOTHER — IN THE TROPICS.

A BALLAD.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

JAMIE.

O MOTHER, what country is that I see
Far over the stream and the boulders gray,
Where the wind-song pipes, and the curlews flee,
And the little brown squirrels dance and play
Through the boughs all day ?

MOTHER.

Why, only a forest dark and wild,
A savage waste you must shun, my child !

JAMIE.

O mother, what shapes are those that sit
In the deep dun heart of the woodland gloom ?
And what those creatures that dip and flit,
Each crowned with a golden and scarlet plume,
O'er the tamarind bloom ?

MOTHER.

Why, only the monkeys crouched from sight,
And paroquets flashing in gay-hued flight !

JAMIE.

O mother, what children are those that run
So swift and light 'mid the tree-stems bare ?
They seem to twinkle from shade to sun,
And beckon me over their sport to share
In the noontide fair !

"Go not," she cried, with a quivering breath :
"They are Pixies, child, and their sport is
death !"

But there came a morn when the mother's words
No longer dwelt in her Jamie's mind ;
When he followed the flight of the whirring
birds
That circled and soared on the woodland wind,
And mother and home were far behind.

Like one in a golden dream was he,
Far over the stream and the boulders gray ;
And the wind-song pipes, and the curlews flee,
And the little brown squirrels dance and play
Through the boughs all day.

But the day grew dim, and the night-shades fell,
And there in the dark, drear, hungry wild,
In the loneliest nook of a mountain dell,
Where never a tender moonbeam smiled,
Lay the wearied child !

Like one in an awful trance was he,
In the deep dun heart of the woodland gloom ;
But a trance whose shadows can never flee,
Till the mystic trump of the day of doom
Bursts vault and tomb.

And they found him there with his bleeding
hands

So humbly crossed o'er the ragged vest,
His spirit had passed to the angel lands,
But his little, worn body they laid to rest
In the last sad smile of the gentle West :
God guard his rest.

LITTLE DOG JACK.

I AM a little dog, but I remember very well what a cold, rainy evening it was when Carlo — 'Squire Hosmer's big, shaggy dog — and I were trotting home together : that is, we were going toward Carlo's home ; as for me, I knew very well, when we reached the gate, Carlo would jump over, and run right to the door, where he would give a growl, and then pretty little Lily Hosmer would open the door, and Carlo would rub his nose against her, and shake his great tail,

and then he would go in and eat his supper by the kitchen fire.

But I knew that if I went even over the fence, the great woman I heard them call Hannah would come out and striko me with a broomstick : so I did not mean to go in ; and I don't know why I went along at all, for that night Carlo was not in very good humor ; every time I spoke to him, he only gave a growl in reply.

But there was a question which I had often

wanted to ask of some dog that I thought could tell me ; so, after a while, I said, —

“ Carlo ! what is the reason that all the dogs that have a brass band around their necks are so good ? They never steal bones, and they always seem to have a good home, and a master to take care of them. It must be very pleasant to have a nice warm place to sleep every night ; but what is the reason, Carlo, that all the dogs with these things around their necks are such lucky dogs ? ”

I put my paw for a moment on the band around his neck, which made Carlo growl at me louder than he had before, and he did not answer me at all ; so I turned to go back by myself up the road.

I was running along, thinking all the time about the shiny collars that so many of the dogs of my acquaintance wore, — indeed, all that were well mannered, and had a home. I wondered who would tell me about it, when, just that moment, as I ran along by Widow Rudd's house, who should jump out of the bushes which grew by the side of the road, but Rover, Widow Rudd's dog.

Rover was a very good sort of a dog, but, though he never had anything to do, he always acted as though he was full of business ; he would run just as fast as he could, and then suddenly he would stop and pant, with his long red tongue hanging out of his mouth ; but, with all this running and puffing, I never could see that Rover Rudd did any more than some lazy dogs that I knew.

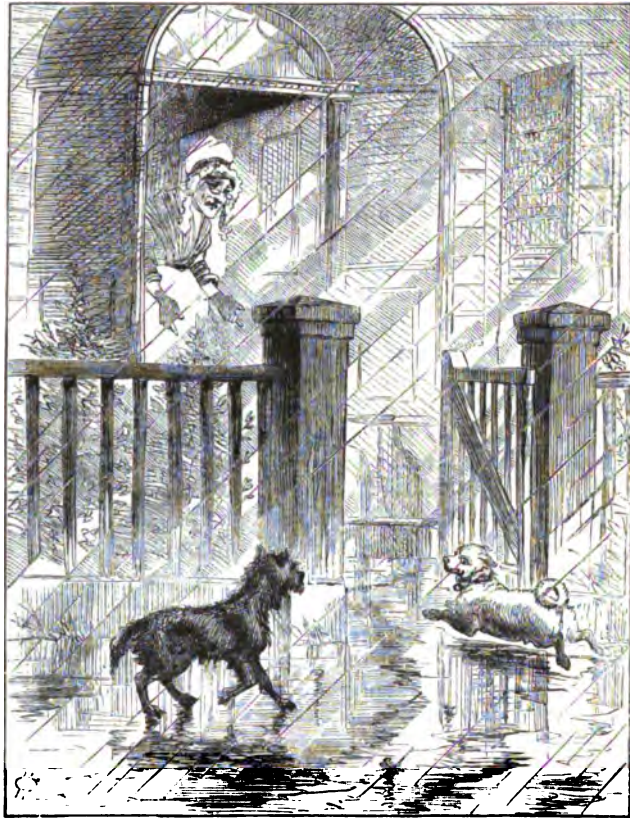
But now, as I saw Rover jump out of the bushes, I called out to him that I wanted to speak to him if he would wait a minute ; so he stopped, and began shaking all over, as if he was in a very great hurry ; but I ran up, and was just going to ask if he knew anything of the collars, — he had one on himself, very broad and shiny, so I thought he must know all about it.

I was just beginning by saying, “ How do you do, Rover ? ” when the door opened, and Widow Rudd called out, “ Rover, Rover ! ” and Rover ran right away, without any politeness to me at all.

It was raining very hard now, and I thought he was very glad to run in where it was warm and dry, and I did not wonder, for I saw the fire

when the door was opened a moment, and it did look very pleasant ; but I thought I heard Widow Rudd ask Rover what ugly dog that was, — pointing to me.

It made me feel bad to be called an ugly dog, and I trotted on through the rain, wishing I had a collar around my neck. I wondered very much why it always made dogs so good, and gave them a pleasant home. I wondered, too, how they got the collars. It was getting pretty dark now, but I spied a bright light shining from 'Squire Field's windows. Fido Field lived there. I knew him



very well ; he was a very good little fellow ; but all the dogs thought he was silly, because he never ventured a single step away from 'Squire Field's feet. I liked Fido, because once, when he was eating his dinner in the back-yard, and I ran up and snatched a bone away from him, Fido did not get a bit angry, but only wagged his tail and laughed.

So now I thought I would just like to peep in and see if Fido was at home, for the bright fire on the hearth made the room as light as day. I jumped up on a wood-pile there was close by

the window, and there, sure enough, was Fido sitting on his hind-legs, right by 'Squire Field's chair, and close by the fire. I lifted up my ears, and stretched my neck as far as I could. I could not help wishing I was Fido, — he looked so contented and comfortable. I saw, too, he had on a very pretty collar, which looked brighter than ever by the light of the fire.

What a happy dog Fido must be, I thought. Just then 'Squire Field woke up, and, after stretching his legs, stooped down and patted Fido on the head. I had often seen Fido riding out in the carriage with 'Squire Field and little Fanny, but I never envied him so much as I did to-night. I stretched my neck just as far as I could, to see Fido. Pretty soon he jumped up on 'Squire Field's knee; but in a minute I heard a bell ring in the next room, and Fido jumped right down and ran to the door, wagging his tail all the time. 'Squire Field got up in a moment, and Fido and he went out together to their supper.

I thought, after they had gone, I should like to jump through the glass window and sit by the fire a little while, to dry my coat; but I remembered once I jumped through a window into a lady's parlor, not thinking at all there was any harm in it; but she struck me very hard, and drove me out. So to-night I did not try to go into Fido's house, but I shook the rain off me, and jumped down from the wood-pile.

I was very hungry, but I did not think I should be able to find even a little piece of meat that night, so I ran along the road, to see if I could find a place that I could get into to sleep. Pretty soon I came to a house where some people lived that I did not know. The gate was open, and I ran into the yard. I was wondering if any dogs or little children lived there. I did not see any; but a big boy came from round the side of the house. I thought maybe he would bring me out a bone, or let me go in and sit by his fire; but when he came near, I saw he was very cross looking, and just then he saw me, and he stooped down and picked up a stone which he threw at me, and he told me in a very loud, bad voice, to get out of his yard, — such an ugly dog as I was.

I ran right out; but, dear me! how I did wish I had a collar on my neck, so I could look as good dogs did. I was running as fast as I could out of the yard where this bad boy lived, for the stone he threw hurt my leg very much, and I was so afraid he would throw another, that I ran with all my might. I went so fast that at

first I did not see a little brown dog that was out in the road. I knew this little brown dog very well. He had no collar on his neck, and no name, as Fido and Rover had; he had no home, and he always looked very dirty. I did not like him very much, for he would never share his bone with me, but would pick it up and run off; but then I knew that was because he was so very hungry. But now I said, "Good evening" to him. I couldn't call him by name, because he hadn't any name; but he turned round and said Bow-wow! in a very friendly way. So we went along together, and very soon we came to an old shed by the side of a barn. Some old boxes were in the shed, and the brown dog and I looked all around until we found we could get in between the boxes, and he quite out of the rain. The little brown dog lay down close by me, putting his paw right over my ears. I thought what a nice dog he was. I asked him if he was sleepy. He said "No," he was not sleepy, but he was very hungry. I felt sorry for him; but I told him I thought perhaps I could catch a rat in the night, and if I did, he should have half of it.

Pretty soon I asked him if he knew where dogs got those shiny things round their necks; he said "No," he did not know, but when they had them on, they always had a name, and a place to live; then those dogs who wore a collar were generally clean dogs.

In a few minutes the little brown dog went to sleep, but I kept awake, thinking all the time, and wondering whereabouts those good dogs got their collars. While I was thinking about it, lying quite still, I heard a little sound close by me. I listened very sharp, but didn't make the least bit of noise. I knew it was a rat, so I kept very still until he came where I could get at him, and then I caught him, and gave half of him to the little brown dog, and so we had some supper after all.

The next morning I found my coat was quite covered with mud, because I had slept on the ground. I felt very much ashamed when I went out in the road and met Fido, so clean and nice, running along by the side of 'Squire Field.

Very soon I came to the store which I went to every day, because they sold collars for dogs there, and I thought if I could only contrive to get one on my neck, how happy I should be. I had seen the collars hanging up just outside the door, but I had never seen any dog getting one there; but this morning, as I came along, I held my ears up, I guess, pretty high, for there was a

young lady and a little black dog, with long, shaggy ears. The lady called the little black dog Charley, and she was getting a pretty collar to put around his neck. The young lady tried one collar, — a blue one, — but it was too small; then she tried another, but that, she said, was so large. I walked all around, looking very sharp at them all the time; but Charley stood quite still, which I very much wondered at; I had thought he would be so glad to get a collar, that he would jump about all the time; but he stood quite still.

In a minute the lady took up another collar: this one was all shiny; and just as she stooped to put it over Charley's head, — I don't know how I came to do it, — but I jumped right before her, and put my nose right through the collar. It was not big enough to go over my ears, but the lady laughed very much because I had put my nose through it. She patted my head, and told me I was a good dog.

I was so happy to have her speak to me, that I put my paws right upon her dress, and left great spots of mud. This she did not like, for she pushed me off, and said I was a dirty dog. Then she took a handkerchief out of her pocket and brushed off the spots that I had made. I thought she would be very angry, but she did not seem to be, for she kept looking at me and laughing all the time. I did not dare jump up on her dress again, but I wagged my tail as hard as I could, that she should understand that I meant to be a good dog.

I kept looking right up in this pretty young lady's face, and very soon I thought she liked me, for she stooped down and patted my head. I felt very happy then, and said bow-wow, and wagged my tail all the time. I could hardly keep from jumping up on her, I was so glad.

"Whose dog is this?" said the young lady to the man who kept the store.

"He seems to be a stray dog," the man said.

"I see him round here a good deal; I don't think any one owns him."

"I wish I could have him," the young lady said. "He would be a very nice dog if he was washed. I'll buy a collar for him; and if nobody comes for him, I will keep him."

I can't tell you how glad I felt when I heard her say this; I kept on wagging my tail, it was all that I could do; but in a few minutes a nice little collar was round my neck, and one was put around Charley's neck too, and we ran along



together by the side of the young lady to the place where she lived.

As we went along she called over a great many names, to see which one she should give me; at last she told me my name should be Jack: and by that time we came to the house where she lived, and she took us in, — Charley and me, — and I had a collar, and a name, and a home too.

ORIGIN, MEANING, AND CURIOSITIES OF PROPER NAMES.

In the earliest times men had each but a single name, and that was always descriptive, generally expressing some circumstance connected with birth, some personal characteristic or natural defect, or some quality held in high esteem, — as wisdom, valor, strength; or else it was borrowed from the name of some animal, weapon, flower, or the like; or, finally, it was the expression of a religious sentiment. Thus, we read in the Bible of Aaron (the teacher), of Moses (drawn out of the water), of Gideon (the destroyer), of Joshua (the Lord is salvation), of Rachel (a ewe), of Esau (the hairy), of Solomon (peaceable). The Greeks adopted the same rule of *one person, one name*; as, Aspasia (welcome), Aristarchus (best judge), Callimachus (excellent fighter), Diogenes (Jove-born), Plato (the broad-shouldered), Polycarp (much fruit). So, also, did the primitive Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Britons, Germans, and other old-time nations. Even at the present day, among barbarous or savage races, no individual has more than one name. The native Indian of our own land is known as Tecumseh, perhaps, or Osceola, or Hiawatha, or Minnehaha; and the negro of the Southern States is simply Cuffee, or Sambo, or Dinah, or Chloe, or something similar. In a state of society marked by greater refinement and intellectual progress, one or more additional names were given, in order to distinguish a particular person from others having a name in common with him. Thus, among the Romans, every man had at first but a single name; at a later — but still a very early — period, two were used; and afterwards, three, called, respectively, the *prænomen*, the *nomen*, and the *cognomen*. Of these, the first, like our Christian name, was personal to the individual; the second marked the clan to which he belonged; and the third denoted the particular family in that clan of which he was a member. Sometimes a fourth name — called *agnomen* — was added as an honorary title indicative of merit, and of the place where it had been exhibited. Thus, Publius Cornelius Scipio was called "Africanus," on account of his brilliant campaigns in Africa.

The system of personal nomenclature adopted by most modern nations is founded on the principle of having one name for the individual, and another for the family to which he belongs. The former is termed the *Christian*, *baptismal*, or

given name, and sometimes the *fore-name*; the latter is called the *surname*.

In old times, the Christian name was considered of much greater consequence, and a surer mark of identity than the surname, since it was given with solemn religious rites in baptism, while the surname was often a mere chance appellation, liable to be changed for very slight reasons. But, after surnames became fixed and hereditary, they acquired a controlling importance; and their variety at the present time is so great, — upwards of 40,000, — that a person is far more accurately distinguished by his last name than by his first; for very many Christian names once in common use have become wholly obsolete, and the number of those which can now be employed without an appearance of singularity, does not exceed five hundred for both sexes. It is, however, the combination of Christian name and surname, by which one man is best distinguished from other men; and his individuality and identity are still more strongly marked by the use of a middle name, which has become common only within the last sixty or seventy years. It has been wittily said, that "a man might as well be anonymous at once as 'John Smith';" but "John Thistlethwaite Smith" would not be very likely to find his double.

It is to be noted, that not every *given* name is necessarily a *Christian* name. An illustration of this fact was furnished some years ago by a Mr. Levi, who, having been summoned before the Lord Mayor of London, was asked his Christian name. "I have none, my lord," was the answer. "I am a Jew; but my first name is Moses."

The word *surname* means, literally, an "over-name;" but it is uncertain whether it was so called as being a name *given* over and above the Christian name, or because it was originally *written* over the Christian name, as is shown to have been the case by court-rolls, and other ancient documents still extant. Be this as it may, it is certain that surnames came into use very gradually. They took their rise in France shortly before the year 1000, among the nobility, who adopted the practice of calling themselves by the names of their estates; as, Bertrand *de Vaux*, that is, Bertrand of Vaux. When William of Normandy invaded and conquered England, in the year 1066, they were introduced into that country by his followers; though they seem to have been employed by the Anglo-Saxons, in

rare instances, previously to that event. Many of the adventurers who accompanied William, had surnames derived from landed possessions in Normandy, but their younger sons, and others, took names from the estates awarded to them in the conquered country, and were thenceforth known as De Bodiam, De Hastings, etc. This prefix *de* continued in use in England until the fifteenth century, when it was gradually abandoned. A few families, however, retained it, and hence we still have such names as De Morgan, De Quincey, De Vere, etc. Although the occasional assumption or imposition of surnames in England can be traced back to a date considerably anterior to that of the Conquest, and though that event did much to bring them into fashion, they did not become general among the common people until the time of Edward II., who began to reign in 1307. Indeed, it is said that in the wilder parts of Wales, they have not even yet come into vogue.

As surnames are derived from various sources, they may be divided into different classes. One of the largest of these consists of *local names*, or such as come from places, of whatever description. We have just seen that surnames originated in the practice adopted by land-owners of designating themselves by the names of their territorial possessions. But, in many cases, persons borrowed their names, not from estates of which they were the proprietors, but from farms, hamlets, villages, natural or artificial objects, and the like, at or near which they resided, or from the country or district where they were born, or from which they had removed. Hence such names as Field, Ford, Hill, Poole, Pond, Wood, Lincoln, Yorke, Maine, Poland, Wales, Kent, Wight. A considerable number of these local names originally began with the prefix *at*, which is preserved in Atwater, Atwell, Atwood, etc. An early form of this preposition was *atte*, and when a name beginning with a vowel followed it, an *n* was interposed between the two, to make the pronunciation easier; for example, a person living near an ash-tree, was called Atten-ash. After a while the prefix was very naturally dropped, but the casual, euphonic *n* was retained; and thus originated the common name of Nash. Other names were formed by the use of other prepositions; as in Byfield, Underhill, etc. In France, the use of the territorial *de* has come to be a mark of nobility; and so has the corresponding word *von* in Germany. In England, when the *de* was dropped by the landed gentry, about the time of Henry the Sixth, the name of an estate

was generally added to the same name used as the surname of the owner. Thus, William de Catesby became William Catesby of Catesby, and Robert de Polwehele, Robert Polwehele of Polwehele. The Scotch adopted a similar custom, in like cases, writing themselves "of that ilk." Thus, "Mackintosh of that ilk," is equivalent to "Mackintosh of Mackintosh," and denotes a gentleman whose surname and the title of whose estate are the same. It may be well to remark, in passing, that the phrase "of that ilk,"—which is, literally, in English, "of that same,"—is sometimes used by ignorant or careless writers in this country as if it meant "of that sort;" and hence we meet with such absurd expressions as, "thieves, gamblers, sharpers, and others of that ilk."

Another and a very large class of surnames arose from the custom of adding to a person's Christian name that of his father,—sometimes that of his mother,—usually with the addition of *son*, or its equivalent; as, Johnson, Robertson, Williamson, Anson (that is, Annsen). Such names are called *patronymics*. At first they were very variable, changing from one generation to another, John Richardson's son James, for example, calling himself James Johnson, and his son Thomas calling himself Thomas Jameson, and so on. Instead of adding *son* to the parental name, the patronymic was often formed by simply putting the name in the possessive case; as Roberts, Williams. John's, the possessive of John, became Jones. The celebrated naval hero, Paul Jones, whose exploits in the time of our Revolutionary War created so much terror in England and Scotland, was the son and namesake of John Paul, a Scottish gardener. When the Colonies declared themselves independent of Great Britain, he enlisted in their navy under the name of John Paul Jones, that is, John Paul John's (son).

In Syria, and some other Mohammedan countries, a practice prevails which is the exact opposite of that which has just been described; for there, instead of the son taking the name of his father or mother, as was done by our ancestors, the father and mother often take their name from that of their eldest son. Thus, Abu-Michael signifies "the father of Michael;" Om-Suleyman, "the mother of Solomon." The explanation of this singular practice is probably to be found in the system of primogeniture,—how many of our readers can tell what that is?—and in the Eastern principle of considering the first-born son as consecrated to God. Among

the Arabians, on the contrary, though every man has a name of his own, he is, as a general rule, called by that of his father alone, with the word *Ebn* (son) prefixed. Thus, if a man named *Zoar* had a son named *Hadi*, the latter would be called, not *Hadi*, but *Ebn-Zoar*, and the son of *Hadi* would be called *Ebn-Hadi*, though his true name might be *Mousa*, or something else. In Normandy, a similar practice prevailed for a time, the son taking, in addition to his own name, that of his father, and prefixing to it the word *Fitz*,* the equivalent of "son;" as, *Fitzgerald*, *Fitzhamon*, etc. This mode of forming patronymics was introduced by the Normans into England, where it has sometimes been used to designate the illegitimate children of the sovereigns and of princes of the blood royal; as, *Fitzroy* (literally, "son of a king"), *Fitzjames*, *Fitzclarence*, etc.

In the Highlands of Scotland, surnames were formed from the father's name by means of the prefix *Mac* (son), which also, though to a limited extent, served the same purpose in Ireland. The usual Irish prefix, however, was *O'*, which properly signifies *grandson*, but is loosely used of any descendant. Those who are so fortunate as to possess this handle to their names, are apt to pride themselves upon it as being a mark of dig-

* This prefix is a contraction and corruption of the Latin word *filius*. The *t* was originally an *l* with a line drawn across it to signify the omission of the following *i*, and the *z* was the character *3*, a common sign, in the Middle Ages, of any termination, and still preserved, under the guise of a *z*, in the abbreviations *oz*. (ounce or ounces) and *viz*. (videlicet). As *FITZ* bore a strong resemblance to *FITZ*, it soon came—naturally enough—to be pronounced and written *Fitz*.

nity or high birth; but, as there are said to be upwards of 2,000 surnames beginning with this prefix, it would not seem to furnish a very strong proof of patrician origin. The popular belief is said by high authorities to be unquestionably erroneous. There is an old joke, well known in Ireland, about a certain Mr. Mullany, who, becoming rich, became also ashamed of his name, which he thought to be *too Irish*, and therefore changed it for *O'Brallaghan!*

The Welsh formed patronymics in the same way as most of the other Celtic races, applying the prefix *Ap*, or *Ab* (son of), to the father's baptismal name; as in *Ap Rhys*, *Ap Howell*, *Ap Richard*, *Ab Harry*, *Ab Owen*, whence our *Price*, *Powell*, *Pritchard*, *Barry*, *Bowen*. Formerly it was customary to embody one's pedigree in one's name by means of this prefix, which was used to form such remarkable combinations as *Griffith-ap-David-ap-William-ap-Evan-ap-Morgan-ap-Owen*, which is certainly not surpassed, if it is equaled, by the Dutch name *Matthew Peter Reynold's Son's Son's Son's Son's Son*,—a name actually borne by one of the municipal authorities of Amsterdam, in the year 1445. Almost all the family names now used in Wales—and the same remark may be applied also to the Scottish Highlands, and to Ireland—are derived from Christian names, very few of them being territorial or local designations.

A very large proportion of Russian names end in *witz*, and of Polish names in *sky*, both terminations meaning "son;" as, *Paulowitz* (son of Paul), *Petrowsky* (son of Peter).

A FAIRY'S SAIL.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

FAIRIES have told to me
So much of the Wonderful Sea,
Where our river bathes its feet,
That I long to hasten thither,
And see its great waves beat
Their foamy hands together.
Why not build a boat,
And set it afloat?

Here is a mushroom white as snow,
With rounded top, and ribbed inside;
Launched on the dimpling stream below,
Light enough it will ride.
This spear of grass shall be my mast,

This leaf for a sail to the winds I'll cast;
This purple stem of the maiden-hair
I'll take for a paddle to steer me there.
Hasten, hasten! this very day
I'll up with its sails and away.
Blow, soft breezes, blow, blow,
And make me lightly, lightly go.

The sunset comes, the sunset goes,
Gone are its hues of orange and rose,
And still I sail, I sail;
The moon rose red, the moon sets pale,
And still I sail, and still I sail;

Rises the sun, and glows and glows,
 Slower and slower my light bark goes ;
 The zephyrs faint, the zephyrs die,
 Becalmed on the lingering stream I lie.
 Alas, alas ! the Wonderful Sea
 Seems ever farther and farther from me.
 I cannot paddle my boat so far,
 Nor fly so far with my delicate wings ;
 And I will not wait on this lonely bar
 Till a breeze o'er the water sings.
 I wish that my merry little elf,
 My gay Redcap, were here.
 Once, I remember, he told me himself,

If I wished, and wished, and wished him near,
 In a moment he would appear.
 O I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish
 Redcap would come to me !
 He can fly like a bird, or swim like a fish,—
 O come, Redcap, to me !

Ah ! here you are, your own gay self ;
 Welcome, my best, my merriest elf !
 Look at my pretty boat,
 It is almost light as a leaf afloat,
 Yet cannot sail,
 For the winds all fail.



Will you fly ahead, and tow it along,
 With this cable of gossamer twisted strong ?
 Then I'll show you the way to the Wonderful Sea,
 With its shores of golden sand ;
 Aha ! I knew you would go with me,
 If I sailed for the Far-off Land.

Merrily, merrily, now I ride
 Swifter than breeze, swifter than tide.
 Wish ! past the water-lilies I go ;
 They turn to see what ruffles them so.
 The rushes sway, as the ripples run
 Up their green stems every one.
 Round the bends I whirl and swing,
 Down the rapids I bounce and spring.

Well done, well done ! my merry elf ;
 Now in the shadows rest yourself ;
 On a cool, green leaf of the lilies lie,
 While deep in the whitest blossoms I
 Will dive for a cup of perfumed dew,
 Drink, and I will drink with you.

What can that gleam in the distance be ?
 The Wonderful Sea, the Wonderful Sea !
 O let us haste ! I can fly, dear elf,
 With the sea so near, like the wind itself ;
 Straight and swift, we cleave the air,
 Like a flash of light ; we shall soon be there.
 The billowy tops of the forest seem
 To rush behind us, a glistening stream ;

Shines before us the Wonderful Sea,
 Fair as the fairest dream can be.
 Let us build a tent on the shore, and stay
 Many, and many, and many a day :
 When the strong winds blow, and the waves roll
 high,

We will find a cave in the rocks close by,
 And, safe in our shelter, will see how grand
 The white waves burst on the glittering sand ;
 And when we go back, what tales will we
 Tell of our stay by the Wonderful Sea.



THE SHIPWRECKED BUTTONS.

BY ALICE ELIOT.

WHAT a nice place the beach is! There's always something for one to do. It is as nice in pleasant weather as any place can be; and when it rains, there are all one's shells and stones to look over and get ready for packing. I always thought it so strange, and I daresay you do, that the fishermen's children never seemed any happier than the small persons like myself, who were doomed to live inland.

This day was very bright and sunny, and the time was just after breakfast. The people from the hotel were walking on the Sands, for it was dead low water. The ladies walked slowly back and forth talking to each other, or some of their gentlemen friends, and Jack's father and mother, and Kitty's father and mother, had gone out in a sail boat.

Jack and Kitty were the only children at the hotel just then, except three or four small babies, whom they looked back upon from the advanced ages of eight and seven years, with great contempt. To be sure, Jack would have preferred a boy to play with, and Kitty a girl: but they only had each other; and though on some points they didn't sympathize, — especially on the doll question, — they made the best of each other, and got along very well. This morning they were not particularly happy, for they had hoped to go out sailing; but the first thing they knew, there was the boat full of people quite far out from the land, and they away down the beach, so shouting would do no good.

"Dear me," said Jack; "now, if we'd only been going the other way, we should have seen them." Kitty gave a great sigh.

"What shall we do while they're gone?" said she; "let's go in wading in the little ponds, and see who will dare to go in deepest."

Jack said that wouldn't do, for he had on his very best trousers, the last of his play-clothes having been wofully soaked and torn the day before. "You see," said he, "all my other clothes

are spoilt and being washed, and if I get these wet, Bridget will put me to bed; and it's real pleasant to-day: but, I say! we'll go to the biggest pond and sit on the rocks, and sail boats." Kitty said "yes," and they started off in different directions for chips. But they had all gone sailing by themselves, I guess, for all that could be found was one old shingle. That was just the thing; and the next part of the business was to make a sail, and to load the vessel.

Nothing could be thought of for the sailcloth but Jack's handkerchief, and that was fastened to the masts, which were two dead sticks of something which Kitty brought from the edge of the marshes. I am sorry to say that the way they were fastened in was by being stuck through the corners.

It's astonishing how children will abuse their handkerchiefs, but what could they do without them? Think of a small girl at housekeeping under the lilac-bushes, with a large and troublesome family of dolls, and think of the assistance that little square of linen can be to her. It cleans the bits of crockery, and is the table-cloth, and wipes the dishes after the mud dinner is disposed of. It covers as much as it can of the children, while they take their afternoon nap on the cunning grass bed with the lilac-leaf pillow. It makes a carpet whereon Miss Susan Anna Mary, the best doll, sits in state, to receive calls in her burdock-burr chair. If the little mistress falls down and hurts herself, the handkerchief wipes her eyes; if you call her to the window to give her candy or gingerbread for her part of the dinner-party she is giving, it is the little handkerchief that she holds up by the corners.

Well, the ship was ready and the wind was fair, and then the question was what the freight should be to the foreign country, where Kitty would soon run to wait for it.

"Kitty," said Jack, "got anything in your pocket? This is such a good boat, and it's no

fun to send stones; they're so heavy too. There's nothing in any of my pockets, or I'd put it on; you see, this is wide, and things can't lose off."

Do you want me to tell you the reason why Jack had nothing in his pockets? My dear, they were all sewed up, except one for his handkerchief, by the indignant Bridget, who, a day or two before, in getting a suit of his clothes, which had been hung away to dry, ready for the wash, had noticed a strikingly unpleasant odor; and upon investigation, discovered the one in the left side of his pantaloons to be the cemetery of half a dozen baby crabs, who looked as if they had been pounded in a mortar, and who, to use her own words, "half pisoned me with their shmelling!"

Kitty, always obliging, sat down on the rock by him, and commenced investigations. One shiny mussel shell; a piece of a cooky that she had saved from lunch the day before; a smooth bit of bone she had picked up that morning; and last of all some buttons.

"O!" said Jack, "what a nice girl you are, Kitty! Let's take the buttons, and we'll say which will be sailors, and which be captain. There! this button may be captain of the ship; isn't he a beauty?"

"O," said Kitty, "but I don't like to put that one on. I know you make splendid boats, Jacky, and they hardly ever tip over; but that belonged to my best white suit, and if I should lose it, I know mamma would be angry. I took it out of Ann's basket this morning. The others Ann gave me herself for dolls' dresses, and they're all homely except the blue one, and I wouldn't mind if they were lost."

"O my!" said Jack, "if you aren't just like all the girls: they're so afraid of everything."

Kitty didn't say a word, but laid the buttons down on the rock. And a little pearl one rolled into the water directly, as if it thought that it would get there sooner or later; and it felt it might as well have it over with. There were eight when that had gone, and four of these Kitty put carefully back in her pocket, having suddenly recollected (to Jack's great displeasure) that they were Ann's own, and she had only borrowed them to play jackstones with. So there were only four left, — the great shiny pearl one, and a pretty blue one, with little gilt flowers painted on it, and a gilt rim; a common, old-fashioned bone button, and a white porcelain one. Of course the last two were common sailors, and the pearl button was captain. The blue one was his wife, and they were going for pleas-

ure to a delightful country where oranges grow. Kitty thought it was a great pity the little one had rolled into the water, for it would have made such a nice son for the captain. But Jack said no; he should have been cabin boy, for one must have more sailors than passengers. "But," said he, "we can play that all the rest are down in the cabin."

Then the ship was carefully launched, and the crew and the captain's wife went on board, and Kitty ran to the great warm dry rock on the other side. The handkerchief made a very good sail; the wind was right, and the ship very steady, so away it went, rather slowly to be sure, across the water.

But the pond was quite wide, and waiting was hard work. Kitty had just proposed that when it got into port they should go down to the fish-houses, when Jack exclaimed, "O see, Kitty! there's the boat coming back for something. Now let's hurry and see what it is; and maybe, if we get it, they will take us in after all."

"No," said Kitty, "for don't you see how full the boat is?"

Jack's face lengthened a bit, but he answered, "Never mind; let's go and see them; and this boat won't more than have got across by the time we come back."

So off they ran, and when they got down to the landing place, they found that a young lady had been dizzy, and they had brought her in. Jack and Kitty said nothing, but their wistful faces showed very plainly what they wanted to say; and when one of the fishermen whom they were very intimate with, suggested that "the children wouldn't take more room than she," Jack's father smiled, and Kitty's nodded, and the fisherman took them in his arms, waded back again, and set them down on the seat. The two little things looked very happy, and the boat went dancing up and down, up and down, over the green waves. Soon they were far out, and the boat had stopped, and Jack actually held the end of a great long fishing-line; and very soon a fat little fish was so kind as to take hold of the other end and be drawn up into the boat. How Jack's eyes danced; and if he had stood up, he would have looked an inch taller, I know. Kitty paddled in the water, and snatched at some bits of weed that went floating by, and sung a little. After a while she went to sleep, and flocks of birds went over them, and shoals of fishes under them, and the sail was hoisted again to carry them out among the islands; the morning went very fast, and the sun went far up in the sky.

And what had become of the other boat with the handkerchief sail and the button crew, which was going so slowly across the tide pool all by itself? I'll tell you.

The children had gone away down the Sands, so the captain said to his wife and the sailors, — "Now they shall see! Here comes a wind, and we will be in port before they have turned to come back." The breeze did come, and the ship was almost lost. It nearly turned over; and the captain's wife, who was the roundest, rolled to the very edge. When the gale had passed, the ship was going sideways rather faster than before. It's a very good ship that will do that!

They went floating on and on, but the children didn't come, and the voyage grew tedious; but at last came a horrible gale, and they struck the shore, and the wave went back, and the ship with it; but the buttons were all left on the sand. "Now," said the captain to his wife, who was very wet and very frightened, just as you would have been, "we are shipwrecked, my dear." And they all felt very melancholy, and the salt tears in their eyes glistened, but soon dried up.

"O," said the pearl captain, "I wish I were back on Kitty's dress, sewed on very tight, and the button-hole round me! One feels very safe, and I have seen a great deal of the world so. Why, I've been to two dancing-schools and a party, and I once spent a week in the country. That's how I happened to be taken off and put here; now they will forget us, and I shall never have a house any more, and never go anywhere again."

"My dear," said his wife, who, in spite of their short acquaintance, had become very fond of him, though no one knows how tender they might have been all the night before in Kitty's pocket, — "my dear, how could any one forget such a handsome button as you; they will soon be back, and, to make the time shorter, tell me more of your life, and particularly what happened to you that day in the country, after which you had to be taken off; and what became of your house afterwards," — she meant the button-hole, you know. "I have a story about myself to tell."

"Certainly," said the pearl button. "I'll be most happy to tell my story, but it shall be short; so you can tell us all that has ever happened to you, which must be a great deal; you are very beautiful. I came from over seas, from England; and a dozen like me cost a great deal. I was bought for a piqué suit of Kitty's, and it

was one of her best dresses, and very nicely trimmed. We used to go around the city more than any other dress she had, for a time; but dirt sticks to everything, and we had to be washed, and then were only second best. One day, the first of this summer, Kitty's mamma was invited to stay a week in the country; Kitty was taken, and so was I, and the morning after we got there I was put on, and Kitty found another horrid little child; and what should they do but go out in the fields and tumble into some soft, black mud. So the beautiful white piqué was ruined, and I and the rest of the buttons, and the trimming, and hooks and eyes, were cut off. Since then I have been doing nothing in Ann's work-basket, waiting for the new dress to be finished, until yesterday. Now I won't tell any more, though some very interesting things have happened to me, until I have heard the story you have to tell."

And the blue and gold captain's wife said, —

"I am a French button of very distinguished family. I know I was made for the best ball dress of some grand lady" — blue button, there's a fib to start on! you know you're only thirty cents a dozen! — "but how different a life I have had. I never was even put on a card; I fell into a box of very common buttons through the carelessness of a boy; and when I got to America a clerk saw me, and had no more sense than to suppose I was an odd one in the cheap box, and not a bit better than they; so he threw me on the floor. How little he knew whom he was treating so! Nobody saw me until the next morning, when the store was swept, and then a woman picked me up from the dirt thrown out on the sidewalk, and all that day I stayed in her horrid dark pocket, and it was worse than the common buttons. There was an old purse there so flat, I know there was nothing in it, and a handkerchief with a great darn in the side next me. Well, I won't mind talking about that any more. All day the woman was doing some kind of work at a table, only at noon she stopped and ate some dinner; but there must have been very little, for she was only a moment or two. At night she went a long way through the streets home; and when she got there, first I heard her kiss some one, and then she took me out of her pocket. It was so dark at first I couldn't see, and when I got used to it, my dear captain, I was so miserable! It was a little bit of a room, and opened into another where there was a bed. It was not a grand place at all, such as I wished to be in, and I was in a little girl's lap on such a

cheap dress. There was a doll in the lap too, — a common rag-baby.

“The woman said, ‘Wait, Jenny, till I light the lamp, and you shall see what it is. I thought you might like it to put with your others. It’s a very handsome button, I think. Have you been very lonely, and are you much tired, dear?’

“The child said ‘No’ rather quietly, as if she didn’t mean it, but hardly liked to say anything else; and the mother said, ‘I’m sorry, Jenny. I’m not to be away all day again, though.’ They both had very pleasant voices, and then the lamp burned bright, and the kitten got down off the window-ledge and rubbed herself against the woman, mewing.

“‘Yes, pussy,’ said she; and soon one could hear the little cat purring over a saucer in the corner.

“‘Well,’ said I to myself, ‘if these people are so kind to her, they may have taste too, and see how beautiful I am;’ and I wasn’t disappointed. The mother brought the lamp, and the child said as much as heart could wish; so I was quite happy. Then the mother put the lamp on the supper-table, and came again to Jenny and took her in her arms. I could see that she was a little cripple, and her limbs were useless. But you never would have thought it, if you only saw the bright little face, though it was rather pale and thin. I don’t wonder at that, if they never had any more to eat than I saw that night.

“I was laid on the table by the side of her plate, and when she had finished, she said, ‘Now the blue button must go to sleep.’ So I was put on the window-ledge, near her bed, and the wind that came in all night was frightful; I was nearly blown down, and I know it would have cracked me.

“The little girl took me from there the first thing in the morning; and when she was sitting again in her chair in the other room, and her mother had gone away until noon, and the doll was in her lap, she took me out of her pocket, where I was very tired of staying, and laid me on the window-sill, where the kitten was sitting in the sun. Then she put a handful of buttons by me, and arranged them side by side half across the window, and I must say I have been in better company, though some were not so very bad looking, and, poor things, they were made homely, and it was not their fault. And the sun shone in very pleasantly, and I glistened, and felt very good-natured. The little girl said, ‘Ah,

my pretty blue button is queen of them all!’ then I was prouder than ever. I thought to myself, ‘I would like to live with her always, for perhaps the fashion doesn’t change with her, and I should never be thrown away.’ Well, Pearl Captain, my dear, if I had had my wish granted, I never should have met you!

“Jenny played with us an hour or so, and we walked round the window-sill, first one at a time, taking very long steps, and then she placed us two and two: I first, with a silvery one. Then she made a necklace of us, and then counted us, and tried to play jack-stones; but some ill-natured old things rolled away from her, and as she couldn’t get them again, she gave that up, and made a pin of me for her doll’s collar. She played with me every way she could think of, and said once, ‘You dear button, you’re so very good to play with; but I wish you had little feet, and could get me a drink of water.’

“Soon a woman came in and got the water, and gave her an orange beside, talking very kindly all the time. Jenny was so pleased. It was so warm that the lady opened the window; and while the child was eating the orange, the kitten jumped out and ran away down the street. The first Jenny saw of it all was the poor little cat trying hard to get home, with a cross looking dog running after her. She never could, but for a boy, who chased him away. He took the frightened kitten in his arms, and came knocking at the door. Jenny’s visitor let him in, and Jenny was half crying with fright, for pussy was her very greatest treasure. ‘Dear Joe,’ said she, ‘you were real good,’ and the little thing began to cry so hard. Only think, my friends, of any one being as fond as that of a kitten who knows no better than to roll one about on the floor with her paws! But then the little girl didn’t know but cats were perfectly polite to buttons; and it was so sad for her to sit, day after day, and make the old buttons go in procession back and forth on the window-sill, and want a drink of water, and wish for her mother, and that she were strong, like the other children. The doll was always there, I suppose; but she wouldn’t mew, and lick one’s face when one hugged her; and it was nice to have something alive in the room except the flies. My story is very long, though.

“Jenny looked up as soon as she could talk, and said, ‘Joe, would you like to have my doll? You’ve been very good to my kitty.’

“‘No, Jenny, I don’t want you to give me anything just for that; and I wouldn’t take away your doll for anything. What would I do

with it, you know? Boys don't have dolls, and I haven't any sister."

"Then I haven't anything to give you except my pretty new button, and you must take that. It's not because I want to pay you, but I like you. It's only a little thing, but it's all I have that's nice enough. I see one off your shirt now, up by the throat. Mrs. Burt, would you please sew it on for him? there's mother's basket on the shelf."

"It was a very homely shirt, and I had half a mind to tumble down into a crack of the floor; but I was afraid it might crack me, and then very likely I couldn't be got out again. Jenny saw me go out of the door, and down the street, with a very sad face. It wasn't often she had such a beautiful plaything as I was; and I wonder what that doll did for want of a breast-pin, and who was queen of the buttons who lived on the window-sill. Do you think! that boy ran down an alley, and helped two more, worse looking than he was, to hang a poor, thin old cat they had caught in the street. That was funny, wasn't it, when Joe had taken so much pains to take Jenny's kitten away from the dog? I suppose he liked her; I'm sure I did, poor little thing! Pretty soon the shirt was worn out, and I being sewed on much firmer than there was any need of, had to go with it into a bag of rags, and, after a while, to a paper-mill; and there Ann's cousin cut me off, and gave me to her, with a great handful of others; and there I've been ever since. That homely bone button has a very interesting story, my dear, and I don't see the children. Come, bone button!"

"Bother!" said the old sailor. "I'm not going to tell any story. You wouldn't understand it if I did; my eyes are all full of sand, and I'm half baked to death with this abominable sun."

"So are we," said the captain. "My wife's complexion is positively ruined. Can't you do your part to make the time seem a little shorter? See here: if you don't, you shall be hung for mutiny."

"I'd like to know what you've got to hang me to!" said the bone button. "Let me alone."

"Porcelain is promoted to be first mate," said the captain, "and will now tell his story."

"No, no! don't let him, and I'll never be cross again; but I'm so old, and know so many stories, I can't tell which one is best. I have been a very noted button in my day."

"O!" said the captain's wife, "tell that splendid one you told yesterday in the basket, about

your belonging to a sailor who had been shipwrecked like us, and was with a lot of people in a boat: and the boat was too full; so this good man said 'Farewell! tell mother how I died!' and jumped right overboard; and the boat was light enough, and went on safely. So, finally they met a ship, and got safe to land. You were on his shirt, weren't you? Tell us all about it."

"Dear, dear!" said the sailor, "can't you see a hole in a ladder, ma'am? That was a story I heard a boy read out of a story newspaper; and I'll warrant he didn't cry, either, as you and the other lady buttons did in Ann's basket. But then you thought it was true, and he didn't. Do you suppose I'd be here now, if I had been sewed on a man's shirt, who drowned himself, and all that he had on, in the middle of the China Sea! I'm a very old button, as you can see by my looks, and I have really forgotten what happened to me when I was very young,—I've learned so much since. I belonged for twenty years to an old maid, who kept an infant school. I may as well tell the truth, and say we kept it together, for she never could have taught Arithmetic without me. But the really valuable people in the world are very apt to be forgotten; and if you were to ask any of those dozens of people who went there, 'Who first taught you to add?' they would never think of the ten old buttons who lived so long in Miss Cram's table-drawer, in the little front-room of the dark old house in High Street. Well, you see, I was made for higher duties in the world than keeping two pieces of cloth together, and being choked by a button-hole."

"And then, too, the amount of learning that I have! I've always found that I knew a dozen times as much as any button I ever met with. If I'd always been used to fasten things with, instead of a noted Professor of Mathematics, I never should have known whether two and two were four or forty; and I'm sure I should always have thought the world was flat."

"In the morning, after the first class in Reading, I and the nine other lady and gentleman professors were taken out and laid on the table for the benefit of the first class in Arithmetic; and Miss Cram would say, for instance, 'Anna, if you have two books, and I take away one, how many would you have left?'

"Perhaps Anna might chance to be a child of fine intellect, and, remembering previous lessons, give the right answer."

"Ella! take your thumb out of your mouth. Take one from two; how many are left?'

"In this case, very likely, the thumb would go back again directly; and then how I would have to work!"

"Ella, do you see these buttons? How many are there?"

"Two."

"Now, I take one away, and how many are left?"

"One."

"One from two; how many?"

"And then" — Here interrupts the captain,—

"First mate! no doubt you were a very fine professor of mathematics in one of the best institutions in the country; but can't you be a little brief, or don't you know anything more entertaining than Miss Cram's infant school?"

Whereupon the first mate's angry passions rose, and he said, "I knew you weren't capable of understanding me, and yet I was going — foolish button that I am! — to tell you all the wonderful story of my life. I might have known better, to be sure; but no one is perfect. Such a charming story as I was going to tell, by and by, of a green glass lady and a black gentleman professor, who fell madly in love with each other, and eloped one night from the table-drawer. I heard all their love-making. Let the porcelain fellow tell his stupid story, if you had rather. I dare say you will both enjoy it far better. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he had spent all his life in a country store, and never been off his card; every one knows he's only five cents a dozen! Halloo! what's that?" screamed the professor, and all the ship's crew; and the captain's wife screamed too. For the tide was coming in, and the edge of a great wave had crept up to the tide pool.

"Where's Jack and Kitty, I wonder?" said the frightened captain. "I'm really afraid, my dear, that handkerchief will be drowned."

The next wave was a huge one, and it went rushing over them, and never went back till the tide went out again. The boat with the handkerchief went off in the under-tow, and never was heard of more. Strange to say, there was no notice of the terrible shipwreck, and loss of four lives, not to mention the rest of the ship's company supposed to be in the cabin. It wasn't in any of the papers. But there being no survivor, after a while it was probably in the list of "missing ships."

Out on the bright blue sea the fishing-boat, with the children in it, was rocking up and down; and, after a long while, they came in with ever and ever so many fish, just in time to dress for dinner. After dinner came croquet, and then a ride to the cliff.

Next day there was vain search for a missing pearl button while Kitty was out at play, and until she went back to the city, there was one gone from the trimming on the left sleeve, because it never could be found.

Next day to that, was Saturday, and at night Bridget said to Jack, "I'm sure I've given ye seven handkerchiefs this week, and I can't find but the two of them. It's well whipped ye ought to be."

Next day was Sunday, and the children sat on the steps of the piazza after dinner, longing for Monday; and Kitty said, "Jacky, did you ever go back for our boat and my buttons that day we went fishing? I'd forgotten all about it."

"No," said Jack, looking solemn, "and that's where one of my five handkerchiefs went, anyhow! I suppose the tide came in and covered them, or else some of the little clam boys stole it. Guess we won't say anything about it, will we?"

And they didn't.

THE THREE JUDGES.

BY H. E. G. PARDEE.

In the Upper Green at New Haven, just behind the Centre Church, are three low, time-crumbled grave-stones. There are many such in country burying-grounds, and some in city cemeteries, of dark, coarse stone, whose quaint, old-fashioned spelling and dates are over-written, and often obliterated by the mosses of age. I can

remember sitting, in sunny October afternoons, beside these graves, while the maple and willow dropped their pretty garniture of autumn leaves upon them. And after tea, when we gathered about the fire blazing cheerfully upon the hearth, the cricket in his snug corner blithely singing, father or mother would tell us the story many

times heard, yet always fresh, of the three Judges, whose memory these ancient stones perpetuated.

More than two hundred years ago Charles I. was King of England. He was a monarch of unfortunate disposition, deceitful and tyrannical, insisting on "the divine right of kings" to do whatsoever entered their royal heads, at a time when, to make a reign successful, prudence, faithfulness, and concessions were necessary. His disregard of his kingly oaths, and his stubbornness in wrong doing, at last brought on a civil war, which ended in his arrest, trial, and execution, in January, 1649.

He is said to have been a man estimable in private life, and of good intentions, though the latter we must acknowledge a negative excellence, unless substantiated by good deeds. But we will strive to think of him with that "charity" which is "kind." Charles's death ended the war, and Oliver Cromwell was made Lord Protector. At his death his son succeeded him; but he was a quiet, unambitious man, and soon wearying of political cares, resigned his position. Charles II. immediately pressed his claim as king, and was received by the people with so much enthusiasm, that he is said to have remarked that "every one seemed so glad to see him, he wondered he had stayed away so long." As soon as he was secure upon the throne, he called on all the Judges who had voted for his father's death, to surrender themselves. Some did so; some tried, unsuccessfully, to leave the country, and some did escape. Two of them (Edward Whalley, and his son-in-law, William Goffe) came to America. They landed at Boston in the summer of 1660, and were very hospitably entertained by the opulent families of the place. They were men of position at home,—had been generals in Cromwell's army. Whalley was Cromwell's cousin, and during the Protectorate had been one of his chief officers, and both could enliven their conversation with rehearsals of many stirring experiences. But in the autumn or winter news was brought of the execution of ten of the Judges, of the disgrace of the others, and of the indignities that had been offered to the bodies of Cromwell and his compeers.

They felt that the shadow of unpopularity rested on them, and in March, 1661, they left Boston and came to New Haven. They made no more effort to disguise or conceal themselves here than they had in Boston. Meanwhile a mandate had been received by the authorities of

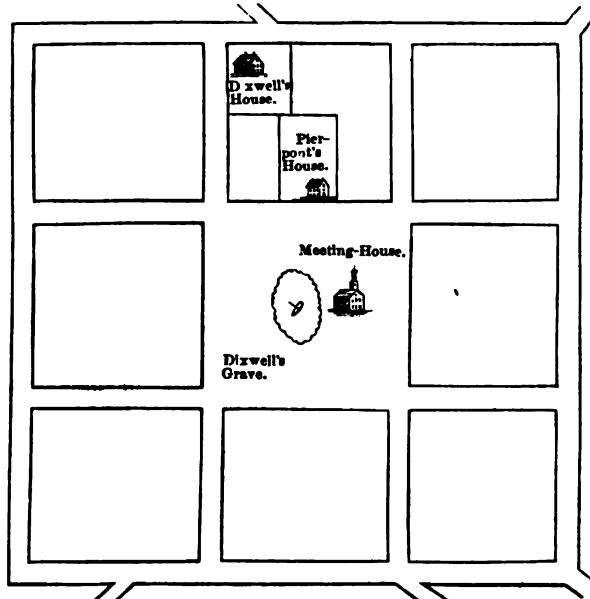
Massachusetts, requiring them to arrest the fugitives. Two zealous young royalists, Kelland and Kirk, just from England, probably quite as intent on their own promotion as from interest in a dead king, assumed the enterprise; and from inquiries on the way, satisfied themselves that the Judges were at New Haven. Governor Lute lived in Guilford, and they went to him and demanded papers authorizing them to arrest the Judges, and asking him also for horses to take them to New Haven. He told them it would be impossible for him to attend to the business so late on Saturday (for at that time Saturday night was "kept," as it is, even now, in some New England families). But *could* they have passed the Sunday in New Haven, they would have felt that they had little to encourage them, for a trusty Indian runner had been despatched from Guilford to warn the Judges of their danger. There were no bells in the Colony, and at drum-beat the congregation gathered in their humble little church, with its plain board seats. In winter it was a comfortless place, for stoves were unthought of, and the worshippers shivered through the long services, though the men courteously carried footstoves for their tenderer companions. It was an unselfish gallantry, too, for as the sexes were seated separately on either side of the house, there was no hope of surreptitiously sharing the comfort. There were no blinds at the windows, and in summer the sun poured in relentlessly, to the contentment of the great flies that buzzed, and droned, and bumped against the panes. But happily it was only the middle of May, and the sun's warmth was genial, not scorching. And if "Satan roared about Sundays," then the farmer's mind doubtless strayed off to his newly-ploughed fields, and the housekeeper unwittingly planned Monday's toil. But every vagary was dispelled when Mr. Davenport announced his text from the 16th chapter of Isaiah, verses 3, 4: "Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." From the influence of the sermon following so significant a text, the young gentlemen would hardly expect to find the New Haveners in a very cordial mood, when they appeared among them early Monday morning on the horses so tardily furnished them. It is said the Judges were hidden under Neck Bridge when the Messrs. K. crossed it on their way into town. The authorities found that giv-

ing the required papers involved so many points of law and conscience, that they passed the entire day deliberating. And the delay was not so slight a thing as we may regard it, for it made them liable to the penalty for "concealing and comforting traitors." And in the afternoon their perplexity and apprehension of danger was so great, that they were unanimously willing to surrender the Judges, who themselves not only advised, but urged it. In this peril Mr. Davenport was their inflexible advocate. His courage and firmness saved them. It was a rare friendship; and we can think of him only with a glow of warmest admiration, who, for two poor, hunted men, would "even dare to die."

The vexed and baffled young royalists finally left without venturing to search a single house. The city at that time was comprised in a square half mile, on which there were about one hundred houses; and beyond this little settlement there was a clearing of some acres, called the ox-pasture, and all beyond was wilderness. Here and there among these woods the poor Judges were hidden; and after a few days they went to a place which they called Providence Hill, but which is now known as West Rock. Here some great boulders are thrown up in such a way that by weaving a roof of boughs a rude shelter could be secured; and they lived here for three months. Their food was supplied by a friend (Mr. Richard Sperry), who sometimes carried it himself, and sometimes sent his son, who left it on a designated stump for them. This mysterious hospitality excited his curiosity, which his father evaded by telling him "a man who was at work in the woods wanted the food."

Two hundred years ago Indians had their home where we have ours, and wild animals ranged where there are now pleasant gardens. One night a panther made them an unwelcome visit. "He blazed his eyeballs in such a hideous manner upon them, as greatly affrighted them. One of them was so terrified by this grim and ferocious monster, her eyes and her squawling, that he took to his heels and fled down the mountain to Sperry's house for safety." The reader will pardon the confusion of pronouns. The quotation (and several others) is from Dr. Stiles's "History of the Judges." In August they went to Milford, and were hidden in the house of a Mr. Tomkins, "near Milford

meeting-house. In this house they resided in the most absolute concealment, not so much as walking out into the orchard for two years. This house, it is said, was built for the Judges on Tomkins's lot, a few rods from his house. It was a building twenty feet square, and two stories. The lower room built with stone wall, and considered as a store (store-room, perhaps). The room over it, with timber and wood, and used by Tomkins's family as a spinning-room. While they sojourned at Milford, there came over from England a ludicrous Cavalier ballad, satirizing Charles's Judges, and Goffe and Whalley among the rest. A spinstress at Milford had learned to sing it, and used sometimes to sing it in the chamber over the Judges, and the Judges



Plan of New Haven.

used to get Tomkins to set the girls to singing that song for their diversion, being humored and pleased with it, though at their own expense, as they were the subjects of the ridicule. The girls knew nothing of the matter, being ignorant of the innocent device, and little thought that they were serenading angels." And with such innocent devices they strove to foster cheerfulness, and beguile the tediousness of their retirement, for to men of their accustomed activity, the confinement must have been inexpressibly irksome. They must have longed often to be out in the sunshine, to feel the fresh air, to get glimpses of the sky through the trees' green branches, the shadows flickering on their path.

But they had proved the danger and discomfort of forest hiding-places, and when autumn's bleak winds and rain, and the pitiless storms of winter were raging, they knew how to value shelter, warmth, and food, and at night the ample feather-bed and homespun blankets. Their secret was intrusted to three gentlemen: Rev. Roger Newton, Col. Robert Treat, and Capt. Benjamin Fenn. They were prominent men in the Colony. Colonel Treat was for many years Governor, and the familiarity of all with public affairs at home and in England, made their intercourse mutually delightful. But they were not permitted to enjoy the friendship very long. In July, 1664, three commissioners were sent over by Charles II., to attend to various matters in the colonies, and

among other duties they were charged to arrest the Judges. It was feared that their asylum might be betrayed, and so in October they again commenced their wanderings.

Hadley, Massachusetts, was selected by their friends as a place so remote from other settlements as to be a safe retreat. They travelled only after "dusk came down and sheltered them," resting during the day. There could have been nothing cheerful in these lonely night journeyings, even though a clear moonlight struggled through the thick forest boughs. The whole distance (one hundred miles) was an almost unbroken wilderness. The cruel, cowardly panther lurked in their path, his savage eyes glaring in the gloom; the deer, startled from his



The Judges' Cave.

nocturnal search for food by their approach, went crashing through the thicket; and from afar was heard the baying of wolves, and the dreadful growl of bears, devastating the settler's unprotected fold. And perhaps in the dim morning twilight, when the moon had set, and the stars were fading, the screech-owl's shuddering cry, as of one in mortal distress, blanched their cheek, and chilled their blood with horror. But daylight, like an enchanter, silenced the uncanny sounds of night, and, seeking some peaceful resting-place, they ate their frugal breakfast, enriched by honey from the wild bee's hidden store. Perhaps a brook flowed near, and its prattling ripple beguiled them to rest on its bank. And lying on their bed of hemlock

boughs, they could watch the shower of gay autumn leaves, so different from England's sombre russet, while "the sound of dropping nuts was heard," and the rustle of the thrifty squirrel, as he hurried to add to his winter hoard. They called the places where they stopped, "harbors," and one of them, beside a little stream at Meriden, was called by them "Pilgrim Harbor," and is called so now.

It is conjectured that they were five or six days on their journey. They reached Hadley in safety, and were domiciled in a secret room in the house of Rev. Mr. Russel. President Stiles gives the following interesting description, and accompanying plan:—

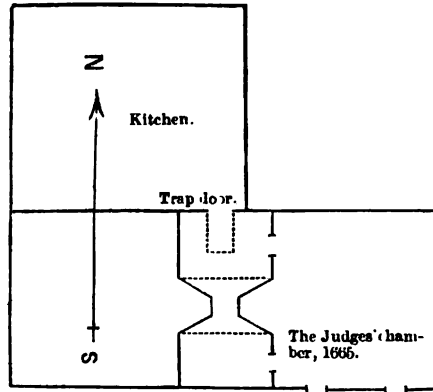
"I was at Hadley, May 21st, 1792, making

inquiries only for gratifying my own curiosity, and without a thought of compiling this history. The Rev. Mr. Hopkins carried me to Mr. Russel's house, still standing. It is a double house, two stories and a kitchen. Although repaired, with additions, yet the chamber of the Judges remains obviously in its original state, unmutated, as when these exiled worthies inhabited it. Adjoining to it behind, or at the north end of the large chimney, was a closet, in the floor of which I saw still remaining the trap-door through which they let themselves down into an under closet, and so thence descended into the cellar for concealment, in case of search or surprise. I examined all those places with attention, and with heartfelt sympathetic veneration for the memories of those long immured sufferers, thus shut up and secluded from the world for the tedious space of fourteen or sixteen years in this voluntary Bastille. That the whole should have been effectually concealed in the breasts of the knowing ones, is a scene of secrecy truly astonishing!"

During King Philip's War the people of Hadley were observing a fast on the 1st of September, 1675. While they were at church, it was suddenly surrounded by a large body of Indians. The worshippers, who were always armed, resisted bravely, but were in danger of being overpowered, when suddenly there appeared among them a man with flowing white hair and beard, and of a mien and costume entirely different from their own. He assumed the command, and disposed them in a manner to make the most efficient resistance. The Indians were repelled, and their deliverer vanished; and they gratefully and very naturally believed that God had sent an angel to aid their helplessness. The story of their miraculous deliverance was known and accepted among the colonies for more than twenty years. After Mr. Russel's death, the concealment of the Judges (they themselves being dead) was revealed, and they then knew that they had been rallied and commanded by one who had learned his tactics on broader fields of strife. It must have been Goffe, for his letters before this date mention Whalley's mental and bodily decline. While they were at Hadley, he kept a minute journal of their eventless life. Governor Hutchinson had it when writing his "History of Massachusetts," and it was unhappily in his possession when his house was destroyed by the "Stamp Act" mob.

Goffe and his wife corresponded under the disguise of Walter and Frances Goldsmith, and

the letters were written as between mother and son, and his daughters were mentioned as sisters. "There is too much religion in their letters for the taste of the present day (Hutchinson, 1764), but the distresses of two persons, under these peculiar circumstances, who appear to have lived very happily together, are very strongly described." In one of Goffe's letters, he speaks of the marriage of his daughter Frances. He says, "I pray remember my most tender and affectionate love to them both, and tell them that I greatly long to see them. My poor sister begins her housekeeping at a time when trading is low, and all provisions dear, and I cannot but pity her in that respect. I hope she will not be discouraged, nor her husband neither." No doubt the absence of the exiled husband and father saddened the bridal. But there had been a bitterer hour, when, clinging together in their grief,



Plan of upper story of Mr. Russel's house.

their tears poured afresh at the recollection of him who would weep alone, un comforted by earthly sympathy. He says of it, "Dear mother, I have been, hitherto, congratulating my new married sister; but I must now turn aside to drop a few tears upon the hearse of her that is deceased, whose loss I cannot choose but lament with tears, and so share with you in all the providences of God towards us." Also, "I pray remember my dear love to Sister Judith, and tell her from me she must now be a very good child, and labor to know the God of her father, and serve Him with a perfect heart, and leaving to grieve for her sister and her nephew that are at rest with God, strive with all her might to be a comfort to her poor, afflicted mother, who is contending with the difficulties of an evil world."

Of Mrs. Goffe's father, he says, "Your old friend, Mr. R —, is yet living, but continues

in that weak condition of which I have formerly given you account. He scarce ever speaks anything but in answer to questions when they are put to him, which are not of many kinds, because he is not capable to answer them; the common, and very frequent question is, to know 'how he doth;' and his answer, for the most part, is, 'Very well, I praise God,' which he utters with a very low and weak voice; but sometimes he saith, 'Not very well,' or 'Very ill;' and then, if he be further said, 'Do you feel any pain anywhere?' to that he always answereth, 'No.' Thus far I write of myself. I shall now ask him, 'What he would have me to say to his friends concerning him?' The question being asked, he saith, 'I am better than I was.' And being asked, 'What I should say more to his cousin Rich, or any other friends?' after a long pause, he again said, 'The Lord hath visited me in much mercy, and hath answered His visitation upon me.' I give it you in his own words." In many messages and expressions he reveals his tender, loving thoughtfulness for those whose interests were so precious to him. They lived without even the solace of a *hope* of meeting in this life; but in one of Mrs. Goffe's letters, she said, "Let us comfort ourselves with this, though we shall never meet in this world again, I hope, through grace, we shall meet in Heaven." And it is balm to the smart of sympathy to believe that long ago they were reunited in —

"Fields that know no sorrow, — and
State that fears no strife."

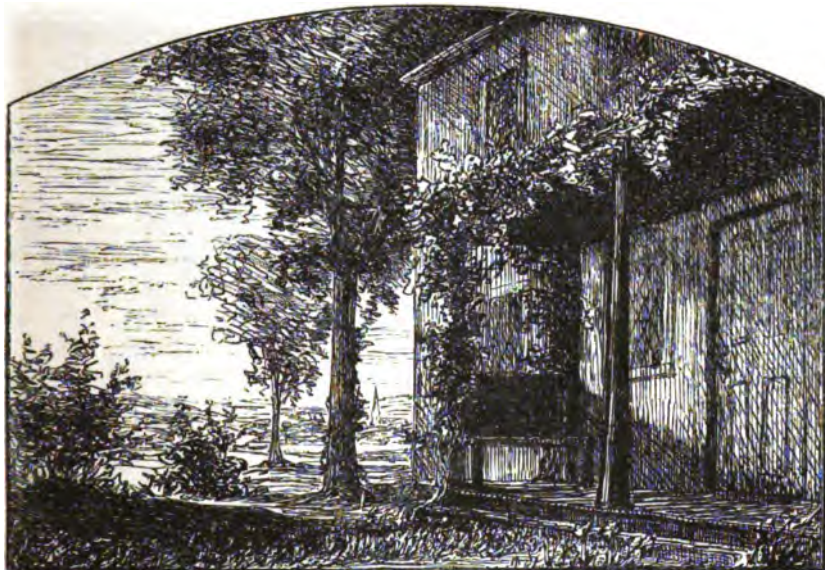
There is a tradition that both Whalley and Goffe were buried in Hadley, and afterward reinterred in New Haven, near Colonel Dixwell's grave. He, too, was a regicide, and was with them some time while they were at Mr. Russell's. *When* he came to New Haven, is unknown; but he boarded with an aged couple (Mr. and Mrs. Ling), who lived near the corner of Grove and College Streets. He was known as James Davids, assuming, it is said, his mother's maiden name. He lived quietly, but not in concealment. After the Rev. Mr. Pierpont came to New Haven, a firm friendship was formed between them, and to him was confided his secret history. Their gardens adjoined at the foot, and they used so frequently to meet at the fence to talk, that a little path was worn. Tradition says that Madam Pierpont noticed the intimacy, and asked her husband, "What he saw in that old man, who was so fond of leading an obscure, unnoticed life, that they should be so very intimate,

and take such pleasure in being so often together?" He replied that "He was a very knowing and learned man; that he understood more about religion, and other things, than any other man in town." It is a pity to disturb tradition, but Mr. Pierpont's *first* marriage was not till October, 1691, when Colonel Dixwell had been dead two or three years. His letters were often directed to James Davids, *Merchant*, but he did not engage actively in business. Much of his time he passed in meditative walks "in the neighboring fields, groves, and woods," and in study, in which his own and Mr. Pierpont's libraries furnished him ample indulgence.

While Andros was Governor of Massachusetts, he made a tour through the colonies, and passed one Sunday at New Haven. At church his attention was attracted by the dignity, intelligence, and military bearing of Colonel Dixwell. After service he inquired who he was, and was told that he was a merchant of the town. "I know he is no merchant," was the Governor's unequivocal answer. Probably Colonel Dixwell heard of the conversation, for in the afternoon he was discreetly absent. After the death of Mr. Ling he married the widow, and at her death became possessor of her property. The house was of the common architecture of the nice residences of those days, of two stories, with a broad hall running through. Let us imagine that at the back-door there was a wide porch, with its wooden settles either side, where, in summer mornings, he could watch the dawning of day, enjoy the freshness of the dewy air, and note the robins, old and young, who, mindful of the adage of "the early bird," were running up and down the garden walk. And at evening he would linger there to see the splendors of sunset, the soft glimmer of the early stars, the tardy bird hastening homeward, and hear the tender twitter of welcome from her nest full of little ones. From the forest so near a fragrant-leaved sweet-brier had been brought, and trained upon the porch, and the lower windows were screened by a white climbing rose, having blossoms with rich, creamy centres, and of inexhaustible sweetness. The walk was edged with May pinks, with sprays of silvered green, that in their season were a mass of bloom. There were clumps of stately yellow lilies and "flower-de-luce," peonies magnificently red, beds of spicy pinks, and ranks of tall hollyhocks, sleepy four o'clocks, and heavy-headed poppies red and white, and blushing damask-roses, whose petals, so sweet and beautiful, were not suffered to wither and fall,

but were carefully gathered in their prime, and conserved with sugar, a delicious "remedy for colds." Beyond the thatched bee-hives the fennel grew, and there were beds of herbs, — sweet-basil, lavender, thyme, and rue, and "marigolds, for flavoring broths and soups;" and a cherished pot of rosemary, above whose purple, honeyed blooms the bee hovered as fondly as though it were not a solitary alien from favored English acres; and on the outskirts of the garden, asserting its primal right, lingered a wild rose with taper, pink buds, whose promise of loveliness found no fulfillment in the unregarded blossoms. Over a

dead tree a wild grape-vine wreathed its sheltering foliage, and in autumn sent out delicious token of its ripening clusters. For three or four years Mr. Davids lived alone, and then he brought home a companion, — Mistress Bathsheba How. By and by the silence and order of the house were disturbed by nursery sounds and nursery tyranny, and a toddling boy; and in a year or two his toddling sister chased the plundering robins, and broke the reveries of the astonished toads, who had, unmolested, dozed, and winked, and hopped there for years. While the children were yet very young, their father died,



Colonel Dixwell's house.

in 1688; and just before his death, he acknowledged his true name, which was immediately adopted by his family. At that time, and for more than one hundred years after, the burial-place for New Haven was on the Upper Green. It was inclosed by a red, high, board fence, — and here he was laid. Afterward, when a new cemetery became necessary, the old tombstones were removed, with the exception of these three, with the initials, W. G.; E. W.; and J. D., Esq. Colonel Dixwell especially desired that only his initials, with the dates of his age and death, should be inscribed on his stone, lest his enemies

should desecrate his grave. And it was a wise precaution; for, almost a century afterward (and in that interval one would think that hatred had had time to cool), during the Revolutionary War, some British officers, learning that three regicides were believed to be buried there, expressed their vindictiveness in the strongest manner. Colonel Dixwell's son, John, went to Boston and "settled as a goldsmith."

In 1849, one of his descendants, residing in Boston, erected a monument to Colonel Dixwell, inclosing that and the ancient stone with a substantial iron railing.



**PLAYED OUT.***BY EDGAR FAWCETT.*

QUITE wearied with your sports and toys,
 As evening shades grow deeper,
 You nestle in the arm-chair's lap,
 A bonny little sleeper.
 Across your tangled golden curls
 The mellow light is falling ;
 O, sleep and rest, while glooms the west,
 And katydid- are calling !

About the house, the whole day long,
 Your happy voice has sounded ;
 Here on the rocking-horse you leapt,
 Here up the stair-case bounded.
 Now teasing baby into shrieks,
 Now grand with pipe and bubble,
 But somehow yet the household pet,
 In spite of all your trouble.

O merry-maker, blithe and bold,
 With pranks we could not number,
 At last your fun has found an end
 In harmlessness of slumber.
 Kind Nurse will shortly steal to hear
 The truant rogue she misses,
 Where Morn shall shed upon his bed
 The brightness of her kisses.

With mirth and mischief once again
 Our boy shall greet us, after
 The rose has freshened on his face,
 The music in his laughter.
 So sleep and rest, our loveliest,
 Till matin lights lie slanting, —
 O sleep and rest, while glooms the west,
 And katydids are chanting!

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE.

BY CHARLES R. TREAT.

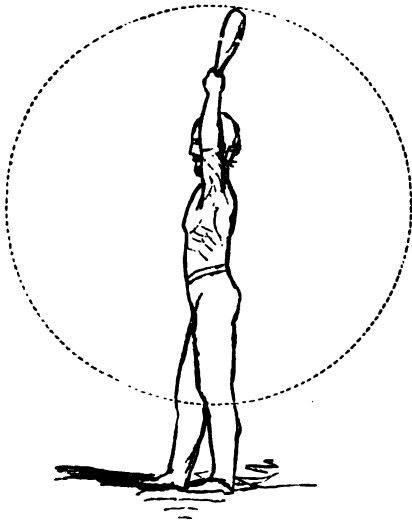
In the article upon Indian Clubs, of the last "Riverside" but one, a promise was made that exercises for practical use would be given at some future time. That promise I purpose to fulfill by publishing several short articles, the first of which is here given.

The Indian Club exercises are many in number, and often seem to have little resemblance to one another; but they really comprise only *three* distinct movements, and are made to differ by the arrangement and combination of these. To these three movements I shall give the names, "Arm

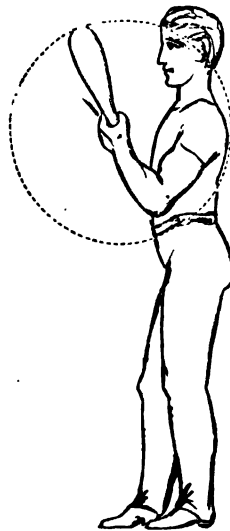
vary so as to make the motion to the right or to the left, to the front or to the rear; in which case, I shall, for convenience, name it the "front arm circle," "rear arm circle," "right arm circle," and "left arm circle," meaning, by the two last names, not a circle with the right arm and left arm, but a circle made with either arm to the right or left *side*.

The cut which is introduced will make the position more intelligible than a description can, and will make it clear that the circles may be described in either of these four directions.

The "wrist circle," as will be seen from the



No. I. Arm Circle.



No. II. Wrist Circle.

"Wrist Circle," and "Head Circle." The "arm circle" is made by a revolution of the arm at full length about the shoulder, describing a circle, of which the shoulder is the centre, and the hand (or rather, the end of the Club) the revolving point. The direction of the circle may

second cut, is made with a different position of the arm, which is now bent upward, the hand being in front of, and about fifteen inches from the shoulder. Strictly speaking, a "wrist circle" ought to be made by a revolution of the

hand about the joint at the wrist; and so it is, with this difference, that a little play of the elbow and shoulder joints accompanies and facilitates the movement. Like the "arm circle," the "wrist circle" may be made in several directions; to the front outside the arm, to the front inside the arm, to the rear outside and inside. It will remain a "wrist circle" also, if the bent arm be directed sideward from the shoulder, instead of to the front, as in the cut, and if circles are then made in that position as they were in the front position. Practically, the "inside" circles prove so difficult and awkward, that they are seldom used; therefore I shall need for descriptive terms



No. III. Head Circle.

only "forward wrist circle," and "backward wrist circle;" whether the position be in front or at the side, may be separately stated, or will appear from the movement which may be associated with it.

The "head circle" is the most difficult to explain or to do. In the cut you will notice that the performer stands with his back toward you; that his hand, grasping the club, is represented as close to the back of the head, and that the motion is apparently executed behind the head. This appearance is true of the "circle;" that is made behind the head as it seems to be, and I have found that the whole movement could often be best learned by teaching first the circle behind the head. But the "circle" is only a part of the whole movement, although it is the essen-

tial part. The whole movement is begun from the position in cut No. IV., by raising the hand till it reaches the top of the head, then moving it backward to the opposite side, till the club, which meanwhile has been falling toward that side, can clear the back of the head, and rise to be brought again over the shoulder to the position in front of the chin. Perhaps an example will make this somewhat obscure statement a little clearer. Suppose you stand as in the fourth cut, holding the club in your right hand in front of and near your chin. Raise your hand, the right hand, remember, up to the top of the head, toward the left side; continue the movement by carrying the club toward the left, backward; let it fall behind the head; then, as it rises to the level of the right shoulder, continue the circular movement, and at the same time bring it forward over the shoulder to the chin again.

These three "circles" I might term the alphabet of the Indian Club system. It will not be easy to learn them, especially the "head circle,"



No. IV.

nor will a brief practice enable you to execute them perfectly; but I can promise you that, having mastered these, no movement, however complicated, can long defy you, while most of the exercises can be performed as soon as understood.

For the sake of perfect accuracy, perhaps I ought to mention that one circular movement, which I shall not now describe, does not really

belong to either of the three named, though it resembles strongly the "head circle." I should also mention that it is not proposed in these papers to describe the Club Exercise of the so-called "light gymnastic" method, or the extension drill of the army. They really require no description, and they lack the charm of the

swinging movements, which have so naturally displaced them. With this introduction, we are prepared to take up the exercises in order or out of order, as we choose. I shall try to furnish you with those you will like best, omitting the stupid ones, and I trust you will find enjoyment and profit in the use of them.

THE SETTLE.

I AM the Magazine Man, friends. It is my business to look after the goods in the Magazine. All day long, the month round, I am in behind where people don't see me, with my coat off, examining the stores that are brought in at the back-door, and dusting them, and putting them in order generally. Every once in a while I come outside and see what the weather is, and whether there are many people round the front-door, waiting for the good things. O, but I know what there is behind, in the boxes, and barrels, and bales! Some days, after I have been at work in here, with the door shut, I come out sticky and smiling, — dates, my friends, from foreign ports; oranges; pine-apples. I've tasted them; they're good. Everything is tied up and labeled, but there are some things that will get loose, — nuts, for instance, and raisins. Now I've come out at the side-door of my Magazine, where I can sit in the porch, after the day's work is done, and entertain my friends. I have a settle, an old-fashioned piece of furniture, which you often see outside of houses. It has a high back and a low seat. I have a settle, because the people I wish most to have sit on it with me, have short legs; and it is such a comfort to have your feet touch the ground, instead of dangling above it. Now see, I have washed my hands, and come out of the Magazine, and put on my coat, and taken my seat in the corner of the settle, under my porch; I have done with all that is inside of the Magazine itself; the dozen or more articles that have come out, are all set in a row, and I have brought nothing with me but some of the loose nuts and raisins which were lying about. Crack the nuts, and get the stones out of the raisins, and let us sit here and have an idle time of it.

I have brought one thing along with me, however, and that is the Calendar, which you see hanging up on the outside wall. I never think of a calendar, without being reminded of the one-eyed calendar in the "Arabian Nights," who told stories. What a many-eyed one ours is, and what a number of beginnings of stories there are. Every one of the thirty-one lines on his face is a wonderful story, which you and I would never tire of hearing. Suppose all that is crowded into one day all over the world,

were told, would there be time enough to hear it? Every day thousands are born, and thousands die. Did you ever notice that old people, like your grandfather and me, when they open a newspaper, always turn first to see the births, marriages, and deaths? What if the lives of all the men and women were written out as briefly as the life of Methuselah, in the fifth chapter of Genesis, — would the books of the world contain them? But there are some men, about whose lives we wish to know all we can, and we begin with the day of their birth; and there are some whose lives have been of so much worth to us, that we keep the day of their birth in memory. Now some celebrated birthdays, and days when great events happened, are down on our Calendar, and this is what I propose to you, — that you help me make up that wonderful list. Bring to me here, or send me what happened on the different days of *March*, and we will chalk them down on our Calendar page; and if any boy can tell me on what day of *March* marbles ought to be brought out, I wish he would. I don't know, and I think I ought to. Especially, I should like to know the great days of our American history. Send your letters to the Editor of the "Riverside Magazine," Cambridge, Mass., and he will give them to me.

Now, what shall we play? Why don't you tell me all the new games you have heard of? Here are three or four, that may be new to some: —

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

The leader of the game says to Miss Gaston, — "Would you like to go to California?" — "Yes." — "What will you take?" — "Grapes." Miss Carroll, sitting next her, is questioned in the same way; and to make her passage sure, she says she will take grapes. To her surprise, she is told she can't go.

Mr. Percival says he will take peaches, and he can go. Mr. Wainwright says he will take walnuts, and he can go. Mr. Smith (painfully undecided between peaches and walnuts) chooses the former, and is informed that he can't go. "I'll take walnuts then," he exclaims. "No, you can't go with walnuts." He grumbles at the favoritism, and shouts, "I'll take a hen!" — "You can't go."



Illustrated Rebus.

Miss Hamilton, who sits next him, and understands the game, completes his desperation by being told that she can go, when she says she will take a hen. After a few rounds, most of the players will discover that the successful article commences with the same letter as the initial of the traveller's surname.

SATISFACTION.

The company are solemnly stationed in different parts of the room, with their faces turned to the wall. They are then separately asked, "Are you satisfied?" The reply is, usually, "Yes." And the leader says, when she has questioned them all,— "Very well. If you are satisfied, you can stand there." And that ends the game.

[I should like to know what happens when somebody says "No." The Magazine Man.]

Instead of being blinded, as in "Blindman's Buff," a livelier and safer way is to have the catcher's hands tied behind.

Another time I will show you how you can play "Solitaire" in a good many ways you never thought of before. Now we will have a guessing time. The initials, and names at the end of the riddles and enigmas, stand for the boys and girls who are about the Settle.

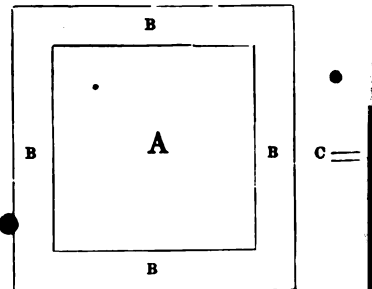
ENIGMA.

I am a word of five letters. Cut off my last two letters, I am a vegetable. Cut off my first and last, I am part of an animal. Cut off my last, I am a fruit. Cut off my first, I am a noble. Cut off my first, and transpose my last,—I am the name of a king. Drop my fourth, and transpose my second,—I look like a ghost. Cut off my last, and transpose me,—I am something that farmers do. Cut off my first, and transpose my fourth, and you will see what kind of a gem my whole is. F. W.

PUZZLES.

1. A man once fell in love with a beautiful lady, who lived in a square castle, surrounded by a moat 20 feet wide. He resolved to carry her off; and one night he came down to the moat, and found the draw-bridge up. On the bank were two planks, both less than 20 feet long. With these planks he crossed the moat, and carried off his lady. How did he manage it without nailing or tying them together?

- A, Castle.
- B, Moat, 20 feet wide.
- C, two planks, each less than 20 feet.



2. Three little boys had four apples which they wished to divide equally, without cutting them. The smallest boy said he could do it. How did he manage it?

3. A cunning rogue had a handsome horse to sell, which had 24 nails in his four shoes. A gentleman offered \$500 dollars, but his offer was refused. The man agreed to sell him for the value of the 24th nail in his shoes, reckoning 1 cent for the 1st nail, 2 for the 2d, 4 for the 3d, and so on. How much did the gentleman have to pay?

4. Why is a modest person like a watch?

5. Why are some of the young ladies of our day like New Bedford sailors?

6. When is a farmer rude to his corn? H. N. S.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Last Christmas I went out to dine, and I shall proceed to give an account of the entertainment to the readers of the banks of a stream of water (1). Well, perfuming myself with a Prussian town (2), and clasping round my neck a sea that washes the eastern coast of Australia (3), I set off. Going to the dining-room, we heard sweet sounds, which we discovered proceeded from a cluster of islands in the Atlantic Ocean (4). The elevated lands in Brazil (5), were extended on the capital of Belgium (6), and covered with an Asiatic country (7). The first course consisted of a soup made of a river in the southern part of Canada East (8). This was succeeded by another river in the northern part of Maine (9). Then came a country from the southern part of Europe, beautifully roasted (10), accompanied by the progenitor of a heathen race (11). With these we had a bay off the eastern coast of Central America (12), and a popular poet (13) besides. For the game course we had an island near the southeastern coast of Maine (14), flanked by an island in Long Island Sound (15). Next we had a bay in Long Island Sound (16), delightfully fried. In preparation of all these viands, the Strait of New Zealand (17) had done his part well. Then, most welcome of all, to the younger part of the company, came a sandy waste (18), which, strange to say, was very fruitful. There were many dainty dishes compounded of a harbor on the southeastern coast of New York (19), a group of islands in the Malay Sea (20), and the essence of human kindness (21). A river in Africa (22) flowed in abundance, and beside it was a town in the Island of Ceylon (23). The gentlemen regaled themselves moderately with a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, belonging to Portugal (24). I can add only that a bay, near New Zealand (25), reigned on every side. M. A. H.

RIDDLE.

When first I knew my master, only kindness filled my cup;
His ways were all so tender, I thought he'd eat me up!

But now the case is altered, — my wrongs I must unfold, —

He pulls my ears, and ties me up, and keeps me in the cold;

And the friend I hold the nearest (for we grew up side by side),

He has given such awful thrashings, 'twere a mercy he had died.

As I've never been unfaithful, but have *always* done my best;

That I'm shocked by such hard treatment, must freely be confessed. APHINX.

ACROSTIC CHARADE — (CLASSICAL).

FOUNDATION WORDS.

In ancient times, so runs the story,
My first, a youth of fair renown,
Chose pleasure at the cost of glory,
And made an angry goddess frown.

My second, by her dazzling beauty,
Blinded his sense of truth and right;
While she cast off the chains of duty,
And caused much woe by headlong flight.

CROSS WORDS.

First comes an ancient author pleasant,
Whose works are by all students read;
And next an insect omnipresent,
Who lived, 'tis said, a lovely maid.

My third an adjective high sounding,
For common mortals far too fine.
My fourth, born of a race astounding,
Had younger sisters forty-nine.

My last as wise a man as ever
Lived in the classic world of Greece;
Great both as statesman and lawgiver,
With counsels fit for war or peace.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

Illustrated Rebus. — All signs fail in stormy weather. *Proverb in picture.* — Early to bed, and early to rise. *Enigmas.* 1. Mix. 2. Mild. 3. Agricultural College. *Charade.* — Hallucination. *J. E. S.'s Christmas Dinner.* — Soup and Chowder — Turtle, Cod. Fish — Salmon, Eel, Trout, Pike. Boiled — Goose, Turkey, Ham, Lamb. Cold Dishes — Ham, Tongue, Cow. Entrees — Oyster, Deer, Sandwich, Clam. Roast — Turkey, Duck, Cow, Hog, Sheep. Game — Partridge, Squirrel, White-bird, Pigeon. Vegetables — Rice, Onion, Corn. Pastry — Dumpling, Plum-pudding, Baked Indian pudding, Jella. Dessert — Plum, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Pine-apple, Lime, Walnut, Pecan. Coffee — Sugar, Milk, Butter, Salt, Olives.



JANUARY.

Saturday . . .	1	New Year's Day. All presents not given at [Christmas, should be given to-day.
Sunday	2	
Monday . . .	3	
Tuesday . . .	4	Arrest of the Five Members, 1642.
Wednesday	5	
Thursday . .	6	Twelfth Day, or Epiphany. Benj. Franklin born [1706.
Friday . . .	7	
Saturday . .	8	British repulsed at New Orleans, 1815.
Sunday	9	Astor Library opened, 1854.
Monday . . .	10	Penny postage first in England, 1840.
Tuesday . .	11	
Wednesday	12	
Thursday . .	13	
Friday . . .	14	
Saturday . .	15	
Sunday	16	
Monday . . .	17	
Tuesday . .	18	
Wednesday	19	James Watt born, 1736.
Thursday . .	20	
Friday . . .	21	Louis XVI. beheaded, 1793.
Saturday . .	22	
Sunday	23	
Monday . . .	24	Frederick the Great born, 1711.
Tuesday . .	25	
Wednesday	26	
Thursday . .	27	
Friday . . .	28	Death of W. H. Prescott, 1859.
Saturday . .	29	Napoleon and Eugénie married, 1853.
Sunday	30	Charles I. beheaded, 1649.
Monday . . .	31	



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THE FOURTH YEAR

OF

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PROGRAMME FOR 1870.

THE three volumes of the "Riverside" already issued are the strongest evidence that the Publishers can offer of their intention to produce the best possible Magazine for Young People in America. With hearty thanks to authors and artists who have hitherto aided them, and to the enthusiastic young public that has encouraged them, they announce a few of the more prominent characteristics of the new volume.

I. Hans Christian Andersen, the most celebrated of all writers for the young, will continue to publish his new stories in the "Riverside" from month to month, in advance of their publication in Denmark, Germany, and England. The earliest numbers of the year will also contain passages from Andersen's own life, told by himself with all the charm that belongs to his Wonder Stories.

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V. The wide field of general information will be entered from different sides, and the results given in a lively and straightforward manner. Thus there will be papers on mechanical subjects, as the building of a railroad, by Jacob Abbot; astronomical articles by "Fern Lodge;" short biographies by the Editor; historical sketches by the author of "Seven Little Sisters," Paul H. Hayne, Miss S. A. Brock, and others; articles on Natural History and Science, on Invention and Art, will be judiciously used month by month, so that the Magazine shall present in each number something to awaken the healthful curiosity of the young.

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VII. A menagerie will be opened early in the year, and wild beasts from all parts of the world will be on exhibition. John Radcliffe also will describe Prairie Hens and other game; Porte Crayon and Miss Thomas will give sketches of life in various parts of the United States; and Travels in other parts of the world will be made under the guidance of competent writers and artists.

VIII. Much will be made of lively and humorous poetry, and short stories with spirited illustrations. Mr. Frank R. Stockton, author of "Ting-a-ling," will contribute stories. Mr. C. P. Cranch, author of "The Last of the Huggermuggers," will publish several poems and pictures. A number of nursery songs, well illustrated, will help to make the Magazine attractive both to mothers and little children, while pictures of children caught unawares at their sports, after the manner of Pletsch's designs, will help to give life and interest. It is intended especially to avoid the formal appearance of magazines for older people, and to break up the pages with an animated variety of picture and story.

IX. The frontispieces of the twelve numbers will be characterized, as before, by great diversity of subject and treatment, and no pains will be spared to keep these pictures what the Publishers believe them to be, on the whole, the best general collection of large American Engravings. It only remains to be said that both Publishers and Editor are resolved to make the Magazine gain on its own reputation. The articles are to be wiser and wittier; the pictures more beautiful and more entertaining; the enigmas more and merrier; and the whole volume in its monthly visit to firesides in town and country, the most welcome, enjoyable, and hearty visitor to be asked for.

[over]

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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XXXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1870.

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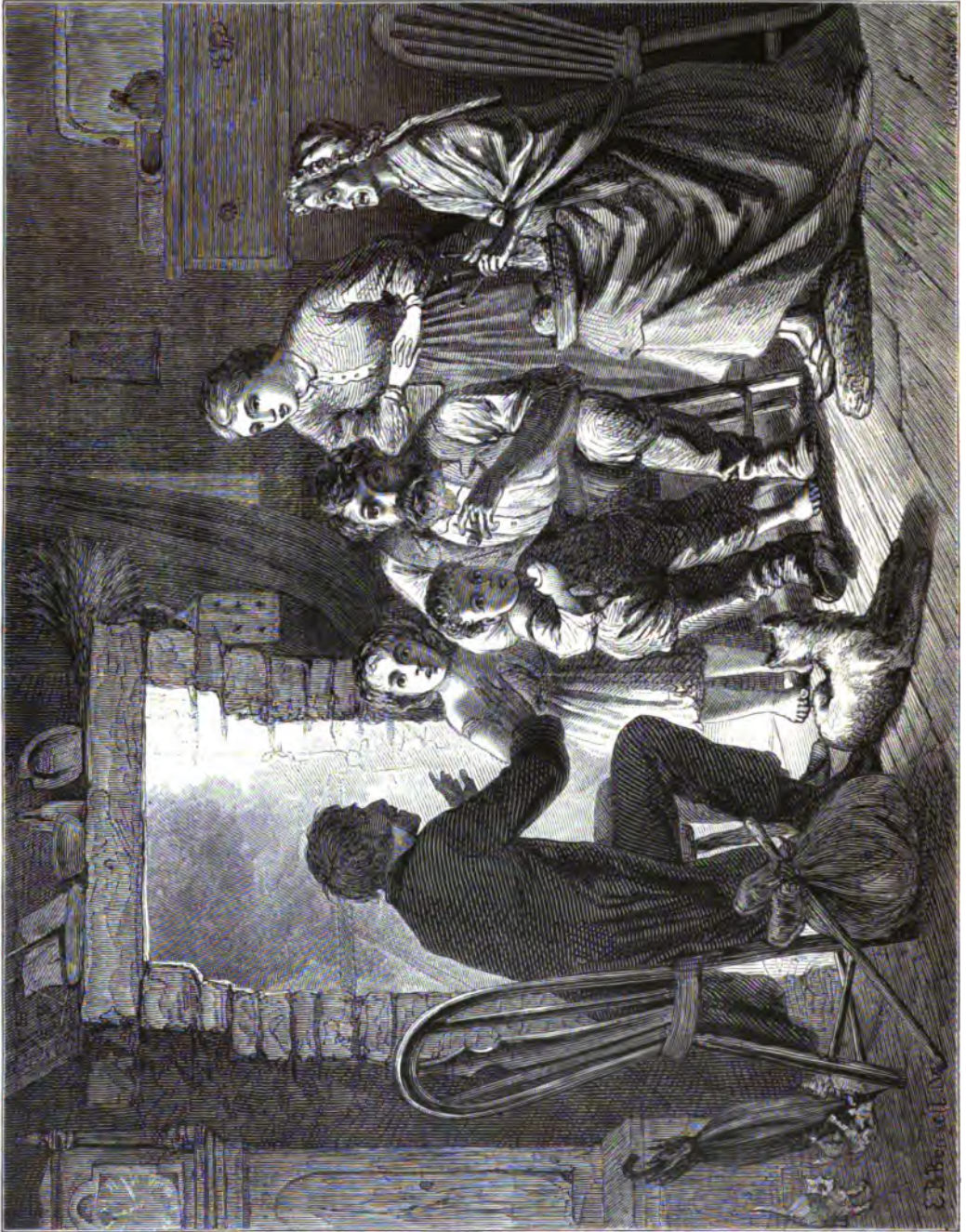
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TELLING STORIES BY FIRELIGHT. — BY EDMUND B. BENSSELL.

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — FEBRUARY, 1870. — No. XXXVIII.



THE SHAN VAN VOGHT

A TRUE STORY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

It was just outside of Mr. Kelsoe's own farm gate that he and Tom met Mr. Knapp. The clergyman had been riding hard, Tom noticed, and looked scared and excited; so Tom promptly pushed his shaggy pony between his father's horse and the hedge, to hear all that was going on.

"The rebels are here, and in force, Mr. Kelsoe: there can be no doubt about it. Jarvey saw with his own eyes last night, large bodies of men, masked, crossing the road yonder. They are secreted in your woods. Your own servants are no doubt in league with them."

"That can't be, father," cried Tom, angrily.

Mr. Kelsoe put his hand gently on Tom's shoulder.

"There is no trusting any of them," Mr. Knapp went on, excitedly. "The secret league includes every Milesian Irishman. Your foster-brother, or the old nurse in your chimney corner, may be pledged to poison you, or to stab you in your bed."

Mr. Kelsoe shook his head. "I think I know these people better than you," he said, mildly.

"What did they do last week in Donegal? In Sligo? Plundered every loyalist's house of arms,—then burned and killed as they went. And our district is unprotected by a single soldier. I tell you, Mr. Kelsoe, there's murder in the air! Look to your own house to-night."

He rode away hurriedly, and Mr. Kelsoe and

Tom jogged on leisurely. Tom looked down uneasily through the darkening evening, at the stretch of black woods below the hill. He fancied mysterious shadows of masked men passing to and fro.

"Father, is it true that the rebels have done as he says, in Sligo?"

"I am afraid it is, Tom."

"The hounds! I'd like to see them come after our arms! It would give me satisfaction, father, to have a crack at one of that rabble, with my fowling-piece!"

"There is something to be said on their side," Mr. Kelsoe said, as if talking to himself. "There is something always to be said on the other side." Tom's father had been always a member of the Church of England, but Nature had surely meant him for a Quaker.

"They are thieves and murderers!"

"They are God's creatures, my son."

As soon as they reached the house, Tom rushed up-stairs to clean his fowling-piece. He had only owned it a week.

Tom Kelsoe was ten years old: just the age of Tom Waters here beside me. He was a big, broad-chested fellow, too, and could throw any boy of his size, just like this other Tom. They had the same honest, freckled faces, and shock of black hair, and chapped, red hands; and there was a lot of string, and nails, and a top, and a wormy apple, in Tom Kelsoe's pocket, precisely as there is in Tom Waters's now. But this Tom

wears a cheviot sack, dull and decorous; that Tom was to be seen far off, in his blue round-about, gay with gilt buttons: this one shoves his way through a great public school, and chatters glibly of chemistry, geology, and steam-engines; the other pored over heavy Latin books, with a humble, awkward tutor, who "taught sons of the gentry the humanities," or he cut high pigeon-wings in the air with his legs, before his dancing-master, practicing contra-dances, jigs, and strathspeys. Our Tom whistles "Le sabre de mon père," and plays base-ball; the other Tom trotted after the whipper-in, before day, to see the hounds throw off, shouting. —

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning,
With a hey ho, tivvy, tantivy-ho!"

or he coursed for hares over the snow-covered turf. One hurrahs for Grant; the other prayed every night for King George and Queen Charlotte. Tom Waters is a jolly, wide-awake boy yet, and means to be President; the other Tom was long ago laid to rest, an old, white-headed man. For our story is of a time nearly a century ago; and the rebels whom Tom Kelsoe feared did not belong to this country, but to a little island, where the fields are green, and the people hot-tempered all the year round.

Tom polished his gun vigorously. Kit Cassidy held the oil, and bits of leather. Kit was Tom's foster-brother.

"I'd like a chance at one of the rebels with this, Kit."

"It's yerself as wud be the sure shot, Masther Tom!"

"What can those wretches do with arms?" (boastingly.) "They never owned a gun."

"They wur'n't allowed any, — no more than the bastes. You're in the right of it, Masther Tom," fawned Kit.

"Why, you belong to their church, Kit; you ought to be one of them" (carelessly, peering in the harrel as he spoke).

"Och, wirasthrue! wud yees even to me that I wuz a Ribbonman?" with a sudden howl of horror.

"Don't bother, Kit. Pick up that cloth, and stop whining. I know you're Orange to the backbone. Like me."

Kit stood by in silence a while, his furtive blue eyes stealthily watching Tom, under the light lashes.

"I suppose yeez couldn't lift one of the masther's guns, now?"

"I can lift any one of them. Come and see."

Tom hung his pretty silver-mounted gun over his bed carefully, and then ran down the steps leading to his father's chamber, closely followed by Kit. It was a large room, with windows opening to the ground. Over the fire-place hung a couple of crossed swords, and a fine gun, which Mr. Kelsoe used in the chase. From under the pillow Tom drew a pair of pistols; the bed was high-posted, with heavy woollen curtains; from the tester, or top, he took down a couple of light guns.

"Is that all?" said Kit, with a touch of contempt. Tom hesitated. An Irish gentleman took as much pride in his weapons as his horses, and Tom had no mind to hear his father sneered at; still, he remembered that Kit belonged to the class who were punished with death, if a gun was found in their houses: and that they were now in rebellion, burning and killing, Mr. Knapp said, all before them, to gain possession of these very weapons.

"If I show you the others, you'll never breathe it now, Kit?" he said at last. "There's danger of" —

"Them rascally Ribbonmen. I know. Och, yeez wouldn't be afear'd of poor Kit, now, Masther Tom?"

So Tom pushed back the bed-curtains, touched a spring in the panel, and showed a secret closet, in which hung about a dozen guns, most of them finely mounted. "My father has a better collection than Lord Roscommon," he said, proudly, closing the door.

"Troth, it's foine." But Kit turned away with such a dull, indifferent face, that Tom's uneasiness was dispelled. He went down to supper. That was a very different meal from the light dishes of crackers, and oysters, and tea, which Tom Waters calls supper. There was a table covered with fine linen, which Mrs. Kelsoe and her maids had spun (there were great presses full of it up-stairs), and on it were roasted wild ducks, and a mountain of spiced beef, and dishes of game, and fish, and a hare pasty, besides hot cakes and tea, and an enormous bowl of punch, and high jugs of smoking toddy, with the roasted apples bobbing up and down. Some of the neighbors were there, as they were indeed for every meal. Tom slipped away after supper, and ran out to the kitchen. There was as great a crowd there, and as heavy eating, as in the hall. There was no counting the hangers on about the Kelsoe kitchen. There were cooks, and maids, and grooms, and the heu-wife, and the goose-

wife, and the wife who made the barm (yeast), and a dozen more, who "jist held by the family." Yet Mr. Kelseo was not a rich man. He held large dairy farms (on peppercorn leases for ninety-nine years), and the many mouths ate up more than the profits from year to year.

Tom liked to go down to the kitchen to be flattered and joked with, and to hear stories of fairies or banshees. But to-night it was very dull down there: the men, even Kit, had all gone to a wake, and the women were silent. So he went to bed early, leaving a candle burning, with a frightened look out at the slope of the hill, and the woods beyond.

It was about midnight when Tom awoke with the sudden feeling of terrible danger. The room was still as death: the candle was gone, but the moonlight lay in a square patch on the floor. He got up and groped about.

Nothing.

He went to the window. What was that dark, compact mass by the copse yonder, where the fox found cover on Monday? What were these moving shadows, stealing slowly to the house, below the trees? Suddenly a wild cry broke through the air. It was his mother's voice; Tom sprang to the door, dashed it open, and found himself in the grasp of vice-like hands, that, struggle as he might, dealt with him as if he were nothing but a weak kitten. In a moment he was gagged, his hands and feet tied together, and thrown on the landing.

There were a dozen figures in the hall below, struggling in the moonlight. His father fighting the robbers, alone and unaided. Tom kicked and writhed frantically, but to no purpose. Mr. Kelseo was not a strong man, but he fought—like an Irishman. It was in vain, though: the dark, silent figures swarmed out of every door, overpowered him, left him tied and helpless. Yet Tom, through all his fury, could not but notice that they were oddly gentle with his father: did not return one of his desperate blows. The women they had locked, unharmed, into the dining-room. When Mr. Kelseo was conquered, there was a moment's quiet; then the masked men went out, and returned, carrying the store of weapons which Tom had discovered to Kit. One man, who seemed to be the leader, paused a moment at the door, and, coming back, laid two of the most costly guns beside Mr. Kelseo, breaking the absolute silence which they had observed, by a whisper,—"You must not miss the fox-hunts."

Then they disappeared: all but one small,

stealthy figure, that stole down, a moment after, from Tom's room, with his fowling-piece in hand.

"It's that scoundrel, Kit Cassidy!" Tom could have cried with rage.

When his mother had succeeded in freeing herself and her husband, and Tom had found a voice, his passion knew no bounds. He shrieked out, "Croppies, lie down!" from the door, after the retreating figures, as the most offensive words he could find. "God's creatures?" he stormed, following his father. "They are treacherous thieves!" He wondered to find his father and mother so quiet.

"They have not touched the plate," said Mrs. Kelseo; "and look at this, my dear," pointing to a heap of rings, a watch and chain, which she had taken off the night before. "They took nothing but the arms."

"How can she say a word for them?" muttered Tom. "God's creatures, indeed!" He went up to his room, and looked at the empty hooks, where his gun had hung. It was as much as he could do to keep the tears out of his eyes. "I hope that Kit Cassidy may ever come in my way," he said, savagely. "I'll be revenged, if it is a thousand years from now!"

CHAPTER II.

KIT CASSIDY was seen no more in the Kelseo kitchens. His father, and two or three other men, who were employed on the farm, disappeared, and were supposed to have joined the Ribbonmen. Tom was quite a hero among the other boys for a few weeks; Joe Spencer and Phil Boyd came over to see the marks of the ropes on his wrist. At the meet on Saturday, too, Captain Duncan, who often dined with Mr. Kelseo, called to Tom,—"That foster-brother of yours played you a sharp trick, eh, Tommy?"

"But I mean to pay him for it, sir," cried Tom, loudly.

"That's right, my lad," said the captain, nodding and laughing. Tom was almost as proud as if he had had his new fowling-piece to carry that morning.

He used after that to say every day to the boys, "I'll pay Kit Cassidy yet," thinking how Captain Duncan would applaud him, if he heard it; until one day Phil's big brother, George, said, "I did not think you were the kind of boy to keep a grudge. It seems mean and cattish, to me."

Now George wore whiskers, and could construe Euripides. Tom began to doubt whether

his revenge were so manly after all. Besides, he was not in half such a fury with Kit as at first.

"I never knew a fellow could train a setter like Kit Cassidy," he said to Phil; "and when I had the ague, that chap slept at my door like a dog. There's no denying that he was very fond of me. But there's no good in a croppy. Mind I tell you, Phil."

Soon after, news came of the battle at Ross. The slaughter of the rebels was terrible. Mr. Kelsoe read the account from a Dublin paper, which was taken by a club, and passed from house to house. "One little lad, from County Cork," it said, "rushed up the embankment, and thrust his body against the mouth of a cannon, shouting, 'Come on, boys! I've choked the baste!' Curiously, he escaped with his life."

"Father, that was Kit!" cried Tom. "He was as brave as a lion, Kit was."

"The bravery of the poor croppies seems to me to resemble that of the beasts," said Captain Duncan, who sat by the fire, brushing the snuff from his cambric shirt-frill.

"They are men," said Mr. Kelsoe, gravely; "and perhaps it would be better to have called out the best part of their manhood, instead of the worst."

Tom turned this over in his mind, but could make nothing of it. But at the next words he pricked up his ears.

"By the way, Kelsoe, there is a queer story going that one of your dairies is left open at night, from which the croppy families can help themselves to milk and bread. Surely there is no truth in it?"

"The women and children are starving," said Tom's mother, quietly.

"You encourage the rebellion, madam."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him," said Mr. Kelsoe.

"If you are trying to make a man out of a croppy, through gratitude, you are bribing swine with pearls," said the captain.

All this perplexed Tom. Of course his father must be right. But it was so easy, like the captain, to see no good in those who differed with you, to deny that your enemy was only a faulty man, like yourself, and to call him a brute! He went down that very night, and stood on the hill, to watch the lean, ragged women, stealing into the open dairy, for the food left there for them. It was all that stood between them and starvation. They were huddled into the huts on the Cloyne estates, and their husbands were all in the rebel army.

CHAPTER III.

NEARLY a year had gone by. One cool evening, just after harvest time, Tom sat alone on the door-step, looking over the dreary fields. He had just eaten a miserable supper: the usually bright, cheerful room, was dim and dirty, the ashes of the fire were scattered over the hearth. There had been sickness in the house for many months, and trouble — almost want — had come, so that the old orderly routine had long ago given way to discomfort.

Tom crept up now and then to the door of his father's room, and listened to his heavy, feverish breathing, or looked in at his mother's pale face bending over the bed, and then down again. The doctor came down after a while, from his daily visit.

"How is he to-day, sir?"

"The same, my lad. Typhoid's a slow disease. But I hope it will all come right, in time." He looked pityingly down on the boy, who had followed him to the gate, and stood with his hand on the horse's mane. "The farm needs your father sorely."

"Yes. If I was only a man" —

The doctor was silent. This terrible year of war and pestilence had made the sky dark for them all. The rebels were conquered, but were still in hiding among the hills, shot down like dogs, whenever they ventured out; in every house there was disease or want, but the jolly Kelsoe household seemed to have fared worst of all.

"What is wrong, Tom, boy? Perhaps I can be of some help to you."

"My father was in debt, it seems. One of the creditors is pushing hard for a small sum. The sheriff served a writ to-day: if my father was not so near to death, he would be in jail at this minute!" Tom broke down here altogether: he was only a child, after all; and he hid his face against the doctor's knee, and sobbed out loud.

"Tut, tut! Poor lad! This must be set right at once. I'll see to it, Tom."

But Tom, when he looked up, had no brighter face than before. So many of his father's friends had gone to "see to it," and there was the end of it. There was nothing so plentiful as goodwill that year, or so scarce as money.

"If your crops were in" — hesitated the doctor.

"If the crops were in, we would be safe," said Tom, eagerly; "but look at them!" pointing to the great fields of uncut grain, beginning to droop from over-ripeness. "There is not a man to be found to cut them."

"There are not half a dozen laborers left in the county. We miss the croppies, that is true," rejoined the doctor.

"There is no chance of pardon for them?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Pardon! Why, regiments from Dublin are guarding every cross-road through the hills; and as soon as a rebel thrusts his head into sight, he is shot down, like a rat in a hole. But that is not our trouble just now. I'll do what I can."

"Yes, sir." But Tommy sat down again despondingly on the step, not even turning his head to see the doctor ride off. If he had done so, he might have caught sight of a dark shadow gliding swiftly away from the hedge by which they had stood, through the furze-bushes.

It was a boy's figure, and one sleeve hung empty by his side.

Doctor Lannan did what he could the next day, but it was not possible to raise the money. If Kelsøe's crops were harvested, "everybody said they could be sold in an hour" But the crops were not harvested.

"Keep a good heart, Tommy," said the doctor, as he bade him good-by the next evening. "Your father has been true to his God and his friends, and neither of them will desert him."

"I don't know," said Tom, drearily. But his heart grew warm and light. He ran to the kitchen, and brought a smoking cup of tea up to his mother. She would drink it from him, rather than any of the maids. She looked at his bright face, as she gave the cup back.

"Is there any good news, Tom?"

"Well, no. Not exactly news. But it will come, mother," said Tom, confidently.

As he came down the stairs with the empty cup, he saw a dark figure standing in the dimly lighted hall. He stopped, with a thrill of terror: the man was masked. He had heard of cases where, desperate from hunger, the rebels had left their hiding-places, and gone into farm-houses both to rob and murder. Whether these stories were true or not, it is no wonder that Tom drew back as the man came close to him. But he only held out a letter; and when Tom took it, disappeared. It was a square, dirty paper, sealed, with the mark of a thumb upon the wax. Inside were these words:—

"Let no one leave this house to-night. On pain of death.

Signed. By order of

THE SHAN VAN VOGHT."

And underneath were scrawled these lines, —

"For ould Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea,
Says the Shan Van Voght."

What the Shan Van Voght might be, Tom did not clearly know. A mysterious power which the rebels obeyed, he had heard, no matter what deed of wickedness it dictated to them. He sat down on the stairs. "They will carry off all the stock, and leave us to starve," he said, desperately. "They will burn the house, and us, like rats in a barn. If it comes to *that*, I'll tell mother, but not otherwise," and he went to the great hall stove, and threw in the letter, watching it crackle and burn. "I'll not tell mother," he said again. "She has so much to bear." He would take all this terrible weight on himself. But his heart thumped hard with the sickness of fear, under his little buttony jacket, and his knees shook. He knew that only some desperate undertaking would bring the croppies here, within a mile of the village, where a regiment of royal troops were quartered; and for the same reason they would come, if at all, in great numbers.

There was no resistance to be made. What he could do, he did: locked and barred the doors — the first time they had ever been so maltreated in the memory of man. The house was nearly vacant. The crowd of retainers had dropped away, until only two or three of the maids were left, who were busied with his mother. But lest some accident might occur to tempt them from the house, Tom set himself to keep watch, patrolling the long halls, down into the kitchen, then to the parlor, and back again, the night long.

When Tom was a man, he kept guard many a night on the battle-field, and felt it was child's play compared to those slow, creeping hours, in which he tramped to and fro, his little legs weak with terror, but his heart brave enough to stand between his father and mother, and their horde of enemies. The moonlight fell in level beams here and there across the long stone hall; at one end the fire smouldered low in the stove; overhead he heard at intervals his mother's soft step in the sick chamber; from outside came at times an owl's hoot, or the baying of the watchdog at the moon. That ceased presently. Had they poisoned Lion?

At that Tom's face grew hot, and, taking sudden heart, he hurried boldly to the front-door, and flung it open. The moon was behind a cloud. The court-yard was dark; but close beside him he heard the clang of a musket on the stones, and, the moment after, a quick, sharp click. He

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"If you are trying to make a man out of a croppy, through gratitude, you are bribing with pearls," said the captain.

All this perplexed Tom. Of course his mother must be right. But it was so easy, like the captain, to see no good in those who differed with you, to deny yourself, and to call him a brute! One night that very night, and stood on the bank to watch the lean, ragged women, stealing into the open dairy, for the food left there for the rebels. It was all that stood between the rebels and the rebels' estates, and their rebel army.

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"Very well," said mamma, and Linda spent
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 tity into each little pan.

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"I want one," he cried. "Can't I have just
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"Don't eat 'em to-day, Chessie," she said. "I
 made 'em; they're for the party, every one o'
 them."

"O you couldn't! you don't know how to make
 cake."

"But I did, truly," Linda said. "Mamma

drew back, and shut the door; but, climbing up, looked through the transom. When the white, chilly moonlight shone out again over the fields, he saw that the dark and masked figures which he had seen once before, stood sentries around the house, while large bodies of armed men passed noiselessly as ghosts across the slope between him and the woods.

The Shan Van Voght did their work of murder (if murder it was) in silence.

All night long! He did not look out again; but he never rested for a moment. Now he fancied he heard stealthy steps above or below: now he was sure it was the crackling of a fire kindled in one of the cellars underneath; relieved of one fear, another and a greater followed continually. The deep of the night had passed. The moon had set, and the fire gone out. Tom crept up and down, to and fro, his limbs stiff with cold and damp, through the pitchy darkness. A sickly light began to struggle through the windows: far off he heard the cocks crow. The sound reached him, poor Tom, as in a dream. He dragged himself to the door of his mother's room, and heard her voice within, and his father's.

Morning had come, and they were safe! He turned to go down and resume his weary march; but, on the way, the poor little head reeled, the brave heart stopped beating, and Tom lay stretched on the cold stone floor, over which he had kept his long vigil so well.

He was roused by a warm cordial at his lips, and the doctor's breezy voice, calling him.

"Good news, Tom, boy! Good news! Look!"

Somebody had him in their arms. It was Captain Duncan; his mother, half sobbing and half laughing, was kneeling before him, chafing his icy feet, and holding them to her breast. But when Tom tried feebly to rise, there was his father! Sitting up in the bed, his eyes bright, and his cheeks full of ruddy color, as they had not been for months.

"You're safe, father?" Tom clung to his hand.

"Safe, my boy!" cried the doctor; "the crisis is past, thanks to God."

But Tom's brain went back to the old thought: "Whom did they murder? Father, father, to call them God's creatures!"

No one spoke. But the captain led Tom to the window, and threw it open. The red flush of the early day lay soft and bright on the green slopes, and the dewy woods, and glancing river; and there, as far as eye could see, was the cut grain, in long, even, golden leaps, shining in the sun!

Tom tried to speak, but a great lump in his throat choked him. Underneath the window were stacked the arms taken from Mr. Kelsoe, Tom's pretty fowling-piece laid on top.

"They left this bit of paper," said Mr. Kelsoe. Tom read the words scrawled on it:—

"God save yer honner. We're off to Ameriky."

"There will be a free pardon issued," said the captain. "And, upon my word, I'm almost glad the scoundrels have escaped."

But Tom was looking intently at a wretched figure below, with an empty sleeve pinned to his breast. "It's Kit, father," he said, pleadingly. "He's my foster-brother."

"Yes, go, Tom, and bring him in. And never forget that it was the hated croppies who have saved us from ruin; and that the man who seems vilest to you, is only your brother, with blood and heart just like your own."

"They've given you new life, Kelsoe, that's a fact!" said the captain. He stopped, turning his head away, that they might not see his wet eyes. "It's a curiously pleasant day," he said, after a while. "I suppose it is something in the air. But I feel as if I could find a brother in any man, even a scoundrelly croppy, and see something good even in the Shan Van Voght!"

JAKE'S WEDDING.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

II.

JUST at school time next day, Linda, hurrying down-stairs, tripped over a string, and fell the last three or four steps, doubling her foot under

her. As she tried to get up, the pain was so great that tears came into her eyes; while Chester, who was very tender-hearted, and who,

though he loved to tease, could never bear to have her hurt, cried as loud as if he had tumbled. Mamma came out, carried her into the sitting-room, and laid her on the sofa, afraid at first that the ankle was sprained, and would keep her prisoner there a long time.

"Who is it that ties strings to the banisters?" she said, as she bathed Linda's foot and ankle.

"Me, mamma, bad me," Chester said, looking very miserable. "I wish I could tumble down, so's to remember not to. Does it hurt you now, Linnie?"

"Not so very much," Linda said, putting her foot down a moment; "but I don't believe I can walk to school."

"No," said mamma. "You must keep very still, till it stops aching. The ankle has not swollen at all, so I don't think 'tis sprained; and if you are very careful, you can play to-morrow."

"Can't she play to-day? Must she keep still all the time?" asked Chester, who did not like to go to school alone.

"We will see," mamma answered. "Now, run along, Chester, and try and remember not to leave strings on the stairs."

Chester walked slowly away; and Linda, rather glad, on the whole, that she was to stay at home, begged to go into the kitchen, where mamma was very busy with Ola, the Swedish girl, who had lived with Mrs. Ripley a year or two; and, though she learned very little English, was so willing and good-natured, that they all liked her. Linda sat in an arm-chair, leaning back and watching mamma and Ola beating eggs, washing currants, and getting everything ready for cake.

"I'm almost big enough to make cake, mamma," she said, presently. "I wish I could make just a little loaf all myself for the party, — make it, and give it to Chessie, you know. Can't I sit by the table, and you give me things?"

"Perhaps, by and by, when this sponge-cake is made. You can beat these whites, if you like."

Linda whisked away with the egg-beater, till the dozen whites rose up like a little snow-drift in the big dish. Then mamma turned them into a pan, where she had been beating the yolks with some sugar, and told Ola to get four more eggs for Linda, who broke them herself, and spent a long time in separating the yolks and whites, and beating them till her arm ached. Then mamma gave her a cup of butter, and two of sugar; and when these were mixed, put in, last of all, the three cups of flour, and a little baking-powder.

"What kind of cake 's it, mamma?" Linda

asked, as she dropped in a very little vanilla. "O, how good it smells!"

"One, two, three, four cake," said mamma. "The first I ever learned to make, because it is the easiest, and is very nice, too. Do you want it in a loaf, or in little cakes?"

"Little cakes *seem* like more, don't they?" said Linda, with her head on one side. "I might bake 'em in the hearts and rounds. I saw Ola buttering 'em."

"Very well," said mamma, and Linda spent another ten minutes putting just the exact quantity into each little pan.

"Now, let me bake 'em, so's to say I did it every speck my own self. My foot doesn't hurt me any now," she said.

"Very well," mamma said again, and Linda hobbled to the oven with the great tin sheet, on which all the little pans stood, and after the oven door was shut, sat on a small stool with a broom splinter in her hand, till her face burned a bright red. She would have opened the oven door every moment or two, but mamma told her that would spoil the cakes, and only let her open it once, to turn them round. They were just beginning to brown then, and Linda could hardly wait the last five minutes. Then Ola took out the tin lest she should burn herself, and Linda stuck the broom splinter into each one, to make sure it was done. There they were, — twelve hearts, and twelve rounds, — and when they were laid to cool on a big platter, Linda thought that there had never been just such cakes before. Then mamma gave her a piece of ginger-snap dough, and she cut out a man carrying an umbrella, or, at any rate, something which she *said* was a man carrying an umbrella. By the time this was baked, and she had admired the great loaves of sponge-cake, it was twelve o'clock, and Chester came running home, and wondered at the twenty-four little cakes, just as much as Linda thought he would. She had meant to keep her making them a secret till the next day, but Ola, instead of putting them in the closet, had set them on the dining-room table, just where he saw them first thing.

"I want one," he cried. "Can't I have just one, mamma?" and then Linda could not keep still.

"Don't eat 'em to-day, Chessie," she said. "I made 'em; they're for the party, every one o' them."

"O you couldn't! you don't know how to make cake."

"But I did, truly," Linda said. "Mamma

showed me how; and I made this ginger-snap man, too. Let's go sit in the swing and eat him."

Chester looked longingly at the little cakes, but followed Linda out.

"You don't limp a bit, do you?" he said. "Your foot's all well, isn't it?"

"I guess so," said Linda. "Anyway, it doesn't hurt me one bit."

That afternoon papa took them all to ride, and Monday morning they went over with him to get Grandma Ripley, who was to spend two or three days with them, and who came out, carrying a great basket.

"So Chester is six to-day," she said. "Dear me! it hardly seems a day since I carried him about in my arms. He was the best-natured baby I ever did see."

"He's pretty good-natured now," said Linda, "only when he plagues me."

"He won't plague you when he's older," said grandma. "Boys like to tease their sisters when they're small, because they don't know any better; but when he gets nearer to being a man, he'll be ashamed to. The older he grows, and the more he knows, the more pains he will take to please you."

"O, grandma made a poetry! grandma made a poetry!" shouted Chessie, glad to change the subject. "Make some more, grandma."

"Who was it I saw in the candy store this morning," said papa, "buying nobody knows how many sticks? A small boy just about your size, Chester. I think he was some relation to another small boy I know, who spent ten cents in pea-nuts, and ate every one, and then cried all night."

"I didn't eat a single stick," said Chester. "I didn't get 'em to eat. They weren't sticks, either; they were mottoes, and I bought them for mamma."

"O! then mamma wants to cry all night."

"Why papa, you don't remember anything. They're for the party this afternoon. I saw mamma put 'em in a fruit-dish. O, I wish you'd drive real fast. Isn't it most time for them all to come?"

"Half-past two," said papa, looking at his watch. "I think you can dress in an hour and a half. I could."

Chester looked doubtful, and rushed into the house, and up-stairs, the moment the rockaway stopped at the gate. Linda followed, just as much in a hurry, and both dressed as quickly as mamma would let them.

"I wish Linnie had a splendid silk dress," said Chester, as he looked at the plain white one, tied with a broad, blue sash. "I wish she had a yellow silk, with red flowers on it."

"Fanny Mitchell always wears silk dresses at her parties," said Linda, "and I haven't got one. Why don't I have one, mamma?"

"Because you are hardly old enough, dear. If you soil this dress, it can be washed easily; and even if you tore it, it would not be very hard to mend. Time enough for silk dresses when you are a young lady."

"It takes a great while to get to be one," said Linda, with a sigh. "I wish — what's the matter with Chessie? Do hear him pound, mamma."

"I can't get into the parlor!" shouted Chester from below. "Somebody's gone and locked the parlor, mamma!"

"Why!" said Linda, running down, and pulling at the knob. "So they have, mamma, and the key's gone too. Where is it?"

"Never mind," said mamma, coming to the head of the stairs. "You will very soon know why 'tis locked, so don't tease about it; but after the children have taken off their things, take them into the dining-room. I am coming down in a few minutes."

"I never did know anything so queer," said Linda. "'Tisn't Christmas, so it can't be a Christmas tree."

"Let's peek through the key-hole," said Chester.

"No, that's mean. It isn't nice to peek or listen, when you know people don't want you to. There's the bell, and Ola's going. O, it's Molly and Fred!"

I'm afraid Chester would have peeked if the children had not begun to come, for he was a very small boy, you know; but Molly and Fred stopped any such thought, and right behind them came Annie and Tommy Paul, and in a few moments the Mitchell children, and soon the dining-room was almost filled with a laughing, merry crowd.

Though 'twas late afternoon, the sun still shone down nice and warm; and very soon Fred, and one or two other boys, who never could bear to stay in the house, and had been looking out ever since they came, went out, and in a minute were turning somersaults, and hanging by one leg, and doubling themselves up in all sorts of ways on the two bars, while four of the little girls got into the great swing.

"Where is Jake? I've been looking everywhere for him," said Chester, coming out. "I

know he was in the dining-room yesterday morning, and I haven't seen him since."

"I guess he's dropped behind the sofa," said Linda, and Chester ran back and looked again.

"I do believe he's got locked up in the parlor," he said, once more half tempted to peek through the key-hole; but the boys called, and he ran out to find all the children at the end of the yard, by the big door, through which the wood was carried into the wood-house.

This wood-house was a long, very low building, running the entire length of the yard, and just high enough to allow a man to stand upright in it. Here the winter wood was piled up close, after it had been sawed and split, save on one side, where was a narrow wooden track, over which a large box on wheels ran back and forth, like a little car. Standing behind and pushing, even Chester could easily roll a load of wood to the kitchen door, and carry it all from there to the different boxes, and thus a great deal of hard work was saved. The car carried other things than wood, for Linda and Chester, and all the little boys and girls who came to see them, rode up and down the track, and played they were conductors and expressmen, or passengers, just as they liked. To-day the box had an old shawl spread on the bottom, so that the little girls' dresses need not be soiled, and all took turns in riding, each one going just where they liked.

"All aboard for New York!" Fred Harmon shouted, and Fanny Mitchell and Hattie Andrews slid down the track; and getting out with a great many airs, pretended they were fine ladies in the Central Park. Then Molly Harmon and Annie Paul stopped at Niagara Falls, while two other girls went to China, and three boys to Kamtschatka. By this time the sun had set, and the children all went in.

"Why don't we go into the parlor?" whispered Fanny Mitchell to some of the girls. "Seems to me it's very queer, to have to stay in the dining-room."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Molly Harmon; "but there's something in there, I think. We shall know pretty soon, for it's 'most six o'clock now."

"Now, children," said Mrs. Ripley, coming into the dining-room, "'tis twilight, and just the time for 'Hide-and-seek.' I have locked the doors of the places you are not to go in, and wherever else you can find a spot to hide, you may go."

"I don't think much of playing 'Hide-and-seek' at a party," said Fanny Mitchell, but Linda

was already counting out. "Two'd better hide at a time," she said, "because there are so many of us."

Molly and Fred Harmon were the ones chosen, and ran off in the best of spirits to find places. Soon "coop" sounded, and the children dashed up-stairs and down, pulling Molly out from the hall closet, but looking full five minutes for Fred, who was found at last in an empty barrel in the cellar, and who came out with his hair full of cobwebs. So the game went on, till it came Fred's turn again; and this time every child declared that every corner in the house had been searched, and still no Fred was to be found.

"Where *can* he be?" said Linda. "'Coop' again, Fred, do."

"Coop!" came from up-stairs; and once more the children ran, but still no trace of Fred.

"Half-past six!" said Mrs. Ripley, and at the same time a little bell rang.

"Now we shall know," said all together, when, right from the ceiling it seemed, fell a pair of legs, and hung for a moment, dropping then to the floor, and showing a body and head, with a very red face, belonging to nobody but Fred, who all this time had been in a little niche over the linen-closet. There was no time to ask how he could have got there, for the little bell sounded once more, and every one hurried to the dining-room, which now was quite dark.

"All the little ones in front," said Mrs. Ripley, placing them in a line, close to the parlor door, "and you older ones stand back of them. When the door opens, all go forward into the parlor, as far as the line stretched across it, but don't try to break it down, or get under. Do not talk, either, but keep very still."

"What is it?" whispered two or three. "O, I'm almost frightened!"

There was a sound of music from the parlor. Some one was playing a gay march. The folding-doors slid suddenly apart, though no one could be seen near them; there was a blaze of light from the upper end of the room. The children pressed in, up to the cord, which stretched from side to side: then stood perfectly still, too astonished to speak, even had they wished.

In the bay-window stood a table, and from this table rose an arch of evergreens and flowers, with little candles every few inches, just like a Christmas tree. Back of it another arch was formed by a dozen Chinese lanterns; and back of these still were more pine wreaths and flowers. Within this little, green bower, stood at one side the missing Jake; and against the other,

half leaned a smaller doll than he. Chester looked for a moment, and then, quite unable to keep still, shouted, "It's Jake's wife! O, I know it's Jake's wife!"

Now began the wonder. As Chester spoke, Jake turned and bowed to the audience; then crossing the small space to the other side, said, putting out his hand, "Come, Dinah."

Dinah stood still.

"O, come now!" said Jake. "Don't be bashful."



Dinah took one step: hesitated; then as Jake seemed to urge, stepped forward again, and both went on in a very strange and jerky way, to the centre of the arch, where Jake, bowing once more, said, in a small, squeaky voice, "We are ready, sir."

"Very well, sir," said a deep voice from somewhere. "Stand up straight."

The children almost held their breaths. Such an amazing pair had never before been seen in Minneapolis.

"It's a fairy tale," said Linda to herself.

The music stopped. Jake held his head up so high, it seemed as if he would fall over backward. Dinah hung down hers, till they were sure she would fall forward; and then the voice came again, "So you have come to be married, Jake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; I am a Justice of the Peace, and can do it; but I must first ask you a question or two. Can you support a wife?"

"Pretty well, sir," said Jake, as Dinah fell forward, almost knocking him over. "Pretty well, sir; but I'd a little rather she'd stand on her own feet."

"No, no," said the voice; "I mean, have you money enough to buy all she will want for the rest of her life?"

"Chester has," said Jake. "He'll see to that."

Chester jumped at hearing Jake actually speaking to him, but stood firm, looking wildly at the pair.

"Will you be kind to Dinah, as long as you live?" the voice went on. "Never leave her out over night on the grass, or hanging in the grape-vine, with her head down?"

"I can't promise, sir; Chester does that. Of course I wouldn't of myself."

"Then Chester must be spoken to. Chester, will you see that Jake and Dinah are always in the house by bedtime?"

"Yes, sir," said Chester, in a faint voice, taking hold of Linda's hand.

"And you, Dinah. Do you promise to be a good wife to Jake,—to keep his house and clothes in order, and nurse him when he is sick?"

"Yes, sir," said Dinah, in a very gentle little voice.

"Then that is all that is necessary. I pronounce you man and wife. Fifty cents, if you please."

"All right, sir," said Jake. "Chester's got the money. I'll take it now, Chester."

"What?" said Chester, still holding Linda's hand. "I haven't got fifty cents. Does it cost fifty cents to get married?"

"I will pay," said Mrs. Ripley, dropping the cord; and, stepping forward, she laid the fifty cents on the table. "I congratulate you, Jake. Come, children, Jake and Dinah are waiting to be congratulated."

The children came forward, at first very tim-

idly; then, growing bolder, went close to the table.

"What does do it?" said Fanny Mitchell. "Of course they can't talk; they're nothing but rags, you know."

"Nothing but rags!" repeated Jake, so fiercely, that Fanny stepped back suddenly. "I am morocco, and so is my wife. What are you?"

"Dust," said Fanny, without thinking.

"I thought so," said Jake; "I had heard so. I had rather be morocco than dust, any day. Mrs. Ripley, these candles will be out in a minute. I'm hungry. Isn't supper ready?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Ripley. "Will you come out, or have some brought to you?"

"Have it brought," said Jake, "and in the mean time I'll dance."

The music struck up "Money Musk," and Jake, seizing Dinah, whirled around the arch.

"Wait till they're gone," said Dinah. "I never did like to dance before people."

"They're all friends," said Jake.

How the children laughed, for Dinah, in one of the pauses, suddenly upset Jake, and then danced on his back; till Jake, jerking himself up, danced her into a corner, and held her there. The last candle in the Chinese lanterns died down, and the children, turning to the dining-room, saw the long table lighted up brilliantly.

"Come to supper now," said Mrs. Ripley; "and when you have had yours, you can take some in to Jake. This is his wedding-cake."

Sure enough, in great letters on the cake, were the words, JAKE AND DINAH; and when the merry supper ended, the still astonished children watched Chester cut a great slice, and put it with other good things on a plate for the new couple. Then came the strangest thing of all, — for, going back to the parlor, there was no table in the bay-window; no arch, no Jake, no Dinah, — only the Chinese lanterns, and the wreaths above them.

"It's the 'Arabian Nights,'" said Fred Harmon. "I wouldn't wonder if we'd every one of us been asleep."

"O!" screamed Chester. "Here they are on the sofa. Are you married, Jake? Do you truly want some supper?"

Not a word said Jake, or Dinah either, though every child in turn took them up, and asked what it all meant.

"I told you 'twas 'Arabian Nights,'" said Fred.

"Nonsense!" said Molly. "I know there's some trick, if we could only find out."

"You never will," came suddenly from Jake, who was held in Fred's hand. Fred jumped, as

if he had been shot: and so did the others; but that was the very last word Jake was ever heard to speak. The children went home, still puzzled, and for a month all the school wondered. As for Chester and Linda, they spent half their time talking with Jake and Dinah, always ending with begging their mother to tell exactly how it had been. Papa sat listening one evening, with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"Why do you never ask *me*?" he said.

"But you weren't home till bed time."

"O yes, I was, and close by you all the time: at any rate, till Jake and Dinah went and sat on the sofa."

"Where, O where?" screamed Linda.

"There, O there!" said papa, pointing to the bay-window. "Under the table, pulling all sorts of little strings and wires. There were holes bored in a big board, which, covered with a table cloth, looked just like a table to you; and I nearly broke my back looking up, and watching to see that the right strings were pulled."

"Did you do the talking too?" asked the children. "O, how could you? It seemed just as if it was truly them."

"Ventriloquism," said papa; but the meaning of this long word I shall leave you to find out. Some big sister, or brother, or aunt, will tell you just what it means; and if they cannot, the big Dictionary can. When you know, you will see how easy it would have been to make twenty Jakes and Dinahs talk, if necessary. Chester has, I think, always been a little sorry to know that Jake never *really* said a word. He told me this story, and one very warm afternoon last summer, I was invited to take tea with the dolls. I spent two or three hours with Amelia, and Jake, and Dinah, in a little room in the tower, which had been made into a play-house. Dinah had lost her turban and her apron, and was in bed, covered up tight.

"Jake can't be a good husband, Chester," I said, "if he does not get clothes enough for Dinah."

"'Tisn't his fault a bit," Chester said, quickly. "He gives her things all the time; but then, you see, she keeps losing 'em."

So, after all, it seems that Jake has kept his promise better than Dinah.

Chester is almost eight years old now, and hardly willing to admit that he plays much with dolls; but if you want to know the whole truth from himself, just write a letter, directed to Chester Ripley, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and he may tell you a good many things I have forgotten, and some that I never knew, about Jake's wedding.

FATHER GANDER'S RHYMES ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

FOR MIDDLE-SIZED CHILDREN.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

FATHER GANDER'S PREFACE.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE has had her say,
Some simple things she taught you, —
Light baby-rhymes for Christmas times, —
Such were the themes she brought you.

Good Mother Goose, she sang her songs,
More than you now can number;
Oft did they make young tears and ache
Turn into golden slumber.

It was a pretty thing to see
How oft you stopped and listened,
And checked your cries and wiped your eyes,
That opened wide and glistened,

While your dear mother o'er and o'er
Beguiled you with her singing, —
How Jack and Jill went up the hill,
How Banbury bells went ringing,

How Horner ate his Christmas pie,
Cock Robin was assaulted,
How young Bo-peep lost all her sheep,
How moonstruck Mooley vaulted.

How in a huge shoe sat the dame,
By countless children worried,
While breadless broth and blows, when wroth,
She gave them, bedward hufried.

How piper's sons stole countless pigs,
How blackbirds sang while baking, —
Such were the rhymes, in those young times,
Heard between sleep and waking.

Good Mother Goose a helper was,
Whom we will never slander;
But now you care no more for her,
Listen to Father Gander.

You left the nursery long ago,
You need good books — not nurses.
So may our pages suit your ages,
And may you like our verses.

THE BEAR AND THE SQUIRRELS.

To the tune of "Heigh ho!" says Anthony Rowley.

THERE was an old Bear that lived near a wood
(His name it was Growly, Growly),
Where two little Squirrels gathered their food,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
O, a terrible fellow was Growly!

The two little Squirrels they lived in a tree,
Growly, Growly, Growly!
They were so merry, and happy, and free,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
"Don't come near me," says Growly.

The Squirrels were rather afraid of the Bear,
Growly, Growly, Growly,
With his claws, and his teeth, and his shaggy
hair;
For their ramble, scramble, chittery tit,
Made too much noise for Growly.

So whenever the Bear came into the wood,
Growly, Growly, Growly!
The Squirrels ran, and dropped their food,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit;
"Those nuts are all mine," says Growly.

One day old Bruin lay down in the shade,
Growly, Growly, Growly, —
Under the tree where the Squirrels played,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
"I'll just take a nap," says Growly.

Old Bruin then began to snore,
Growly, Growly, Growly;
Said the Squirrels, — "We'd rather hear that
than a roar;
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit,
We'll wake you up, old Growly!"

So, plump on his nose a nut they dropped,
Growly, Growly, Growly!
When all of a sudden the snoring stopped,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
"Plague take the flies!" — says Growly.

So he turned him round to sleep again,
 Growly, Growly, Growly,
 When down came the nuts like a patter of rain,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
 "It's hailing!" — says Sir Growly.

"No matter," says Bruin, "I'll have my nap!"
 Growly, Growly, Growly;
 So he slept again, when tap, tap, tap,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
 They pelted him well, — old Growly.

Then up he sprang and looked all around,
 Growly, Growly, Growly;
 But nothing he saw, and he heard no sound
 But a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
 "Why, what can it be?" — says Growly.

At last he looked up into the tree,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 And there the little rogues saw he,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
 "Why, what's the matter, old Growly?"



"You often have made the poor Squirrels run,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 So now we thought *we* would have some fun,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!"
 "It served me right," — says Growly.

And so the old fellow he saw the joke,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 And began to laugh till they thought he'd choke

With a ramble, scramble, Ha, ha, ha!
 "What a capital joke!" says Growly.

Sir Bruin then grew gentle and mild,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 And played with the squirrels like a child
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit,
 And lost the name of Growly.

WILLIAM FITZ* ROBERT AND HELIE OF ST. SAEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS."

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM FITZ-ROBERT AT ST. SAEN.

IN the castle of St. Saen sits the Lady Alicia. The embroidery frame before her holds a gorgeous banner, upon which she is tracing a glowing pattern in scarlet and gold. But too often she drops her needle to look out over the wet, dreary moorland, where, since break of day, no living creature has been seen. The daylight is fading now, and she sighs to think that this day has passed as fruitlessly as the last; but she bids the servants pile great logs into the wide fire-place, and light all the torches in the court-yard. "And let Osbert not cease to listen for hoof beats," she says, "for I would not have my lord arrive, even at midnight, and not find his welcome."

Out in the storm, over broken roads, and through gloomy forests, the young Baron, Helie of St. Saen, is riding on his good black horse, and his face is set toward the castle, where his beautiful wife awaits him. As the rain beats more pitilessly, he folds his thick doublet closer about a pale-faced boy, who sits before him on the saddle, and with cheering words encourages the tired child to bear up yet an hour longer. "For, if I mistake not," he says, "yonder lights on the edge of the moorland are the torches of my own court-yard; and were it not that good Rupert has had so hard a journey to-day, he would make short work with the two leagues that lie between us and our home."

The child, with timid courtesy, gives thanks for the warm wrapping, and settles wearily into the shelter of the strong arm that enfolds him, and so, through the driving rain, they toil on toward the castle.

And now Osbert hears the sound of Rupert's hoofs, the servants come hurrying out with their torches, the drawbridge is lowered, and the young baron rides over it, and is at home. He tosses Rupert's rein to Gilbert, greets old Osbert with a kindly word, but, with the child in his arms, hastens through the throng to the doorway, where stands the Lady Alicia with the rain dripping from her fair hair. For a whole long month he has been away to the king's court at Winchester, and she has heard no word from him; for you must know that the time of which I am

* Fitz means son of.

telling was seven hundred years ago, when there was no such thing as a post-office, and few people indeed knew how to write letters, if they could have sent them.

I can't tell you how glad they are to see each other, nor how tenderly they comfort the little boy, who looks with strange, sad eyes, at the beautiful lady, the great roaring fire, and the glitter and shine that flicker over the walls.

"He will be a son to you, as well as a brother," says the baron, as the lady draws the little William closer to her side, and chafes his cold, wet hands with her own warm palms.

"He has our father's brow and hair," she answers, "but his eyes must be his mother's. They say the Lady Sybella was very beautiful."

Long after the child had fallen asleep in his little bed, the young baron sits with his beautiful wife, and warms himself by the cheerful blaze, while he tells her of the court, of her uncle, King Henry, of her poor father, Duke Robert of Normandy; of the king's cruelty and treachery in entrapping his truthful, generous brother, and imprisoning him; and then he adds, "It is well I was there; for when little William was brought before him, the king, melted for a moment by his tender age and sad face, said, as if with an effort to subdue his rising anger, 'Is there any one who will take charge of this boy?' and I alone of them all stood forward and claimed the right. It shall go hard but that I will keep safely what has been committed to my care; and I fear the king's clemency may not be of long continuance. Now at least we can make the poor child happy, for he has never known a mother's care, or the peace and comfort of a home. I heard at court that he was scarcely a week old when the Lady Sybella died; and there are strange rumors of how the duke's household affairs were administered for these five years past. However that may be, I could but say, under my breath, when I saw the two brothers face to face, 'Duke Robert is a kinglier man than Henry.'"

To this eventful night two happy years succeeded. The child's eyes lost their strange, sad look, his cheeks bloomed, and his voice sounded merrily through the corridors of the castle.

His half-sister was more than a sister to him. She had no children of her own, and a mother's

love was lavished on the little William Fitz-Robert. When she petted him, her husband would say, "Have a care, dame; do not make a girl of him. Come now, he shall go to the hunt with me to-morrow." And so he learns the use of the bow and spear, and he rides fearlessly and well, and grows tall and robust, as well as blooming and gay.

One day the hunt leads them far away through forest and morass; and when night closes about them, they are many leagues distant from St. Saen.

William rides beside the baron, with perfect trust that he is safe in such company; and he asks no questions when they turn suddenly from their homeward road, and, after a short, though rough ride through the woods, come out upon a highway that leads them to the gates of an old and partially ruined castle. Here St. Saen blows his bugle, and is answered by the warder, who, as soon as he sees his high-born guest, hastens to lower the drawbridge, and give him welcome.

"Say to your master that Helie of St. Saen sends him greeting, and asks his hospitality for the night," said the baron; and presently they are led into a warm and cheerful room. The firelight glows on the walls and low ceiling, and flickers on the white hair of an old man, whose mild blue eyes and gentle mien are a rare sight to warriors. He rises to meet them with a stately courtesy, but in an instant opens his arms to the boy, who has sprung forward with the cry, "Why, it is my dear old Edgar!"

Yes, it is Edgar Atheling, the last Saxon heir to the English throne,—a harmless, gentle old man, more than half a child, who has seen all fortunes, good and ill; has had the king's crown upon his head; has seen many wars, and borne his share valiantly in them; whose bravery has never been doubted, however much his wisdom may have been; and who, through all, has had a child's loving heart, quick to forgive, tender to cherish. He shared Duke Robert's fortunes, and loved him well; and, in his gentleness, was little William's chief companion and devoted friend.

How gladly they find each other again. How Edgar looks with proud delight on his boy's tall, lithe figure, and rosy face. How gladly hears him tell of his happy home, and his pleasures there.

Then such a feast is set in the great hall. The torches flare from between stags' antlers on the wall; the meats are brought in, steaming odor-

ously, and the wines of France fill the silver drinking horns. And, what is best of all to the boy, the old man warms into animated talk of the bygone days; tells tales of the Crusade, on which he went with William's father; of their triumphant journey home through Italy; of the gay Norman court, and the beautiful ladies. Then of King Malcolm of Scotland, of Siward the Brave, and Edric the Forester; of Hereward in the Isle of Ely; and of the two Earls, Edwin and Morcar. Or, with half a sigh, goes back to the field of Hastings, which, as a boy, he well remembers; tells of Harold, and Duke William the Conqueror.

"You bear your grandfather's name, my boy; and it is the name of a great warrior," he says to the child.

"And I will be a great warrior," answers the boy, drawing himself up to his full height, and showing in his flashing eyes something of his grandfather's bold, determined spirit.

The early morning finds old Edgar taking leave of his guests; and we shall see no more of him till misfortune affords him an opportunity to befriend the boy whom he loves.

So the two happy years roll by; and then a king's messenger comes to St. Saen with the royal commands for the Baron Helie to repair at once to the court at Winchester, there to receive orders for an embassy to Earl Baldwin, in Flanders.

"This mission bodes evil," says the baron to his wife. "I fear me much that King Henry intends some harm to the boy, and sends me to Flanders, merely to put me out of the way. Be therefore on your guard; and if messengers come from court, let Osbert convey the child secretly to the castle of Edgar Atheling, and let me have word of it, if you must even send Gilbert to Flanders, to bear the news."

So saying, he tenderly takes leave of her, and embracing the little William, rides away to Winchester.

Ten days later a gallant train appears before the walls of St. Saen, just as twilight is deepening over the moorland. The baroness knows well the court insignia, and, hastily bidding her little brother go to his room, she prepares herself to receive Sir Anault and Sir Guisbert, who, with their attendants, are already in the court-yard.

"We greet you from the king, fair lady, who bids us say that it is his pleasure to see his beloved nephew, William Clito, at court."

In her heart the Lady Alicia answers, "That shall never be," but her lips speak words of cour-

teous welcome. "The child is now asleep; and you, my lords, may well need refreshment, after your long journey. Rest then to-night, and partake of our hospitality; and in the morning you shall take the boy, and return to Winchester. I would that my husband were here, to give you fairer cheer than I can offer; but all that St. Saen affords is at your command."

Then she causes a rich feast to be prepared, and with her own fair hands pours the delicious wines for their drinking. But all the while she listens anxiously for sounds in the court-yard below; and once she steals away to kiss the little sleeper, whom she may not see again for many a long day. At last a muffled sound of horse-hoofs assures her that some one is passing the drawbridge, and she turns with a lighter heart to the task of entertaining her guests.

In the morning all is consternation in the castle. The child is gone; and old Osbert, too, has strangely disappeared, no one can tell whither. The disappointed courtiers are at a loss how to proceed. Shall they scour the country, to find the boy; or shall they return to court for orders from the king? The latter course is finally chosen, and, leaving a volley of hard words behind them, they ride away no better than they came.

Meanwhile Gilbert has ridden all night, reached the sea-coast, and taken ship for Flanders. And Osbert and William are safe in the stronghold of Edgar Atheling's castle.

The errand to Earl Baldwin proves indeed to have been but a subterfuge; and Helie hastens home as soon as his wife's summons reaches him. But he knows that England is no longer a safe place for his young charge, and, crossing over to France with him, he seeks the court of the Count of Anjou.



CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD IN NORMANDY.

GUESTS are expected at the castle of Amauri de Montfort. A gallant company is met to receive them in the great banqueting hall. On the walls armor shines, and banners wave. Minstrels twang their harp-strings as they tune them for accompaniment to songs that are to tell of brave deeds.

The Earl Montfort is gay, handsome, rich, and brave. He bears no love to Henry of England, who has ousted him from the earldom of Evreux; and he has invited Helie, of St. Saen, and his youthful charge (Duke Robert's son), to

be his guests. Already have they travelled to Brittany, to Guienne, to Burgundy, always with the one purpose,—of securing aid to claim the boy's rights. And William (by this time fifteen years old) has, by his gallant feats of arms, won himself the title of Longsword. De Montfort has more than half given his word that he will stand by the young duke in a war against Henry.

The knights talk one with another of the old days, when this boy's father ruled Normandy,—carelessly indeed, and with many evils: but never ungenerously, or falsely. And then of his young son, their rightful duke, for whom they cherish the idea of securing the English throne.

"Why," cries Sir Herlouin, "do not all men know that Duke Robert made a contract with his brother, King William Rufus, that the longer liver of the two should inherit all the other's domains? Who, then, is this upstart, Henry, that he should keep the father languishing in prison, and the young prince a wanderer in foreign lands?"

And while they talk, there is a stir and bustle at the door, and the Baron Helie enters with the handsome youth at his side. As they pass up the long hall, to their seats beside the host, there are murmurs of satisfaction among the knights. One says, "He has his father's frank bearing." Another, "But his mother's beauty." And yet another older knight adds, "You do not remember his grandfather, Duke William. I tell you the boy has all his courageous spirit: I can see it in his glance, in his step, in every motion."

The feast goes merrily: and while the wine cup is passed from hand to hand, the minstrels sing old songs of Bernard the Dane; of Richard Sans Peur, and his battles with King Lotbair. Then the harp is handed from one knight to another, and each has some song to sing. When it reaches William, he sings of his lost kingdom, his blind and imprisoned father; and then, in a voice full of defiant courage, breaks out into the song of Roland, that was sung by his grandfather's army, as they went into battle at Hastings. Ere he has finished the first measure, all the guests are on their feet, their shining swords drawn, and their voices united in the grand old battle song. As it ends, they turn to the young duke, crying, "These swords are yours! Lead us where you will!"

Then De Montfort says, "I pledge myself to bring to your standard not only my own men-at-arms, but also the Counts of Guienne and Burgundy, with five thousand lances each; and it

may be, the young Earl of Flanders, with as many more. To-morrow finds me on my way to Paris, to see if King Louis will not make common cause with us. Meantime let each knight hasten home, to rouse all Normandy for the war."

De Montfort has gone to Paris, and William is at the castle of the Count of Anjou, when he is sought by a messenger from his uncle, bringing greetings most tenderly worded, and full of affection for his "dear nephew," to whom he offers three earldoms if he will only resign all claim to the throne.

William waits not a moment to consider the proposal; he simply answers, "I ask only for my rights: to the three earldoms I have no claim."

When this bold answer reaches him, King Henry prepares for war.

Normandy is already in arms, and Amauri's success at court is such that King Louis himself leads the French to battle. On the wide plains, near Rouen, the two armies meet. William begins the battle with a charge so impetuous as to break the first line of the English; but it is Norman against Norman: the bravest troops in the world drawn up against each other; and so for hours the scale of victory hangs even; till the veteran soldiers (Henry's household troops), by their terrible charge, give the conquest to the English.

Then King Louis proposes to try another method of securing the throne for William. The Pope holds a council at Rheims. To him they will apply; and the young duke's claims once sanctioned by his Holiness, Henry must speedily yield. So an embassy from Paris hastens to Rheims.

Meanwhile rumors reach England of this defeat of the Norman army; but there are whispers, too, that it was as like to be a defeat to the English, — and here is one prisoner, Sir William de Crispin, a Norman knight, who had well-nigh ended King Henry's life with two great strokes of his battle-axe. "And now," say the English barons, "if the Pope is on the side of William Longsword, why should we stand against his Holiness?" And they speak the more earnestly, because Henry's only son, Prince William, has been heard to threaten that when he comes to the throne, he will yoke the English people to the plough.

But these barons do not know their crafty king. Rich gifts are humbly presented to the Pope from Henry of England, and a message comes in return, that the Holy Father is entirely

satisfied with the conduct of his faithful servant, Henry: and William's cause is down again.

There have been treaties of peace. Henry has made his own son William Duke of Normandy. William Longsword is for the time almost alone and friendless. But let us see what is doing at the English court. Why do the courtiers gather in knots, and whisper with anxious faces? Why does the king restlessly wander to the windows that command the high road from Dover? Why does no one speak of fears, which evidently fill all minds? Even the king has not dared to ask for news of his son, who sailed from Normandy in Fitz-Stephen's "White Ship," four days ago. A little boy comes in, weeping bitterly. He is led into the presence of the king. Does Henry remember that other time, twenty years ago, when his brother's little son came into his presence weeping? Why does this child grieve, and what are the words he speaks between his sobs? "O sire! the 'White Ship' is lost, and all on board have perished."

King Henry has lost his only son. Now, at last, one would think he might be moved to regard his nephew's rights. But no; there is still his daughter, the Empress Maud, and the crown shall be hers, although it has never before descended to a woman. And the barons are called to swear allegiance to Maud and to her heirs forever. They take the oath, although in their hearts they say, "Prince William is dead. He will never fulfill his boast of yoking us to the plough, and William Longsword shall be our king."

Again Normandy is in arms for its young duke. But Henry surprises and captures most of the leaders of the insurrection, and checks the revolt before it has time to come to maturity.

King Louis despairs of success, and contents himself by making William Earl of Flanders; and it is from Flanders that he plans his last attack upon his uncle.

Shall we go back once more to the castle of St. Saen, to the Baron Helie, and the Lady Alicia? The baron is an old man now; his armor hangs upon the wall, and his sword lies idle; but his heart is in Flanders, with the warlike fortunes of the boy whom he loves.

They sit watching across the moorland, as of old; and on a bright September day, a messenger rides slowly and sadly toward the castle. It is young Odo of Bayeux, the faithful friend and companion of Fitz-Robert.

"He brings news from our boy," cries the baron; and he meets the young knight at the gateway, with a hearty welcome.

Odo, with a heavy heart, bows his head, as he says, "I bring to you a last greeting from my master; to you, as he bade me say, who have been his truest friends; who taught him to keep his conscience clear, and his heart brave. He charged me, also, to entreat you, if it be possible, to convey his farewell to his poor, imprisoned father. Would to God it had been the lot of this dutiful son to give to him one taste of freedom ere he died."

And then he tells of the skirmish with the Landgrave of Alsace; of William's gallant conduct, as he headed the charge that drove the

Landgrave's troops from the field. A dear-bought victory: for the Landgrave's lance pierced the hand of our prince; and although he rode to St. Omer, and there was cared for by the pious monks, all their herbs and lotions were of no avail; fever set in, and he died, — died, asking pardon of all whom he had injured, and charging Odo with messages of love and farewell to his friends.

Two coronets and a crown, the Earldom of Flanders, the Dukedom of Normandy, the Kingdom of England, might have been his.

A gallant knight, a brave, true-hearted gentleman, with a spirit superior to misfortune, he spent his whole life warring against an adverse fate.

MORE LITTLE ARTISTS AND STORY-TELLERS.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.



WHILE Aunt Gitty was in a great city the next winter, she found that Harry and Walter, the children of the friend she was visiting, spent some of their leisure in drawing pictures and telling stories. It is true they had very little leisure, for their regular business of jumping, and

running in the yard and on the sidewalks, must be attended to; and beside learning their lessons, and reciting them to a teacher, who came to the house, they had the care of many pets. Harry had eight bantams. There were Billy, and Billy's wife, and Billy's wife's children. Billy

was a perfect beauty. He had long spurs, and was very game. He lived, with his family, in the back yard, in a house built for him by Harry himself.

Walter had a half-grown white bantam, named Bob, if it should turn out to be a rooster: and Fanny, if it was the other kind. It was too small to endure the cold out-doors, except for a little while; so it had a cage in the kitchen, and was only let out for air and exercise, or to be fed from the boy's hands. Sometimes, to the despair of the cook, its meals were served on her nicely scoured table; and sometimes it was brought into the dining-room at breakfast time, and set on the back of a chair, to be admired by papa and

mamma. Mamma said it was almost equal to a canary-bird, it had so many notes. It was worth something to hear it scold when Pussina came near it. Pussina was a fat yellow and white kitten, owned in common by the two boys; and they spent much time in teaching her manners.

They also owned, in common, a little black ball of a puppy, called Jet. His gambols with Pussina required a deal of watching, and caused much laughter.

Harry and Walter had some queer names for animals. One day, Aunt Gitty heard Walter calling the kitten Zich, and asked him where he found the name.

"O," said Walter, "that is what we boys call



The wicked Virgin.

cats. We call them Ziches, and Molrows. Dogs we call Mutz, and Gheezers, and Kiyelps, and Kiyutes."

When the young bantams were named, it was settled that their names should all begin with B, because Billy's did. So, with their mamma's help, they found the five names that were needed, — Belle, Beauty, Blanche, Bessie, and Bettina. Maggie, Billy's wife, they called Bonnie Maggie, so that her name, like the others, might begin with B.

After tea, when the gas was lighted in the library, and their papa and mamma were there reading, or playing cribbage, the little boys stayed there too, and had good times reading their books, or covering scraps of paper with pictures. Harry could draw almost everything: but he excelled in pictures of animals, and in comical subjects. He also had a taste for the

terrible, and drew awful steamboat explosions, and tremendous battle pieces.

One day Walter, the youngest, was hanging about his mother, and calling her his "little pet," and "a cunning little darling," when he suddenly lifted his head from her lap, and said, "I wish I could write a story. If I tell one, will you write it for me, mamma?"

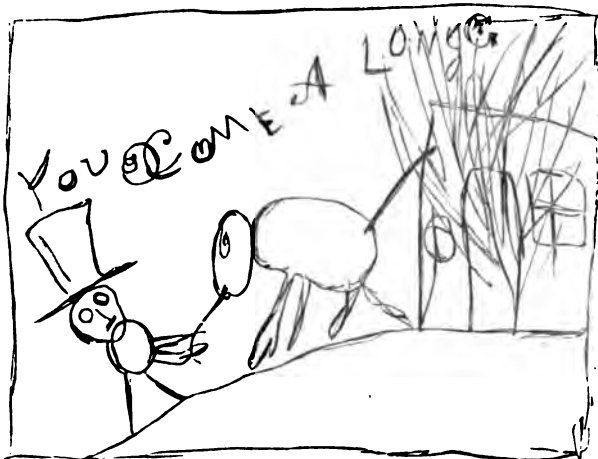
She said, "Yes, certainly." So he brought her a pencil and paper, and began to tell his story, while Harry dropped his pencil to listen, and Aunt Gitty laid down her book, to do the same. Here is what he told:—

STORY OF THE WICKED VIRGIN.

Once there was a wicked virgin, and he had eight hundred legs; and he married a wife who had seven hundred legs, and he could hardly pay the bills for shoes, stockings, and dresses; and

the wife had such a large mouth, that she swallowed the little virgin up, and that is all.

Mamma and Aunt Gitty were delighted with the story. Who could help it? Mamma put it in her pocket to show to papa, and Harry



Saving the horse.

drew a picture, to illustrate it. He made the wife holding the "wicked virgin" by the coat collar; and a miserable little imp he looked beside her. She had her seven hundred legs in pairs, and each pair wore a different kind of dress; but, of course, all the seven hundred legs could not be made on a small piece of paper, as half a dozen pairs reached to the edge; so one must imagine the rest coming along behind her, like those of a centipede.

After this, Walter often asked his mother, or Aunt Gitty, to write the stories he invented. Here is one of them:—

THE BAKED PUDDING.

Once there was a man painting the kitchen blinds, and there was a woman making a pudding, and the painter he fell in. So the woman baked the pudding, and it was taken on the table. The father said the pudding was not very good, and the mother thought it was too rich for her, and wouldn't take any. A poor beggar came along with a pot on his back, and a soup ladle on his head, and he had a cover to the pot; and so the woman gave him the pudding, and he swallowed it; and, when he was going down-hill, the pud-

ding began to dance, and to kick his teeth, and he thought he would go to the dentist's, but was so frightened, that he began to roll down-hill; and that frightened a family of toads, sitting on toad-stools, eating their dinner off a toad-stool, and they rolled all the way down the fill into the water, and the man after them, and they were never heard of since.

Walter had not so much love for making pictures as Harry; but, one morning, when there was much talk about the burning of a livery stable in the city the night before, and it was said that a large number of valuable horses perished in the flames, Walter was so much excited, that he drew a picture of a man leading a horse from a burning stable. No doubt this picture was a relief to his mind. It was almost like saving a horse himself.

About this time Harry drew a picture of an entertainment given to animals at the court of their king, the lion. In this picture, King Lion is sitting on his throne, waited on by lynxes and tigers; polite bears are bowing to each other, little dogs are playing cards, and leopards are drinking. Overhead, on the limb of a huge tree, an ape is drumming, and cats are fiddling and fluting, while peacocks, parrots, and guinea-fowls are doing the singing. All these were so well done, for a little



A piece of Harry's large picture.

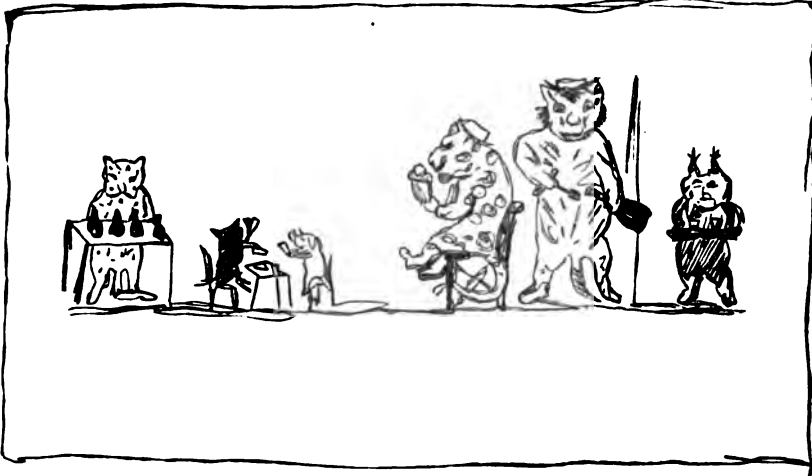
artist, that when Aunt Gitty first saw them, she thought Harry had copied them from a book: but he did not. The picture is so large, that only some groups from it can be given here; such as the polite bears, the drinkers, and card-players, and a few of the musicians.

Harry and Walter had plenty of pet names for their mamma. Coming to the table, one day, Harry patted her under the chin as he passed her, saying, "You cunning little rogue, you."

word "little," said, "No, no! She isn't little. She is forty times as tall as you are, Harry."

"That cannot be," answered Harry, quickly, "for, in that case, she would be one hundred and sixty feet tall."

Walter, afraid that some slight lurked in the



A piece of Harry's large picture.

Harry measured himself so often, that he knew his own height exactly. He was anxious to grow up to be a man, for then he might get rich, he said; and if he did, he should buy all the bantams he wanted.

could have three wishes, he should wish first, that he might be good forever (this in deference to mamma). For the second, he should wish that he might have a great deal of money; and for the third, that he might have a good wife. "Of course, mamma," he added, "I couldn't expect to

Finding a wish-bone in his meat, he said if he

course, mamma," he added, "I couldn't expect to



An elopement: Father and Mother after them.

get one as good as you: but one half as good would do very well."

Yet, much as Harry loved his mother, he had a way of thinking for himself; and sometimes

astonished her by the quickness with which he discovered any weak points in her lessons on morals, or other matters.

He was very busy one day, making some won-

derful thing, — scratching with awls, boring with gimlets, sawing, hammering, and whittling, — when his mother spoke to him of an errand, or something of that kind, which she thought he would like to do, but which was not strictly required of him. “Why, mamma!” he exclaimed, “I am busy.”

“Well, my son,” she said, “I thought this would be such a pleasure to you, that you could leave your work a little while.”

“But, mamma, you have always told me, ‘Business before pleasure,’ and now do you say, ‘Pleasure before business?’ Aha, mamma, I’ve caught you! I’ll have to tell papa that you say ‘Pleasure before business’ now.”

In the long winter evenings, they did not always read, or draw pictures, or play by themselves. When there was no company, their papa and mamma sometimes played with them, — real children’s plays. Then there were merry times. Sometimes their papa told them of things and places he had seen in his travels. How wonderful it was, to think that their own papa, sitting there before them, had seen white bears eating a dead whale, on the shore of Kamtchatka! They were curious about ships and the ocean, and would get their papa to box the compass, and tell them the names of all the sails, and ropes, and

everything about a ship, and the way men made it go.

A short time before Aunt Gitty went away, a gentleman, whose little daughter had once been Harry’s playmate, came to the house on a visit. Harry, wishing to send the little girl something when her father went home, made a picture for her, and wrote under it, “An Elopement: Father and Mother after them.”

The mother, in the picture, is a witch. This is plain, from the hump on her back, the cat which she carries by the back of its neck, and her own dreadful ugliness. The father is not much handsomer than the mother, but he looks well to do; and it is to be hoped that, after a few whacks with the broomstick that will not hit anybody, he will relent, and give the frisky young couple his blessing. Aunt Gitty was so much pleased with this picture, that she asked Harry to give her a copy to show to the little artists at her home: and he did.

Soon after, she was obliged to say “Good-by” to the little boys, and to her dear friend, the boys’ mother and “cunning little darling,” and to all the bantams, and everybody in the house, and the house itself, whose great, stony face (exactly like half a dozen each side of it) had at last seemed to look on her with a friendly air.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT.

JERPHISABAHU, ON THE NILE, Feb. 8.

MY DEAR BOY, — One evening, in Paris, a Chicago merchant said to me, “I would give a thousand dollars, if my boy, now twelve years old, could have been with me all to-day in the grand Exposition.” I am not rich enough to talk of giving away thousands, but I cannot tell you how I sometimes long to have you, my twelve year old, see what I see. You would notice much that I do not observe, and remember much which I shall forget. I will not confess that I am superannuated, but I am too old for boyish impressions, and have no longer a boy’s memory.

This is my twentieth day on a Nile steamer, so that my river voyage has already lasted twice as long as that across the Atlantic. Every day have I thought of writing you, and should have written before now, if I had seen fewer sights, or those easier to describe.

Let me first tell you of our steamer. It is called the *Khassid Khayr*, which signifies, “I

mean to succeed.” It was built in England for the Pasha’s yacht, and served a while for a family boat. You know his wives are more numerous than Brigham Young’s. But, after a while, the sovereign, buying a new boat for his harem, began to let out this for hire; and, a month ago, I joined, with seventeen other Americans, in chartering it for a trip up to the first cataract.

We were strangers to each other, but all wished to see the same curiosities, and so naturally clubbed together.

We are — three men with their wives, two without them, three that have lost them, three that I judge are in search of wives, and four young ladies. Ten of us live west, and eight east. Eleven were born in New England, and two in Europe.

One of the first things you would wonder at here, is the trees. The acacia is something like our locust, but with a smaller leaf, and long white thorns. The sycamore is bullet-headed, and

makes a fine shade. I saw one sycamore in Heliopolis, which tradition holds to be the very one under which the Holy Family rested, on their flight into Egypt. There, possibly, I saw something on which the eyes of the infant Jesus gazed. I have seen many old trees, but none that looks so old as this. Its heart is eaten out by age, but its top is flourishing. Some of my fellow-travellers broke off sprigs, or cut their names in the bark; but I shrunk from doing it any harm.

You would notice the Atteel, as resembling our smoke-tree, and the Sout, which yields gum-arabic: but no tree would you see so often, or admire so much, as the Palm. But for the Palm, I could sometimes fancy the Nile to be the Mississippi. Each is nearer a mile than half a mile wide. Each eats away its banks, and shifts its channel. Each is crooked, and meanders round bluffs. The banks of each abound in cotton and sugar-cane, and the waters of each look dirty, but are good to drink, and liked by everybody. Palm-trees, however, are never out of sight, and show me that I cannot be in America, or in any part of Europe, unless the south of Spain. The stalk, or midrib, of a palm-leaf, is large enough for a cane, or whip-stock. Its blade is braided into mats and baskets. Its trunk is the best timber, and I need not tell you how good its dates are to eat. The truth is, though, that they are better here when fresh, than they can be after crossing the sea. If I had not much to write, I would tell you more about the precious palm. Look in your encyclopedia, and if you do not find at what age the palm begins to bear, — and how the natives climb its trunk, higher than a mast, and as straight, — then I will tell you when I get home.

We sail only by daylight, for fear of shoals. Twilight here is not half so long as in New England; so, directly after sunset, our boat stops beside the steep bank, a sailor throws a stake and beetle on land, jumps ashore, drives the stake in the earth, and moors our vessel. Sometimes we stop where there are no lights visible on shore, but more commonly where we can lay in supplies. Last night I noticed that our steward bought eggs at thirty-three cents a hundred.

You count the sun and moon for pretty old acquaintances; but, somehow, even they look differently in Egypt from what they do elsewhere. The reason is, that it never rains here, or so seldom, that everybody forgets the first shower before he sees a second. So the air is clear and the sky cloudless: hence, the sun and moon shine

brighter. When you grow up, may you see Karnak, as I have, beneath the full moon, and you will not care who sees the Alhambra or the Coliseum by moonlight. The sun is also doubly bright, because the twilight is so short, that he bursts on us as out of darkness. Thinking of these things, I do not wonder that half the Egyptians are suffering with sore eyes, and that men, blind of one eye, meet me at every turn.

We spent fourteen days in steaming from Cairo to Assouan, or (as perhaps your map prints it) Syene. The distance is no more than seven hundred miles; but then we sailed only by day, and up stream, and halted to see many sights.

On our passage we met some steamers, — more pleasure-boats, called *duhabeehs*, — and many more boats of burden. The yard crosses the mast at top, so as to look like a well-sweep. From this the sail hangs down, and, when spread, is shaped like an inverted pyramid. Many boats are loaded with feed, or shorts, piled up in pyramids. Rafts of water-jugs float down stream. One day we saw several hundred boats, all swarming with men, on their way to work on the railroad, which is now in building from Cairo up the Nile. One hundred and sixty miles of this route, namely, to Minieh, is already opened for travel. We thought that we saw as many as ten thousand workmen — in white turbans and butternut wrappers — in the rendezvous at Manfaloot. Each man had a palm-leaf basket; and we elsewhere have seen men scooping up earth in their hands, and thus filling their baskets. No contrivance for saving labor seems thought of.

These laborers are really slaves, though slavery was abolished here in name some years ago. The serfs may run away, if they will: but they have no place to run to. Much escapes my sight; but I still see that the land of Egypt is the house of bondage, as much as in the days of Moses. Yesterday, for instance, we stopped at Esneh for coal. A party of us walked up into the village, and saw a huge temple — more than two thousand years old — which has lately been dug out of the sand. Not only its stones, but the carving, and even paint, remain very perfect. But everybody says that the excavation was all made by men, driven to work with whips, and then paid nothing for their toil. All the other government enterprises are said to be carried on by enforced and unpaid labor. On our way up to the village, we met a troop of boys (some large, and some small), driven by men with whips and sticks. We thought nothing of it, till, on our return, we saw the same striplings bringing coal

on board our vessel, and learned that they had been impressed into service by the sheikh of the town, and must work without wages. Many of them were crying, and were beaten, like the Israelites by Pharaoh's task-masters. Our vessel, as owned by the Pasha, represents him; so that any resistance to its usurpations or oppressions, would be rebellion or treason. It would take several letters to tell you half what I hear about the tyrannies of the Pasha and his underlings.

His wealth is enormous. In Paris, I found him buying, at the Exposition, jeweled birds, and other rarities, which some sovereigns felt too poor to purchase. He has made much from sugar-houses, some of which have met our view every hour of our voyage. Some of these we have visited. Much work is done by steam, yet hundreds of workmen are also employed. As the works are in operation by night, no less than by day, many men off duty were asleep in the shade of walls. A long line of men, women, and children, hurried along by whip-bearing overseers, was bringing the cane from river-boats to the hopper of the crusher. Yet the sugar, for home consumption, is left brown, because Mohammedans count it wrong to use blood, and hence they cannot refine their sugar. Beside several sugar-houses, we saw palaces of the Pasha: and usually each of them must have cost as much as the whole village that stands next to it.

The villages are commonly of unburnt brick. The houses, without chimneys or visible windows, and flat-roofed, look like so many brick-kilns just ready for burning. In some villages, the upper stories are all used for dove-cotes, and bristle on every side with branches of trees, intended for pigeon roosts. Nowhere have I seen so many birds, wild and tame, as on the Nile.

Often we pass a village that has been half washed away by the encroachments of the Nile. Houses, and even mosques, are now and then met with, half washed away, — but left just as dilapidated as the water had made them. We landed to look at Koom Embo, a temple covered with sand almost to the top, but where the stones were as long as four men, and wider than I can reach. Quite a large village of sun-dried brick, close by, was without one inhabitant. The reason was that so much sand had blown on the fields around, that the people could not water them, and so could raise no crops.

We never look toward the banks, without seeing that the Nile is the life of Egypt. Women are at the water's edge, filling jars: men are filling skins of sheep, which they carry off on don-

keys, or camels. Others draw up the water by well-sweeps: others, standing two and two, scoop it up in a basket they swing between them. In other places, a buffalo turns a wheel, which raises, and empties, and fills again, an endless string of water-pots. Then much water is raised by steam, and more turned off in canals.

My letter is getting long, yet I have not begun to describe the many things you would be glad to see. We have had a dozen rides on donkeys. I will tell you of one, at Beni Hassan. Five donkeys were waiting for us when we wanted one, and their drivers besought our custom in a smattering of every known tongue. But we soon found that the whole drove had no saddles or bridles: and, at most, only a bit of blanket on their backs, and a packthread round their necks. We had brought saddles for our seven ladies, but the rest of us must content ourselves with the native equipments. Some of us were soon unhorsed, and the more, because, as soon as a donkey-driver secured a passenger, he drove his animal off at the top of his speed, and none of us knew enough of the native jargon, to say, "Stop," or "Slow." But those who fell off were more scared than hurt; for the donkeys are so small, that, all the while I ride, I can use my cane, just as if I were walking. Yet some of our ladies, whose saddles *turned*, suffered a little.

My first experience in camel riding was at Syene. We landed there, and were to ride six miles into Nubia. A noble white camel was kneeling on the bank, and his owner asked me to mount him. I started so to do: but the animal also started up the same instant. So sudden was his jerk, that I should have had a bad fall, had not two Arabs, knowing my inexperience, been on the watch, and helped me hold on. Thus assisted, I gained the saddle, or frame of rough sticks, and found my bearer as much higher than a horse as a horse is higher than a donkey. As we did not start at once, I ran a new risk, for, all at once, my camel pitched forward, and kneeled, so that he would have thrown me over his head, had I not very quickly seized the horn that rose in front of me, and also a rope-net, which covered the animal's back. I rode this camel all that day, and liked him so well, that I want to cross the desert on one. I like to sit high, as I can see the country better, and am also out of the dust. On a camel, I am also out of the reach of beggars and peddlers, who, for a while, amused me, as I rode on a donkey, but finally became troublesome.

I will give you a trifle of my experiences

among them. When we visited the statue of Memnon, and the ruins round it, my donkey was a very good one, so that I outstripped all our party. As I rode through the fields of tobacco, wheat, cotton, or cane, laborers would run up to me, each with some antique to sell. No matter though I put my donkey on a gallop, they would keep up for a long way. But, when I arrived at the first temple, where I was to dismount, I was surrounded by a dozen boys, girls, and men, each with some curiosity. One held up a mummy's foot, another his hand. One held out a bird, black with pitch, and called out, first, "Two shillings," then, "How much?" and finally, "Sixpence." Another brought a scarabæus, or a stone beetle, with magical characters graven on it: another, an ancient coin. There is no escape from these sellers, except taking what they offer, and throwing it away. Beggars, however, infest one still more than peddlers: and every traveller hence is obliged to carry a stick, and, however good-natured, will sometimes use it too. Only one word is used in begging, and that is *backsheesh*. Ride fast through a hamlet, and you

hear it on every side: from children too young to utter it without a lisp, from those of larger growth, from all who offer you a service you do not need or wish, and from all you speak to.

I am weary, and you will be before you have read all I have written, and I will only add a word on Arab schools. Seldom have I entered one where I was not beset for *backsheesh*, alike by scholars and teacher. The first I entered was in a village. The building was four mud walls, covered by a thatch of canes. The room was so low, that my head touched the ceiling; it was less than ten feet square, had no floor, no window, and no seats. The scholars were eleven, squatting in the sand, and wrote on sheets of tin. The only books I saw were two Korans. The city schools were similar, but had more pupils, and mats on stone floors. In all, I saw a strong cord fastened in a stick as large as an axe helve. In this "ankle-screw" one teacher confined a boy's feet, to show me how they were held when *bastinadoed*. When I write again, you shall hear of temples, tombs, palaces, and pyramids.

T. D. B.

LITTLE FOLK SONGS.

BY ALTA.



I.

SIPPITY sup, sippity sup,
Bread and milk in a china cup,

Bread and milk from a silver spoon,
Made of a piece of the silver moon!
Sippity sup, sippity sup.

Dippity dash, dippity dash,
 Wash his face with a merry splash!
 Polish it well with a towel fine,
 O how his eyes and his cheeks will shine!
 Dippity dash, dippity dash.

Rippity rip, rippity rip,
 Untie his strings with a pull and a slip,
 Down go his petticoats on the ground!

And away he dances around and around!
 Rippity rip, rippity rip.

Trittery trot, trittery trot,
 Off he goes to his pretty cot,
 Where he falls asleep with a little song, —
 Where the angels watch over him all night
 long!
 Trittery trot, trittery trot.



II.

Harum Scarum, Winkum Warum,
 A terrible fellow is Harum Scarum!
 Up the stairs and in at the door,
 Scattering things all over the floor.
 Through the window and out on the leads,
 Shaking the house about our heads.
 Down the chimney in clouds of smoke,
 To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke.
 While the house dame coughs, and chokes, and
 scolds,
 And sneezes her spectacles into the coals.

III.

My kitten is white, with a pretty pink nose.
 She sits by the fire, and counts her toes, —
 Counts her toes, and her claws so fine;
 Puss, puss, here's a mouse, with a long tail of
 twine;
 It is soft and gray, tied up very tight. —
 You may tear it and bite it with all your might.

Hey, kitty! ho, kitty! come and play!
 And don't sit counting your toes all day.

IV.

Pip, pop,
 Hip, hop,
 Tip, top,
 Pop corn!

Out of the pan,
 Into the fire,
 Bursting and bouncing
 Higher and higher.

Out of the fire,
 Over the hearth,
 With burning of fingers,
 Scrambling and mirth.

White as new snow,
Yellow as gold,
You'd better be patient
Till I am cold.

Sprinkle some sugar,
What jolly fun!
My rhyme is ended,
And I am done.



HOW THE CAPTAIN CAME BY A LEGACY.

BY VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

CHAPTER II.

"ARRIVED at the castle, we seemed transported to the times and scenes of Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, sovereign of Bagdad. When we had descended from the coach, and the Dwarf had released his steed to gallop off with a wild neigh to his stable, the great hound sprang out to greet his master, the dog's head on a level with the Dwarf's, and the hall-doors rolled back at the push of our quondam footman, now transformed, by his master's presence, into the most quiet, humble, and respectful of pages. I wished Peggy might behold the change. Within, everything was luxurious. A wide, rich hall, with carved wood pillars, splendid pictures, bronze figures, tropical flowers, and a floor of red and blue wrought tiles. We felt the sensation of awe, of enchantment, as if the fragrant perfumes might turn to wreathed smoke; pillars, walls, and pictures, melt away; and the Dwarf and the hound change to herons, and fly off above us, — we to be left standing on a desert, or sea-shore. But no: there stood our host, gallantly holding the hand of her whom he called his beautiful little fairy, and bidding us most pleasantly to make

ourselves happy and at home. 'It is my home for a few years, but yours, Fairy Lydia, and your brothers', whilst you will stay here; do what you please, exactly as you fancy, and let me be a child too. We must have some fine times: why, you have lighted the hall up as I never saw it before. Ah! youth, youth, youth, how glorious thou art! Now remember, *here* I am no Monsieur d'Auvergne: but let's say, "Al Surrenne." And your names, what are they? Philip — and Lydia — and Donald. May this wish be a command, Fairy Lydia?' And sister, with the tact, and a pretty, modest conformity to circumstances, which she possessed even when a child, — now, don't say 'Nonsense,' sister, because you will not deny, at any rate, that you immediately answered, with possession, 'It is a pleasure, *Al Surrenne*.' — 'Charming,' exclaimed the Dwarf, much pleased, 'and now push into every room and corner, — do whatever you please with whatever you find, whilst I change my dress. Come, Cartouche. Au revoir, young friends,' and he ran up-stairs like a boy, Cartouche beside him.

"It was about noon then, and our host did not

appear again until two. We wandered about the many rooms, entirely interested and absorbed in all we saw: but not a soul did we meet, not a voice did we hear. There was a library, — what a delightful room, — the book-cases, carved in hundreds of quaint devices, reached only about five feet high, filled with big books and little books, books in elegant bindings, and books without any binding at all. Above these book-shelves, around the entire top length of which there was carved a great boa-constrictor, were very many pictures, engravings, and paintings, but all of strange, quaint subjects. Over the fire-place was a painting of a noble-looking gentleman in a colonel's uniform of the Revolution. The likeness

of the face to the Dwarf's, told us it must be his father. In a walnut rack, which filled an alcove by the window, were guns, rifles, shot and powder-horns, hunting-knives, and game-bags. There was a handsome table littered with books and papers; easy-chairs, and a lounge covered with some wonderfully soft and warm-colored texture; and on the floor of polished chestnut were spread furs of the greatest beauty, — of arctic bear, black fox, Bengal tiger, and others. There were bits, and pistols, and pipes on the mantel.

"Then there was a parlor, with a carpet like deep grass in softness, of a pink-white and pale-blue pattern, elegant enough for a queen; with chandeliers that hung heavy with solid richness



of gilt workmanship; with such deep, embracing chairs and couches, so warm and soft, that it seemed as if to sink into one would have drowned you in dreams of magnificent ease; with exquisitely cut marble mantels; with statuettes, and easled paintings of lovely children, and enchanting landscapes; with low, wide windows, that opened on a conservatory of the rarest and sweetest flowers and ferns, and that looked down on a wild bit of the Black River, contrasting with a sunny spread of grain fields beyond. And yet the room seemed haunted by loneliness, — as if no one had ever talked or laughed there: as if the flowers shrunk at our gay voices: as if

the woof of the carpet begged us, in friendliness, 'Pray, dance on me, young feet;' and the inviting chairs, 'Do let us hold you a while.' But we did not. Sister could not even put her face to the flowers, — could you? and as we hastened from the elegant parlor, an unheard voice seemed calling us to return, and the cold rustle of unseen silks and satins seemed to brush by us, as if they clothed spirits who would press near us for fellowship, even to the doors.

"We never entered that parlor again, in any of our after visits to the castle; and then, when we had left the room, we stood looking in at its magnificence, as one might watch some splendid

theatre scene, in ready expectance for the entrance of its dramatic characters. And as we, stilled by its strange influence, peered through one of the great open doors into the surpassing richness and loneliness of the apartment, a deep sigh came from its furthest interior. At the mysterious sound, our hearts halted for a moment: until we saw, stepping down from a curtained passage opposite our position, the Dwarf; and as he walked across to us (stepping, as a child might in a gloomy avenue, and glancing once at least over a shoulder), he said, 'Ah! my young guests, a dreary place, somehow, with all its finery.' How fanciful, almost grotesque, was his appearance now in another dress, of tight buff breeches and buckskin shoes, a cut-away blue silk coat, a buff vest, and lace ruffles on breast and wrists. I wondered then if I was not in a dream, to see that miniature court-dressed figure gliding through that enchanted parlor. But no: he came and stood with us, saying, 'I have no mother, nor wife, nor sister; yet it seems to me as if those who might have been mother, wife, and sister, were often in this room. I can't see them though, — can you?' He asked the last words suddenly and strangely, looking at us as if he would search in our faces for the reflections of those he spoke of. In a moment his manner changed, as we turned from the parlor door. 'Fairy Lydia,' he said, 'do folk of your kind ever feel hungry? those of my sort do. I won't ask Philip and Donald, for we know very well that boys never have an appetite. Cartouche, isn't dinner ready yet?' Cartouche sat in the middle of the hall, with his head on one side, eyeing his master inquisitively; but, at this question, he gave one of those *dolce niente* throat notes, with which some dogs almost *speak* delight or understanding, and trotted off to push open a back hall-door, and disappear.

"In a few minutes afterward, as we four marched up and down the hall in high fun, we children as much at ease with the Dwarf as if he was of our own age and sort, so great were his social powers, and so boyish and exuberant his spirits and manners at times, Cartouche trotted back again, followed by a stylish-looking servant, — a mulatto, — who bowed, and said, 'Master, dinner is served,' and then, crossing the hall, threw open the doors of the dining-room for us to enter. Another beautiful room, which I shall not describe further than to say that everything of furniture, plate, and silver, was very rich and rare: that from one of two marble pillars there sprung a jet of water, which, falling into a shell of stone,

made a constant pleasant sound: and that from the other pillar there hung an open cage, in which was a large parrot, gaudily plumaged. The bird rustled delightedly as we entered, and called out, 'Oho, Marquis! oho, Marquis!' and then, after a quavering sort of laugh, or chuckle, — 'Welcome to you — welcome to you.' — 'There, that will do, Cammanno, handsome fellow,' said Al Surene, as we took our seats according to the polite indications of the mulatto man, — Lydia and Donald on one side, Lydia next on the right to our Dwarf host, and I on the opposite side of the table. Immediately at his master's left side, sat the great Cartouche, his head high above the table level. That dog's eyes expressed always, in the highest degree, unfaltering devotion, and counteracted, in their brave gentleness, the savage look of his mouth, where two tusks raised the lip, and showed their whiteness. The heavy hound-ears were fine and glossy, and his broad forehead looked as thoughtful as a man's. At the table-end, opposite the master's, was an unoccupied broad high chair, the seat only a few inches below the table level, wide enough for two persons, and the chair-back elaborately carved with rats and mice, hastily scampering over the top, and around the sides. The strange sights of that dining-room, — its elegance, the Dwarf's unusual dress, the tropical parrot, the warden hound, and (perhaps as much as anything else) the odd, unoccupied chair, — filled us children with the greatest wonder. I think we would have sat speechless, and without eating, through the soup course, had not the good breeding of home, and the funny sayings of the Dwarf, diverted our attention somewhat from the objects of our surprise and curiosity. When the soup was removed, and as the servant entered with fish, Cammanno shrieked out, 'Come, Tabbies, come. Aha, aha!' and as the satirical laugh finished his call, a little swing-door in the wall, which we had not noticed before, was lifted by the back of a cat, and thus, in succession, seven cats jumped on to the floor, and made their soft, gentle way across to the big chair, on which they leaped, and seated themselves in a row. Such a sight was altogether too funny. Sister laughed out in the most uncontrolled delight, and Donald and I shouted, whilst Al Surene leaned back in his chair, laughing more heartily than any of us, at our amusement and surprise. But although the cats had never, probably, been laughed at before, they evinced no discomposure. Two yawned: the others looked straight at the fish, and licked their lips. The largest was all

yellow, with only about an inch of tail; two were the curly, white, long-wooled cats of Japan; one was gaunt and jet-black, with bright green eyes; two were handsome Maltese; and one, a shy, frisky little gray and fawn fellow, was a kitten with cropped ears, but abundance of tail. They ate without greediness, of fish, from a long china dish which the servant placed before them. When we had finished, and they had neatly licked their dish, the waiter prepared to remove the course, at which point Cammano slapped his wings with zest, and screeched in louder tone than ever, — ‘T’s’cat, t’s’cat, t’s’cat!’ The cats, at the cry, made their exit with rapidity, going each through the spring-door, like the harlequin in a pantomime. The dinner was excellent; the dishes more varied and delicious than we had ever tasted before; the servant unofficially attentive; Cartouche watching and listening sagely; the parrot expressing odd sentiments continually, whilst our host treated sister as if she was really a fairy queen, and conversed with us all as if he were a boy, though at times falling for a moment into an absorbed, gloomy manner, when he would speak to himself or Cartouche in a way we did not understand. At those few short intervals, Cartouche looked up at his master with an anxious expression, and Cammano uttered hoarse, uneasy croaks.

“Our host gave us claret to drink, telling us that, next to milk, that was the best drink for young people; but we did not like it. The Dwarf himself emptied a bottle of champagne.

“When dinner was finished, the Dwarf took sister’s hand, and led us into the hall, and through it to a door we had not opened in our morning’s explorations. It gave us admission to a long, uncarpeted, unfurnished room, that was simply arched overhead. Two long, narrow windows, on one side, admitted the light, and their embrasures supplied the only seats, but one, in the room. That one was a high, stiff chair, that stood before an immense organ, which entirely filled up one end of this music-hall. ‘I’ll play for you,’ said the Dwarf, and, dropping sister’s hand, he climbed up on the organ seat. All the musicians, whose playing I have heard described, run their fingers carelessly through their hair, and then make wonderful movements up and down the notes. The Dwarf did nothing of the kind, but struck immediately into the most brilliant Spanish dance, — a movement sometimes indolent, and sometimes fiery, and so full of invitation and delight, that it was impossible, whilst it sounded, to restrain either the muscles of the

limbs or of the face. When the player turned his head and discovered our sympathy, he changed his music to a martial march, — zounds, how grand it was! Had we had but one band in Mexico to play like that, we would have walked right over the Mexican varlets in six weeks. As it ceased, like a grand halt of ten thousand soldiers, Donald and I shouted. ‘Hurrah!’ answered Al Sureenne, tossing up his right hand, as if it held a drum-major’s baton. A half-minute’s silence, and then he played the air of a song we used to call ‘Mother’s Words,’ — a tune so touching that I would rather not hear it now, — and as the Dwarf played it, we children were entirely overcome. Ha, ha! how sister sobbed. Hearing which, the musician stopped with a break, struck a few loud, bright notes, and jumped from his high chair, and Cartouche in the hall outside — you know, perhaps, how some dogs dread music — uttered a wail that made us shiver. ‘How that hound fears this organ,’ said the Dwarf, ‘and there is more in the instrument than I ever mean to wake up. It seems as if I were torturing a life. If I kept at it long (do you know, children), I believe it would come out of the pipes and strangle me.’

“I’ll tell you what I thought: it was, that he would go mad if he played much on that organ: why, then his face looked dark and wild as a maniac’s. Strange, strange being! so gentle, so fierce: like a joyous child one moment, like a stern man the next: impressing one with a sense of power and mystery, though so small in body, and ludicrous in his vanity. Do you know I almost believe the Rich Dwarf was — an — elf. As I recall now his home, his modes of life, his humors, his *appearances* (not appearance, for his face and manner were constantly changing), his strange wanderings in speech, his prophecies, his intimacy with birds and beasts, and — his fate, — I am puzzled by its mystery. However, I did not mean to leave my story, if it is one; but something in the way that fire burns, — I can’t explain it to you exactly, — that thin flame there creeping under the log, and leaving it to flash up the chimney-back in the soot, and then join itself again to what it left, and break into a blaze and crackling for a moment — sometimes with a hiss, sometimes with a roar — Why, I feel — zounds! I do — as if the Dwarf was in some way hearing me now; as if that same flame was a part of him, — a part of his *spirit!*”

As my Uncle Captain said that, I remember the blaze died out like the turning down of a lamp, and we sat for a second or two in a dark-

ness complete, save for the ashes' glow; then — sph-i-i-ze! — there escaped a gentle, long-drawn whistle from the hickory, a puff of smoke curled up the chimney, and the fire was warmly blazing again; so my Uncle Captain, laughing in a half-bewildered manner, knocked the empty pipe-bowl on the chair between his legs, and continued: —

"Well, when we went into the hall again, we saw the coach at the door. 'Yes,' said sister, 'we should have been at home an hour ago; we must hurry.' Our host spoke not a word, — did not seem to hear her, or see us. He looked like one in a dream. He stood rubbing one of Cartouche's ears, and whistling slowly to himself. We were soon ready, and went up to our host to say 'Good-by,' and thank him for our pleasant day. He took sister's hand, and eyed us inquiringly and sadly, but said nothing. When we made a motion to go, he attended us, still holding sister's hand. When he had helped sister in, and we boys had sprung after her, he turned, as if to leave us, but in a second turned again, climbed into the carriage, and asked, just as a child might, 'Will you kiss me, Fairy Lydia?' and, boys, your mother kissed him. He jumped out, smiling happily, wished us 'Good-by,' with a wave of his shako; and black Belzar, with the impish footman beside him, drove off with a dash.

"When we reached home, it was dark. Our father had arrived whilst we were away, — his first return to us, after a separation of seven months. We had the story of our wonderful visit to tell, which greatly interested father and mother; and their counsel, after all our reports were heard, was that we should not speak of the particulars of our adventure, outside of our family, or before the servants, as what we might tell would surely be exaggerated and misunderstood.

"Five months passed without our seeing the Rich Dwarf. In that time, he was only seen in Altonborough twice, as he drove through the village in his coach; but, almost every week, the monkey of a footman scampered up to our door, on horseback, to leave a beautiful bouquet for sister, from the Dwarf: or, as the card attached to it, read, 'For Fairy Lydia, from Al Surene; M. Surene d'Auvergne presents his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Mardroff.'

"About the middle of September of that year, the Dwarf's coach drew up again at our gate. This time the black page presented with the bouquet a letter addressed to our parents; and the bearer (who always treated our Peggy with comical respect, since the sudden lesson she had

taught him at his first appearance) informed Peggy, with many enormous words, that he would 'dewait un arnsur,' which he did by performing a mitigated double-shuffle, with accompaniment of a subdued whistle, on the porch. That mild expression of exuberant spirits was checked, however, by the long lash of the grave coachman.

"The note from the Rich Dwarf was an earnest request that our parents would allow Donald and myself to make him a visit of several weeks. He expressed the pleasure he had enjoyed when we were with him before, adding, that notwithstanding the difference of age, he esteemed us as excellent companions. He also regretted that the absence of any lady in his household deprived him of the happiness of asking our sister to increase the favor he was requesting of our parents. And closed by promising to keep us constantly under his best care.

"He was to send for us the next day, if our parents' reply was an assent.

"We had no regular studies that autumn; and as the pleasure of the visit was so great to us, and our host evidently a gentleman, father and mother wrote a reply of acceptance, with expressions of their sense of the compliment. When the coach came the next day, the black boy brought an enormous basket of hot-house flowers for our mother, and a magnificent musical-box for *your* mother. That is it in the parlor now — is it not, Lydia?

"That night we slept in the Dwarf's castle, — Donald and I, — in a fine room near our host's, which he showed us on our way up to bed. It was not in the main house, nor was it really a room; but by a door that opened from the hall, next to our door, you went into a roof-covered apartment without walls, the roof extending, like that of a Swiss cottage, far beyond the lines of the room, and supported by columns and arches of stone, so that the Dwarf's bed-chamber was really an out-of-doors affair, only protected from rain. From the open spaces you looked down into a rocky chasm, on the bluff of which stood the side, or back, of the castle. Sturdy, twisted rock-cedars found crevices for their roots, here and there, on the side of the chasm, at the bottom of which there brawled a narrow, deep brook. The sun rose opposite the Dwarf's bed, and, looking east, one had (through one of the wall-openings, as in a frame) a wild, picturesque landscape of forest and hills. A swinging lantern hung from a beam above, nearly to the iron bed-head; beside which, suspended by a hook in

a column, was a fencing foil without a button, and sharpened to a needle point. A thick fur was laid at the bed-side, and another covered the narrow bed. Over the bed, on the unopen side of the room (that against the main house), was a lovely painting of the Dwarf's mother. In the middle of the chamber there was another fur, — Cartouche's bed. Of other furniture there were only two pieces, — an iron box, and an old-fashioned chair. Our host watched us with amusement, as we expressed in words (and by looks too, I suppose) our astonishment at such a sleeping-room.

"All my family sleep here, you see, boys; the birds come in to see us in the morning; so does the sun, so do pleasant breezes and perfumes. Sometimes furious storms, that make the pines sing gloriously, fly through my chamber. I like them to shout close to me, and to hear all the stories — some wild, some sad, some happy — that the rains tell on the roof. Owls hoot and laugh close by; one moonlight night, a great gray fellow raised an impudent t'whoot right on the foot of my bed, but Cartouche got some of his feathers. My mother watches over me here, as if I were in the nursery, and that brook below always puts me to sleep."

"But what is that foil for?" I asked.

"O, that is my night weapon, — the best instrument in the dark."

"And the lantern?" said Donald.

"Sometimes I like to read during the night, and the wind can't blow out that."

"He took his night-lamp to one of the archways, and bade us look down into the chasm. Cartouche laid his head on his master's shoulder,

and looked too; but we could see only rents of blackness, and a shivering of the light's rays on clumps of foliage. There was a rustle of wings, — bats or owls, — a startled bird's cry, and the louder sound of the stony brook.

"And then the Dwarf told us to be off to bed, that it was nearly nine o'clock; we sat up much later than that at home, but never again as late, on our visit to the castle, where bed hour was generally soon after dark, and the breakfast-time when the sun was half an hour high.

"Philip and Donald," said Al Surene, as he bade us good-night, "you have forgotten, now that we are together again — it is too bad that the dear little Fairy Lydia can't be with us! — you have forgotten my request, when you were here before, to call me always "Al Surene;" but be sure to remember it after to-night. Good-night! Mezzotinto" (that was the name of the impish black boy) "is your page, servant, slave, follower, and sworn attendant whilst you are here; keep him busy, and be sharp with him. He shall sleep on a cot, just outside your door. Let me know if he disobeys you, or sulks, and I'll have Cartouche shake him; but he is a good little crow, is Mezzo, with all his deviltry, and I know he will be true as steel to you, boys; so, good-night again, and no dreams. Cartouche, see the young gentlemen to their room, and look whether Mezzotinto is on hand."

"And so Cartouche did, looking snuffingly at the black boy, who was rolled up on the cot, like a cub in a cave, and then trotting back to his master, who waited, with the hall-door open, for his sentinel's return.

(To be continued.)

IT IS ; IT IS NOT, AND IT IS.

BY DR. C. C. ABBOTT.

"WHAT have you got there?" asked Louis Massey of a little boy, one morning, as he met him carrying a large basket, evidently very heavy with something. "Let me see!" and Louis made an attempt to lift the lid of the basket.

"It's old iron, that's all," replied the little fellow, moving away from Louis, to prevent his seeing in the basket.

"Well, why can't you let me see it?" asked Louis, with an impatient look; "and where are you going to take it?"

"Here it is, then," replied the boy, at the same time lifting the cover. "I'm going to take it to the blacksmith."

Louis looked in the basket, and saw there four stove feet, a stove-lid, and a half dozen other pieces of cast-iron, from various kitchen articles. "Well, you won't do much with them at the blacksmith's; you ought to take them to the foundry."

"They only give half a cent a pound, to the foundry; and Jem Phillips sold his horse-shoes

and a big gate-hinge, for a cent and a half," replied the boy, earnestly.

"Yes, but these are cast-iron, and Jem Phillips's were wrought-iron."

"What if they are 'cast' iron?" asked the boy, with a sneer. "Iron's iron, I guess, and all your book-learnin' ain't goin' to prove it anything else, I reckon." Saying this, the little fellow moved on, very indignant at being supposed to be on a goose chase.

"Well," said Louis to him, as he walked away, "you'll be laughed at when you get to the blacksmith's, or I will give you three cents per pound for your basketful."

"Guess you'll be sorry for saying that, 'fore long, for I'll hold you to what you offer, or show you up to the fellers, if you go back on what you say."

"I'm not afraid."

"Me neither."

The confident young iron-merchant trudged on to the blacksmith, and deposited his basket on the anvil-block for inspection, with an air of great importance.

"Buy any iron this morning?" he asked, in a dignified tone, which the smith noticed.

"No, sir," replied the blacksmith, with equal dignity, and great firmness, as he glanced at the contents of the basket.

The little fellow's confidence and haughtiness left him very suddenly alone in his glory; and in a very low and meek tone of voice, he asked,—"What is the matter with it? or don't you buy iron any more?"

"Yes," replied the blacksmith, a good deal amused at the crestfallen youngster, "I buy a good deal, and will take all you bring that's good; but this" (pointing to the basket's contents) "isn't worth the room it would take up, to me. They'll give you half a cent a pound for it, at the foundry, I guess."

With a feeling of greater respect for Louis Massey's book-learning, as he had called it, he lifted up his basket, and, going to the foundry, disposed of the ten pounds of cast-iron for five cents; and, jingling his pennies in his pocket, he walked home, meditating on the apparent use of knowing a good deal more than he then did, and resolved to learn about "cast" and "wrought" iron, and everything else he could, for he did not like to be made to feel so flat.

The iron odds and ends that so generally are to be picked up about rubbish heaps, and the more useful hinges and gate-latches, that are so

tempting to penny-anxious urchins, are of two kinds of metal, or rather, are the same metal under two different conditions, which are known as cast and wrought iron. Every boy that has had any experience in disposing of this metal, knows that the buyer recognizes this difference invariably, and, for the latter conditioned iron, gives thrice the amount paid for the former.

If we take up a piece of cast-iron, we can see at a glance that its peculiarity is brittleness, and the freshly broken edge presents a crystalline appearance, being a congregation of flat, very bright bodies, like square pin-heads.

If, on the other hand, we take up a piece of "wrought" iron, we will find it a difficult matter to break,—that its peculiarity is toughness; and the broken edge, when you succeed in getting a piece in two, is fibrous, and not unlike a stick of molasses candy, pulled apart.

This tough, fibrous, or "wrought" scrap, is eagerly bought up by "rag-men," and others, and by them transferred to "dealers," and by them is sorted over, and the large and small pieces placed in separate lots. The large are made up into small square bundles, at the rolling-mill, and heated in a furnace, and then welded by being passed through "rolls," and thus made into flat or square bars, known as "merchant iron;" but the fine scrap, which comes to the mill generally in hogsheads, is very differently treated, and is made (after curious manipulations) into beautiful wire,—either coarse, for telegraphs, or like a thread, for the artificial-flower makers.

We have followed this scrap iron now to the mill, where it is to be utilized; and we shall now witness a beautiful adaptation of chemistry, that a very practical result may be obtained. This "scrap," as we have seen, is "wrought," and not "cast" iron. Now, wrought iron will not melt at any practical degree of heat; and to make this multitudinous mass of metal scraps available for any useful purpose, it must be melted, and got into a shape and condition that will permit its being rolled into bars. To squeeze up the cold bits into a lump, would not increase their value. It would still be *old* iron, and we desire to have *new*. A difficulty here arises in one's mind. How are we to melt what cannot be melted? It must be done, however, and is being done, within hearing of the author, as he writes. This is the manner of proceeding:—

Into a fire-brick lined furnace, called a "Sink-ing-fire," is placed a quantity of small scraps of wrought iron, and a goodly supply of charcoal. The coal and iron are intimately mixed. At one

side of the furnace is a conically-shaped cylinder, with a small aperture, so placed as to discharge whatever passes through it into the centre of the mass, filling the furnace. This conical tube is known as a "tuyère," and from it issues a tremendous current of cold air, propelled into and through it by a blower, worked by steam, and erected for this purpose only. In front of the furnace is a small round hole, some distance from the bottom of the furnace. Its use will appear in a few moments. Having ignited the charcoal, of course, with such a draught, it is consumed very rapidly; the heat becomes intense, and the iron is soon at a white heat, and then sinks down into a compact mass. More iron and more charcoal are continually added. The whole mass is continually stirred up by the "sinker," as the man working the fire is called. Ever and anon, from the hole in front, issues a stream of fiery liquid, that soon cools, and is carried off in flat cakes, of grotesque shapes. Unceasingly the blower sends its regular whiffs of wind into the fiery mass. The wrought iron *that cannot be melted*, has been melted; and still is "*wrought iron*."

It has appeared, now, that the iron has been acted upon, and that the heat, charcoal, and air, have jointly produced the result. Let us now analyze the process, after a fashion, and see how iron, that could not be melted, was melted; and how iron, being in contact with the required carbon, under favorable circumstances, failed to prove carbonized iron.

The charcoal, or carbon, we have seen, was burned in such a manner, as to have at the time the iron in contact with it, and at a white heat. Now the heat alone would have failed to fuse the metal, but the charcoal was decomposed when the metal was sensitive; and the carbon, altered from the condition of charcoal, meeting the sensitive iron, carbonized it instantaneously; and of course, as this happens at a temperature that melts carbonized or cast-iron, the iron becomes fluid as it becomes "cast," and sinks to the bottom of the furnace. If the process were now to stop, the iron would not be "wrought iron;" and to obviate this, the current of air, issuing from the tuyère, or tweer, comes in play; and offering more oxygen than the charcoal needs, it seeks the carbon of the melted iron, and bearing it away, leaves the molten mass in its decarbonized or wrought state, which is what was desired. Furthermore, every trace of the many scraps of which the mass was composed, when placed in the furnace, has been obliterated. A white-hot lump, in shape and size like a peach-basket, it is

wheeled to a steam hammer, and pounded into smaller compass and more wieldy outline, and has pressed from it the remainder of its impurities, that escaped the hole provided for them in the furnace from which the great mass issued, as the fantastically outlined cinders, of which we have already made mention.

Every impurity is much less heavy than the metal, and, of course, when they and it are together in a liquid state, the former float upon the surface of the latter; and it is for this reason that the opening for their exit is placed above the bottom of the furnace; it being necessary to drain them off as much as possible, and in such a manner as not to disturb the iron beneath.

By the time these masses are sufficiently hammered and shaped for further use, they are too cold to go immediately to the "rolls," but are again heated to a white heat; and then, being passed to and fro through the ponderous machinery, known as "rolls," they are gradually elongated, and made ready for the market, as "blooms."

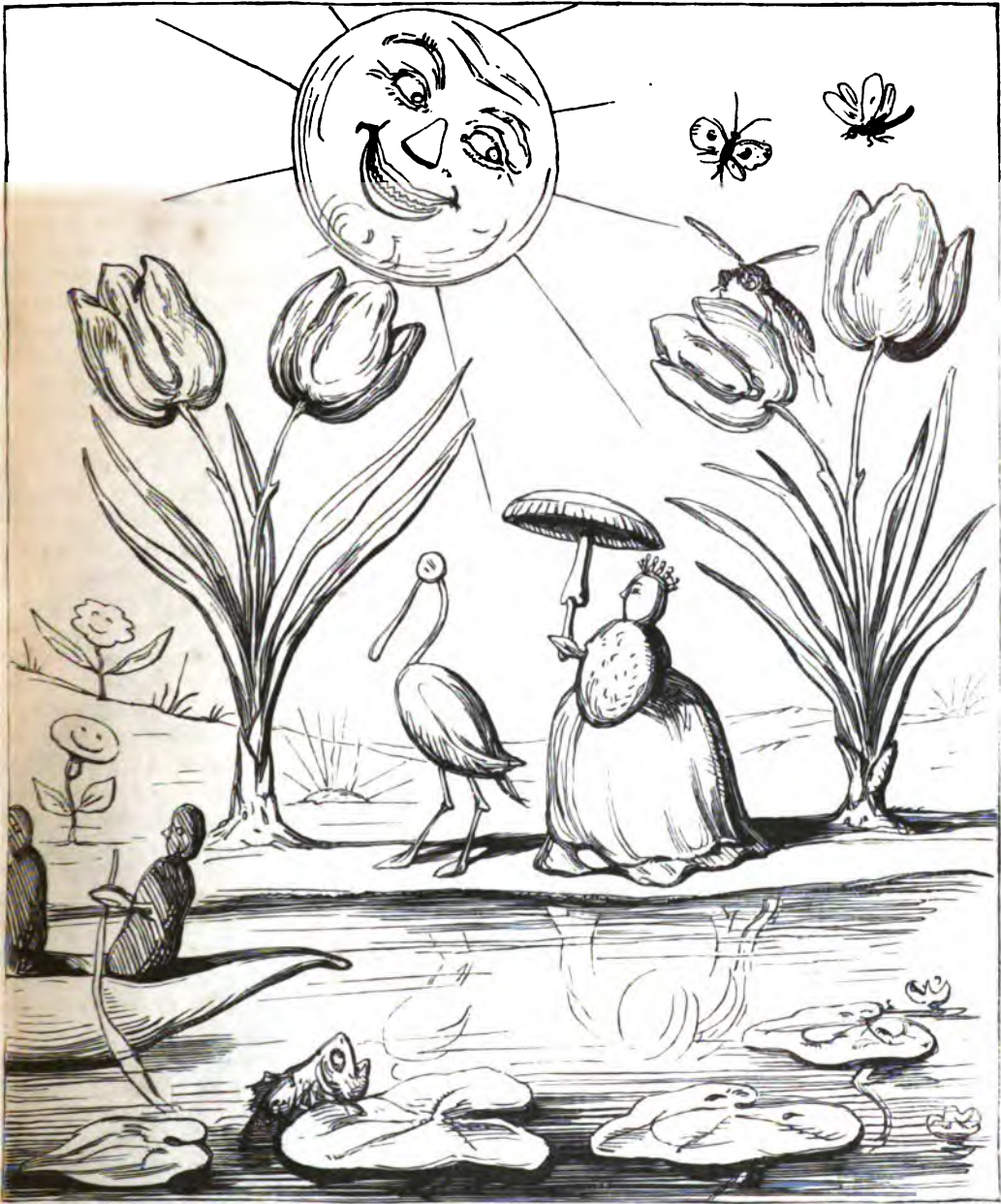
If not disposed of as "blooms," they are cut into short pieces, are again heated, and from square rods of five feet in length, they are rolled into round ones of thirty. These again are cut, are often again heated, re-rolled, and afterwards are drawn cold through stationary plates, until the ungainly mass, as drawn from the "sinking-fire," has become a beautiful thread of iron, as fine as the hair of one's head.

The various half-pounds or more of iron scraps, ferreted out by little boys, eager for a Saturday penny, from garret and cellar, back yard and open lot, have been gathered up by the wandering "rag-man," by him transferred to the mill-proprietor, and by him it has been again sent into the world, an article of use.

A scrap of iron, as a broken boiler, or a worn out colander (long since discarded by the cook), may return, after many days, as the wire frame of that same cook's new bonnet.

The metal of the discarded crinoline, picked from the gutter, may pass from hand to hand, from "scrap-man" to mill-owner; and from him to the chemist, who will bottle it, to be dispensed by the apothecary, perhaps to be used to give vigor to some delicate miss. The idea of a young lady taking twenty drops of old crinoline thrice daily, to restore her appetite, or bring a brighter color to her cheeks!

Well! it has been done, and will be, as long as there is any charcoal to be had, wherewith to utilize old scrap iron.



THE TRULY RURAL ROMAUNT OF THE SLEEPY PRINCESS.

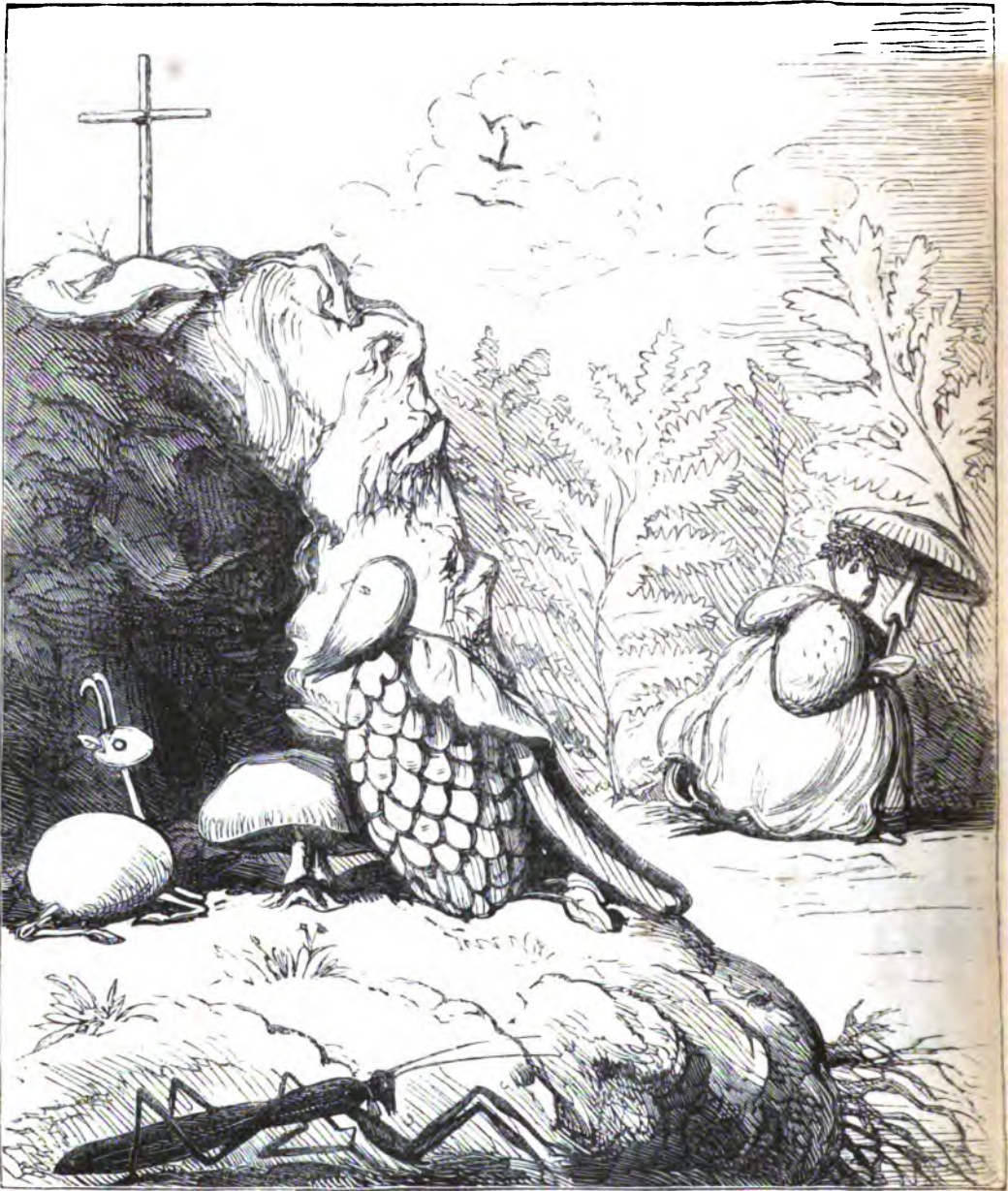
(Continued.)

VII.

SLEEPING, a dream her noddle fills,
 And Poppy suffers fancied ills ;
 Thus, skimming o'er the liquid plain,
 She dreams, and wakes, and dreams again ;
 At length the boat nears Tulip Isle,
 Where Poppy lands, and walks awhile.

VIII.

Somnolent still, she treads the sod,
 While gorgeous tulips o'er her nod ;
 A stately Stork attends the maid,
 A mushroom yields refreshing shade.
 But, ah ! e'en roses bloom 'mid thorns, —
 Close by, a double danger yawns.



IX.

On Tulip Isle, within a cell,
 A holy Hermit loves to dwell ;
 Of uncouth form, and visage weird,
 Deep sunken eyes, and grisly beard,
 Bald pate, rough hide, and shaggy coat,
 His only mate an ancient goat.

X.

These on a sudden, unprepared,
 The Princess sees, and straight is scared ;
 She flies, — she plunges in the brake,
 Quite ignorant what path to take ;
 And as the lesser peril shuns,
 Into a greater danger runs.



XI.

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XII.

Nor threats alone. With lengthened strides
 The Beast from out his covert glides,
 Rushes toward the reedy bank,
 On which poor Poppy swooning sank,
 Seizes the maid, half dead with fear,
 And bears her to his blood-stained lair.

(continued.)

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE.

BY C. E. TREAT.

If the statements contained in the January number have been thoroughly studied, and the circles described carefully practiced, it will be safe to promise an easy victory over the most difficult and perplexing combinations. The exercises, which will be given in this and subsequent numbers, are of two kinds, — simple and compound. Simple exercises contain only one of the three "circles;" compound exercises contain two, and even three. Although it would be a natural order to describe the simple exercises first, and the compound exercises afterward; yet that would not be the best order, because it would not afford

the circle may not vary in the least from that in which it began.

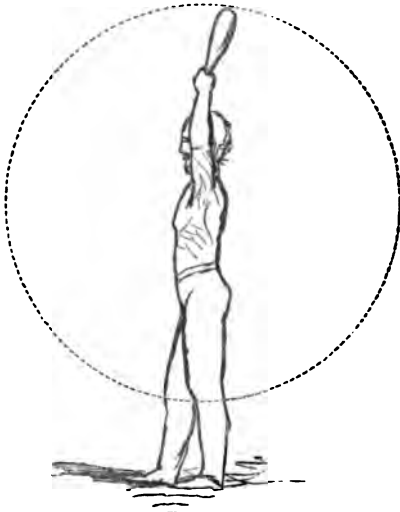


Fig. 1. Arm Circle.

so much variety as the interchange of kind. Therefore I shall introduce the aspiring young clubman to both simple and compound exercises at once, hoping thus to engage and retain his interest more firmly.

This article will be devoted to some exercises in which the "arm circle" is the only movement, and to some in which the "arm circle" is used alternately with the "wrist circle."

EXERCISE 1. — Stand as in figure 1, with the right arm raised straight up from the shoulder. Without bending elbow or wrist, swing the club forward, downward, backward, and up to the position. Do this a few times (say six) in succession, allowing the shoulder to yield to the backward swing of the club, so that the direction of

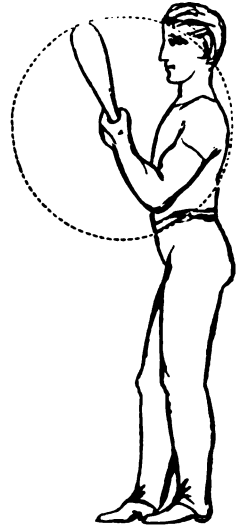


Fig. 2. Wrist Circle.

EXERCISE 2. — Do the same with the left arm.

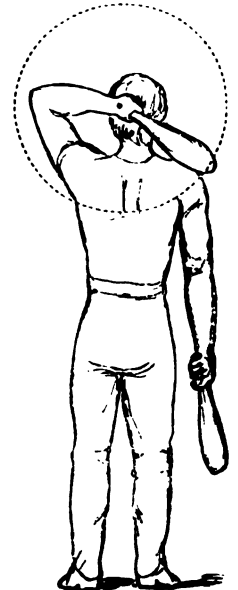


Fig. 3. Head Circle.

EXERCISE 3. — Stand as in figure 1, with the right arm raised, and the left arm hanging by the

side. Swing the club in the right hand forward and downward, as before, and at the same time swing the club in the left hand backward and upward. Continue this for half a dozen times, keeping the clubs just half a circle apart, and

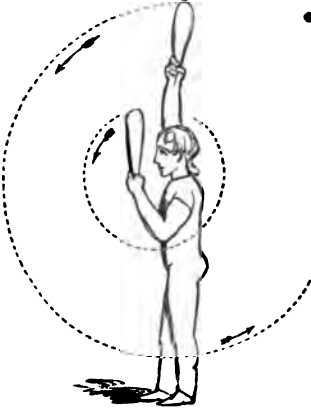


Fig. 4. Arm and Wrist Circle.

allowing each shoulder to yield freely in turn to the backward movement of each club.

EXERCISE 4. — Raise both arms, in figure 1. Swing both clubs together through the forward "arm circle" described above, taking care at first to carry them rather gently through the backward, up-

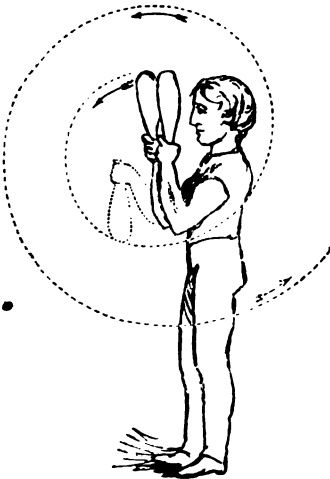


Fig. 5. Alternate Arm and Wrist Circle.

ward movement, lest you twist your arm off, or think you do, from the pain that follows.

EXERCISE 5. — Stand as in figure 1. Swing the right arm forward, as it is in Exercise 1. As it rises behind, instead of carrying it to the full

height, bend the elbow, and bring it to the position marked by the bent arm of figure 4. Without stopping the movement, describe a "wrist circle," allowing the wrist, and elbow, and shoulder joints to bend freely; then throw the club upward and forward, into the "arm circle" again.

EXERCISE 6. — Do the same with the left arm, half a dozen times each.

EXERCISE 7. — Stand with one hand (the right) raised, as in the first position, figure 4, and with the left hand in the second position of figure 4, or the position for the "wrist circle," figure 2. Start both hands together: the right hand to swing at full length, the left hand to swing through the "wrist circle." As each hand

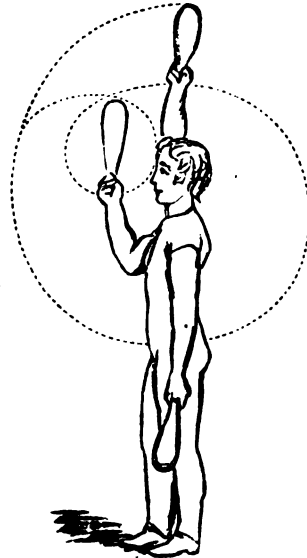


Fig. 6. Wind-mill in front.

finishes its circle, let the right hand change (as in figure 4) to the "wrist circle," and let the left hand swing up and forward through the "arm circle." Great care must be taken to keep the time exactly the same for both circles, which will not at first be easy, as one circle is much shorter than the other. Do this half a dozen times, changing alternately from "wrist" to "arm circle," and back again to "wrist circle."

EXERCISE 8. — Stand with both hands raised, as in figure 1, swing both hands forward together at full length. As they rise behind, bend both at the elbow, and change to the "wrist circle." Change again from that to the "arm circle," and this alternate movement half a dozen times.

Take care, as in Exercise 4, not to raise the arms behind with too much vigor at first. You will find the shoulder joint rather unyielding, but it will become flexible in time.

EXERCISE 9. — As a closing exercise for this series, which, you will notice, is made up of the "forward arm circle," and the "forward wrist circle," I will give one executed in peculiar time. Stand with both hands in the position of the "wrist circle." Let the right hand swing forward and downward, as in making the "wrist circle." When the right hand has passed through half the "wrist circle," and is pointing toward the floor, start the left hand. As the

right hand rises, swing it upward and forward into the "arm circle," and follow with the left hand still half a circle behind. Continue half a dozen times. This exercise may be begun with both arms raised at full length. Then the right hand will begin the "arm circle," and pass into the wrist circle, the left hand following as before at a distance of half the "arm circle." I have called this the "wind-mill," because the movement is like that of the great arms of the mill, which chase each other round and round, as your arms do in this exercise. There is another wind-mill made toward the side, the movement of which you can easily form after this.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

VIGNETTE FOR FEBRUARY.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"We will also have a good time for once," said the Days of the Week; "we will come together and have a feast." But every one of the seven Days was so much occupied all the year round, that they had not a free moment left for enjoyment. They wanted to have a whole day to themselves, and such a day they get every four years in the intercalary day; this day is placed at the end of February, for the purpose of bringing order in the account of time.

And on this intercalary day they decided to meet together, and hold their feast. February being the month of carnivals, they agreed to come together in a carnival fashion, every one dressed according to his profession and destination; have the best things to eat, and drink the best wines, make speeches, and tell each other the most agreeable and most disagreeable things in unrestrained fellowship. The Norse heroes had a custom, in the good old times, of shying the bones, which they had cleared of all the meat, at each other's head; but the week-days thought of throwing bombshells at each other with their mouths, in the form of scorching witticisms, such as might be in keeping with innocent carnival amusements.

And the 29th of February came in due time; with it they assembled.

Sunday, foreman of the week-days, came first, dressed in a black silk cloak. The pious people mistook the cloak for a minister's gown. The worldly minded, however, saw that he was dressed

in a domino for a frolic, and that the full-blown carnation, which he wore in his button-hole, was nothing but a little red theatre-lantern, which said, "No more tickets: standing room only: hope you will enjoy yourself."

Monday, a young mechanic, a distant relative of Sunday, and much given to pleasures, came next. No sooner did he hear the military music of the parade, than he rushed out, saying, "I must go and hear Offenbach's music; it does not go to my head, neither to the heart: but it itches in the muscles of my legs. I must dance, and have a swing with the girls, get me a blue eye, and then sleep upon it; the next day I go to work with new vigor; did you see the new moon of the week?"

Tuesday is Tyr's day, the day of strength. "Yes, that am I," said Tuesday. "I take hold of the work, fasten Mercury's wings to the merchant's boots, look after the factory, and see that the wheels are oiled, and turn easily. I also see to it that the tailor sits upon his table, and the street-paver is by his paving-stones. I hold everybody to his business, and have an eye upon them all, and therefore I appear among you in a policeman's uniform, and my name is 'Politics day.' If this is a bad joke, then you may think of a better one, every one of you."

"And now come I," said Wednesday. "I stand in the middle of the week; the Germans call me Mr. Midweek. I stand like a young clerk in a store, like a flower among the other honored days

of the week. If we march up in file, then have I three days in front of me, and three days behind; they are my body-guard: and I may with propriety say that I am the most prominent of all the days of the week."

And now Thursday came in, dressed up like a coppersmith, with a hammer and a copper kettle, token of his aristocratic descent. "I am of very high birth," said he. "In the northern countries I am named after Thor, the god of thunder; and in the south, after Jupiter, the god of lightning; these two understood how to thunder and lighten, and that has remained in the family."

And then he beat his copper kettle, and thus proved his high descent.

Friday was dressed up like a young girl, who called herself Freia, the goddess of beauty of the North; for variety's sake she called herself Venus;

that depended altogether upon the language of the country in which she appeared. She was of a quiet, cheerful character, she said; but this was the odd day of the leap year, which gives liberty to woman, that she may, according to an old custom, propose to the man she likes, without waiting for him to propose to her.

Last came Saturday, waddling along like an old housekeeper, with broom, dust-pan, and other cleansing articles. Her favorite dish was beer-soup, but she was not particularly anxious to have it put on the table on that festive occasion.

And thus the week-days held a banquet, as I have described them; here they are, ready for family use as tableaux. Of course you may improve upon them; we give them only as vignettes for February, the only month that receives a day in addition.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BJÖRNSSON'S* WRITINGS.

THESE books have been translated from the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson,—“Arne,” “The Fisher Maiden,” “The Happy Boy.” They are stories of life in Norway, chiefly among members of the small proprietor class. In each case the hero or heroine grows up from childhood before the eyes of the reader, and is left just as the fluctuating period of youth passes into firm, determinate maturity of purpose and knowledge, and one of the three touches the appreciative reader with a revealing power which belongs to works of genius.

The pictures of Scandinavian life which we find in a few current books, have a peculiar charm for American readers, because they seem to represent a life which is foreign only in form and externals, while native to us in certain home-likeness of thought and sentiment; *seems*, I say, for I remember hearing a Swiss lady describe some simple village gathering on the Hudson, which sounded wonderfully as if it happened in the Canton Vaud. The description in “The Fisher Maiden” of the committee's visit to the pastor makes us say: Just thus do the same people in America think and say. It is not, perhaps, too vague a phrase to say that we are really near relations of the Scandinavian people, and feel at home in their life. These books represent more perfectly this life than any we think of, though no one who has read it could have forgotten the delightful book by Miss Martineau, “Feats on the Fiord.” I have just turned to it again, in “Littell” for 1848 (vol. xix.).

There is, however, a higher value possessed by these books: they hold for us the fluent period of youth, and image, with rare subtlety and grace, the

countenance of maid and youth as it changes with the changing time. We have got beyond Norway now, and are measuring the author by his capacity to catch and hold a peculiarly difficult phase of human life. There are many who make for us breathing men and women; some who can show us childhood so perfectly, we are almost pained by the fact that the creations are not capable of being spoken to; but here is one who shows us children at their sports, and lets us see them grow into youth, and stand finally at the threshold of man and womanhood, all the while preserving for us the features that are the same while they change. Björnson has given us the lyric of youth.

The poetic insight which can penetrate the secret of the sensitive plant, and the poetic art which can reveal the secret to us, belong to Björnson as “Arne” clearly shows. The best that Norway gives, the charm of tremulous youth, exists here in creative form, and the creation moves through the atmosphere that encircles the world. The dip of the swallow is a flight no less than the bold soaring of the eagle; and genius in “Arne” flutters so that one not fully alive to the movement may suspect a fall, yet always he finds the bird is in the air.

The art in “Arne” is so true that we feel a little aggrieved at the other books, in which, with all their charm, we see the moralist rather than the artist. Perhaps for every-day reading, and for general commendation, they are safer; but there are better than every-day books, and “Arne” is one.

The “Fisher Maiden” is published by Leypoldt & Holt, of New York, at \$1.25. The others by Sever, Francis & Co., Boston and Cambridge, at \$1.00 each.

* The *j* in this name has the power of *i*.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

BY M. ANGIER ALDEN.

ROSY with laughter, the little one crept,
 Struggling down from her father's knee;
 "Tis time," said the mother, "our little one
 slept;"
 But little one's eyes were brimful with glee,

And merrily peeped through the shining
 tress
 That strayed from the tangled gold,
 Which shadowy fell on her snowy dress,—
 Her little night-gown with its single fold,



Straight down from her throat to the roseate toes
 That sunk so soft in the crimson glow
 Of the carpet warm, where many a rose,
 Larger than life, presumed to grow.

Away to the farthest end of the room,
 Every moment glancing back,
 But just a little afraid of the gloom
 Sometimes stealing over her track,

,Saucily toddles the mischievous elf
 Out of mother's and father's hold;
 Quite sufficient she felt to herself,
 Growing in freedom wondrous bold.

Why did she pause with a shiver of fright,
 Uttering a sudden, startled cry,
 And with backward, ignominious flight,
 To reach her slighted haven try?

Why, when safe, did she shudder, and hide
 Deep in her mother's lap her face?
 Or why did she cling to her mother's side,
 Snuggled close in her warm embrace?

Till at the mention of slumber and dream,
 Glanced she timidly up; and then
 Buried her face, with a terrified scream,
 Crying, "It's tum! It's tum aden!"

Father and mother with laughing surprise,
 Comforting, drove away her fear;
 She saw, while the wonder grew in her eyes,
 One by one, on the wall appear

Strangest of rabbits and birds to her sight;
 Heads of horses and lambs, and near,
 A shadowy baby showing delight,
 With phantom motions, O so queer!

Mocking each move that the little one made,
 E'en to the toss of her foot on high,
 Till her face she suffered, no more afraid,
 Soft 'gainst the shadowy face to lie.

Patted with chubbiest chub of a hand
 The dusky cheek: her finger tips
 Sunk in the gloom, while a kiss she demands
 From off the shadow baby's lips.

THE SETTLE.

REALLY I was not thinking much of cold weather, when I proposed that we should meet here by the door of the Magazine. Come in, children, by the other entrance, for there I see a warm fire on the hearth, and so much comfort, that I fear you will desert this corner of ours. Do you listen to the traveller telling his stories by firelight? He has come for a night's shelter into a country farm-house, and has been telling his stories, I rather think, for some time. He began with telling where he came from, and whither he is going; something he saw on the road reminded him of a story, and from one to another he has passed until now, just by midnight, he has come to the most exciting part of a fearful tale; the burly man has forgotten to keep his pipe alight: the boy has taken only one bite of his apple. What is the reason, by the way, that when he looks at his apple again, he will find the freshly bitten place rusty looking? The old woman has stopped her knitting; the kittens only, not caring for the story, are playing with the man's umbrella; he has sunk his voice almost to a whisper: all are intent: in a moment he will reach the most dreadful point; then down comes the umbrella, up jumps the dog with a bark, and chases the kittens. O! exclaims the little girl; and Ah! sighs the old lady, and all is over.

How pleasant it is that our friend Andersen, amongst the roses and dates of Nice, in Southern France, should have thought to send us, just in the nick of time, his Vignette for February! He did not know we were sitting under our Date-tree at this time. I have heard from younger friends, too, with names and facts for our March calendar. Now send me something for April, and so send me always for the second month after you see the number, and I will put on the page all that I can. March is to have a new border, for is not spring coming?

Now let me keep my promise, and stand aside while F. W. C. shows us

HOW TO PLAY SOLITAIRE.

"As if we didn't know how to play it already!" I suppose that nearly all of you do understand the game as far as it is usually played. Now, I am willing to take it for granted that everybody is familiar with the thirty-three marbles of solitaire, and to admit the extreme probability that nearly every one can solve *the* puzzle of all, — namely, the leaving vacant the central hole upon the board, and filling it at the close of the game with the single remaining marble. But, is there any one on the Settle, who, after having conquered this puzzle, has not laid the board aside, as exhausted of all possibility of affording further amusement? Is there any one who can leave vacant *any* given hole upon the board, and then, jumping off every marble but one, bring that one into the place at first left empty? Yet this is not only possible, but easy, and still does not exhaust the capabilities of the game. In short, without varying from the usual rules of jumping, thousands of puzzles may be planned and solved upon a solitaire board, putting that plaything, beyond all question, at the head of all similar sources of amusement. None of the so-called Chinese puzzles can for a moment compare with it.

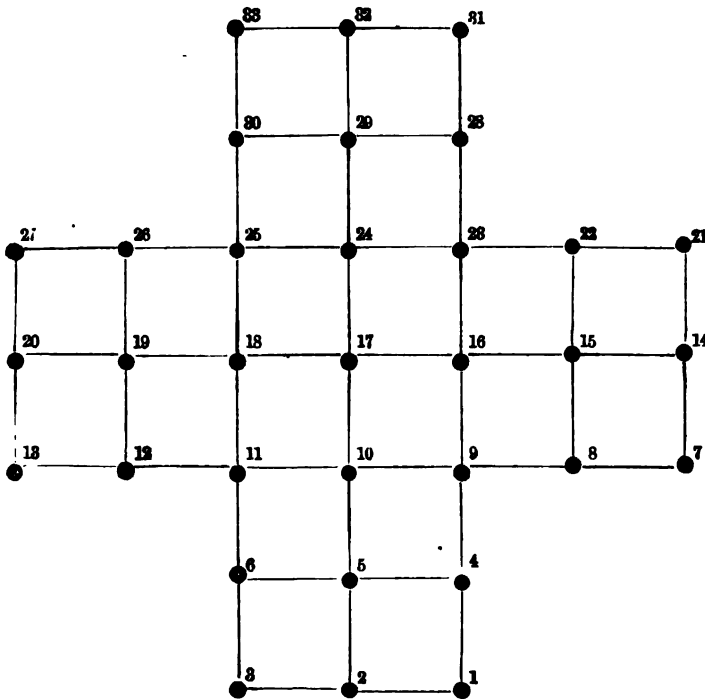
I intend to give full directions for performing many interesting feats in the game; but for this a diagram of the board is necessary. And although I shall be forced to employ much *figurative* language, I hope to make everything clear.

As will be seen from this diagram, the holes, beginning with the lower right hand corner, are numbered in regular order, from 1 up to 33, the all-important centre bearing the number 17. Now, here

comes in a curious property of the numbers on the board, to which I call attention merely as a matter of curiosity, not as in any way influencing the game itself. If we add together the numbers of any four holes which are equally distant from the centre, we shall in every case get the number 68, or four times 17, — the centre. Thus, 9, 11, 23, and 25; or 10, 16, 18, and 24; or 2, 14, 20, and 32; or, 7, 21, 13, and 27; when added together, give 68. But to return to the game itself. Now, since the board is divided into four precisely similar wings, it is plain that any one who can leave vacant any hole in any one of these wings, and at the close of the game bring the single remaining marble into the same hole, can perform the same feat with the correspond-

ing hole in any other wing. For instance, suppose one has learned how to solve the problem in the case of hole No. 2, he can also solve it for either 14, 20, or 32, since, by turning the wing containing either of these numbers toward him, the hole bearing the number would occupy precisely the same position that No. 2 now does, and the puzzle would of course be precisely the same. Only no one with his wits about him, need resort to the clumsy expedient of turning the board around. So, if I give full directions for all the holes in one wing, those directions will suffice for the whole board.

Of course my directions will consist merely in giving the different jumps to be made, by means of the numbers attached to the various holes. Thus, if



I say "1 to 9," I shall mean that the marble in hole No. 1 shall be jumped into hole No. 9, passing of course over No. 4.

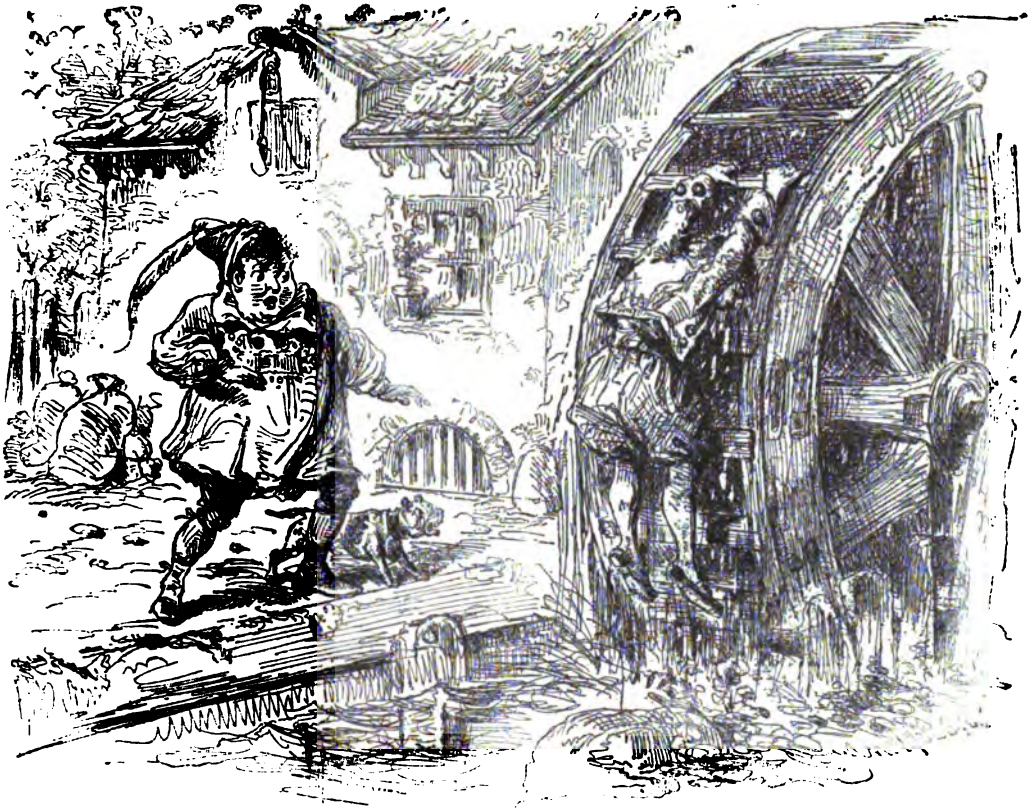
Beginning with the central hole, No. 17, as the most important, I must say at the start that there are some fifteen different ways of playing the game. Many of these are very similar, being merely variations of one method; but two distinct and totally unlike processes I can give. In the first of these methods the men are kept throughout the game in a solid block, or phalanx, as is always the safest way of playing such a game, while in the second they are allowed to straggle all over the board.

First method. — 5 to 17, 8 to 10, 17 to 5, 1 to 9, 16 to 4, 3 to 1, 1 to 9, 6 to 4, 4 to 16, 23 to 9, 21 to

23, 7 to 21, 24 to 22, 21 to 23, 12 to 10, 10 to 8, 8 to 22, 22 to 24, 31 to 23, 24 to 22, 33 to 31, 30 to 28, 31 to 23, 22 to 24, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 13 to 27, 24 to 26, 27 to 25, 30 to 18, 19 to centre.

Second method. — 5 to 17, 8 to 10, 17 to 5, 1 to 9, 16 to 4, 3 to 1, 1 to 9, 19 to 17, 6 to 18, 17 to 19, 13 to 11, 28 to 16, 21 to 23, 16 to 28, 7 to 21, 31 to 23, 24 to 22, 21 to 23, 30 to 18, 27 to 25, 18 to 30, 20 to 18, 33 to 25, 32 to 24, 18 to 30, 23 to 25, 30 to 18, 18 to 6, 6 to 4, 4 to 16, 15 to centre. Or, if the central hole is the one left vacant at first, the single remaining marble may be left either in 2, 14, 20, or 32 instead.

(To be concluded next month.)



Proverbs in Picture, 1.

CHARADE.

How peacefully lies my first asleep
 After his night's foray,
 Long after the light has begun to peep
 That ushereth in the day!
 But hark! what a cruel sound is heard
 Coming nearer from far away!
 For now to the hunt are the horses spurred,
 And my pitiful first is their prey.

My second lies in the lady's drawer,
 With perfumes and handkerchiefs fine;
 Perhaps, if you're learned in lover's lore,
 It will flutter to you a sign
 Of that which took place when the lady went forth
 To see the "Muses Nine;"
 She felt not the blast that blew from the north,
 Nor heard the cold wind whine.

My whole you will find in your walks abroad:
 It lives in the shady wood;
 Or perhaps in your garden's showy horde
 It may unadmired have stood.

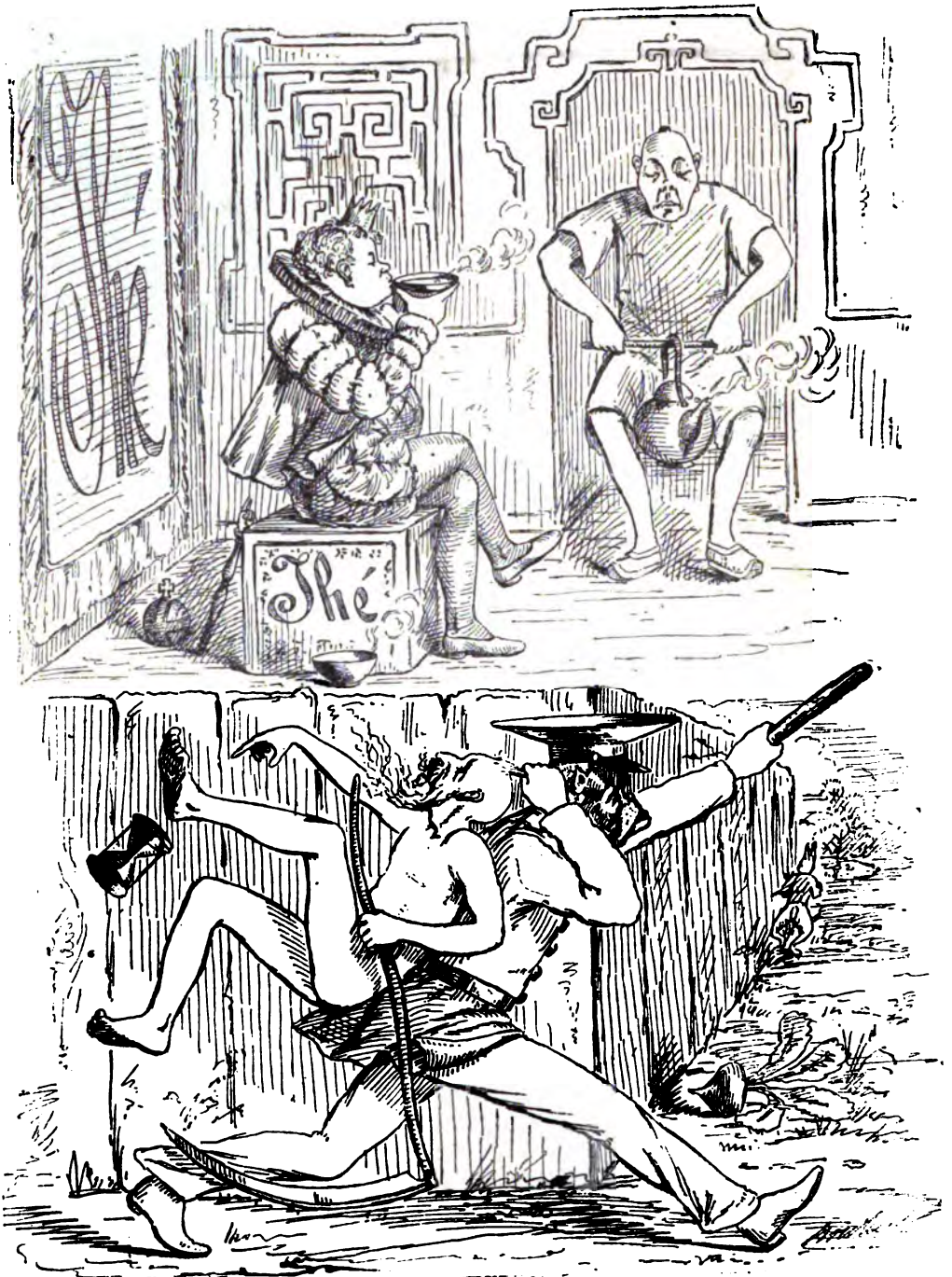
ENIGMAS.

1. Every house contains me,
 Divers sizes I am made;
 Much trouble and confusion follow,
 If by chance I am mislaid.
 A song that will live forever
 Was written by one who has my name;
 And a French word we meet quite often
 Has a sound precisely the same.

Music would lose its charm without me,
 And the piano could sound no more;
 While the sailor has cause to dread me
 When near a certain shore.

Children, I am sure you know me,
 For I am in your very door;
 There, I almost told you,
 If you did not know before. RUTH.

2. In plenty or pride,
 In weal or in woe,
 Before or behind,
 Or in middle I go.



Proverbs in Picture 2.

TRYING ON HEADS.

My body is synonymous with pain or discomfort ;
try different heads, and see how they change me.

- 1st. A vegetable — I become a domestic utensil.
- 2d. A beautiful bird — I am filled with suffering and remorse.
- 3d. A crooked head — I will carry you over the sea.
- 4th. An insect — I am of use to the culprit.
- 5th. A pleasant drink — I come last.
- 6th. A girl's nickname — I am a powerful engine of civilization.
- 7th. A Latin interjection — I hold fast.
- 8th. But give me a double head, and I cry aloud.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMA.

- I am composed of nineteen letters. My whole is the name of my little sister, just five months old.
- My 17, 2, is a pronoun.
 - My 7, 14, 16, 17, is what all would dislike to be.
 - My 13, 14, 10, 2, is worn by ladies.
 - My 4, 6, 14, 8, ladies enjoy.
 - My 15, 5, 4, 11, 19, is the name of a river.
 - My 15, 14, 13, 18, children love to hear.
 - My 1, 3, 8, grows in gardens.
 - My 10, 14, 15, is an animal.
 - My 15, 5, 7, 2, we all should prize.
 - My 14, 16, 9, supports life.
 - My 12, 14, 19, 11, is an adjective.

BEHEADED RIDDLE.

Behead me, you take both pride and strength ;
Behead me again, and a shelter I'll give ;
Behead me again, 'twill give you a length ;
There's the name of my home, as sure as I live.

CHARADE.

To reign in darkness and in night,
Is for my first the doom ;
His subjects never see the light,
No groves for them, nor flowers bright,
No glittering sunbeams meet their sight,
But shadows and vast gloom.

My next, the happiest part of spring,
When birds and blossoms show ;
When first the birds begin to sing,
And all the hills and valleys ring,
And pleasure comes to everything
That from the earth doth grow.

My whole strikes cold into our hearts,
And fills us with affright ;
It brings the pain that slow departs,
Our curdling blood it keenly starts,
With horror through our being darts,
And leaves us cold as night. F. W. H.

WHAT AM I ?

Free as the sunlight,
Bright as the day,

Rushing and roaring,
I go on my way.

From heaven I come,
With the world I was made
All creation would die
If I gave them no aid.

Thousands glide o'er me
Going East, going West,
Many burdens I carry
Safe on my breast.

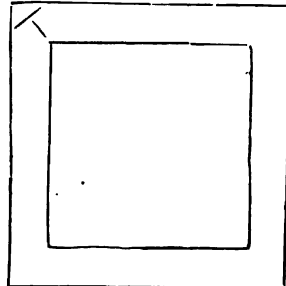
When the tempest is raging,
And fierce rides the gale,
Friends cannot trust me,
For often I fail.

Now children, what am I ?
You know me quite well ;
For daily you use me :
Can't some of you tell ? RUTH M.

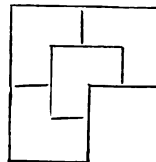
ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

Illustrated Rebus. — Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise. *Enigma.* — Pearl. *Puzzles.* —

1.



2.



3. \$88,886.08. 4. Because it always keeps its hands before its face, and though full of good works, is constantly running itself down. 5. Because they are arter fish ile. 6. When he pulls its ears. *Geographical Puzzle.* — 1. Riverside ; 2. Cologne ; 3. Coral ; 4. Canary ; 5. Table ; 6. Brussels ; 7. China ; 8. Turtle ; 9. Fish ; 10. Turkey ; 11. Ham ; 12. Corn ; 13. Moore ; 14. Deer ; 15. Duck ; 16. Oyster ; 17. Cook ; 18. Desert (dessert) ; 19. Egg ; 20. Spice ; 21. Milk ; 22. Orange ; 23. Candy ; 24. Madeira ; 25. Plenty. *Riddle.* — A Field of Corn. *Acrostic Charade.* — Foundation Words — Paris, Helen. *Cross Words* — Plutarch, Arachne, Royal, Ilione, Solon.



FEBRUARY.

Tuesday . .	1	
Wednesday	2	
Thursday .	3	
Friday . . .	4	John Rogers, Protestant Martyr, burned at Smith-
Saturday . .	5	Sir Robert Peel born, 1788. [field, 1555.
Sunday	6	Charles II. died, 1685.
Monday . .	7	Charles Dickens born, 1812.
Tuesday . .	8	Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587.
Wednesday	9	Republic proclaimed at Rome, 1849.
Thursday .	10	Marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of
Friday . . .	11	Washington born, 1732. [Saxe Coburg, 1840.
Saturday . .	12	Abraham Lincoln born, 1809.
Sunday	13	William and Mary proclaimed, after accepting the
		[Declaration of Rights, 1689.
Monday . .	14	St. Valentine, Bishop and Martyr, about 270.
Tuesday . .	15	Seven Years' War ended by the Peace of Huberts-
		[burg, 1763.
Wednesday	16	Dr. Kane, the Arctic Explorer, died, 1857.
Thursday .	17	Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Painter, Sculptor, and
		[Architect, died, 1564.
Friday . . .	18	Martin Luther died, 1546.
Saturday . .	19	William III., King of Holland, born, 1817.
Sunday	20	Andreas Hofer shot by the French, 1810.
Monday . .	21	
Tuesday . .	22	Battle of Buena Vista, 1847.
Wednesday	23	Sir Joshua Reynolds died, 1792.
Thursday .	24	Charles Lamb born, 1775. Handel, 1684.
Friday . . .	25	<i>The Hornet</i> captures <i>The Peacock</i> , 1813.
Saturday . .	26	Thomas Moore, Poet, died 1852.
Sunday	27	Henry W. Longfellow born, 1807.
Monday . .	28	



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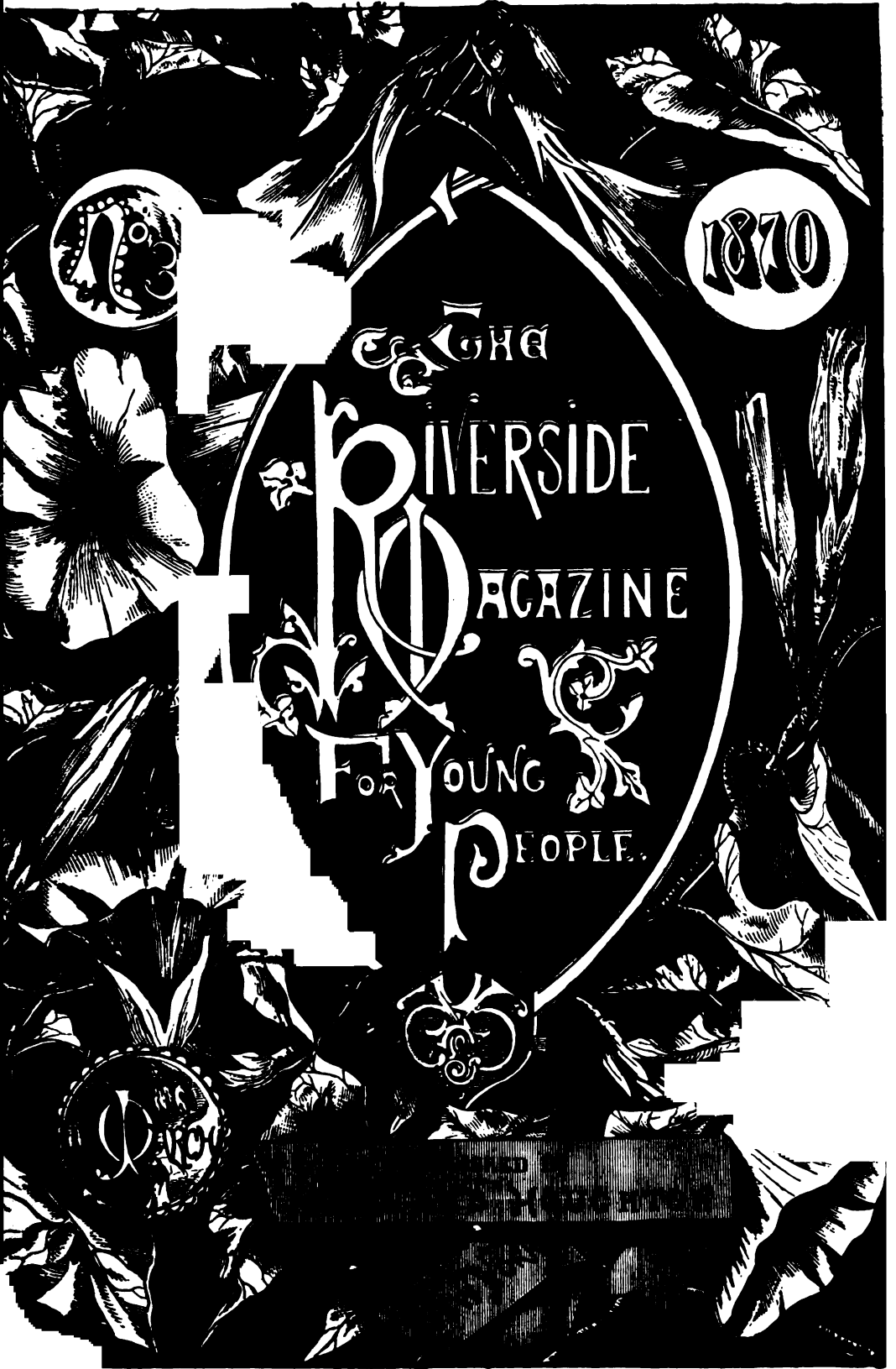
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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XXXIX. MARCH, 1870.

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THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — MARCH, 1870. — No. XXXIX.

THE CAT, THE WEASEL, AND THE YOUNG RABBIT.

ADAPTED FROM LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

[See the Frontispiece by H. L. Stephens.]

A YOUNG Rabbit was living contentedly at home, respected by his neighbors, and not disposed to get into difficulty with any one, for he was peaceful and temperate in his habits. He went out one morning to the parsley market, to get his dinner, when a Weasel, that was going slyly about, slipped into the Rabbit's house, and made herself at home. It was very comfortable, and quite to her mind; so she decided to remain, and settle down there at housekeeping, and enjoy the society of the neighborhood.

By and by Mr. Rabbit returned, and saw Mrs. Weasel sitting at the window, poking her snout out.

"Are you aware, madam, that this is my house?" he asked, mildly; but Mrs. Weasel replied, —

"Tut, tut, Mr. Rabbit; what makes it yours? You only scratched the ground a little, and came in here where the earth was gone. Do you pretend to own the earth?"

"The law gives it to me," said Mr. Rabbit, "because I made this place habitable; and if you do not at once leave, I shall have the constable expel you."

"The law indeed!" quoth Mrs. Weasel; "and pray what right has the law to give away land? Well, well, let us have no more words. We will agree to lay the matter before the venerable Grimalkin, and leave the decision to him." Mr. Rabbit consented, and they went together to appeal to Grimalkin, a cat that was very old, wise, and pious, as people said, an excellent arbitrator in all disputes. He was well coated with fur, large and fat, and lived as a hermit in his cell.

"Come nearer, my children," said Grimalkin to them, as they both began talking together; "I am very deaf, and borne down by the weight of years. Nearer still, that I may hear every word."

Both approached fearlessly, each loudly protesting that the other was unjust. As soon, however, as the pious and learned Grimalkin beheld the disputants within his reach, darting his claws on either side at the same moment, he had both within his clutches, and settled their dispute by devouring them both. The house then, of course, belonged to him.

So it is that a powerful monarch has sometimes dealt with petty sovereigns, when they refer to him their disputes about possessions.



ON THE ICE IN THE BALTIC.

BY EDWARD J. KUNTZE.

HIDDENSEE, *January 2.*

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I hope my thoughts have made your ears ring many a time since you received my last letter, for they have been with you almost daily, and winter has grown out of blossoming summer, since I told you how the people of good old Taeterow take care of their doors. The present is an unusually cold winter, say those that are old enough to be authorities. The straits between the islands and the main-land are decked with sheets of polished ice, and, as far as the eye can see, the Baltic is covered with mountains of blocks of ice, piled one upon another. If Pastor Piper succeeds in inducing the two pilots, with their boys, to accompany us, we shall all be off on a duck-slaying expedition to-morrow, provided the weather is fair. "Duck-slaying?" I hear you shout. Yes, even so; and in the Baltic. . . . Hallo! there they are; we are going now, instead of to-morrow. Good-by till then.

January 3.

And a duck-slaying we went yesterday, armed with no other weapons than sticks, to kill the swift-winged creatures with, and a sack to put the slain in. How do you think we did it? Let me tell you. The Baltic, although full of ice, is never covered with anything like the ice that covers lakes and rivers. Of course the water freezes, or crystallizes, but is continually broken up in larger or smaller blocks, that are moved about, and piled up into mounds of various sizes, even to a height of thirty or forty feet.

Now and then these ice-hills form circular walls, inclosing a pool of open water; and these pools nature seems to provide for the water-fowl, that remain during the winter in the northern latitudes. Here the ducks congregate, living on the fish that seek the surface. The topography of the "ice landscape" is constantly changing, and where we see a little Switzerland to-day, a lake may be to-morrow; thus the poor birds have to shift their quarters accordingly, and they must always be on the lookout, to escape being crushed by blocks of ice.

In cold winters, like the present, the bays of Bothnia and Finland are covered with a solid mass of ice, and the feathery tribes of those waters have to move south for their native element. Of course, in very cold weather, with little or no wind to agitate the Baltic, these pools

become smaller and far between, and the birds have to crowd together in narrow quarters. This is the fishermen's opportunity, and they will venture out on the treacherous ice for miles, on their peculiar sport of "duck-slaying." Accidents on such occasions are not infrequent, and a case was told to me, where three men had ventured very far out; they had been very fortunate in killing a good many ducks: but suddenly a westerly gale sprang up, broke up the ice, and cut them off from their retreat. They were drifted about for several days, and finally managed to get on shore in Skåne, the southern province of Sweden. When their provisions gave out, they subsisted on the raw meat of their game.

Yesterday was a perfect winter morning, and we could not have chosen a finer day for our excursion; the snow was creaking and squeaking under the pressure of our feet, expressing in its peculiar way the delight of seeing us out; the atmosphere was filled with atoms of crystallized vapor, sparkling in the brilliant rays of the sun, whose rosy tints upon the pure snow, that covered the branches of the evergreens, formed a charming contrast to the dark green underneath. Wrapping ourselves up in wool and furs, and armed with long pikes, we might have braved the icebergs in the Polar Sea, and challenged the white bears to a fight.

As we descended the clay bluffs, the mass of ice that covered the Baltic stretched out before us, as far as the eye could reach, mingling its tints with the horizon. Ice-mounds of all sizes and shapes, and of various tints of green and gray, studded the wide expanse, like mole-hills in a meadow. Two pools were in sight, and the nearest was made the goal of our expedition.

"Be careful," said Gørgen, the elder pilot; "the ice of the outside water is very treacherous; no matter how thick the blocks are of which it consists, be sure and always examine with your pike the place where you intend to put your foot next; the blocks are often only loosely joined together: they are pushed aside by the pressure of your foot, and down you go."

Of course such precaution made our progress very slow, and I must say ours was the roughest road that I have ever travelled over. Sometimes ice-blocks of immense size, pushed almost perpendicularly in the air, would impede our progress, in climbing over the glassy surface. Once,

sliding down one of them, I had a narrow escape from a ducking, for an open hole, not more than two feet in diameter, was right at the foot of it. As it was, I got off with only one foot wet.

"Help, help!" cried a voice close by; and, looking round, I saw Oscar, Gørgen's boy, up to the neck in water, clinging with his hands to his pike, that was thrown crosswise upon the ice. Catching hold of him and pulling him on the ice again, was the work of a moment. What a hardy race of people these seafaring islanders are; for, although his clothes were frozen on his body, like sheet-iron, before he reached home, a slight hoarseness was the only effect he felt of his icy bath. The rest of the party reached the pool without further accidents.

As we had suspected, from the restless flight of various flocks of ducks, we found already several fishermen on the spot, stationed at the edge of the pool, chasing the birds away as they came; others had gone to the more distant pool, and yet other parties had started in different directions, to station themselves wherever they might find open water. After a while, the poor creatures refused to be driven off again, and suffered themselves to be slain, rather than start on their hopeless flight.

When we had killed and bagged a couple of dozen, we thought it sufficient for the day, and went home. One of the men told me that he had last week slain a sack full of birds, taken them down to Stralsund, and sold them for a good round sum of money.

During the excitement, I enjoyed the sport, and thought it "lots of fun;" but, on our way home, I could not help feeling sorry for the birds, and thought it was a very cruel way of killing them.

January 10.

We spend a great deal of time on the ice, and I have become quite an expert in pushing the ice-sleigh; and yesterday we had made up a party to slide down to Stralsund, the brave old city, that withstood so many hard knocks in the good old times, until Napoleon got possession of the city by treachery, as it is said, and ordered its fortifications to be leveled with the ground.

We were a party of ten, on five sleighs. Two and two occupy one sleigh; these sleighs are very simply constructed: upon two runners, lined underneath with iron, boards are nailed, leaving about two feet of the runners behind, free. Upon a low seat in front one person sits, comfortably wrapped in his furs; and behind, a foot on each

runner, stands the other; and, grasping his pike with both hands, thrusts the sharp pike with force in the ice, between the runners, and thus propels the sleigh at a rapid rate. Carl and I occupied one sleigh, and we took turns in pushing; the ice being very smooth, we came down to the city in an incredibly short time.

Stralsund is a queer old city, with narrow streets, whose gable-houses look as if they leaned on each other's shoulders for support, gouty, and full of rheumatism. In many instances the gutter remains yet in the middle of the streets, probably unchanged since time immemorial, when the city was built; and they have no sidewalks in those streets; and in muddy weather, people make their way as best they can. The walking on these cobble-stones makes my feet ache. And yet the spirit of progress is even moving in this corner of our common globe, and new streets are built, that boldly challenge the greater and richer cities; and old houses, full of picturesque oddities, have to make room for their modern successors, dressed with all the fineries of our time. I am almost sorry to see it; I love these queer old places, with their marks of age in every beam and stone; and their dreaming looks, as if they had only recently woken from a long sleep, looking in wonderment upon the queerly-dressed people that walk among them. There is a peculiar fascination about this city, that has seen so much of the restless life of the Middle Ages, and heard the thunder of the Thirty Years' War roll over its roofs. There are the old cathedrals, with their lofty columns and arches, where people knelt in devout prayers before their God, without distinction of rank and wealth; their pictures and statues are full of interest, and speak to our feeling by their simplicity. We were particularly attracted by one large painting, representing "The Nativity;" and I heard Pastor Piper and father enter into an earnest conversation about the propriety and desirability of having houses of worship ornamented with works of art. The pastor spoke warmly in favor of it, maintaining that works of art, of religious and moral character, in houses of worship, could have no bad influence upon the people; on the contrary, they tended very much to elevate the mind, assisting it in its fervent devotion.

At three o'clock we pushed our sled from the wharf, starting on our homeward journey. Suddenly there came a crash like a peal of thunder: the ice parted, and a fissure, six inches wide, ran from shore to shore.

"The German Ocean is moving," said the

pilot, increasing the speed of his sleigh; "there will be a storm before evening." Carl's countenance grew suddenly sad, as he followed the broad fissure with his eyes. "Poor Heinrich," said he, with a deep sigh; and then, turning round to me, continued, "Come and take the pike, while I will sit down and tell you why this crack in the ice has made me so sorry."

I did as he asked me to do, and the little sleigh rushed quickly over the glasey surface.

"I had a brother, his name was Heinrich; a nobler and better boy never lived. I doubt not but what there are many that say the same, — it is perhaps nothing uncommon; but he was my brother, and my dearest friend. He was older than I, — four years older. He had finished his studies at the University in Greifswalde, and came home last fall to prepare for the examination. In that little village yonder, on the coast of Rügen, — do you see the church steeple? — there lives a lovely maiden; she was to become my sister, but God willed it otherwise; her songs have died away, — they are drowned in her tears.

"Last year she spent Christmas with us, and a merrier one I have never had; and when the holidays were over, and she had to return, my brother offered to take her over on his sled; he had this very sleigh upon which you stand, and that is the very pike he used.

"Be careful, son, and notice which way the wind blows, lest you should be overtaken by a fog, and lose your way," said father, when they started.

"The wind blows from the northeast, and cools my left cheek," said Heinrich. "Good-by!"

"I hate leave-taking; the day on which a beloved friend departs, ought to close immediately. I always feel as if somebody had cut a piece out of my heart, it feels so empty; and if it was not thought so unmanly to cry, I should lie down in a corner and do so. And that day would never come to an end; but when it came to an end at last, my brother did not come. In the afternoon a dense fog came dragging along over the ice, — it seemed to come from all sides simultaneously, — and soon nothing was visible but a few yards of earth around us. Unpleasant as it was, we apprehended no danger for Heinrich, who no doubt would be guided by the wind. But with the approach of evening we became alarmed, and father induced Pilot Görden and his son to start together with us in search of Heinrich. It needed few words of persuasion for old Görden to be on his sleigh, for brother had always been a great pet of his.

"The wind has changed," said Görden, "and all depends upon whether he has noticed it."

"A few minutes later, and our sleighs rushed rapidly over the Sound, in a southern direction. Görden and his son occupied one sleigh, and father and I the other. There blew a heavy wind from the west, and the ice thundered, as it rent from shore to shore. At intervals we shouted at the top of our voices, and then listened eagerly for an answer, — but no answer came; no sound broke the silence, save the rattling of our sleighs in their rapid flight, and now and then a peal of thunder. At last we heard a faint answer to our halloos; it came nearer, — and then a voice came through the fog, 'Is it you, father?'

"The scene that followed, I shall pass over. We had him again, — that was enough.

"Heinrich sat wrapt up in an old cloak, in front of a sled, while a fisherman from the southern village of the island, propelled the sleigh. He was in a pitiful condition, — his clothes frozen on his body. To keep himself warm, he had worked with the pike until his strength gave way, when he had to take the seat, and the kind-hearted fisherman wrapt all that he could spare himself, round his body.

"When made comfortable in his bed, and strengthened with wine and bouillon, he related his adventure thus: 'Early in the afternoon I left friend Sturm's house, — the weather had become cloudy, — and when not more than a mile from the shore, I found myself completely buried in a fog. When I left the house the wind was still from the northeast, and consequently keeping it on my right, the course that I adopted must bring me directly home. After a while the wind increased, and blew quite hard, which of course retarded my progress very much. According to my calculation, I ought to have reached the shore before evening: still, I felt no uneasiness when, at dark, I did not find myself on land yet, thinking that the wind was the cause of my delay; but when another half hour passed without bringing me nearer home, I suspected foul play; and then it became clear to me that the wind had changed without my noticing it, and that I had swerved from my course. How far had I travelled, and in what direction? was the question. I could not tell; I felt like the captain on the high sea, who has lost his compass. I shouted and called for help; but in vain, — there came no answer. I left my sleigh, and crawled on my knees upon the ice, groping around with my hands, to find the broad trail from the city to the island, but without success; the ice was smooth and un-

ruffled. Listening, I thought I heard the muffled sounds of the waves breaking against the ice; then the truth dawned upon me, and a crack (loud as a cannon-shot), confirmed my suspicion, — I had travelled south, the ice was breaking, and I near open water. I hurried northward as fast as I dared run, dragging the sled behind me; another crack, and I stepped right into the opening fissure. I got wet up to my waist; cold and shivering, I walked on, till I found that I came nearer the open water again. My situation was hopeless, — I knew not where to turn for safety. I threw myself down, with my ear to the ice, if possible to discover some traveller from the city homewards. I walked in another direction; I firmly believe I have been walking round in a circle (like a horse in a plaster-mill) for an hour, without knowing it. At last I discovered the faint glimmer of a light, and with a shout of joy

and triumph, I started off for it, and soon hung round the neck of the good friend Haase here, whom I scared not a little with my frantic outbursts of delight. First he thought I came to murder and rob him, and then he thought I had got crazy; and when he found out my situation, he put me on his sleigh, and made me work, to keep me warm; but I became soon so exhausted, that I could stand up no longer, and had to sit down. Thank God all is over now, and I am once more with you.'

"But poor Heinrich, he did not long stay with us, — the excitement and exposure had been too much for him. When spring came, and the daisies studded the lawn with their beautiful stars, we laid him down deep under the grass, with daisies over him, and poor G6rgen shed a tear at the grave of his darling master, Heinrich."

YOUR AFFECTIONATE NED.

HOW THE CAPTAIN CAME BY A LEGACY.

BY VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

CHAPTER III.

"I CANNOT give you a journal of each day's occupation and happiness at *Terre Sauvage*. We walked, and played games with Al Surenne. He mounted us on splendid horses, and although we had been at home in a saddle from the time we were chicks, he taught us the perfections of horsemanship, until we could leap with safety anything our horses could clear, shoot from their backs, pick up objects from the ground with our animals at their speed, and use our horses in all their moods with the calmness and judgment which give a rider the mastery, and the ridden confidence and sympathy.

"When our host was away from us in his study or work-room, and his frequent solitary rambles, we used to go about with Mezzotinto, in search of adventure, or fishing, or setting snares in the woods. Sometimes we loafed about the stables, where were horses of many kinds, — for hunting, for racing, and for breeding. We asked Al Surenne one day what he did with all those, as he himself seldom went from his estate; and he answered, 'Well, in the first place, boys, I love horses more than men or women; and then Colonel Mace enters some of the runners for the courses, once in a while. That stallion the boy was exercising yesterday, is direct from Sir Tatten Sykes, and took the Kentucky plate last

year. Sometimes Monsieur Lassalle comes here, and he and I ride and hunt every day.'

"Lassalle, Lassalle? I thought. O, that was the name I had heard of the Dwarf's second in the duel. People said he had never been seen since that event. Strange!

"Donald then asked Al Surenne whether he had many friends to visit him.

"*Friends?* my dear boy, no; I have never possessed many of those: yours is the age to believe in friends. Birds, dogs, and horses, are my friends, — true and tender. But there are three beings now whom I want to hold as friends, — you two boys, and your dear sister. Will *you* be my friends? The two gentlemen I have mentioned are the only persons, beside yourselves, who have ever slept under my roof. Those two are the only white men I know in the world. Now, boys, though you are boys, you are gentlemen. I have a wish and command to make to you: The questions you have just asked are natural and all right; but now and here let us agree, we three boys, that we will stifle all curiosity about each other; and that when we part, we will only tell of one another what we are sure we may tell. I think you will not find this hard to know. Do you understand me?'

"We answered that we did, and that we would try to do as he had said.

“One morning, when we had been at Terre Sauvage for a week or more, we went on a hunt, where I wounded my first deer, and Al Surenne ran him down on horseback, ahead of all the dogs but Cartouche. It was only in hunting that the Dwarf ever showed anything but love toward animals; and I used to wonder that the same man who could shoot a stag (a doe he never ran

tate their cries, and draw the different birds from long distances to light near to his hand, or on his shoulders or head. To see a great hawk, soaring high above the forest, turn from its course at his call, and whirl down and about his head, answering him as one bird does another, was a wonderful sight.

“One day at dinner, when we had been at the castle eight days, our host eat nothing, but sat with his head on a hand, seemingly unconscious of any presence but that of the anxious Cartouche, and that of the noisy Cammanno. When his eyes turned to us, they wore an expression of pain and bewilderment. As soon as the meal was finished, he left us, and we did not see him again, to speak with him, for more than two days. I awoke in the middle of the night, hearing the organ below played to the wildest strains, whilst poor Cartouche uttered smothered howls in the hall, like the wails of a suffering child. In the morning we sent Mezzotinto to ask if his master was well; but he came back without a reply, for Cartouche growled fiercely when he knocked at the Dwarf's door. All that day we did not see master or dog, but at midnight I was startled again, this time by Cartouche's barking outside the house. The moon was shining brightly. I went to the window, and saw opposite, on a lawn, bordered by cedars and hemlocks, the little figure of the Dwarf striding up and down, and wildly tossing his arms about; whilst Cartouche sat like a mourner beside his master's path, expressing as sympathizingly as a dumb animal could, his distress. Presently the dog trotted up to the Dwarf's side, and then together



nor shot at), or run down a fox or boar, was as gentle with every other beast, and with all birds, as if they were children. I have seen many different kinds of birds — hawks, jays, pigeons, and even the wild grouse — come to him like tame sparrows: that was when we were not too near. And how he had gotten this power with wild birds, I cannot imagine. I have heard him imi-

they paced up and down the melancholy walk. Donald and I did not understand it, — what it was that made our kind friend so strange, so miserable, — whether sickness, or bad news of some kind, had changed him so. We felt that it would be improper to interrupt even his misery; we could not question him, we could do nothing to help him. We returned to our beds, and the

last thing I remembered that night was the sound of Cartouche's bark. But in the morning, when we went down-stairs, there in the hall were the Dwarf and Cartouche, as happy as children. The master would hold a stick for the dog to leap, and then give it to the dog to hold in his mouth, whilst he (the Dwarf) leaped it,—a standing leap, let me tell you, as high as his ears,—that is more than most men can do with a run. Al Surene called for us to join in the sport; and so we did, having fine fun and exercise, until we were called to breakfast. Not a word nor a sign did the Dwarf give of his mysterious illness, and so peculiar were the circumstances, that we dared not speak of it to him.

For days after that, the Dwarf was as merry, and amusing, and companionable as any comrade I ever had: as affectionate as a sister, whilst he excited our admiration by continual exhibitions of agility and address,—climbing, leaping, riding, and shooting. He was another but a smarter boy, and sometimes we entirely forgot that our companion was a man. The house changed its character with the Dwarf's mood: Cammanno was full of fun; Mezzotinto's eyes twinkled like—no, not a bit like stars—does nothing else twinkle but stars? Well, anyhow they *twinkled*, and his limbs, and even wool, laughed with every motion. Cartouche was happy; even with all his savage dignity, he sometimes now *frisked*; but generally, extended on his outstretched legs, he lay, wagging his tail, and watching his master. We all had a fine time together, until, one afternoon, there came up a sudden thunder-storm. We were in the library with the Dwarf, Cartouche crouched by the window snapping at flies, and Mezzotinto stretched in a corner snoring. We were looking at some fine engravings of Napoleon's campaign in Russia. It was warm, and the Dwarf, losing more and more his interest in the explanations he was giving, kept exclaiming, 'What is the matter? what is coming?' As yet we had heard no thunder, and the landscape, seen from our window, was pleasant and sunny, with no shadows of the approaching storm. Soon the Dwarf left the engravings. He threw himself restlessly into a chair, where he remained not a moment, but sprang up again to walk the room. 'Boys,' he said, 'don't you feel something terrible near us? What is it? what is it?' evincing great distress as he spoke. Just then we heard a long rumble, like the roll of artillery wagons. 'Ah!' exclaimed the Dwarf, betraying in his voice and pallor excessive alarm,—'ah! that's it; my death, my death, or its warning,—a thun-

der-storm!' Cartouche jumped through the window, and with most insane fury barked at the coming storm, as if he would frighten it away, whilst the Dwarf stood with his hands to his eyes, trembling. Another roll,—nearer. Soon came a startling flash, followed by such a tremendous volley of thunder, and sudden drift of blackness, that we too stood in fear, and so blinded both by the fork of lightning, and its succeeding gloom, that we could not see one another in the same room. When in a moment the darkness broke, the Dwarf had disappeared, and Cartouche sprang through the room to follow his master wherever he had gone.

"When the short, fierce storm had entirely passed over, our host came out to us as we came from the stables toward the house. 'You saw a coward that time. I'll confess it. I can't brave thunder and lightning. When a storm is hours away, strange fears and presentiments come upon me. The sound of thunder shakes me frightfully, and the flash of lightning—O! how it scorches me! All this is not so foolish as you think; for I feel, I *know* that by a stroke of lightning I shall die. Fancy seeing the known agents of your death appearing to you at times in such awful displays. How often I have known the horrors of death! It is not death I fear, but its black columns marching through the trees and over the mountains, hundreds of miles, to the dread band of thunder rolling, with muffled strokes, its dead march,—the winds fleeing before its course, the forests bending their heads in dread! A guard of twelve *men* only march forth to shoot the condemned soldier. An army of *God*, clothed in clouds, stepping to the awful strains of *thunder*, must come before my unbandaged eyes, to blast with a volley of lightning my little *dwarfed* life!'

"O, could you have heard the despairing tones of that speech,—the bitterness of those words, 'My little dwarfed life.' Could you have seen the protesting misery on the Dwarf's passionate face, the weird grace and vehemence of that little figure, gesturing as if it would paint again in the now blue sky the storm that had passed,—the picture of his doom. Could you have heard and seen the Dwarf then, you would have pitied and loved that strange being, of whom I cannot think now as merely an earthly creature, but as either possessed at times by mysterious influences, or as so delicately constituted that agencies in nature, unfelt by us, and not yet comprehended by the wisest philosophers, touched the finely strung chords of his organization, as the unseen winds

strike sound from the Æolian harp. However, to speculate on this, will only delay my story.

"The Dwarf had one great room on the second floor, which he called his 'work-room.' It was a studio, laboratory, armory, and carpenter shop. There were pictures finished and unfinished, crayoned scenes on the ceiling and walls, books tossed about on the benches and on the floor, stuffed birds and animals, pinned bugs, beetles, and flies, jars with preserved reptiles, bottles and boxes, live snakes (the Dwarf's peculiar aversion) in glass cases, — rattlesnakes, adders, and copperheads, — a chemical stove, old-fashioned arms of Chinese, Aztec, Crusader, and Revolutionary times, and a carpenter's bench, with tools and lathe. We liked very much, on rainy days, to go there with Al Surene, costumed like a diminutive magician, his sack-cut dressing-gown being of silk, figured as if with hieroglyphics; wearing, too, pointed red morocco slippers, and a smoking-cap, which looked like that of Mephistopheles. The snakes he kept to experiment on with poisons and other agents. He always smoked in the work-room, — smoked a pipe whilst painting, or at the carpenter's bench, and we and Cartouche sat and watched him, or I teased the devilish snakes. At times the Dwarf amused us with chemical exhibitions. Once, too, he showed us a machine with which, and the aid of a long wire, he said he could send messages to us in Altonborough, — messages that would be received by us in the same moment he sent them, and connecting a wire from the machine to a stroke-bell at the opposite end of the room, he turned the handle of the machine with his left hand, whilst with the right he pressed on a key, or stop; thus he made the bell strike as he wished. He promised to connect a wire with a bell in our house, and then by having different numbers of bell-strokes signify different letters or words, he could send us any message he wished."

Remember that Uncle Captain told this before Morse had developed his invention of the telegraph, and that the Dwarf had used the same idea in experiments and amusement, years before that.

"But the most wonderful instrument that the Dwarf amazed us with, was one for the gathering of electricity, and *controlling* it as powder and shot in a gun, — that is, using it to throw artificial lightning with precision and deadly effect. In fact, he had constructed a *lightning gun*!

"The only explanation I can give of it is, that the principal part of the apparatus was a mass of platinum (I think) jars, silver-plate re-

volving rollers, wires, and cylinders. I suppose that this part of the machine was an enormous voltaic battery, carried and perfected so far beyond what is even now known, that the Dwarf was able, not merely to produce sparks of electricity, such as we have seen to pass off from the common electrical machine, but flashes of fire, resembling in miniature the lightning flash from the charged storm. Indeed, as I believe, he made that of which his life stood in dread, — *lightning*. And now, what rendered this the more wonderful, was that this lightning was thrown from the generator into and through a barrel of some kind, — whether that was of metal, or what else, I know not, — like a rifle barrel, and sighted as such, by which means he could direct the barrel to bear exactly on any point; and then starting the machine, could throw a deadly missile, like a thin arrow flame, on that point. The first proof he gave us of its power, was by taking one of the snakes, having first rendered it stupid by administering a narcotic, and placing it on a stone stand in the window-place, so that if the deadly stroke passed the object, it would strike against the side of a large mass of rock, some sixty yards off in the wood. Then he sighted along the barrel, until it bore exactly on the snake's head. Having arranged that, he turned the crank of the machine for a few seconds; and then, calling us to watch, he touched or turned something in the machine, when instantaneously a delicate blade of fire gleamed like the flashing of a ray from the barrel to the object. We went to the snake, and found a hole, like that which might be made by a darning-needle, searing through and through the head. Another time he shot through the window, by the same means, a hedgehog, which was sleeping at the base of the rock I mentioned just now.

"We had been at Terre Sauvage nearly four weeks, — it was the twelfth of October — our visit was to end on the fifteenth, — when we had a fox-hunt, that brought for us a black fox, a trophy for any hunter, and for me it won (by an accident) my legacy. It was in this way. On a damp, cold morning, the Dwarf started us out of our beds at six o'clock. Before seven we had eaten breakfast, and mounted the horses. The six hounds, Cartouche at their head, were eager for the sport; but their master kept them in, back of the horses, until we had gone two miles, and reached the foot of one of the hill gullies, where it spread into a piece of swamp land. Here were several acres, cleared of timber, but rough with boulders, and waist deep in grasses and briars.

“Now, boys,” said the Dwarf, “place yourselves at intervals of about one hundred yards apart, right around this gully foot, so as to mark what comes out; and I’ll go in with the dogs where the east timber stands, and work up your way. I have seen a panther-cat make up that gully, from the same patch. If a deer gets up, let him go, for I want to run his foxship this morning.” With that, he turned his horse from us, and the dogs, knowing that their fun was near, gave a yelp at his horse’s heels, following close.

“Hardly had we taken our places, than the hot, delighted *find* of one of the hounds reached us; and then, as one and another, Cartouche second, opened on the fresh scent with a yelp, clear as a cornet, we knew it was time to keep our eyes open. The dogs we could hear sweetly enough, but could not see them; though there was Al Surene sitting quietly on his horse, just in the edge of the timber, and waving his hat for us to know his pleasure at such a quick find. The dogs came nearer and nearer to us, all on the bay. There was close to me a long slip of ground, covered with bushes and vines. This piece ran, like a wedge, for half a mile up the gully. Suddenly the dogs were fifty yards from me, and at work in this piece, a complete covert for an animal against our shots; for so thick was it, that we could not see one of the dogs.

“We waited for the Dwarf, and then pushed up the gully after the dogs. The fox — for such it was — had given us the slip, so far. And then began a ride that lasted until two in the afternoon, hardly ever up to the hounds, so bad was that rocky, uneven country for horses. By a proper place we knew, we left *Terre Sauvage*, and made west for thirteen or fifteen miles. Then the fox turned, and with a great circuit to the north, that happened to bring him under Donald’s eyes and shot, — but he missed him, — he struck for a back track the same path he had run out on. Up now came Donald in a gale of excitement, crying, ‘O thunder! it is a black fox, — black as jet, — and I missed him!’ — ‘Ride on,’ said the Dwarf, ‘and try him again.’ So we did, all; but our gait was not a gallop, and the dogs were sometimes a mile away. We hunters, too, were separated, and I was ahead, when the chase brought our return to the west border of the Dwarf’s estate. By the one way of entrance and exit, known only to those living in the estate, I rode through, glad enough to get again to where my horse could quicken his pace. I saw too,

now, how I could make a short cut across to the track, whereby the fox must surely return to his burrow, — his path would be through the descending gully. Hotly I pressed my noble horse, and bravely he responded to my urging rein. I had nearly reached the point where I desired to take a stand, when we came to a spread of rock, that laid in well marked strata, and covered half an acre, perhaps, of the slope. I would not take the time to ride about it, but pushed straight over its insecure surface. My gun hung ready in my right hand, whilst the left guided the horse wherever I could pick a better course; but my attention was directed up the gully, down which came the hot music of the hounds, and of a sudden I felt my horse slipping from under me, and I was thrown hard on the rocks. With the instinct of a sportsman, I had kept hold of my gun, and held it high, so that it did not explode when I fell. I had struck on my right side, and my whole frame twitched with the bang and bruise. Within a few seconds I made out to rise; though I felt roughly treated, there were no bones broken; but my horse remained where he had fallen, certainly injured, or that gallant fellow would never lie so. Then — O! how the chorus of the approaching dogs drove every thought but Fox from my mind. I would remain where I was. He must pass near. And hark! I heard, away up behind me, a call, and the crashing of a rider; but I turned not my head, for — sight to fix my eyes, and nerve my hands — there, not eighty yards west, trotting quickly, now to stand for a flash of hearing, then to dash into a frightened gallop, a fox — *the black fox* — darted into and across a short piece of open ground, like a shadow of guile. Flint and tinder, what a blazing chase! Hardly had he passed from my sight, than Cartouche darted like an arrow into the same open, nostrils to the ground, then his trumpeting nose swung toward the skies, with a peal of loud victory. O, how my heart beat! louder than the hound’s voice to me; but my muscles seemed to harden into iron. There, there! in his last desperate effort, the fox again! quick! in a second he will be hidden! Bang! Stopped in the flash, nose and tail stretched out, with the last long leap. I jumped toward him, and had barely time to swing him aloft, and shout a cheer with what breath remained in me, when Cartouche was upon me. Not a hundred yards off, the Dwarf restrained his own fierce, sweat-flecked horse by the side of my fallen steed.

(To be concluded.)



THE TRULY RURAL ROMAUNT OF THE SLEEPY PRINCESS.

(Continued.)

XIII.

Now, as he sings poor Poppy's woes,
The tear rolls down the poet's nose;
His pensive heart beneath his vest,
Responsive beats to Poppy's breast:
But stay! this weakness is but vain!
Dry up, and so resume the strain.

XIV.

One startling shriek she gives. Alack!
The startled echoes give it back,
Not useless all. By happy chance
Sir Pea-pod hears, and waves his lance,
Claps spurs into his charger's sides,
And to the maiden's rescue rides.



XV.

In nick of time arrives the knight;
 Good fairies aid thee, Aconite!
 With lance in rest, and all aglow,
 He deals the Dragon-blow on blow;
 Who now, alarmed, lets fall his prey,
 And on his hind-legs stands at bay.

XVI.

In vain he chafes : Sir Pea-pod's steel
 Has pierced him through from head to heel ;
 Within a trice he's stretched in death,
 And yields his vegetable breath,
 Staining the sod full twenty feet,
 A helpless and unmourned dead Beet.



XVII.

Haste ! not a moment must be lost ;
 Poppy has yielded up the ghost,
 Or seems to have done so ; pale and stiff,
 No pulse is felt, — of breath no whiff.
 Sir Aconite is in despair,
 And tears in shreds his knightly hair.

XVIII.

Returning reason bade him go
 To where the limpid waters flow,
 And bathe her brow ; or, better far,
 Take her to where her parents are.
 This course is best. With tender heed
 He mounts with her his neighing steed.

(To be concluded.)

PICTURES FROM FROISSART.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

A GLANCE AT THE LIFE OF FROISSART.

JOHN FROISSART, one of the most delightful of historians, without whose works our knowledge of that stirring and important period, the fourteenth century, would be somewhat vague and unsatisfactory, was born in Valenciennes, a town of Hainault, about the year 1337. His family seems to have been highly respectable, and some have thought noble. At a very early age he began to show the qualities which afterward distinguished him.

Seldom has there been so eager, restless, and inquisitive a child! With a temperament like quicksilver, he could not remain long in the same place, or doing the same thing! He rejoiced in all the games suitable for his years, and indeed pursued them with such zeal, that his teachers were constantly forced to check, and often to punish him.

Having passed the awkward crisis of hobbledoydom, and got fairly into his teens, Froissart devoted himself to hunting, music, feasts, assemblies, dress, dancing, and we regret to say, to wine and unduly rich living, tastes which clung to him throughout his career. Yet he could be industrious too, and luckily a rage for historical research saved him from absolute excess. When a youth of barely twenty, he undertook, at the entreaty of his "lord and master, Sir Robert de Namur, Lord of Beaufort," to write about the wars and other famous events of his own time. For the better part of *four* years he labored at his "Chronicles," which — as the art of printing was then unknown — could exist only in manuscripts, largely multiplied, however, by active clerks, and in some cases beautifully illuminated!

At the end of this period, Froissart, who meanwhile had travelled into the most distant French provinces, went over to England, and presented portions of his history to the wise and liberal Philippa of Hainault, Edward the Third's queen. One chief object of his visit was to ease the pains of a hopeless attachment, which, he tells us, seized upon his heart in *infancy*, and tormented him for years. Queen Philippa received Froissart in the kindest manner, and thenceforth became his patroness. She soon learnt of his love-trouble, encouraged him not to despair, and sent him back to his own country, furnished with money and

horses, upon condition that he would again visit her. But the poor lover was fated to be a second time disappointed. To the bitter end, in fact, his mistress remained cold and unyielding.

Returning, after a considerable time, to England, — in accordance with his promise, — he attached himself to Philippa's service. The queen, being fond of letters, could appreciate Froissart's titles to her favor. Struck by the merits of the "Chronicles" he had before presented to her, she honored him with the office of clerk — that is to say, secretary or writer — of her chamber, which he was in possession of from 1361.

For the purpose of collecting every kind of material to enrich his narratives, Froissart, during the years of his royal clerkship, travelled, at his mistress's expense, all over Europe. His plan was not to search merely among old, perhaps lying records, but wherever he went to "make diligent inquiry after those ancient knights and squires, who had been present at deeds at arms, and who were well enabled to speak of them." Also he sought for heralds of good repute, to verify and confirm what he might have heard elsewhere of such matters. This is one reason why his "Chronicles" are so full of life and freshness. Generally, his histories may be relied upon as truthful, except, indeed, where he had no choice but to write from *tradition*, in which cases he displays frequently not a little credulous simplicity.

Six months of Froissart's stay in Britain were employed in journeying as far as the wild Scotch Highlands. Upon this expedition he formed the acquaintance of the King of Scotland, and his lords, particularly William, Earl of Douglas, who lodged him for fifteen days in his castle of Dalkeith. Not very long after, we hear of Froissart wandering among the various Italian courts. From Savoy he proceeded to Milan, and thence, in order, to Bologna, Ferrara, and Rome. The Italian princes treated him so liberally, that instead of travelling, as he had done through Scotland, on horseback, and followed only by a grayhound, he progressed now in state, splendidly mounted, and with a retinue of servants.

In 1369, Froissart's good mistress, Queen Philippa, died. He felt her loss sincerely, and composed a mourning ode upon the occasion. It was her decease, no doubt, which induced him to go into his own country, where (being a priest

as well as man of letters) he obtained the living of Lestines. His conduct here does not appear to have been very devout, for on his own evidence we learn that the tavern-keepers of Lestines had five hundred francs of his money, in the short space of time he was their rector!

But soon he was to be more profitably occupied again, than in wasting his means in wine-bibbing at public-houses. Winceslaus de Luxembourg, Duke of Brabant, engaged his services as secretary. He was a poet, or at least, he made graceful verses, and these, in the shape of rondeaus, songs, and virelays, Froissart collected, adding some of his own pieces to the productions of the prince; altogether, they formed a romance, with the title of "Meliador," or "The Knight of the Sun." Unfortunately, just as this work was on the point of completion, the duke died.

But Froissart was never long in want of employment. Directly after this event, Guy, Count de Blois, received him into his household. He was made clerk of the chapel, and showed his gratitude by a pastoral on the betrothing of the Count's son Louis with Mary, daughter of the Duke de Berry. The three succeeding years of 1385, 1386, and 1387, Froissart passed sometimes in the Blaisois, sometimes in Touraine. But having agreed to continue his history, which had been left unfinished, he took advantage of the peace just concluded to visit, in 1388, the court of the famous Gaston, Count de Foix and de Béarn (surnamed *Phabus*, on account of his handsome person), where he hoped to gather information as to foreign lands, from the number of warriors assembled there. After a journey of six days he reached the town of Ortez in Béarn, Gaston's ordinary residence. Froissart did well in visiting this place. Count de Foix was a magnificent knight and captain, whose fame had drawn around him the bravest soldiers of the age. Their conversations ran on attacks of places, surprises, sieges, assaults, skirmishes, and pitched battles. Their amusements were tilts, tournaments, and huntings. Among them the chronicler was at home; he seemed to breathe an atmosphere of adventure and romance. Every evening, he amused Gaston and his guests by reading aloud to them the "Meliador;" and they, in turn, told him all the particulars of the wars in which they had fought. Specially valuable facts were obtained by him from certain knights of Aragon and England then living with the Duke of Lancaster in that neighborhood.

Upon leaving Gaston, Froissart, for upward of three years, seems hardly to have known

quiet was. At one moment we catch a glimpse of him in Auvergne, then in Hainault, Paris, Holland, and Picardy, — until at last, about January, 1390, he reappears in his own country. There he employs himself in completing his history from the intelligence he had, with so much trouble, collected.

Five years later he passed over into England for the last time. The young king, Richard II., was on the throne. By him Froissart was treated with favor and distinction. "Since," said the prince, "you master scholar have been in the household of my grandfather, and likewise of the queen, my grandmother, you must be still of the household of England!" Upon the first good opportunity, the historian begged the king's acceptance of a copy of "Meliador," "bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver gilt nails, and a golden rose on the clasp!" Richard was hugely pleased with this work, but whether he admired the splendid outside, or the romantic inside most, does not very clearly appear.

The limit of his sojourn at the English court having been reached, Froissart returned home. In 1397, Guy, Count de Blois, the last of his patrons, died. He himself was then sixty years old, but there can be no doubt that he lived *four* years longer, for he relates some of the events of 1400.

As hinted before, Froissart's "Chronicles" are of great historical value. The matter is for the most part trustworthy, and the style charmingly clear and simple. He grew a trifle garrulous in his old age, but he never lost his spirits, and his natural, animated, agreeable manner. After the lapse of five hundred years, what he tells us seems as *real* as if the events had happened only yesterday. This is because he saw so many of the things related, with his own keen, observant eyes, or received an account of them fresh from the lips of those who were the chief actors therein.

I.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS AND RELATIONS OF KING RICHARD II. OF ENGLAND.

Before we enter upon the details of the fourteenth century, we must first give some account of the state of the country at that time. This will be done in a separate chapter. It is to be observed that after the death of Edward III., the reign of Richard II. was a period of great confusion and civil war, which was the result of the fact, that the king was a weak and childish man, and that the nobles were divided into two parties, the Lancastrians and the Yorkists.

land, there ever has been, from the reign of King Arthur, some prince, feeble both in mind and body. We find an example of this in the career of the gallant Edward III. His grandfather, Edward I., called "the good king," was brave, wise, enterprising, and fortunate in war. He was constantly fighting with his unruly neighbors, the Scotch, whom, on three or four different occasions, he defeated with terrible loss.

When he died, his son by his *first* marriage (also named Edward) succeeded to the crown; but he failed to inherit his father's wisdom or courage. Evil counselors got possession of his ear, and caused him to govern the kingdom so loosely, that Robert Bruce not only reconquered all Scotland, but afterwards defeated the king, and all the barons of England, in the great pitched battle of Bannockburn, when the pursuit lasted two entire days and nights! Finally, Edward, with merely a handful of followers, reached London, half dead with fatigue and shame!

Previous to this disaster, King Edward had married the daughter of Philip the Fair, of France. She was one of the greatest beauties in the world, and by her he had two sons and two daughters. The elder son became Edward III., who was crowned in London on Christmas Day, 1326, during the life-time of both his parents! The other, named John, died in his youth. Isabella, the elder daughter, married David of Scotland, in order to secure a peace between that country and England. The younger daughter espoused the wealthy and powerful Duke of Guelderland.

II.

OCCASION OF THE WARS BETWEEN THE KINGS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

It is very important that we should trace and remember the causes of these celebrated wars, in which so much blood and treasure were expended, and so many acts of valor were displayed. It seems that the French King Philip the Fair had three sons, beside that wonderfully lovely daughter, Isabella, who married the King of England.

Like their father, the three sons were remarkable for great comeliness of person. The eldest, Lewis, was called Lewis Hutin; the second, Philip the Long; and the third, Charles. One after another, they were all kings of France, and one after another, they died without legitimate male heirs. Now, on the demise of the last of them (Charles), many thought that the French throne should be yielded to Isabella, his sister, then Queen of England. Not so, however, did

the twelve peers and barons of France decide, who held the crown to be disposed of at their will. They insisted that neither to Isabella, regarded as a woman and inferior, nor to her son (subsequently known as the King Edward III.), must so noble a kingdom as France be given. Therefore, with not one dissenting voice, they chose for their ruler the Lord Philip of Valois, nephew to the former King Philip, thus putting aside forever the English queen and her offspring. Whereupon, a bitter and deadly quarrel arose between the two countries, which resulted in destructive wars and devastations, not only in France, but various other portions of the Continent of Europe.

III.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S DISPUTE WITH HER HUSBAND.

Nothing could prove Edward II.'s weakness of character more clearly than the way in which he allowed himself to be governed by unworthy advisers. The chief of these was Sir Hugh Spencer, who abused his master's confidence, in order that he might gain for himself wealth and power. Everybody imputed to him the dreadful defeat which Edward had suffered at the hands of Robert Bruce, and the great barons and nobles of the kingdom murmured against him, and desired his downfall.

He was not slow to discover their hostility, whereupon (like the cunning schemer he had always shown himself) he took the king aside, and told him that the nobles had formed an alliance against his majesty, and would soon drive him from his throne, if he refused to adopt instant measures to prevent such treason. The king grew half mad with terror. So, in his frenzy, he caused all these lords to be arrested, and, without delay, ordered the heads of no less than *twenty-two* of the greatest barons to be struck off, never even pausing to give any reason for the brutal deed! Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, a pious, upright man, suffered first. Afterward, people said that because of his pure, religious life, miracles were performed at his grave; but this, we know, must have been all fancy.

The whole-ale murder of the nobles, as it was rightly thought to be, increased tenfold the general hatred of Sir Hugh Spencer. Especially did the *queen* detest and fear him; for, in addition to other dark deeds, he tried his best to foment discord between Isabella and the king. And he succeeded so well that the latter would not see the queen, or come to any place where she

was! When the quarrel had lasted some time, Isabella, and the king's brother, the Earl of Kent, who stood her friend, had reason to know that some mortal danger awaited them, unless they quitted the country. Then, hastily and secretly making her preparations, the queen, under pretense of visiting the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, went to the sea-shore, and on that very night set sail for France. Her young son Edward, Sir Roger Mortimer, and the Earl of Kent, were her companions. Next morning they landed safely at Boulogne.



IV.

HOW THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND MADE HER COMPLAINT TO HER BROTHER, THE KING OF FRANCE.

The Governor of Boulogne, and the Abbot of the town, welcomed Isabella and her suite with great respect, and entertained them handsomely for two days.

On the *third* day, they continued their journey toward Paris. Now, King Charles, having

heard of his sister's coming, sent some of his great lords to meet and conduct her to his presence.

When she reached the court, much agitated by her journey and its cause, and faltered a little outside the door of the presence chamber, the king, perceiving, rose in haste to meet her.

After embracing and kissing her lovingly, he said, "Welcome, welcome, fair sister!" Then, turning to the prince, "And is this fine youth your son, and my nephew? welcome to him likewise!" Whereupon, he took each by the hand, and led them gently in. The queen, whose chief hope was in her brother, tried to kneel at his feet: but this he would not allow; so, holding her right hand still, he inquired with affectionate earnestness into her business and affairs. She made very cautious, but clear replies, dwelling on the cruel tyranny of Sir Hugh Spencer, and beseeching her brother's advice and help.*

When Charles had heard her piteous story, he was greatly moved, and cried out, "Be appeased, fair sister; for, by the faith I owe to God and St. Denis, I shall provide for you some remedy!" Then, despite his continued opposition, the queen, melted by gratitude at such sweet words, persisted in kneeling down before him, exclaiming, "O dear lord and brother, I pray God to second your kind intentions!"

After these words, Charles conducted Isabella and her son to another and splendidly furnished apartment, where he left them for a time, commanding his servants to provide them with everything they could need.

As soon as possible, Charles assembled the lords, rulers, and barons of his kingdom, to advise with them upon the proper course to pursue in this difficulty of his sister with her husband, and

Sir Hugh Spencer.

"By all means," they said, "let the queen purchase friends and help here in France; your majesty and counselors, to avoid an open rupture with England, can *appear* to be ignorant of the

* This is one of the passages in which Froissart has been supposed by some to be at fault. Other historians declare that Isabella was sent to Paris with her husband's knowledge, and indeed by his *express* orders, to arrange certain matters connected with the homage due from Edward II. to Charles of France. But as these skeptics have not *proved* their point, we see no sufficient reason to discredit the very circumstantial narrative of Froissart.

enterprise ; but, meanwhile, all things can be *secretly* arranged ; only, let gold and silver be spent judiciously ! ”

Such advice happened to suit the king's views and temper at the moment, so he acceded to it, and Isabella was encouraged to hope that the result of her bold flight would be fortunate.

V.

SIR HUGH SPENCER'S MANŒUVRES AGAINST THE QUEEN, AND THEIR SUCCESS.

The longer Sir Hugh Spencer's influence lasted over the weak, vacillating English monarch, the more imperious and powerful this bad minister became ! At last, his pride grew so intolerable, that all the barons, who had thus far escaped the scaffold, joined together, and rebelled against his authority. Private quarrels were made up between them, and they sent quietly to inform the queen at Paris, that if she were enabled to collect a thousand men at arms, and would come at the head of them, with her son, into England, they would “ treat with her, and obey him as their lawful sovereign.”

These offers were communicated by Isabella to Charles, who replied heartily, “ God be your help : your affairs are prospering ! levy an army among my subjects. I not only consent to this, but I will order the necessary sums of money to be distributed among them ! ”

The queen had already gained over to her side many of the bravest lords, knights, and esquires of the French kingdom, and her brother's encouraging words made her only the more active and hopeful.

But Sir Hugh Spencer was a cunning and

dangerous antagonist. His spies told him of the queen's measures ; and what should he do but dispatch secret agents to France, loaded with treasure, such as gold, diamonds, rubies, and every kind of precious stones, which were so subtly distributed amongst the king and his counselors, that “ they turned as cold toward the cause of Isabella, as before they had been warm ! ” The king, moreover, issued a decree, forbidding any of his people, under pain of banishment, to further Isabella's plans, or to assist her in *any* manner whatsoever !

Nor was this the worst part of the poor queen's discomfiture. Sir Hugh Spencer — who, in secret, underhanded plotting, appears to have been a sort of human mole — wrote plausible letters, and sent enormous bribes to the cardinals at Rome, who, thus touchingly appealed to, sought his holiness, the Pope, and besought him to exercise his authority in the matter.

Now, you must know that in that age the Pope was all-powerful. The mightiest kings, so to speak, were as dust beneath his feet ! He had but to command, and everybody obeyed. He had but to threaten, and everybody trembled !

Therefore, when he briefly and sternly addressed the King of France, and deigning not to give his reasons, commanded him instantly to send Isabella out of the country, Charles, fearing *excommunication* (which meant misery and shame in this world, and everlasting woe in the world to come), hastened to obey him ! Thus was the English queen, helpless and an exile, thrown upon the mercy of strangers !

But avarice and superstition are powerful agents ! Many cruel, mean, infamous things, have they been the means of bringing to pass.

PRINCESS EVA.

ONCE a tradesman hung in his shop window two dolls, one dressed as a lady, the other as a gentleman, which were the admiration of every child in the neighborhood, for such beautiful dolls had never been seen there before. The little gentleman wore a crimson velvet coat, plum-colored waistcoat, and black plush shorts, beneath which were to be seen bright glass buckles, neat white stockings, and patent-leather shoes ; his hair was brown and curly, and his eyes were the color of his hair. Altogether, he was a very handsome, as well as handsomely dressed young

gentleman doll. As for the little lady, I can give you no idea of her beauty ; she had pink cheeks, large blue eyes, and long curling hair of the finest texture ; her dress was white satin, and her shoes white kid, with tiny white satin bows on them ; in her hand she held a little lace handkerchief, which had been perfumed with violet essence.

Christmas Eve had come, and still the dolls were to be seen in the shopkeeper's window, for he asked such a high price for them, that no one bought them. At last a carriage drove to the

door, and a little girl and her mamma entered the shop. After looking at a great many playthings the little girl happened to cast her eyes toward the window, and immediately cried out that she wanted the beautiful little lady doll. Her mother asked its price, and tried to persuade Jessie to buy something else; but she continued to beg for it, and at last her mother consented, and Jessie brought off the doll in triumph, greatly envied by a group of little children, who stood near the shop, looking at the pretty things, and wishing for money to buy some; but Jessie was a thoughtless little girl, and did not notice the children's longing looks until her mother directed her attention to them; then she felt sorry because they were too poor to buy pretty things, and asked her mother if she might give them some sugar-plums which were in the carriage. Her mother gave her consent, and Jessie had soon divided her candy among the poor children.

On arriving at home, Jessie hastened to her own room, where there was a large baby-house, in which she put the new doll, telling the older inhabitants that they must be very polite to the new dolly, as she was a stranger, and if they were not very kind to her, might feel lonely. The largest bedroom was to be hers, and Miss Kate, who slept there before, must go to the small room and sleep with Miss Lisette, an invalid with only one arm and one leg, who, on account of her health, was obliged to remain in bed, except when Miss Kate took her out to drive in the carriage. "But Miss Lisette shall not be disturbed," said Jessie. "I will put the little iron bed in her room, for Miss Kate to sleep on, and it is much better for poor Lisette to have some one sleeping in her room, in case she should be taken ill at night."

While prattling on in this way, what was Jessie's surprise to see the new doll jump up from the chair on which she had been placed, and begin to rub her eyes. At first Jessie was frightened, and she was running out of the room, when a silvery voice called to her, "Dear little girl, do not run away from me; I will do you no harm." At this Jessie came back to the baby-house, wondering very much if she could be asleep, and this only a dream.

"My name is Eva," said the little doll; "my father is king of a small party of elves, and I was to have been married to Prince Weewee, the son of a neighboring king. On my wedding day a wicked old witch, who wanted Prince Weewee to marry her own daughter, turned Weewee and myself into dolls. Every year the spell is

broken for one hour; this is that hour; and if two drops of mortal's blood fall on me during that time, the enchantment will be forever broken, and my cruel old enemy will lose her power over me. So, dear little girl, if you will only stick a pin in your finger, and let two drops of your blood fall on me, I shall be safe. Pray, pray! do it for your poor wretched little Eva."

Jessie was a brave little girl, and did not hesitate to stick a pin in her pretty, plump, white finger. The blood oozed out in great red drops, and fell on Princess Eva's flaxen curls, but wonderful to relate, it left no stain. Eva's joy and gratitude were unbounded; she clapped her hands together, jumped up into Jessie's lap and kissed her over and over again, until she was so tired that she had to stop to rest. Then her little face became grave, and she begged Jessie to take her back to the toy-shop, as the other doll in the window was Prince Weewee, and she longed to put her hand on his shoulder, for that would break the spell he was under, and set him free.

But she was to be disappointed; the shopkeeper had sold Prince Weewee: he thought he remembered that a little girl had bought him, and described her to Jessie; but one of the clerks reminded him that the little girl had only looked at the doll, and that an old woman had bought him. Altogether, they were so uncertain on the subject, that Jessie learned nothing that might assist Princess Eva in her search for her friend.

"I must go in search of him," said Eva. And so when night came, she started forth in the moonlight on her errand. After walking for some distance, she came to a hill that was so high our poor little wanderer sank down exhausted before reaching the top; and while sitting there, she heard a shrill voice calling out, "Good-morrow, Dame Ant; I hope your family are all well." Turning to the direction the voice came from, Princess Eva saw a large grasshopper perched on a twig, and talking to a busy little ant, who was working hard to pull a dead fly along. "I wish," the grasshopper continued, "that you would leave that stupid work and come with me to-night to the elves' party; of course I am not invited; no insect is: but it is very amusing, I can assure you, to watch them dance and jump about; if you are under a large leaf, you can see the fun without being seen. Come, you sober, stupid little ant, enjoy yourself for once in your life, and do not waste your time and break your back dragging dead flies, that are altogether too heavy for you. Holla! what's this?" Madam Grasshopper exclaimed suddenly, seeing Princess Eva.

"Who are you, my dear? not one of the elves going to the party to-night; you look too tired for that; you must have come a long way, to be so tired."

"I am Princess Eva, and I am looking for Prince Weewee. Have you seen anything of him, good Mrs. Grasshopper, or Mrs. Ant?"

"No," said the grasshopper, "I have not seen him; but what a pity you are so tired, or you might go with me to the elves' ball,—it's such fun, you don't know. Good-by, my dears," and the lively little insect hopped off, and was soon out of sight.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Ant, "how frivolous. My dear Princess Eva, you must go home with me and rest, you are too tired to go further to-night; lift the head of the fly, dear, and we will soon get him home. Pardon me if I call you Eva; we are such plain people, that all my boarders would be so frightened, they would leave the house if I told them I had invited a princess to stay with me; put your arms further under, dear; you are taller than I am, and so the fly's head is easier for you to carry. Here we are: put your hand-in my apron pocket, and get out the front-door key; that's right: now put it in upside down, and push. Thank you, dear! that's all right; just give this fly a pull once more,—he's monstrous heavy. Now, my dear, you must have some supper. Will you take a bit of fly's wing? it is very delicate: or a piece of leg? What, neither? O, I forgot! a princess, of course, needs more tempting food. I have a few grains of sugar in the store-room, kept for sickness; it's so nourishing, you know. You are too tired to eat, you say. Very well, dear; go to bed, and I will heat a drop of sirup for you. Dr. Mole recommends it in cases of exhaustion."

Princess Eva woke up next morning quite fresh, and ready to continue her journey. She partook of a grain of sugar by way of breakfast, and then announced her intention of starting.

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Ant, "to be sure; but you are so strong, dear, will you do me a great favor? the provisions in my store-room are not well packed away: will you help me to repack them?"

Now the truth was that Eva's arms ached from the exertion she had made to carry the fly, for fairy princesses never lift anything heavier than a grain of sugar; but she said nothing, thinking herself fortunate to be able in any way to repay Mrs. Ant for her hospitality. All that day, and the next, and the next, she worked hard, packing and repacking flies, bees, and cock-

roaches, fitting them together, head to head, and tail to tail. Her arms and back ached, and, worst of all, she now knew herself to be a prisoner. The door was locked, and poor little Eva looked forward with dread to the prospect of spending her life waiting on Mrs. Ant's boarders. One day, when Mrs. Ant was out, the door was forced violently open from the outside, and Mrs. Grasshopper entered.

"Come, Princess," she cried, "now's your time. Mother Ant's away. Come with me, and you shall be free again. Old Mother Ant knows when she has a good worker in her power. Hurry! I don't want her to know I let you out. Give me your hand: now jump; see, I will shut the door to keep robbers out. I met the old lady just now, looking for her cow. I told her I had seen it on a rose-bush the other side of the field, so she will not be back for some time. We will walk to my house now, and spend the day there; to-night I will introduce you to Mrs. Raven, a very wise bird, quite intimate with some of the elves, and through her you may find your prince. This is my house: enter, Princess Eva; you need not be afraid of my making a prisoner of you. I am at home so seldom, that any prisoner I made would starve to death. By the way, it's too bad, I have no provisions in the house; too bad it really is, to be sure. Mrs. Ant says I am a wretched housekeeper, but the truth is I hate mice, and I often laugh at the absurdity of mortals who fill large rooms with food for rats; but I daresay you are not hungry. If you will stay a day or two with me, my dear, I will introduce you to my friend Katydid, a dear girl, full of life, and such a sweet voice. You won't stay? well, I will not press you; but whenever you feel like living a gay, happy life, come to me, and I will introduce you to all my friends." Thus Mrs. Grasshopper chattered, almost without intermission, until night time, when the two ladies went forth to seek Mrs. Raven. They found that lady at home, hard at work pluming herself. She had heard of Princess Eva, indeed had seen her on the occasion of an elf party: would be most happy to assist her in any way in her power, to find Prince Weewee; regretted the misfortune Princess Eva had gone through; she had seen Eva's father the day his daughter had disappeared, indeed had brought home some cake; for, there being no wedding, it was not wanted; and she ended by asking Princess Eva to enter her nest and partake of what was to have been her wedding-cake. Then she showed the ladies her two little birdies, who opened their

great eyes with wonder and delight, on seeing Eva's satin dress; and she good-naturedly pulled the satin bows off of her shoes, and gave one to each bird, much to their mother's delight, as well as their own.

By this time Mrs. Grasshopper had taken leave of them all, and Mrs. Raven's husband having come in, that lady left her children with him, and inviting Princess Eva to get on her back, flew off in the direction of the forest.

"Now, my child," said she, "I am going to take you to see a remote relation of your own, and an honored patron of mine, — Queen Elva, the most powerful of elves; and it is rumored that even the imps bow before her authority; she is a lovely creature, a perfect angel, my friend Mrs. Owl (who is the queen's intimate friend) says."

So they went to see Queen Elva, and found her in a part of the forest where the trees were all cleared away, and in their places grew flowers more beautiful than mortals have ever seen or imagined, made of gold and silver, with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, forming the leaves. On a magnificent silver pansy sat the queen. She was dressed in a delicate green robe made of spun emeralds, bordered with spun diamonds: the art of spinning precious stones is known only to fairies. Queen Elva's hair was like the sun's rays, and her soft skin like alabaster, except on her cheeks and lips, and the tips of her fingers, which were the most beautiful rose-color; on her wrist she wore a diamond and emerald bracelet, and round her neck a necklace to match. Rising gracefully above her shoulders might be seen two delicate rainbow-tinted wings, and on her head was a golden crown. Altogether, she was as lovely a little fairy as ever was seen, and her dress could not possibly have been more magnificent. She received Eva very kindly, raised her from her knees, and imprinting a kiss on her forehead, called her "little cousin," and promised to assist her in finding Prince Weewee. "But first," she said, "you must rest, and be refreshed;" so she clapped her hands, and, on the appearance of three little elves, ordered them to array the princess in some of the royal garments. They bathed the princess in essence of roses, and dressed her in a robe of spun brilliants; she now felt quite refreshed, and, after taking leave of the queen, she mounted Mrs. Raven, and continued her journey. Queen Elva had given her cousin a looking-glass, in which she could see anything that was happening within a hundred miles.

The raven flew in every direction, and Eva kept her eyes on the glass, but several days passed, and no reflection of Prince Weewee appeared in the mirror. At last one day Eva uttered an exclamation of joy, and clapped her hands, for she saw in the magic-glass that her prince was in a house not a mile off; but the next instant her eyes filled with tears, for she saw that Prince Weewee was lying in a corner on a pile of broken toys. Poor little Weewee had been bought by a boy, who had so many toys that he soon got tired of them, and then threw them away in a corner. Here lay Weewee the hour when his enchantment was broken, but during that time no one had entered the room. Prince Weewee was thinking of Eva, and wondering if he would ever see his dear little bride again.

Mrs. Raven took leave of Eva outside of the house in which Weewee lay, — she had done all in her power. After thanking the kind bird, Eva took leave of her, and began to look about for some one to help her enter the house. She had not waited very long, when she heard a sound of nibbling, and looking round, discovered a mouse busily whetting her teeth on a small piece of wood.

"Good little mouse," said Eva, "can you help me to enter this house?" and then she told all her story, and how she longed to see Prince Weewee, and break the enchantment. "If we are once free," she said, "the old witch will not have power to enchant us again, and we will go home and live with our friends, as happy as elves can be."

The mouse was much interested in Eva's story, and promised to help her enter the house. "I have often seen Prince Weewee," she continued, "indeed, to tell the truth, little Mrs. Mouse often visited the playroom, in order that she might nibble at the sugar dolls. "There is a wicked old witch called a cat, living there," whispered the mouse. "She is very cruel and terrible; even in showing her pleasure, she is awful, and makes a noise like thunder. I have to be very careful to keep out of her way. Several of my children have been killed by her; and I only wonder how men who talk so much about justice, allow her to escape the gallows, — a more barefaced murderer never lived. I shudder when I think of her."

Little Eva was much frightened at the account of the terrible animal, and was all the more anxious to get Prince Weewee out of the house.

"Come," said Mrs. Mouse, "we will try to go in now. Get on my back, put your arms round my neck, hold on tight, — that's right, hold fast;" and so they made their way into the house, and up-stairs so high, that poor little Eva almost cried with fright, and her arms grew so tired, that she would certainly have fallen off, if the kind mouse had not stopped to let her rest. She showed her her nest in a dark hole. It smelt so bad that Eva could hardly breathe, and the little mice were, she thought, the ugliest little creatures she had ever seen; so she was glad when Mrs. Mouse asked her if she had rested sufficiently; and although her arms still ached, she hastened to assure Mrs. Mouse that she was quite ready to start. They listened a few minutes, and hearing nothing of the terrible cat, ventured out of the hole, and began ascending again, until they were near the top of the house;

then they stopped, and listened again, before venturing to enter the playroom.

Prince Weewee was lying on his face, and therefore did not see Eva enter. She was very much shocked at his appearance: his coat was faded and torn, and one of his buckles was lying the other side of the room, where it had been thrown in a corner. As soon as Eva touched Weewee's shoulder, that little gentleman sprang up with a cry of pleasure. The spell was broken, and he was free to return to his kingdom. Eva and Weewee were married, and lived happily in their fairy palace; but they occasionally returned to earth, to visit Queen Elva, Mrs. Grasshopper, Mrs. Raven, Mrs. Mouse, and little Jessie, all of whom loved them dearly.

Mrs. Ant never understood how her little prisoner escaped, and to this day does not suspect Mrs. Grasshopper of having set her free.

FATHER GANDER'S RHYMES ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

FOR MIDDLE-SIZED CHILDREN.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

THE FOX.

THERE was an old Fox lived under the rocks,
In a forest shady and dark;
One night he came out and prowled about,
As hungry as a shark.

So he thought he'd creep where the fowls were
asleep,

In a barn-yard cozy and warm.
Said he, "I must eat, — and chickens are sweet:
There are plenty on this farm."

Then in through a hole in the fence he stole,
And cocked his ears and listened;
His eyes in the dark shone like a spark,
So hungrily they glistened.

He looked around and heard no sound,
And slowly, slowly crept;
The great house-dog lay still as a log,
The weary farmer slept.

The ducks and geese they dreamed in peace,
So did each hen and chick;
The Fox looked in with a hungry grin,
Said he, "I shall have my pick!"

All lay asleep in the midnight deep,
Save one old Turkey chap,
Who sat and winked, and yawned and blinked,
But couldn't catch a nap.

He, picking round that day, had found
Some tea-leaves in a heap;
No wonder he had found his tea
Too strong to let him sleep.

Now, as he blinked, and as he winked,
And tried his best to doze,
He thought he saw a fox's paw
Within an inch of his nose.

He gave one jump, — the old Turkey trump, —
And shrieked and gobbled out;
Said all the chickens, "Why, what the dickens
Is Gobbler dreaming about?"

It was no dream. With cackle and scream
The hens flew 'round in fear;
Said the sly old Fox, "I'm in a bad box,
If the farmer finds me here."

He jumped down then on the fattest hen,
And thought it was time to run;

But the house-dog now made a terrible row,
And the farmer came out with his gun.

The old Fox sprang, — when click! flash! bang!
The farmer fired a ball;

But the night was dark, and he missed his mark,
And the Fox sprang over the wall.

But Bull, the dog, could spring like a frog,
So he jumped over too;
And away to the wood, as fast as they could,
The Dog and the Fox they flew.

Says Reynard, "It's clear I'm very near
My hole in the shady rocks;
When once I am in, I can sit and grin
At the Dog," says the cunning Fox.

One leap he gave, and reached his cave, —
He was safe from his enemy now;
While Bull flew round, and scratched the ground,
With a terrible bow-wow-wow!

"Ah, ha!" says the Fox, from under the rocks,
"You never will find me here;
You can do me no harm, — go back to your
farm,
And guard your chickens, my dear!"

So laughed the old Fox from his cave in the
rocks,
And yet the truth is plain,
He made a vow, after such a row,
He never would steal again.

But I'm not so sure that his fright was a cure,
However he then might feel;
For foxes must eat, and chickens are sweet, —
And Reynard was born to steal.

AN OLD CAT'S CONFESSIONS.

I am a very old pussy,
My name is Tabitha Jane;
I have had about fifty kittens,
So I think that I mustn't complain.

Yet I've had my full share of cat's troubles:
I was run over once by a cart;
And they drowned seventeen of my babies,
Which came near breaking my heart.

A gentleman once singed my whiskers, —
I shall never forgive him for that!
And once I was bit by a mad dog,
And once was deceived by a rat.

I was tied by some boys in a meal-bag,
And pelted and pounded with stones;
They thought I was mashed to a jelly,
But it didn't break one of my bones.

For cats that have good constitutions
Have eight more lives than a man;
Which proves we are better than humans
To my mind, if anything can.

One night, as I wandered with Thomas, —
We were singing a lovely duet, —
I was shot in the back by a bullet;
When you stroke me, I feel it there yet.

A terrier once threatened my kittens;
O, it gave me a terrible fright!
But I scratched him, and sent him off howling,
And I think that I served him just right.

But I've failed to fulfill all my duties:
I have purred half my life in a dream;
And I never devoured the canary,
And I never lapped half enough cream.

But I've been a pretty good mouser,
(What squirrels and birds I have caught!)
And have brought up my frolicsome kittens
As a dutiful mother-cat ought.

Now I think I've a right, being aged,
To take an old tabby's repose;
To have a good breakfast and dinner,
And sit by the fire and doze.

I don't care much for the people
Who are living with me in this house,
But I own that I love a good fire,
And occasional herring and mouse.

THE DISOBEDIENT SON.

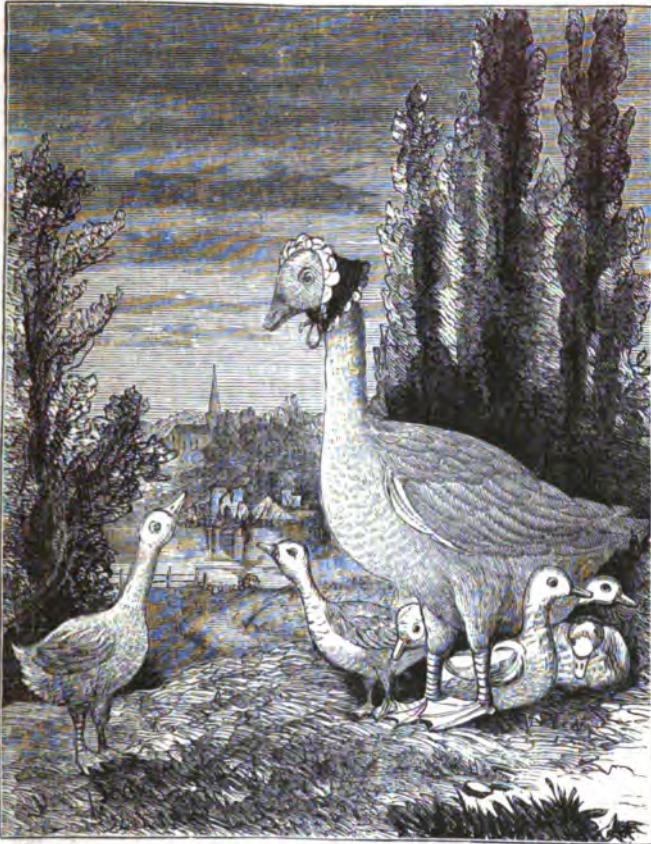
"The fox is about, — come, shut the door,
My darling little geese!
The night has come: we must stay at home,
And eat our supper in peace.

"No more swimming to-night, my dears!
Keep away from the pond.
Paddle no more by the river shore,
Of which you are so fond!

"Come in, Goosey, you foolish thing,
And don't stay there alone!
In with you, quick, or the fox will pick
And crunch you bone by bone!"

"O mother, dear mother! one little swim
Let me take ere I go to bed!
The moon is so clear, and there's nothing to fear,"
The rash young gosling said.

"Come in, come in, or you'll come no more!
This is no time to swim.
Why will you go out when the fox is about,
So hungry and so grim?"



"Ah, why not swim? It will freshen me so, —
I'm sure there's nothing to dread;
I'll be back soon by the light of the moon," —
This to himself he said.

So, when all the ducks and geese were asleep,
Then Goosey rose up so light,

And down to the brook his way he took,
To have a good swim in the night.

But alas, alas! I grieve to tell —
He scarce had reached the shore,
When, swift as a thought, by a fox he was caught,
And Goosey returned no more!



CHILE.

BY PELHAM W. AMES.

It was early in the morning that, as we approached by sea, we had our first glimpse of the coast of Chile. But that first glimpse was so grand and beautiful that it is not easily forgotten. Looming above us, we suddenly discovered a great snowy peak, in solitary grandeur, apparently suspended in mid-air, and close to us. Gradually the sun came up, and shining in the full blaze of its morning light, in a cloudless sky, the great peak of snow vanished, and we saw it no more. The glitter of the snow had flickered and gone out before the bright light of the sun. Instead of being close to us, the mountain, whose glittering top we had seen almost over our heads, was over one hundred miles from the ship! and we were nearly a hundred miles from the shore. We continued to draw nearer and nearer to the land, and the grand Cordilleras came gradually into view, then the shore and its outline, and at twilight the little steamer glided gayly into the harbor of Valparaiso — the principal port of the Republic of Chile, and the most important city on the Pacific coast of South America. As we passed into the bay, surrounded as it is by high headlands, with a grand background of lofty mountains, the harbor dotted with vessels of all nations, the city lying at the head of the bay, while the golden rays of the setting sun shed a subdued light over the whole scene, I thought the first view of Chile very beautiful. The water of the bay is wonderfully deep. As we let our anchor fall, it seemed as if the chain cable would never stop running out. We anchored in forty fathoms of water, or nearly two hundred and fifty feet! Other vessels were anchored in seventy, or over four hundred feet. When the north wind blows, the ships tug and strain at their anchors, as if the iron cables would be snapped in twain. So fiercely do these north winds blow, that many vessels run out to sea to avoid them. Others prepare for them, as if for a hurricane, and cling to the bottom with all their anchors down, and even then, are sometimes blown upon the rocky shore behind them. Steamers let go all their anchors, and during the storm, "steam up to them," the headway partly counteracting the effect of the wind. On the top of one of the heights which overlook the bay, is a signal station, where the approach of a "norther" is noted, and from whence it is signaled to the vessels below.

Valparaiso is built on a narrow strip of land, at the foot of rough cliffs, and at first appears low, uneven, and not at all prepossessing. But it is not always safe to judge by first impressions. On reaching the town, and landing at the only creditable attempt at a wharf on this coast of South America, we should be inclined to reconsider our hasty judgment. The low, two-storied houses are substantially built; the shops are attractive and handsome; the warehouses look enterprising, and some of the private residences are elegant. From the second stories project balconies, which are neat and gayly painted. In the lower portion of the city are the stores and counting-houses of merchants, while the private residences are mostly on the Almendral, in the rear and higher part of the city.

The public buildings of Valparaiso, too, are fine, substantial, and ornamental structures. The truth is that, after visiting other South American cities, — after experiencing the decay and listlessness of Guayaquil, the dirt of Callao, the ruin, the decayed grandeur, the tawdry show and the priest-ridden ignorance of Lima, the insignificant littleness of many other ports, — Valparaiso appeared like some great, bustling capital, where all was energy, enterprise, and wealth. The Hotel de la Union was an excellent hotel, but my first stay there was short, as the great point of my visit to Chile was to see its capital, Santiago.

But first I must say a word about the general history of Chile. Any one accustomed to the peculiar influences of Spanish civilization could easily detect, in Chile, the presence of another and better influence — the influence of foreign immigration and foreign industry. This is the case. Foreigners — by which term, I mean English, Americans, Germans, and French — have done very much for this country, and Chile has reciprocated by holding out encouragement to foreign settlers. In their war for independence, the Chilean navy was under the command of Lord Cochrane, an English nobleman who became afterward the Earl of Dundonald, and scores of Englishmen, some of them adventurers, perhaps, were officers under him. The first director was half Irish, as may be judged by his name, O'Higgins. So there has been from the first an infusion of English civilization into the torpid principles of stagnation and fanaticism, which seem to

be so closely mixed with the Spanish character. Lord Cochrane was largely instrumental in the success of the wars of independence by Chile and Peru against Spain, and his name has become a part of the history of those countries.

Attracted, probably, by the success of their countrymen, the English brought to Chile both capital and enterprise, and put them into active use there. In Valparaiso, English is spoken very generally, and it seemed to be as common in the streets as Spanish itself. The lower classes, however, all use the Spanish language.

Under such auspices as these, and aided, too, by a considerable immigration of Americans, Chile has really made greater progress, both in prosperity and education, than any other South American republic. It is easy to perceive this fact in a variety of ways, but more especially in its number of schools. Valparaiso has a population of about 130,000, and can boast about one hundred schools, which are well attended. The capital, Santiago, with a population of about 300,000, has about one hundred and seventy schools, public and private, besides about twenty-five academies, a university, and a national institute. Of the foreign population of Chile, the English are the most numerous, and the Americans the least, while there are a great many Germans and French.

But I know that there is nothing so tiresome as facts and figures, and I will be content with what I have just stated, on the subject of the general condition of the country. Slight as it is, this statement is enough to give an idea of the general advance of Chile over its sister republics.

Valparaiso is a very attractive place, but, as I said before, I made haste to leave it, after a very short stay, for the far-famed city of Santiago. Ten years ago, before the existence of the railroad, this journey was a tedious one, not to be accomplished in less than three days, the road winding up steep paths or along fearful abysses, your life at times almost hanging on the sure tread of a mule. Now we speed over the distance in less than three hours, and if we miss much of the beauty and grandeur of nature in our speed, I suspect that the former travellers on mule-back missed about as much from fatigue and anxiety. The railroad is a monument of American enterprise and skill. The work was originally begun by English contractors, but after the completion of ten miles, they were obliged to abandon it. Very opportunely, Mr. Meigs, an energetic American, to whom obstacles were only things to be overcome, took hold of the abandoned undertaking, and, with an enormous force of laborers, be-

gan grading, blasting, tunneling, and bridging with tremendous energy. The road was at last completed, at a cost of about ten million dollars. Indeed, Mr. Meigs was not the man to give up anything he had seriously undertaken, and it is due to him that the trip is now merely a jaunt of a few hours.

Such an immense benefit to the country has been fully appreciated by Chile. Mr. Meigs also reaped a large reward in the way of substantial benefit, and is reputed to be immensely wealthy. The gratitude of the inhabitants has bestowed upon him the title of "*el padre del país*" — or "the father of the country."

The railway station in Valparaiso, where you take the train for Santiago, is built of brick and iron, and is as neat and commodious as any railway station in any country. The cars were of the English pattern, divided into compartments, and they were handsome and comfortable. Leaving Valparaiso at eleven in the morning, and passing out of the city along the shore, we very soon plunged into the temporary night of a tunnel. Emerging from the tunnel, the track runs across the "*Viña del Mar*" — the vineyard of the sea. Here was a beautiful landscape. As far as the eye can see, in one direction, is a vast expanse of vineyards and orchards, cultivated farms, and a smiling country, — while on the other side extends the broad Pacific Ocean. But the train rushes on, leaving the *Viña del Mar* far behind, and we find ourselves gradually ascending a rugged mountain, which, in places, seems to have been torn asunder by some great convulsion of nature. Perhaps some great earthquake was the cause of these terrible gullies and ragged precipices. At times, it is almost fearful, as we look over a jagged ledge into a yawning gulf of rock beneath. It makes one shudder to think of the possibility of the trains being whirled off the track, and down into the midst of those merciless rocks beneath us. But the train glides on, evidently secure of its position, and rushes out, next, into the middle of a level and beautiful valley, full of poplar, aspen, and other trees. The train stops at a station about half way between Valparaiso and Santiago, in a neighborhood that seems like a real land of plenty. Orchards and farms are all about, and fruit is in abundance. Native girls, half Spanish and half Indian, carry about peaches, cherries, strawberries, and apricots for sale, calling out, "*Compre cerezas, señor, — compre fresas,*" — "buy cherries, sir — buy strawberries." I could not resist the tempting invitation of a little girl, who held up a little basket, of delicate straw work,

full of fine strawberries, and said, "*Mire, señor, que son muy buenas,*" — "See, sir, how nice they are." The first purchase generally leads to others, and in a few minutes we had a supply of fruit in our compartment sufficient for double our number. A new temptation soon occurred, as the same little girl returned with an oblong basket filled with sponge-cake, and in her gentle tones pleaded for the sale of her "Ca-ke." I purchased her cake, and rather to my surprise, found it to be almost identical with the famous Berwick sponge-cake, that still bears the palm of its kind, and was familiar to my younger days.

When the train was again in motion, the road lay up the ascent of Monte Negro, — the "black mountain." The mountain is quite steep, and although the road winds so as to avoid the difficult ascent, still there is a very considerable rise in the grade. The railroad is cut through ledges of granite rock, and one can see that it must have been a prodigious labor. About half way up the Monte Negro, we plunged again into a tunnel, drilled through the rocky sides of the mountain. On the left we could see, from time to time, the old mule path, that a few years before was the only road to Santiago. From the summit of Monte Negro, we had one of the loveliest views that it was ever our lot to behold — the view of the plain of Santiago. The peaks of the Cordilleras, with their snowy caps, form the background of the picture. These peaks do not suggest a range of mountains, but rather a succession of independent monarchs, each complete and grand.

Rushing down the further side of Monte Negro, we sped along toward the plain. Then we came upon a bridge of trestle-work, over which the train passed at full speed, which was fearful to think of, as we looked, with our unaccustomed eyes, to the giddy depths below. This apparently frail bridge, almost the mere skeleton of a bridge, spanned a chasm over three hundred feet deep! You can hardly wonder that it was somewhat fearful to contemplate. The train passed rapidly over it, and I confess I was much relieved when we left it, and at last were running over the broad, beautiful valley of Santiago. The dangers of the road, if indeed there were any real dangers, were now passed, and we travelled about thirty miles of level country, with a feeling of perfect security. At length, passing the outposts of the city, which consist, as in all Spanish towns, of what are called *huertas* and *pulperías* (gardens and corner groceries), and a certain amount of filth and beggary, we arrived at a handsome modern depot

in the city of Santiago. The depot had a pleasantly familiar look about it. There were the usual stands for cakes and fruit, that we always associate with depots, and that seemed as natural here in Chile as if they had been in New York or Boston. There, too, were the hackmen struggling for our patronage, just like the hackmen at home, if we could forget that it was Spanish they were talking and not English. Resisting their individual appeals, we simply selected the most attractive looking carriage, and directed the driver thereof to convey us to the American Hotel. Once fairly in the street, all the familiarity that clung to the station, vanished. There was nothing to remind us of home. The narrow streets, the houses built round a court-yard, the heavily tiled roofs, the projecting balconies, the dress of the pedestrians — all were thoroughly Spanish. The railroad with its surroundings was evidently an exotic, an Americanism transplanted entire. One incident, it is true, did revive the home associations — the sight of a horse-car in the streets — another Americanism imported by Mr. Meigs — and the solitary one of the kind, if I am not mistaken, in South America.

Fairly in Santiago, we were prepared to test the glowing descriptions of its magnificence. As so frequently happens, in such cases, the first impression was disappointment. The streets were narrow, and seemed quiet and shabby; the houses were without variety; the balconies were the same familiar, projecting balconies of other Spanish cities; the stores and *portales* were just the same as the stores and *portales* of Lima and Valparaiso; the churches were inferior to the churches of Lima. This first disappointment, however, soon wore away, and within a short time, I realized the fact that Santiago was the finest Spanish city I had ever visited. Hardly any promenade in the world can be more beautiful than the usual evening promenade in Santiago. I say "evening promenade," because it is about twilight that all the world, as the French would say, come out to walk in the *Cañada* (the name of this promenade, *Cañada*, is not pronounced like that of the British possessions north of us, but it is called *Can-yá-da*, with the accent on the penultimate). It is a sort of *boulevard*, the street passing on either side, and is beautifully shaded with five or six rows of shade trees. It is also ornamented with fine marble statues, and is kept in perfect order. The centre portion is appropriated to the horse-cars, while the walks are along the sides. Walking toward the west, the view is incomplete — but turning with the gay throng of

promenaders, and setting the face eastward, we get a view of the great beauty of the scene. Such a scene can hardly be described, because it is impossible to describe it in such a manner as to give any adequate idea of it. But having in your mind this beautiful park, tended with as much care as the finest garden, you must try to form, in your imagination, the effect, directly in front of you, of a line of rich, full, blue mountains, stretching away on either hand as far as the eye can follow, and rising above it, a series of majestic, lofty peaks of snow! Do not think that I mean the summit of a high mountain, tipped with a scattered and broken line of white, but great, soaring peaks, white with snow, like a great tent, ranged along side by side. Until I saw these majestic, snow-clad mountains, I could never shape any idea of their grandeur, and so I am led to believe that one cannot form a good impression of them, without being familiar with the grand appearance of an actual mountain top, that wears a coat of eternal snow. The great Cordilleras, with their snowy peaks, unchanging and imposing, help to make up as fine an aspect of nature as one could expect to see in the world.

Another very beautiful view is had from the summit of the rock of Santa Lucia. It is in the suburbs of the city, and is reached by winding through a narrow, unsavory street, which leads up to the fort. The Cordilleras, with their snowy peaks, of course make the background. On one side extends the lovely plain of Santiago, reaching to the *Cuesta de Prado*, which we had crossed in the train, while in another direction, stretches the plain of Maypu, till it terminates in the horizon. The little rivers, tracing their way through these plains, looked like threads laid upon a green carpet. Just at our feet, as we looked down, stood the city of Santiago, with its multitude of gardens, public squares, buildings, and steeples.

But to return to the *Cañada*, which is, in reality, the principal external feature of the city. At twilight, as I said, all the youth, beauty, and fashion of the city join the throng of promenaders along its beautiful walks. A visitor to the city was, of course, sure to be promptly on hand for the evening walk. On either hand are some elegant private residences. The *Cañada* is, indeed, the Fifth Avenue, or Beacon Street, of Santiago. Our wealthy countryman, Mr. Meigs, *el padre del país*, has a handsome residence there. I cannot resist the temptation to describe one of these houses, which can certainly be done without any abuse of the hospitality of our agreeable host, General —. Like all other Spanish houses,

the entrance leads through a *patio*, or court-yard, from whence we were admitted directly to the *sala*, or parlor. The rooms were furnished with French furniture, very ornate and handsome. Passing, then, through an inner and smaller *patio*, which had a pavement of marble, exquisite beds of flowers, and a splashing fountain in the centre, we were ushered into the dining-room. Here we found a tessellated marble floor, and remarkably handsome furniture. For instance, the table was of mosaic work, inlaid with different kinds of Chilean woods, and the effect was very bright and rich. An *étagère* was most beautifully carved of solid wood. The table service for tea was of silver and Sèvres porcelain. Everything, in fact, was of the richest and most elegant kind. It is a characteristic of the Spanish race to be fond of display, and in a city like Santiago, the capital of Chile, where there is probably more wealth, taste, and culture than in any other South American city, except possibly Rio de Janeiro, it is not surprising that the wealthier classes follow their tastes to nearly the full extent of their means. Such is, indeed, the case. Of course the example has its bad effects. Many citizens of less resources ruin themselves in order to keep up a show of splendor that their means do not really warrant. To people of less extravagant habits, the rich furniture, the gaudy show, the dazzling jewels, of Spanish society, appear to be of very questionable taste. But it certainly is the national custom — or rather the peculiarity of the race.

Santiago has many resources of attraction, but they are not of the first order of merit. The theatre is open only occasionally — but undoubtedly fully patronized when it is open. The tier of boxes just above the parquet, is always well filled by the most fashionable society of the capital, in the fullest and most fashionable dress. The arena for bull-fights (or *los toros* as they are called in Spanish) is an enormous structure, capable of holding many thousand people. Here, as in old Spain, the bull-fight is a very favorite amusement. Everybody goes, who can scrape together the few *reales* necessary to procure a ticket. It is a sickening, brutal spectacle, with the odds so largely against the poor bull, who generally has to be goaded into a few mad rushes of fury, that it seems doubly cruel.

The churches of Santiago are handsome — though hardly so striking as those of Lima. The interiors are, however, more carefully preserved, and quite as richly ornamented. We saw the ruins of the fatal *Iglesia de la Virgen*, which, by its destruction, brought mourning to so large a

portion of the city. This church, which was especially devoted to the worship of the Virgin, was thronged, on the day of its destruction, by women and girls, principally of the highest ranks of society. The draperies caught fire from the flame of some of the thousands of candles which decorated the church. The flames spread rapidly, and the dripping, burning wax, and pieces of burning cloth, fell upon and ignited the dresses of the congregation. The terror was fearful, and the crowd, in a compact mass, rushed to the doors. But the heavy doors opened inward, and the pressure against them was so great that they could not be forced open. The priests guarded the outlet at the rear of the church, and refused to let the frightened women pass the sanctum of the altar and the holy mysteries within, even to save their lives, by a passage out that way. The flames spread with fearful rapidity from dress to dress, and although aid was soon on hand from the outside, and the doors were at last forced open or broken down, the multitude was so tightly packed that a very few only could be rescued by the most tremendous exertion, and in the end about two thousand young women and girls were burned to death. The details of this horrible story were told me by some of the principal actors in it, but they are too harrowing to be repeated. One of the most active of the rescuers was a young American, who, at the risk of his life, plunged repeatedly into the crowd, and dragged some fainting burden back to life again. This accident filled with peculiar sadness very many of the best families of the city — and it could not

but affect the inhabitants profoundly. Great indignation was expressed against the priests, who had themselves escaped by the rear door, but who had jealously forbidden the escape of others, and had doomed so many to their death, by their bigoted protection of pretended mysteries. Priestcraft received a powerful blow in Santiago after this fearful tragedy, — but the power of priestcraft is too great to be easily shaken off. It wields a terrible influence, not only over the minds but over the imaginations of the Spanish race, and is more firmly seated on this people than the Old Man of the Sea was seated on the back of Sinbad.

Santiago is indeed a beautiful city — attractive in its every-day appearance, showy and gay on its days of festival, beautiful in its natural surroundings, possessing some features of natural scenery that are wonderfully grand, rich in many works of art, both ancient and modern, its people cultivated, hospitable, courteous to strangers, and particularly so to Americans — but, notwithstanding all this, when our visit came to an end, we left Santiago without a regret. We had seen what we had expected — indeed, as a general thing, the reality had exceeded our expectations — but our stay was necessarily short, and we willingly again took the train for Valparaiso.

Perhaps one reason we were willing to depart was that our departure from Chile meant to us an approach to our own land, and every one will agree with the familiar words of the familiar song, —

“ There's no place like home.”

STORY-TIME.

MERRY times have Effie and I, —

Effie and I in the twilight dim ;
We hear the March wind hurrying by,
Singing its evening hymn.

And one by one the gas-lights gleam

From our neighbors' windows, along the street,
Till the curtains drop o'er the warm, bright rooms :

Now listen to tramp of the home-going feet.
Over the roofs, up into the sky,

Climbs the moon, with its sorrowful face ;
We will not look at it, Effie and I,

This dusk hour has for sorrow no place ;
No, we're speeding, this Rocker our car,

Away to Story-land, glad and free,
And Fairies and Giants, who kindly are,
Go with us for company !

Sweet *Cinderella* her Prince has found ;

Saved by the hunter is *Riding Hood* ;
Bold little *Jack* has his bugle wound, —

We omit the “ *Babes in the Wood*.”
And each and all in turn are we, —

We are the players, this Rocker our stage
(Queer and quaint the child's fantasy,
With her mimic loving and rage) :

— Then, “ Tell me, aunty, when you were a
child !”

So pictures out of the past we show, —
Hair-breadth escapes, and adventures wild,
In our wonderful “ Long ago.”

So merry as merry can be the maid,

The wee slender maidie four winters old ;
And her little old aunty, whose twilight shade
Has the dear Story-time unrolled.

A LITTLE QUAKER ARTIST.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

A LONG way off from Harry and Walter, Aunt Gitty found another little artist, named

this little girl despaired of doing anything as good as the great pictures she had seen; and so she told her mamma that she had concluded to draw Chinese pictures, for they were very bad, and she was sure she could make something as good as they were. But when she saw Ida's and Lolo's pictures, her ambition was immediately excited. She had no doubt that she could really make something better than those. She could see some very serious mistakes in them, which she knew better than to make. She said to Aunt Gitty, "The marks ought not to be made right through anything, thee knows. For instance, thee sees me sitting in this chair, but thee can't see the chair-leg through my leg."

Nelly had Quaker relations and little friends, who always said "thee" and "thou;" so she considered it a very polite and grand manner of talking, and always said "thee" to her mamma's friends, by way of extra courtesy.

She began a picture of some little girls playing Hide-and-seek, and explained it all to Aunt Gitty. "This little girl is going into a closet, so only the back part of her dress can be seen; and the little girl at the other end of the room, is going to find her. She is saying, 'Ah!' The mother is going out of the room, and the baby is peeping from behind her dress. Just as the little girl was going into the closet, she saw her

Eleanor. Her father was an artist before her, and she had pulled herself up by his easel, and played with his brushes, when she first began to stand alone. Although not as old as Ida, she had already spent summers on famous sketching-grounds, — the sandy shores of Nantucket, the rocky coasts of Maine, and the pleasant valleys of the Adirondacks.

But this was not all. She had travelled in foreign lands, and seen vast galleries of pictures by the Old Masters. So one would think she ought to be a happy little artist; but it seems that artists who know the most about art, are not always the best satisfied with their own works; for, unlike

Ida and Lolo, who were not troubled with a dolly lying on the floor, and picked it up in a hurry, and threw it into its little chair. That is



the reason it is not sitting up nicely. An old witch is coming up to the window, and throws in a stone. Thee sees the glass all falling down, don't thee? Another little girl is so frightened, that she jumps away up in the air."



Nelly had a long story, and a great many explanations to each of her pictures, like this, — "Thee sees, I meant to make a black woman, but I thought it would be a pest to make her all black, so I put a veil on her. Those dots are mosquitoes, and there is a plaid butterfly and a speckled one, and that is a cow on the other side of the fence;" or in another picture, — "This little girl I made so high up, that I had to put a table under her, and say she was sitting up there for play; and that is the clothes-line thee sees through the window. I'm afraid I haven't put enough clothes on it for so large a family; I think I shall have to make more."

But, one day, sitting in her papa's studio, she became greatly excited over a picture which she drew, and was so carried away by the terrible things she imagined, that her exclamations over it became more enthusiastic, and her pencil flew with more and more daring, till she had covered a sheet of paper with marks that meant a great

deal to her, but (like the works of many a great genius) were not easy for everybody to understand. She told Aunt Gitty that the picture had a story, and begged her to write it. So Aunt Gitty did; and Eleanor watched her, and made

her do it well, insisting on the necessity of a period at the end of every sentence, a thing Aunt Gitty was apt to forget, when in a hurry. Here is the story: —

HURRICANE, FIGHT, AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

This is a fairy story. (I must explain to thee. There are no fairies in it, thee knows, but it is called a fairy story, because it is not true.) There was once a hurricane, and a house on fire; and there was a little dog in his dog-house, and he was blown up. (I'll make it funny, thee knows.) Two of his legs came off together, and then the other two came off together. His head was blown off, but his tail was left. A window blew out of the house. Then a first-born baby was blown out of his

cradle, the mother was thrown down on her head, the trunk was blown up. (I guess thee'll know how to write "blown," before thee gets



through this story.) All the clothes were blown out of the trunk. There was a great hailstone, as large round as a room, broke a hole in the house, and fell on the baby! The chimney,

with the smoke coming out of it, was blown up in the sky. Cannon-balls were flying around, too. (Just thee think how dreadful it must have been! The house, thee knows, was on fire all this time.) There was a whole house, and all the shutters on another house, blown up in the sky. And there was a hailstone, bigger than twenty hundred steeples put together (just thee think!) fell down on a baby in long clothes. (Thee knows it isn't true. The hailstone might be bigger than twenty hundred steeples, thee knows, in a fairy story.) There was a hole through the hailstone as big as a room; and, O! don't thee think it was dreadful? This is the end of the story. Has thee written, This is the end?

Eleanor had many other things to interest her besides pictures. She was quite a learned little lady, and knew the German language so well, that for some months of her life she had spoken no other. It is true, that from want of practice, she had lost the power of speaking it readily, but she enjoyed the stories read to her from the dozens of German primers and books that she possessed, and could repeat pretty little German songs, and many of the funny jingles from her German "Mother Goose." Her favorite was, —

Spannen langer Hansel, undel dicke Dirn
Gehn wir in den Garten, Schütteln wir die Birn'n.
Schüttle ich die grossen, Schüttle'st du die klein
• Wenn das Säckle voll ist, Gehn wir wieder heim.

In English, it means something like this, —

Span-long Johnny, dumpling-fat miss,
We can go in the garden, and shake the pears, I wis;
You shake the small ones, and I'll shake the big:
When the sack is full, then home we will jig.

Eleanor had plenty of French primers, too; but she understood the pictures in those better than the reading.

Among her other possessions, she had a very large family of dolls. One of them, named White Lily, was as large as a real baby; but she very seldom saw the light, since she was obliged to spend most of her time on the top-shelf of a dark closet, to preserve her splendid clothes. Eleanor showed her to Aunt Gitty. "Will thee look at her shoes?" she said. "They are real baby's shoes, and her stockings are real, too; and see her hoop, and her three white skirts, and her red cheeks. Is it red velvet on her cheeks, does thee think?"

Then she showed her other dolls, and said, "Mamma tells me I'm like the old woman that lived in a shoe, I've got so many dollies I don't know what to do."

But she did not love the large, finely dressed

doll so well as two smaller ones, which might look worn and rumpled to other people's eyes; indeed, one of them had lost its nose; yet these misfortunes endeared them to Nelly all the more. They were always taken to ride in her beautiful dolls' carriage, and attended all the dinner-parties and teas, served up in her fine large dolls' house; and, in spite of their shabbiness, sat oftener on the splendid velvet-cushioned chairs and sofas in the dolls'-house parlor, than Miss White Lily did, with all her fine clothes. But one of them (I think it was the poor little thing with the broken nose) Nelly had sleep beside her in her nice white bed, every night, till at last she was afraid she might sometime roll over on it in her sleep, and hurt it; and then she had it lie on a large pillow, in a chair beside her bed.

But Nelly had a real baby brother to play with; the dearest, roundest little fellow, all dimples and smiles. He was much better than all the dolls, surely, for he could almost talk, and was beginning to stand alone. It was a pleasure to see him pull himself up by his papa's easel, and gaze at the pictures displayed there. Nelly would stand by, to keep him from making too free with the brushes; but if the picture was perfectly dry, he might spat it just a little, for babies and small children cannot see very well, without feeling at the same time.

Christmas night Nelly had a great treat prepared for her. It was a magic-lantern show, in her papa's studio. The grandmother, and aunts, and uncles, and some little girls of her acquaintance, were invited, and sat on the sofa and chairs at one end of the room; while at the other, in a dim light, her papa acted the showman. One after another, the pictures shone out on the great white screen in the centre of the room. There were beautiful revolving colored wheels, and dashing soldiers, and pretty rural groups. Last came the funny pictures, which her papa, with great pains, had copied on glass, just to please his one little daughter. And Nelly was delighted, especially with "Die Fliege" (The Fly), a long row of German pictures, which tell, in a very droll way, the troubles of a round little old fellow, who is first seen taking an after-dinner nap in his easy-chair. "Die Fliege" alights on his bald crown, and the little man awakes, and turns a fierce eye on the disturbed insect, as it sails away in the air. He snatches after it with such energy, that the dishes are tumbled off the table beside him, and his dressing-gown tassels lash out at right angles with his body. He catches the fly, and peeps into his hand after it in tri-

umph; but the fly escapes with five legs, leaving the sixth in the little fat man's fingers. He looks ruefully after his enemy, but mounts a chair, and tries to flap it down from the ceiling. He falls down himself, chair and all; and, of course, everybody must laugh at this; but the little fat man will not care, for, in the next picture, which is the last, he has his heel on "Die Fliege."

When Aunt Gitty left Nelly's home, she had something in her trunk wrapped up very carefully. If you should unfold the wrappings, you would see two little faces, with pink cheeks and blue eyes, and such smiling red lips. The smiles were always there, and no amount of trouble could make those red lips look cross. There is no doubt that when the little creatures, to which those faces belonged, were smothering in the dark trunk, and the porter was whacking it around, enough to break the trunk's bones, and theirs too, those red lips still smiled as pleasantly as ever.

Aunt Gitty reached home in a snow-storm,

and had not taken off her things in the house, when, looking out the window, she saw two little girls coming, flying, like two little snow-birds, through the storm. They had seen Aunt Gitty and her trunk set down at the door, — especially the trunk. Aunt Gitty did not keep them wondering what was in the trunk, a great while; so the mysterious package was undone, and out of it came two pretty dolls, exactly alike, and both with happy smiles on their faces. Nelly's mamma knew that little girls never have too many dolls, so she sent these as a present from Nelly to Ida and Lolo; and it is a pity she could not see their eyes shine, when they first took them in their hands.

Of course Aunt Gitty told them all about Nelly's dolls, and showed them some of her pictures, pointing out to them how Nelly did not "make the marks right through things;" but I'm afraid they forgot all about it, and made chair-legs right through people's legs, the very next pictures they drew.

HOW LITTLE PATRICK FOUND HIS WAY OVER THE SEA.

THERE are so very few of us here in Marmora, that we take the greatest possible interest in each other. Now, sometimes this is just the least bit disagreeable; as, for instance, when Mrs. Brown keeps such a sharp lookout to see when I shake my breakfast table-cloth; or, when Mrs. Jones is able to tell, by frequent and close observations, precisely how much trimming I had on my new poplin dress. But then there is another side to the case: it is extremely nice to know that if my yeast-jar gets low, probably Mrs. Brown's is just running over, and nothing will delight the good soul more than to let it flow over into mine; and can I ever forget with what tender and untiring love Mrs. Jones helped me watch over my little flock, when they had scarlet fever?

All this by way of preparing you to understand what a thrill of excitement stirred all our bosoms, when Katy O'Brien, our good washer-woman, told us that at last the long-looked-for "lether" had come from the "ould country," saying that her money had safely reached its destination, and her little Pat would set out for America as soon as company could be found with whom he could be trusted.

Now the way little Patrick O'Brien came

to be left behind, in Ireland, when his mother came to America, was just this: she was a poor widow with four children, — the oldest ten, and the youngest two years old, — and she could only scrape together money enough to pay her own passage. But she had a courageous heart; and was she not coming to the land of gold, where her stout arms could soon earn enough to bring over all her children? So the children were scattered about with uncles and cousins, — how the poor Irish will always give each other a "lift!" — and Katy, with her brave heart and strong arms, came to America, and, as it chanced, here to Marmora.

This was a good many years ago, and women's wages were low, — a dollar a week was all Katy could earn at doing general housework, — but it seemed a good deal to her, and every dollar was saved. The good woman for whom she worked, and others, who became interested in her, kept her scanty wardrobe supplied with cast-off garments of their own. Katy was proud and independent enough naturally, and begging she scorned; but what was offered now, she thankfully accepted. "It's all for the sake of the childer, ma'am," she would say.

So, very soon there was a remittance sent to

old Ireland to help support the children, and every few months a little more; and something was laid by every week, and counted over and over, till, at the end of two years, there was enough to send for "Mike," the oldest boy. He came in company with other emigrants, and had such a welcome from his good mother as you would have had from yours, my little man, if the ocean had lifted its great billows between you and her for two long years.

Mike was soon at work for a neighboring farmer, earning his own living, and once in a while bringing a half dollar, or a quarter, to add to the good mother's store. Three years more of unremitting toil brought over Tommy and Margaret, and the mother's heart lacked but one thing more. "If little Pat could only have come too!" And now she rented a little "shanty," and supported herself and the children by going out to do day's work. This was about the time I came to Marmora to live, and I soon found that Katy was one of our institutions. Her cheerful face and sturdy figure appeared on our domestic horizon, with the sun, once a week, as regularly as the Sabbath. And then how could any of us housekeepers have survived our biennial house-cleanings without Katy for an ally? I rather think we, as a community, would have taken a notice of impending war, pestilence, or famine more coolly than an announcement of Katy's departure! But Katy, I am happy to say, was a stand by. We changed school-teachers every six months, and our minister about once a year; but Katy, dear old soul, remained steadfast. Once, to be sure, she was sick with a fever; but all the old ladies in Marmora combined together, and gave her such powerful "hemlock sweats," and so many bowls full of "herb tea," and she had such cheerful confidence about her own recovery, — "God will niver let me die an' lave the childher," she said, — that it really was an incredibly short time before she was around at her accustomed tasks again. It was more than two years after the children came before it was possible to get enough together to send for little Patrick; and then, alas! by some blunder or dishonesty, the money never reached its destination! But Katy was not one to sit down and idly bewail misfortunes: it was only the signal for fresh exertions. Mike's wages, too, began now to amount to something; and even little Margaret could earn a trifle; and, above all, they all loved each other, and "pulled together." And now came the time when my story begins.

Katy came running over one day with another "lether." O, these wonderful Irish "lethers!" which those exchanging them can neither read nor write, but which, some way, always go straight, and answer every purpose for which they are intended! Well, Katy's letter said little Patrick would sail with a "cousin" — they're all "cousins" in Ireland, I think — in the very next vessel that left Limerick; but it was a ship, of course, not a steamer, and so we could make no exact calculations as to when the little fellow would be due.

"Now, Katy," said I, banteringly, "you won't know him when he comes; he'll hardly look as he did when you left him eight years ago, a little dumpling of a baby!"

"An' sure, ma'am, an' do yer thjnk I wouldn't know the little curly head of him wherever I should see it, if it was fifty years?" was Katy's assured reply; and I looked at a dear little curly head by my knee, and thought I could hardly make a mistake in its identity, while I had eyes left to discern anything; so I didn't dispute Katy's assertion by word or look.

Of course we knew that Patrick couldn't come that week, or the next; but somehow, every time the train came, if we happened to be in the right place, we just looked out! Marmora is such a little bit of a place, as I said before, that we can each of us command a view of the whole place, and everything that is going on, from our own windows! Well, when we looked out, we didn't see Pat; but we were sure to see Katy, generally bareheaded, and with sleeves and dress pinned up in her usual fashion, eagerly scanning the little group which always clusters around a country depot on the arrival of a train.

Weeks slipped by, and still no little Patrick appeared. Katy's good, motherly face, began to look sharp and anxious, and we all took to studying the papers, to see what vessels arrived; and sometimes we couldn't help thinking of all the dreadful things that might happen, — of shipwrecks and mishaps by land and by sea. Poor Katy counted her beads, and said Ave Marias, while we daily commended the little wanderer to the keeping of the good Father in heaven. I had about given up keeping any watch at train time, when, one day, just after the arrival of the evening train from Troy, — it was just in the edge of the summer twilight, — I heard a whoop and halloo at the door, and my Harry burst open the door, — how Harry does open doors! — fell headlong into the room; picked himself up again by turning a somersault, swung his cap

round his head, and this is what he said, verbatim: "O mother, look out o' the Pat and see the window, and Katy's got him!" and with that he popped out again and shut the door — and O, how Harry does shut doors! So I understood that Pat had really come; but I was stirring up bread, and I had to brush the flour off my hands, and Harry had waked the baby, and I had to take him up; so, by the time I reached the window, I had what might be called a vanishing view of Katy lugging something into her shanty door. But, dear me! if she had stood still for ten minutes, I shouldn't have seen anything; for how can anybody see, whose glad eyes are raining down a flood of sympathetic tears? I declare, my eyes are misty now, when I think of it.

"Mother," said Harry, putting his head in again, "he came all alone."

"Well," said I, "probably his cousin has had to go in some other direction, and so sent him in some one's care."

But the next day I ran over to Katy's to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," and to see the new American citizen. I found Katy trying to work as usual, but evidently somewhat dazed with her great joy. And such a sturdy, brave looking little fellow as Patrick was! To be sure, "the curly head of him" was just a trifle reddish in hue, and his face was considerably freckled; but he was bright-eyed and strong-limbed, and I readily appreciated Katy's pride in him, as she bade him stand up and make a bow to me, which he did in true old country style. Katy had got him scrubbed and brushed, till he fairly shone, and arrayed in an outgrown suit of my Harry's, which had been waiting for him, — it was a little too long, and not quite broad enough, but it did very well. "And now tell the lady," said Katy, proudly, "how you've come clear from Ireland all by yerself, and niver gone out o' the way a bit, or lost a single penny! Wasn't he a smart b'y, an' did ye ever hear the likes of it?" To which I warmly answered Yes and No! So, with the help of some questions, this was little Patrick's story: —

"When we were all ready to start from Limerick, my cousin he was took sick wid a fever, and he says, 'Yer mother'll be crazy if you don't come,' an' if I wasn't afeard, I'd better come right along by myself: an' I wasn't; so he got a man to go on shipboard wid me, and pay my passage-money, — an' he sewed the rest of my money into my cap; and sez he, 'Now, hold on to yer cap wherever yer go, an' keep sayin'

every day a hundred times, "Marmora, Vermont, United States of America, — that's where I'm goin'." An' the sailors they said they'd be good to me: an' so they wor; an' there was some of our countrymen on board, an' they was good to me too, — an' so we sailed away; an' the wind blew ivery way but the right way, an' somethin' got to leakin', an' we was iver an' iver so long gettin' across the sea; an' first I was awful sick. I wish," said Pat, with a comical look, "it had been the *last* part o' the vyage, for then it would 'a saved my bein' so awful hungry, for we had at last only a bit o' hard bread and some had tasin' water, to keep ourselves alive wid! We immigrants all slept in the fo'castle, on the boards; an' sometimes it was wet, an' sometimes it was cold; an' och, but we was glad when we got into port!"

"What did you do when you got to New York?" said I.

"Well, then, Tim Larkin (he was my best friend among the sailors) he took me wid him, an' got me sich an iligant male as I niver tasted afore; an' thin he took me to a big house where he said he an' I would 'bunk' together that night, an' in the mornin' early he would have to go one way an' I another; so we slept there; but Tim went out in the evenin' an' got most dreadful drunk; an' early in the mornin', when I tried to wake him up, I couldn't do it at all, at all. So, thinks I to myself, I'll just go an' find my own way; but, before I went, I took his heavy hand, an' sez I, 'good-by, Tim Larkin, an' I'll niver forget you, *niver!*' Tim had kept my cap locked up in his chist, when we were on shipboard; but now I held on to it tight meself, an' niver let go of it once.

"Well, I wint out in the great, roarin' city, an' all I knew was I must go on the cars; so, thinks I, I'll not ask anybody how to find the cars, except some nice, dacent-lookin' woman. So I walked along, holdin' on to my cap, an' soon I saw a pleasant-looking young leddy a-brushin' off some steps before a shop door, an' I asked her where the cars wor that would take me to Marmora, Vermont, United States of America. An' she called into the door, 'Johnny, Johnny, come right down, an' go wid this little fellow to the Hudson River Depot.' An' Johnny came and went wid me, an' he teased me some about my cap, and so on; but he was good, afther all, an' I thanked him kindly.

"When the cars came thunderin' along, it skeered me some; but Johnny helped me in, an' sez he, 'Good-by to you an' yer cap,' an' I

laughed. An' sez I, 'Good-by to ye an' yer purty sister!' an' off we went. Then the conductor (Johnny tould me that's wot they call the mather on the cars) he came along; an' sez he to me, 'Ticket!' an' sez I, 'Wot's that?' An' sez he, 'Well, yer money,' an' wid that I pulled off my cap, an' began rippin' as fast as I could; an' he took some, an' giv' me back some; an' sez he, 'You'll only have to git out *once* before yer get there, an' that's at Tr'y.' An' we rode an' rode, an' I held on to my cap, an' watched for Tr'y; an' sometimes I asked folks a question about the way, an' some was cross; an' one leddy was pleasant, an' tould me she'd tell me when we got there, — an' she did. An' all the folks went rushin' out, an' so did I. Some of 'em tould me I'd have to wait an hour or two in Troy, an' I sat down on some steps an' waited; an' by an' by a gintleman came along, an' I saw by the way he ordered the men he was the mather among 'em; an' so I sez to him, 'Will yer honor tell me when the cars come that will take me to Marmora, Vermont, United States of America?' An' he answered me pleasant; an' then, sez he, 'I know the folks there; who are yer goin' to see?' An' I tould him it was my mother, an' her name was Katy O'Brien. 'An' sure I know her,' sez he, 'she's done my washin' often, — come round to my house,' sez he, 'an' get somethin' to eat.' I was most dreadful hungry, and first I thought I'd go, an' then I thought maybe he'd rob me, or murder me, for all he spoke so fair; so, sez I, 'Thank ye kindly, but I guess I'd bether stay right here.' An' he looked at me, an' sez he, 'You're a bright 'un,' an' wid that off he went, an' come back in a minit with an iligant great piece o' bread and buther, an' a slice o' cold mate! O, but it was good, an' I was hungry, an' I humbly asked his pardon for doubtin' him; but he said, 'Niver mind it at all, at all,' an' he stayed by me a bit till the cars came; an' he helped me in, an' spoke to the conductor about me, an' not a bit o' pay did the conductor take o' me! but he tould me to look out an' be ready when he hollered 'Marmora,' an' I jist set on the edge o' the seat, close to the door; an' ivery time we come to a town, I thought sure that was the place, for I couldn't tell what they hollered at all, but I wasn't sure, an' I waited to see the conductor; and purty soon we came to

a place where they stopped, an' some one hollered 'Change cars,' an' all the folks run out; but, thinks I, it's nothin' to me, an' I sot still. Purty soon a man comes runnin' through, an' sez he, 'Why don't yer git off?' An' sez I, 'I'm goin' to Marmora, Vermont, United States of America.' An' sez he, 'Well, git out thin, or you'll niver git to America: this car's goin' to stop.' 'But,' sez I, 'I sha'n't git out till the conductor tells me.' An' wid that he took hold o' my collar, an' I held on to my cap wid one hand, an' fit him wid t'other; an' jist thin along comes the conductor, an' sez he, 'What's the row?' an' I towld him; an' he laughed, an' sez he, 'You're a brick!' (whatever that may be.) But, sez he, 'Come along wid me!' So I got out, an' he put me in another car; an' sez he, 'Now you'll not have to change agin, *sure*.' An' soon ather I heard 'em holler Marmora. Sure an' here I was," added Pat, triumphantly, "wid mother a-chokin' me, an' the boys all hollerin', an' my cap rollin' under the cars, for I couldn't hold on to it when mother gripped me so, an' the cars screeched, an' the conductor sez, 'Good-by; this is Marmora, Vermont, United States of America, Pat, an' good luck to you!'"

Here Katy made a sudden descent upon him, and fairly lifted him off the floor; and I felt very much as if somebody, or something, was "chokin'" me. But when we were in talking condition agin, I thought I would just ask one more question, — "How did you know your mother when you saw her, Patrick?"

"O, faith," said he, "an' I didn't know her at all, — it was she as knowed me!"

And then Katy brought out his cap and exhibited it proudly. It was a rough little homemade affair, of very odd fashion, and much the worse for wear.

"Och," said she, "I wouldn't sell it for its weight in gowld; an' see, here's the five dollars he had left, and it shall go to the blessed saints, ivery cint of it," and she crossed herself devoutly. Ah, who can doubt her thank-offering was accepted by a Higher Power, and in a different sense from what the poor, ignorant, happy soul intended?

Brave, and sensible, and shrewd little Patrick! How many of our little Yankee boys could have found their way as far and as safely?





WISHING BY THE FIRELIGHT.

BY M. ANGIER ALDEN.

INTO the wood-fire, blazing warm, ruddy, high, They told, and said 'twas foolish to waste the
and bright, wishes three :
Soft, childli-h eyes were gazing, repicturing its " I only wish," said Nattie, " some fairy'd say to
light. me
And infant voices whispered their wayward, Just what that jolly fairy said to those people
childish lore, two ;
Unmindful of the tumult of wind and rain out- I wouldn't wasto my wishes, in truth I promise
door. you ! "

The story of the wisher, that called for pudding " I'll make believe a fairy," said Harry. " Come,
black, begin !
And ended in the wishing of all the wishes Whatever you all wish for, your wishes you
back, shall win."

"O, what a funny fairy!" laughed Lillie, "I declare, I never knew a fairy such monstrous boots could wear!"

"Come, wish!" cried dauntless Harry, unmindful of her jest, "I'll wave my wand, and grant you what gratifies you best."

"Wish," said Ned, "to go to bed, I'm sleepy as a mole!"

"Then, sleep, old mole," cried Hal, "pray creep instanter to your hole!"

"Is that the way you do it, my sylph-like Mr. Fay?"

Asked laughing Lillie; "I wish for Ned to stay."

"Behold, your wish is granted," said Harry. "Nat and Will, Mabel too, what wish have you a fairy may fulfill?"

"What wish?" cried Nattie, scowling; "I either wish that Lil would go to bed instead of Ned, or else you'd keep her still."

"O, nonsense!" said the fairy, "you waste your wishes, you might just as well wish pudding, as wish for what you do."

Then Mabel, who sedate had sat, nor spoke a wishing word, Now said, so very gently her voice could scarce be heard:

"I wish that all the wishes that all of us could know, Would come to pass for always. I wish that it would snow!"

"Ah, yes!" cried eager Willie, "I wish for a new sled."

"And so do I," said Nattie. "And I," said sleepy Ned.

"Come, fairy!" cried Miss Lillie, "a sled for Ned and Nat;

Another sled for Willie; for me a striped cat: A cat that never scratches, and never catches birds,

A cat that opens latches, and speaks in easy words:

A cat who on its hind-legs untiring always stands;

That uses both its fore-legs for arms and little hands!"

The fairy waved the poker twice, three times around his head,

"It snows," he said to Mabel; to Willie, "Here's your sled."

Again he waved the poker: "A sled for Ned and Nat!

And now," cried he, "one moment, and Lil shall have her cat."

The children gazed in wonder, the awe-struck fire burned low,

As rose the sturdy fairy, majestic and slow,

And opened wide the window, through which, with welcome mew,

There jumped a striped kitten, and ran to Lil —
it's true!

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE.

BY C. R. TREAT.

It may be remembered that in the first article upon Indian Clubs, two kinds were described, — the "Boston Club," and the "New York Club." Each of these has many warm friends, some of whom are inclined to speak with contempt of the other kind. If you should happen to meet any of the latter class, treat them as well-meaning, but misguided people, and advise them to spend their breath upon a much more important matter, which ought to receive the attention they are wasting upon this. The more important matter

is that the clubs, which you or they may use, be made according to the best patterns of their kind. Let me repeat what I said last November, that one great value of the Indian Clubs is, that they have the rare power of awakening and maintaining interest. Now, this power to interest depends altogether upon their perfection in shape and proportion.

The club should be as nicely balanced as a rapier. If the best patterns of each are not followed, and the weight is not accurately adjusted

to the hand and movement, the exercise will undoubtedly prove useful, if practiced; but it will be no better than sawing wood, or any plain, hard work. Understand, also, that this excellence of proportion and balance does not belong exclusively to either kind, but that either may be



The New York Club. The Boston Club.
Fig. 7.

faulty and clumsy, or well-balanced, and good enough for any one.

I will now briefly describe the "points" upon which excellence depends. These are, *length*, *shape of the body*, and *shape of the handle*. How long should the clubs be? That depends a little upon how tall you are. If you are one of the older "young people," and stand six feet high in your shoes, the usual length of the "Boston Club" will suit you, — two feet six inches. For most "young people," however, — indeed for most old people, — I should advise a shorter club, about two feet four inches, or two feet two inches, for the Boston Club. The New York Club, as you see in the illustration, does not need much change in length, standing, as it does there, six inches shorter than the other. If I should suggest any change, it would be to lengthen it two, three, or four inches, for those who are tall. What is to guide you in this question of length is, you will see, your own height. Something depends upon the weight of the club; a heavy club ought to be longer than a light one; but you are to consult your convenience in swinging, and to be careful to use a club that is not too short, yet not so long as to strike the floor, or bruise your toes as it whirls by.

What should be the shape of the "body"? The illustration will give the best answer. In each kind, the "body" should be thickest at the middle. From that point the "body" should grow gradually smaller toward either end. In the

"Boston Club," the two ends of the "body" should be of the same size, only different, because the bottom must be flat, to stand firmly upon the floor, and the top rounded off to join the "handle." The same is true of the "New York Club," except that the "handle" and "body" have no marked point of union, the "handle" growing gradually into the "body," which makes the top of the body look different from the bottom, although the proportion stated above ought to, and may remain perfectly true.

What should be the shape of the "handle"? The illustration will best answer this also. The "handle" of the "Boston Club" is rounded to fit the palm when shut. This shape I must express a preference for; I would only add a suggestion that its surface be *grooved* instead of *smooth*, to prevent slipping. The "New York Club" is furnished with a button or knob, to prevent slipping; but the "handle" below that is of uniform size, and hence does not perfectly fit the hand. The knob also is liable to be too large, and interfere with the freest use of the club. Whatever more particular description remains, such as the best proportions of a given weight of either kind, I will reserve for a future

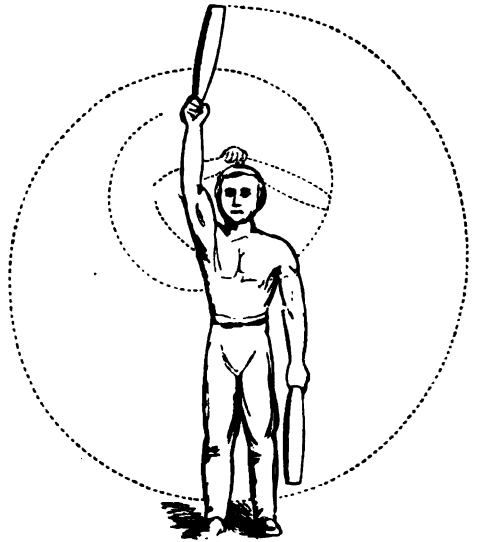


Fig. 8.

article. Let me now, without further delay, introduce you to another series of the exercises.

EXERCISE 10. — A combination of the "arm circle" with the "head circle." Stand as in figure 8. Swing the arm to the opposite side, across the body in front, downward, and up again. But instead of allowing it to return to the position

from which it started, bend the arm as it rises, and continue with the "head circle." As the arm rises from that, straighten it, and swing off into the long circle again. This is one of the most graceful movements, and must be learned thoroughly, to prepare for some more difficult ones that are to follow. *Don't be afraid of your head.*

EXERCISE 11. — Practice the same movement with the left arm, swinging it to the right side across the body. Practice each half a dozen times.

EXERCISE 12. — The foregoing exercises, with both hands in *alternate* motions. Stand as in figure 9, one arm raised at full length, the other bent, the hand as high as, and a little one side



Fig. 9.

of the chin. Swing both hands at the same time, the hand of the arm at full length through the "right arm circle," the other through the "head circle." As each finishes its circle, let it change into the other, the "arm circle" into the "head circle," the "head circle" into the "arm circle."

EXERCISE 13. — Raise both arms to their full length. Start them both with the "long arm circle," the right arm to the left, the left arm to the right. As each rises from that, let it change into the "head circle," so that both shall swing together, then change to the long circle again. It will be a long time before this will be thoroughly mastered.

EXERCISE 14. — A combination of the "long circle," with the "side wrist circle." This move-

ment is the precise opposite of Exercise 10. Swing the right arm to the right side, down and up. As it rises, bend the arm, and make the "wrist circle" behind the shoulder. Then change into the long circle again.

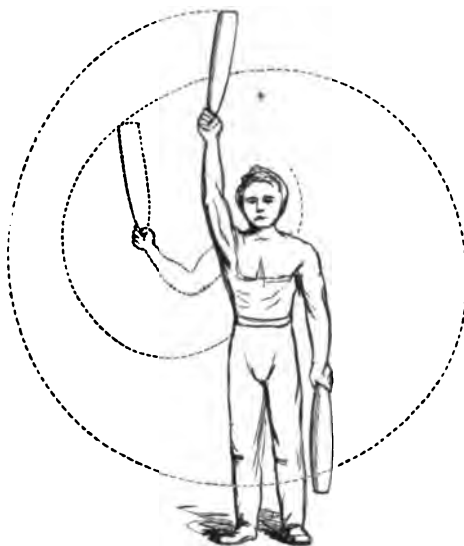


Fig. 10.

EXERCISE 15. — Practice the same movement with the left arm half a dozen times each, for one exercise.

EXERCISE 16. — This is the precise opposite of Exercise 12. Start both arms together, the

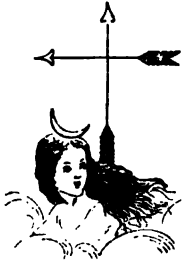


Fig. 11.

long arm with the long circle, the shortened arm with the wrist circle. As each finishes its circle, let it change into the other.

LITTLE FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

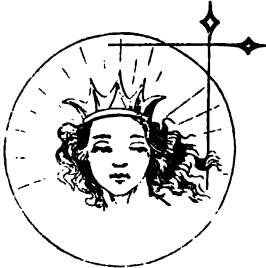


VI.

THE little Moon
Came out too soon,
And in her fright
Looked thin and white.



The Stars then shone,
And every one
Twinkled and winked,
And laughed and blinked.



The great Sun now
rolled forth in might,
And drove them all
quite out of sight.

VII.

Spider, O spider, pray why do you spin
Your pretty white net so fine and so thin?
To catch fat flies,
And make into pies,
For they're much too silly to use their eyes.

But spider, O spider, pray do you not see
Here comes a big, buzzing, blundering bee?
He'll spoil your fine net,
While you fume and you fret,
But no mercy you give, and no mercy you'll
get.

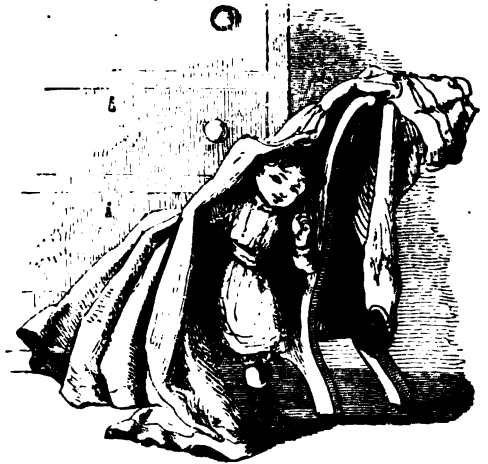
VIII.

Money is silver, money is gold,
What shall I do when my money is told?
Money is copper, money is tin,
Open my pocket and put it all in.
Money is paper dirty and torn,
What shall I do when my money is gone?

How shall I eat, without any bread?
How shall I sleep, without any bed?
What shall I wear, without any clothes?



Where find any shoes for my poor little toes?
If I had a penny, I know what I'd do,
I'd set up a shop and be rich as a Jew!



IX.

Where is Stannie, where can he be?
Where is he hiding away from me?
I've looked in the closet, and out on the stair,

Under the table, behind the big chair,
 Inside the big clock that stands in the hall;
 In every corner where a midget could crawl.
 In the mouse-trap, and through my work-box,
 What can have become of the sly little fox?
 Where is that scallywag, where has he gone?
 Leaving his poor mamma all forlorn.

Where is Stannie, where can he be?
 Where is he hiding away from me?
 O, I know! he is in the canary-bird's cage,
 Or, if he's not there, why then I'll engage
 He's crept up the chimney, and sits on the top,
 Crowing and kicking like any game-cock.
 Or slipped down to the kitchen, and bothered the
 cook,

Till she's hung him up out of the way on a hook.
 Where is that scallywag, where has he gone?
 Leaving his poor mamma all forlorn.

Where is Stannie, where can he be?
 Where is he hiding away from me?
 I must send out the crier all over the town.
 O! here he is, tucked under grandmamma's gown!
 Now I've got him, the rogue, I must give him a
 shake,
 Twenty good kisses, and a piece of plum-cake.
 I must find a strong cobweb, and set him therein;
 He can coax the old spider to teach him to spin.
 And there he shall stay till cock-crow in the
 morn,
 For leaving his poor mamma all forlorn.

PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, in this month of March, any boy in Mr. Greene's school at Jamaica Plain, four miles or so from Boston, might have looked out of his frosty window, just at sunrise, and he would have been sure to see a gentleman on horseback, turning his horse's head back toward Boston; and if this boy had done so unlikely a thing as to look out of that window the next morning, two minutes earlier, say at two minutes past six, he would have seen the same gentleman on horseback, turning his horse's head back toward Boston, whence he had set out. Every morning that winter, and for other winters too, I believe, Mr. Prescott, the historian, rode out before breakfast; he always went just so far, and came back in gay humor, ready to meet the family at the breakfast table; and, after that, to begin the morning's duties of historical work.

In the evening, perhaps, the father of the boy who may have looked out of the window, met the same gentleman at a party in Boston, and had a pleasant chat with him, and wondered what in the world Prescott managed to do with himself all day; and thinking it a lucky thing that a man who could not use one eye at all, and the other only partly, and so could not well have any profession, should have money enough to allow him to live a pleasant, leisurely life, amongst friends and books; not such a life as it was best to live, on the whole, but one that a man with Prescott's

infirmity might be pardoned for living. It may even be, that, knowing him well, he would advise him, as a friend, to undertake something serious in the way of occupation, for his own sake, as well as for the good of those around him. And if he did so urge him, Prescott turned away with a smile, and thanked him for his good advice.

What did people in Boston know of this agreeable, handsome Mr. Prescott? They knew that he belonged to an old, highly respected family, that had lived in Salem, and now lived in Boston, going summers to an old farm in Pepperell, that had been in the family for more than a century; that the family was well to do, and associated with the best people in town. William Hickling Prescott, the eldest son, had grown up in the sunny life of that good society, and in time had, like other boys, entered Harvard College, and begun preparation for professional life, and had passed creditably his college course; but in his Junior year he had met with an accident, which, serious at first, did not interrupt his studies long; but, after graduation, showed itself in a new and alarming form, changing the tenor of his life, and requiring him to break off from the study of law, which he had begun. This was an accident to his eye; he was going out of the Commons Hall, where the students were at dinner, and having a rough, noisy time, as the professors had left; when, turning suddenly about to see

what was going on, a large, hard piece of bread that was flying across the room from the hand of a boisterous fellow, struck his eye, and so unexpected was the blow, that the eyelids, ready to close over the precious organ at the least warning of danger, could not shut before the very disk of the eye had received the shock. The eye was instantly killed, and no light ever after penetrated it. Although he was able to return to study, yet he could use but the other eye; and, a couple of years afterward, there suddenly appeared a fearful inflammation in the sound eye, attended by distressing pain, obliging him to give up all use of it, and for months to remain in a darkened room. Never afterward was he able to make more than the most chary use of his eye, scarcely at all for reading, although he was always able to use it for ordinary purposes.

So, then, he was known as one who, at the very threshold of his career, had been effectually disabled from pursuing his profession, and now was living a regular, social life, surrounded by friends, and able to gratify his taste, and make much of the pleasant things of the world. Those who were of his own age and society, were well established in profitable occupations, busy with their merchandise, or papers, or practice. When they saw him, they found him always sunny and happy, and thought, very likely, — No wonder he is happy, with all his leisure, and his freedom from anxiety and pressing duties.

Now Prescott was a happy man, and the older he grew the more cheerful and contented he seemed; and yet the man who does nothing all day but study how to gratify his tastes, or who consumes his time with a petty round of trivial occupation, is almost certain to grow discontented and hard featured, complaining of everything that interferes with his present pleasure. It is time for us, who have better means of knowing Prescott than his neighbors then had, to step into his house and see what he does with himself.

In his study we should find him, with the light carefully adjusted to his sensitive eye, his books and papers arranged with precision, his secretary at hand, ready to read to or write for him, and he himself, with his noctograph by him, so that he could himself write in his peculiar way. This *noctograph* was a writing-frame about the size of a boy's slate, having sixteen stout brass wires running parallel across, to guide the hand in writing, and containing a sheet of paper chemically prepared with a black substance, beneath which was placed a sheet of white paper, so that the writer, using an ivory style, bore on hard upon

the black paper, and so forced an impression upon the white paper beneath, without ever seeing what he was writing. It was invented for the blind. Here he sat, day after day, with but few exceptions, for more than thirty years, at work upon those great histories of Spanish kings and Spanish adventurers, which have been the delight of readers. Here, almost wholly without use of his eyes, he acquired a foreign language, and examined a vast amount of material, printed or manuscript, which he had gathered for his work. It seems a strange thing, does it not? that he should have undertaken to do that which would seem most of all to require the use of eyes, consulting different authorities, and comparing a great diversity of statements. It makes us think of Huber watching the bees, and John Carter painting his delicate pictures. Prescott spared neither money nor pains to bring together all the material which he could for prosecuting his study, but he did far more than this; he bent his mind to it, and willed to store his material in his memory, and work it over with his thought, until he had it in such shape that he could bring it forth, and write out the long sentences which he had shaped silently, and add the foot-notes, which should fortify his position by chapter and verse, from authentic papers and books.

I should like to tell how laboriously he prepared himself, first for his life in literature, and then for the mastery of each special subject which he took up; but the story is too long for the space I have here. Let us, however, hear what Mr. Otis, once his secretary, tells of his method of working: —

“It was the habit of Mr. Prescott to study the grand outlines of his subject, and to plan the general arrangement and proportions of his work, — classifying the various topics he would have to treat, and dividing them into books and chapters, — before studying them closely in detail, when preparing to compose a chapter. When he had decided upon the subject to be discussed, or events to be related in a particular chapter, he carefully read all that portion of his authorities, in print and manuscript, bearing on the subject of the chapter in hand, using tables of contents and indices, and taking copious notes of each authority as he read, marking the volume and page of each statement for future reference. These notes I copied in a large, legible hand, so that at times he could read them, though more frequently I read them aloud to him, until he had impressed them completely on his memory. After this had been accomplished, he would occupy several days in silently digesting this mental provender, balancing the conflicting testimony of authorities, arranging the details

of his narrative, selecting his ornaments, rounding his periods, and moulding the whole chapter in his mind, as an orator might prepare his speech. Many of his battle-scenes, he told me, he had composed while on horseback. His vivid imagination carried him back to the sixteenth century, and he almost felt himself a Castilian knight, charging with Cortés, Sandóval, and Alvarado, on the Aztec foe.

"When he had fully prepared his chapter in his mind, he began to dash it off with rapidity by the use of his writing-case. As he did not see his paper when he wrote, he sometimes wrote twice over the same lines, which did not have a tendency to render them more legible. . . . As the sheets were stricken off, I deciphered them, and was ready to read them to him when he had finished the chapter. He was as cautious in correction as he was rapid in writing. Each word and sentence was carefully weighed, and subjected to the closest analysis. If found wanting in strength or beauty, it was changed and turned, until the exact expression required was found, when he dictated the correction, which was made by me on his manuscript. . . . After the chapter had been carefully corrected, I copied it in a large, heavy, pikestaff hand, and he reperused and recorrected it. He then read again my copy of the original notes, that he had taken from the authorities on which he founded his chapter, and from them prepared the remarks, quotations, and references found in his foot-notes, which were also usually rapidly stricken off with his writing-case, and copied by me in the same large, legible hand with the text. This copy was again and again carefully scrutinized and corrected by himself."

But no single paragraph can show the persistent, systematic diligence of this historian, to make his work thoroughly good. One needs to read his life through, and mark the difficulties which he encountered, the patient way in which he toiled after success in his work, to see the real honorableness of his career.

Here was a man born in wealth and stopped early in life from following a profession, by the loss of what we think essential to a student's success, affectionately cared for by his friends, and excused by them from labor, who deliberately set himself a great task, — the writing of a history,

Norz. The life of Prescott has been written with fullness of detail by his life-long friend George Ticknor, Esq., of Boston. It is published in a finely illustrated volume, and can no doubt be found in most libraries of importance. It is from this book that our sketch is made up, and any studious boy would be well repaid by

whose materials were in a foreign language, — persisting in it year after year; not to make himself rich, nor indeed for fame, but because he saw that life was not worth living, which did not have in it a strong purpose to do something, and that God had given him powers of mind that could and ought to be employed upon some worthy labor. Do you think this was a pleasant, easy life? It was a constant struggle with Prescott to keep himself up to his work. He was not strong physically; he was not enthusiastically fond of study; there was no need of his working; in short, there was nothing outside to compel him to work; but he used his will on himself, and forced his mind to obey his soul, and not his body. His regular habits helped him to work, but they did not make him work.

He was twenty-nine years old when he first thought of writing his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella;" he was forty-one when it was published, and all that time very few of his best friends knew of his patient, steady occupation. After that, he wrote the "Conquest of Mexico," then the "Conquest of Peru," and "Philip the Second," which was not quite finished at the time of his death, besides a volume of historical and critical essays, and some minor historic and biographic work. There the books stand on my shelf, — a dozen large octavo volumes, and they tell a story which interests me more than the fortunes of kings and captains: the story of a man who might have led an easy, idle life, and have shriveled into an insignificant *bon vivant*, but who heard a higher voice, and made the difficulties which were in his life the reason for harder work; and so, surrounded by all that could minister to his comfort, deliberately chose to live a severely honest, faithful life.

He was struck down with apoplexy, and died January 28, 1859, sixty-two years of age; while in the Old World and New, men met to honor and mourn over him, for the name of him who worked silently and resolutely to the very last, had long been one of the foremost amongst men of letters in both worlds.

reading the book himself. Ticknor's *Life of Prescott* is published by Fields, Osgood, & Co. of Boston. Prescott's Histories are published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia. Whoever has a liking for romance and historic adventure should read them. The *Conquest of Peru* is a good one to begin upon.



THE SETTLE.

THERE is a cock that crows under my Magazine window. I don't know who owns him, or where he lives. I never saw him, but he comes and crows at me, as if he were a dog, and I the "Man in the Moon." "Come down, O man," he crows lustily. "Spring is coming; come down out of the Magazine, and see my wives, who go hiccoughing about;" and then, while the cock is crowing, and I believe that spring is near, the door is opened, and a letter comes from one of those whose goods are in the Magazine, away from the South; and I open it, and violets drop out, and I know that violets are blooming in Georgia. So, though I have shown you my Baltic Ice, and the children that wished by the fire-light, you and I, and our Southern friend, and the cock that crows, and the hens that hiccough, all believe that spring is coming.

If you don't believe it otherwise, look at our Calendar, which must be right. There it hangs. What does it say against the fifth of March, I should like to know? Eugene told me that here on the Settle. He said that it was his brother's birthday too. To be sure I saw some boys playing marbles yesterday, when it was not March, but suppose they had a birthday among them. That reminds me of one birthday down on our last month's Calendar that has made some of the boys and girls uneasy. Washington born on the eleventh of February? I knew you would ask the question, and so I put the date down, for it is right; and the twenty-second, which is your holiday, is right too. How does it happen? Did you ever see dates written with O. S. or N. S. after them? The letters stand for *old style* and *new style*. Washington was born Feb. 11, O. S., Feb. 22, N. S. This is the origin of it. The length of a year is determined by the space of time required for the revolution of the Earth round the Sun, namely, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49 seconds, and 7 tenths of a second; so Julius Cæsar, who knew almost as much as this, decreed that the years should be 365 days each, except the fourth year, which should be 366 days. That was pretty nearly right; but you will see that every four years the reckoning was ahead of time; and in 1582, Pope Gregory, to make matters right, decreed that the 5th of October should be reckoned the 15th; and that, in future, to keep matters straight, the overplus being 18 hours, 37 minutes, and 10 seconds, in a century: that every centennial year that could not be divided by 4, should not be leap year; i. e., 1900 cannot be leap year, because 19 cannot be divided by 4, though 1900 can, but 2000 will be leap year. May you all live to get through 1900 without a leap. This arrangement was accepted by Catholic countries; but Protestant England, and Russia too, were not going to have Pope Gregory tell them what o'clock it was.

It was so inconvenient, however, that after about two hundred years the snarl was cut by an Act of Parliament in England, 1752, accepting the Gregorian measure, when the difference had amounted to eleven days. For a long time many people continued to use the old style. Now, what boy or girl can tell me anything more about this matter? Has Russia fallen in with this arrangement?

So much for birthdays of people; but towns have their birthdays too, and one of our Settle youngsters sends in his calendar with this date for one,—there isn't room on the regular Calendar for it: "Saturday, March 26, Agawam, afterward called Ipswich, was founded, 1633." I should like to know how many boys can tell when the town they live in was founded.

Now then, let us hear the conclusion of

HOW TO PLAY SOLITAIRE.

You must refer to the board I marked out in the Settle for February, and there you will find explained anything in these formulas which may puzzle you.

To leave No. 1 vacant, and fill it at the end. 9 to 1, 6 to 4, 1 to 9, 16 to 4, 3 to 1, 1 to 9, 14 to 16, 16 to 4, 7 to 9, 4 to 16, 23 to 9, 21 to 23, 24 to 22, 31 to 23, 22 to 24, 33 to 31, 30 to 28, 31 to 23, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 30 to 18, 13 to 27, 12 to 26, 27 to 25, 18 to 16, 16 to 28, 25 to 23, 28 to 16, 16 to 4, 11 to 9, 9 to 1. A second method begins 3 to 1. Do it if you can. Or leave the last marble either in 16, 19, or 31.

Leaving No. 2 vacant, to fill it at the close. 10 to 2, 8 to 10, 1 to 9, 3 to 1, 16 to 4, 1 to 9, 10 to 8, 7 to 9, 14 to 16, 12 to 10, 25 to 11, 27 to 25, 13 to 27, 24 to 26, 27 to 25, 32 to 24, 24 to 26, 26 to 12, 33 to 25, 22 to 24, 31 to 23, 24 to 22, 21 to 23, 10 to 8, 23 to 9, 8 to 10, 6 to 18, 25 to 11, 17 to 5, 12 to 10, 10 to 2. Or leave the last marble in either 17, 20, or 14.

No 3 is left empty, to be filled with the last marble. 11 to 3, 4 to 6, 3 to 11, 1 to 3, 18 to 6, 3 to 11, 20 to 18, 18 to 6, 13 to 11, 6 to 18, 25 to 11, 27 to 25, 24 to 26, 33 to 25, 26 to 24, 31 to 33, 28 to 30, 33 to 25, 16 to 28, 21 to 23, 7 to 21, 8 to 22, 28 to 16, 21 to 23, 16 to 18, 18 to 30, 23 to 25, 30 to 18, 18 to 6, 9 to 11, 11 to 3. A second method begins 1 to 3. And the last marble, instead of in 3, may be left in 18, 15, or 33.

No. 4 is left vacant, and finally filled. 16 to 4, 1 to 9, 6 to 4, 4 to 16, 7 to 9, 16 to 4, 3 to 1, 1 to 9, 28 to 16, 21 to 23, 16 to 28, 14 to 16, 31 to 23, 33 to 31, 30 to 28, 24 to 22, 31 to 23, 22 to 24, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 13 to 27, 12 to 26, 30 to 18, 27 to 25, 25 to 23, 10 to 8, 23 to 9, 8 to 10, 18 to 6, 17 to 5, 6 to 4. Or the last marble may be left in 23 or 26.

Leaving No. 5 vacant, to fill it at the close. 17 to 5, 8 to 10, 11 to 9, 2 to 10, 10 to 8, 1 to 9, 3 to 11, 16 to 4, 7 to 9, 4 to 16, 21 to 7, 22 to 8, 7 to 9, 24 to 22, 9 to 23, 22 to 24, 31 to 23, 24 to 22, 33 to 31, 30 to 28, 31 to 23, 22 to 24, 12 to 10, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 13 to 27, 24 to 26, 27 to 25, 30 to 18, 19 to 17, 17 to 5. The last marble may also be left either in 21, 24, or 27, provided you are smart enough to see how.

To leave No. 6 empty, and afterwards fill it. 18 to 6, 3 to 11, 4 to 6, 1 to 3, 6 to 18, 13 to 11, 18 to 6, 3 to 11, 30 to 18, 11 to 25, 20 to 18, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 24 to 26, 33 to 25, 26 to 24, 31 to 33, 28 to 30, 33 to 25, 16 to 28, 21 to 23, 28 to 16, 7 to 21, 8 to 22, 21 to 23, 9 to 11, 16 to 18, 18 to 30, 23 to 25, 30 to 18, 18 to 6. The last may be left in 25 or 22, instead of in 6.

Numbers 7 and 8 being in another wing of the board, correspond precisely to Nos. 3 and 6 in this, and therefore I need not give farther details for them. The next hole in order, then, is No. 9. When this is left vacant, proceed as follows: 1 to 9, 16 to 4, 3 to 1, 1 to 9, 6 to 4, 4 to 16, 7 to 9, 21 to 7, 22 to 8, 16 to 4, 7 to 9, 4 to 16, 24 to 22, 31 to 23, 22 to 24, 33 to 31, 30 to 28, 31 to 23, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 30 to 18, 13 to 27, 12 to 26, 27 to 25, 24 to 26, 11 to 25, 26 to 24, 23 to 9, 9 to 11, 24 to 10, 11 to 9. Or the last can be left in either 12 or 28.

Leave No. 10 empty, and proceed thus: 8 to 10, 1 to 9, 10 to 8, 3 to 1, 6 to 4, 1 to 9, 16 to 4, 7 to 9, 4 to 16, 21 to 7, 22 to 8, 7 to 9, 24 to 22, 31 to 23, 22 to 24, 33 to 31, 30 to 28, 31 to 23, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 30 to 18, 13 to 27, 12 to 26, 27 to 25, 24 to 26, 11 to 25, 26 to 24, 24 to 10, 10 to 8, 23 to 9, 8 to 10. Either 7, 13, or 29, may be filled with the last marble.

Number 11, in another wing, corresponding to No. 9 in this, no further directions are needed for leaving it vacant, and filling it with the single marble remaining at the end. The directions which I have already given will suffice for every hole upon the board, and will tell in every case, I believe, every hole in which it is possible to leave legitimately the last marble which remains, after jumping off all the others. But the game is far from exhausted. *Two* holes may be left vacant at the start, and, at the end, the same holes filled with the *two* remaining marbles. Will some enterprising individual try this, leaving Nos. 1 and 33 empty, to begin with? It is very easy. The prettiest puzzles, however, that can be devised upon a Solitaire board, have for their object the leaving of *several* marbles at the end of the game, arranged in some symmetrical figure, such as a square, triangle, cross, or combination of these. A younger brother of the writer, an assiduous reader of the "Riverside," has been quite elated at finding what beautiful figures can be left upon the board, and has found an unlimited fund of amusement in forming them. Yet, until quite recently, the Solitaire board had been laid aside as "played out." I

offer here quite a number of puzzles to be solved upon the board, all of which I have solved myself, and many of which are easy. Thousands of others can still be devised, equally interesting. In all of the following, the central hole, No. 17, is the one to be left vacant at the outset:—

Leave three marbles, forming a triangle, in 9, 11, and 24.

Leave four marbles, forming a square, in 9, 11, 23, and 25.

Leave five in 17, 2, 14, 20, and 32. Or five in 17, 1, 13, 33, and 21.

Leave eight, forming a triple square, in 7, 9, 11, 13, 21, 23, 25, and 27.

Leave eight, forming a large square, in 3, 4, 7, 22, 31, 30, 27, and 12.

Leave eight, forming a combination of squares and triangles, in 2, 14, 20, 32, 9, 11, 23, and 25.

Leave nine, filling 1, 3, 7, 21, 31, 33, 13, 27, and 17.

Leave thirteen, filling 1, 2, 3, 7, 14, 21, 13, 20, 27, 31, 32, 33, and 17.

Leave this curious figure: 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27.

Jump off six marbles in such a manner as to render it impossible to jump any more, leaving the remainder so as to form a symmetrical figure.

Now, grown up children, and youthful old folks, go ahead!

F. W. C.

SINGLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

1. The queen of the flowers has bloomed for me;
2. The vine clings close to the old oak-tree;
3. The sweet blue beauty that springs in the dell;
4. And spicy leaves that of Yule-tide tell;
5. Water, and warmth, and food we need;
6. With my flowing life-blood, the forests I feed;
7. I live on the prairies for White and for Red;
8. For the highest and lowest, I hold up my head.
9. O, beautiful Calla, in milk-white cup,
Gather the dew-drops and sunshine up;
Scatter them over this garland pure,
And leave it each month at the friendly door.

APHINX.

RIDDLES.

1. Old Mother Pitcher, she has but one eye,
And a long tail; that she lets fly;
But, every time she goes through a gap,
She leaves a piece of her tail in the trap.
2. As I passed by an old woman's door
I saw a great scuffle, 'twas ten against four;
Over and under, and in and out:
Pray tell me what all this fuss was about.
3. The Queen of England sent to the Duke of
Northumberland a bottomless vessel, to put blood
and bones in.
4. A little house full of meat,
And no door to go in and eat. F. M.



Proverb in Picture.

OUTLINE OF AN ACTING CHARADE.

TRUE LOVE.

TRUE.

SCENE. — *Parlor.*

BOBBY, } *Lovers.*
BOBBINET, }

Bobby makes love to Bobbinet, and asks her to promise to love him faithfully. Bobbinet promises, and declares she shall always be perfectly true to her promise. Bobby kneels on one knee, and puts a ring on her finger. He kisses her hand, and begs her to promise again that her love shall be true, forever and ever. Bobbinet promises to be true as true can be.

[*Curtain drops.*]

LOVE.

SCENE. — *Open Air.*

Bobby sitting on a bank, beside a high wall. He is reading, and dressed in a fancy dress, with a cap and long tassel.

Enter Bobbinet, the other side of the wall. She is dressed in a light fancy dress, and is playing graces, with a wreath of flowers for a hoop. She sings a familiar song.

Bobby throws down his book and listens. They don't recognize one another.

Bobby joins in the song. Bobbinet stops singing. She continues to toss the hoop, and tosses it over the wall. Bobby picks it up, presses it to his heart, then lays it on the bank, and gathers a bouquet of flowers, which he throws over the wall. Bobbinet picks up the bouquet, kisses it, and fastens it in her dress.

Bobby. — This wall is provokingly high; are you alone?

Bobbinet. — Yes, quite alone.

Bobby. — Have you no lover?

Bobbinet. — Yes, of course; haven't you a lady-love?

Bobby. — O dear, yes.

Bobbinet. — I should like to know your name.

Bobby. — My name — my name is Prince Ludovigo; and yours?

Bobbinet. — Floribel.

Bobbinet claps her hands together, and smiles. She talks to herself, and declares it is enchanting to talk with a real prince. She is sure she is in love with him. She remembers it is time for her to go home. The prince asks her to promise to come again the next day. Bobbinet says perhaps she will. She goes out.

[*Curtain drops.*]

TRUE LOVE.

SCENE. — *Parlor.*

Enter Bobbinet in simple dress. She sobs, and wipes her eyes. She listens for some one to come. On the table she sees the bouquet the prince has given her. She throws it angrily in the corner. She continues to sob and listen, and says, "No, Bobby will never come again." She goes out.

Enter Bobby. He walks about excitedly, and appears very uncomfortable. He talks to himself, and says, "Yes, Bobbinet must have heard of it, and she never will forgive it. Such a box to be in." He wishes he had courage to make a clean breast of the whole thing.

Enter Bobbinet.

Bobbinet. — O Bobby!

Bobby. — Bobbinet (speaking sadly).

Bobbinet (aside). — Yes, he knows. Such dreadful reproach in his tone.

Bobby. — When hearts that are pledged to be true forever and ever —

Bobbinet. — O dear, dear! (Bobbinet sobs.)

Bobby. — I would give all the world if this had never happened. (Aside.) — I suppose she never will forgive me.

Bobbinet. — I don't know what I can say.

Bobby. — If the past could only be undone.

Bobbinet. — I suppose we might go away, and never speak to one another again.

Bobby. — It is very hard to forgive, when —

Bobbinet. — O dear, dear! (She sobs violently.)

Bobby (aside). — No. She never will forgive me. (Aloud.) — I little thought, when I just spoke to that foolish little Floribel, of all this trouble, and now you will never forgive me.

Bobbinet starts, and looks surprised. She draws a long breath, and puts the corner of her handkerchief to one eye, beginning to smile. She tells Bobby, she did not know as he would forgive her for flirting with Prince Ludovigo.

Bobby starts suddenly, very much surprised. Then he spreads his fingers before his eyes, and bursts into a laugh.

Bobby clasps Bobbinet's hand. Bobbinet laughs and sobs together. Then they make love, and laughing very much, they promise it shall be true love in good earnest for the future.

[*Curtain drops.*]

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of 17 letters.

My 9, 7, 1, 9, 10, 8, something edible in the way of candy.

My 9, 4, 8, 17, is what Dame Hubbard went to look for.

My 1, 7, 8, 17, is what she said upon arriving there.

My 13, 6, 2, is a vegetable.

My 16, 15, 6, 17, is a member of the class of botany.

My 12, 13, 3, 5, 17, is a very common fruit.

My 3, 6, 12, 15, is another very common fruit.

My 1, 12, 3, is a substance existing on cloth.

My 6, 2, 15, is an organ of one of the five senses.

My 8, 6, 2, 16, is what all our readers should try to be.

My whole is the name of an illustrious conqueror. GENIE.

CHARADES.

1. My first whirls round in the giddy dance, —
Whirls round with the slender maiden;
The dazzling diamond beds are its haunts,
And the grand duet by Haydn.

Two fifths of India my second doth own,
In every "Riverside" twice it appears;
Though in light it has ever shone,
Yet every night its presence shares.

My third in the jewel'd diadem gleams,
In gold and emerald it shines;
Plays a prominent part in all our dreams,
And with the timid dove it pines.

For my fourth in Herodotus look,
'Tis in love with moonlight and flowers,
Floating clouds, the soft flowing brook,
Poetry, grottoes, and bowers.

My whole is a queen of ancient renown;
Cast out by her brother, she founded a town.
Beloved by a hero, fate forced them to part,
And this cruel parting was death to her heart.
She ascended the pyre, her death-song she sang,
Pierced her heart with a sword and expired with
one pang. M. S. H.

2. I know the dearest baby yet,
Her own fair name Elizabeth;
For that she has not time nor breath,
She calls her sweet self "Elsiepet."
She is my *First*; my *Second* true
Lives all the days and nights with you;
My *Third* was borne by knights of old,
Sometimes at rest, but not in sleep.
Like cloud o'er sunny landscape rolled,
My *Whole* would spoil the sunniest soul,
Such guest I pray you never keep! ZARA.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

Proverbs in Picture. — 1. Better go round, than fall into the ditch. 2. Taking time by the forelock. *Charade.* — Foxglove. *Enigmas.* — 1. Key. 2. e. *Trying on heads.* — Ail, pail, jail, sail, bail, tail, nail, wail. *Anagrammatic Enigma.* — Reubie Mercer Latimer. *Beheaded Riddle.* — Oak Cottage. *Charade.* — Dismay. *What am I?* — Water.



MARCH.

Tuesday . .	1	Federal Govt. accepted by all the States, 1781.
Wednesday	2	Ash Wednesday, first day of Lent.
Thursday .	3	Serfs emancipated throughout Russia, 1861.
Friday . . .	4	Inauguration Day.
Saturday . .	5	Marbles may now be played. Boston Massacre, [1770.]
Sunday	6	
Monday . . .	7	
Tuesday . .	8	
Wednesday	9	Engagement of the <i>Monitor</i> and <i>Merrimac</i> , 1862.
Thursday .	10	
Friday . . .	11	
Saturday . .	12	
Sunday	13	La Fontaine died, 1695.
Monday . . .	14	Russian America sold to the United States, 1867.
Tuesday . .	15	Julius Cæsar assassinated, B. C. 44. Jackson born, [1767.]
Wednesday	16	Prince Imperial of France born, 1856. [1767.]
Thursday .	17	Boston evacuated by the British, 1776.
Friday . . .	18	
Saturday . .	19	Capture of Lucknow, 1858.
Sunday	20	Louis XVIII. fled from Paris, 1815.
Monday . . .	21	
Tuesday . .	22	Goethe died, 1832.
Wednesday	23	Battle of Winchester, 1862.
Thursday .	24	Queen Elizabeth died, 1603.
Friday . . .	25	Boston Port Bill, 1774.
Saturday . .	26	
Sunday	27	
Monday . . .	28	Capture of the <i>Essex</i> , 1814.
Tuesday . .	29	
Wednesday	30	Battle of Petersburg, 1865. [1732.]
Thursday .	31	Joseph Haydn, composer of "The Creation," born,



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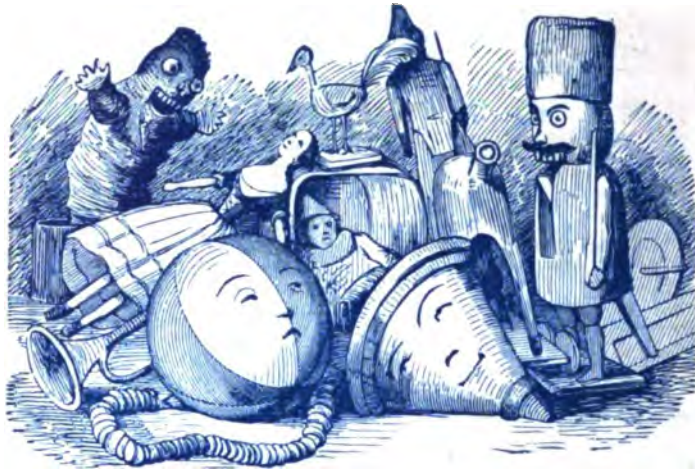
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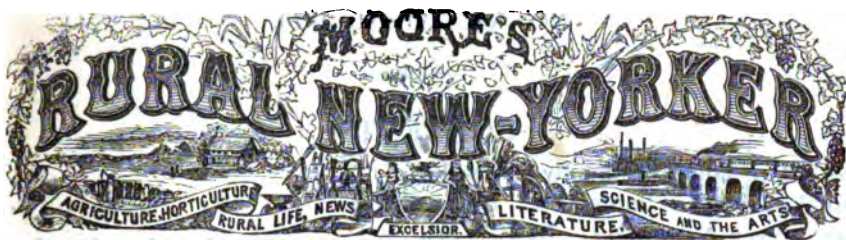
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NO. XL. APRIL, 1870.

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THE TORMENTER.

By GASTON FAV.

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THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

It was spring time in Judæa, and all the country about Jerusalem was bustling with life, for the great yearly feast of Passover was to be held; and from distant places and near, people had been flocking to the holy city, until not only was the city full, but tents were pitched on the hill-sides, and among the gardens outside of the city walls. On one of the great roads, that leading from Jericho, and entering the city on the eastern side, people were passing to and fro, and many gathering palm branches from the trees in the gardens, pressed forward up the Mount of Olives, that lay between the city and the little village of Bethany; the brightness of the festival, the glad spring time, the shining walls of the city, gave a lightness to the moving throng, and they looked eagerly for the approach of one who, men said, was drawing near to the city, and whose wonderful deeds were just now on everybody's lips; for, close by, — in Bethany itself, — he had called forth from the grave one who had been lying in it four days; some in the multitude there were, perhaps, who had been present at the raising of Lazarus.

Now, Bethany lay a mile beyond the summit of the Mount of Olives, and that was about the same distance from Jerusalem. It was here that the Saviour had been staying, and it was from here that he set out this April morning (on Sunday morning, as we think), to go with his disciples to the great city. Many a time, no doubt, alone, or with them, he had been over the path, and often crowds had attended him as he trod the mountain slope, and talked by the way-side; but now other thoughts were in his mind. Drawing

near to a village, he bade two of his disciples go before him.

"As you come into it," said he, "you will at once find an ass's colt, on which no one of men hath ever sat; loose him, and bring him here to me. And should any one ask you, 'Why do ye this?' say, 'The Lord hath need of him,' and at once they will send him here."

It was as he said. They found an ass: and by her, her young colt; where the mother went, the colt went; and when they took the colt with them, the mother followed. "What are you untying the colt for?" asked some who stood by. They answered that the Lord had need of him; and at that word the men let the beasts go, and, likely enough, followed the disciples to where the Lord stood. Upon the back of the colt they threw the light outer garments which they wore, and made thus a covering, that answered for a saddle.

The gathered people saw the colt and its mother led to Jesus; and on the young ass he sat, and it bore him (its first load) over the path that led to Jerusalem, the mother following. People who live in the country are used to the sight of a mare drawing a load, while its little colt trots beside it, and the eyes of the mother are ever watchful of it; as Jesus rode the young colt, I think he saw the mother watching it. In the East, we know, the ass was the royal animal on which kings rode in time of peace; they rode the horse when they went into battle.

And now the procession moved on and up the slope. In the midst was the Lord seated upon the ass's colt, with its mother beside it; about

him were his disciples, and the throng that was moving on the road. At the sight of him people hastened toward him, they followed after, they ran before and met others beyond, and brought them with them: the word passed from lip to lip, "The Lord is come," and the multitude swelled greater and greater, as it moved on and on up the hill-side. There were those who had seen that rider as he touched the deaf, the blind, and the lame, and gave them hearing, sight, and strength; some of those who leaped and ran beside him, would have lain helpless still, but for him; there were those who had heard his wondrous words, and there were many, very many, no doubt, who had heard of him from the neighbors, and pressed forward to catch sight of him. But why did he ride thus? out of the hearts of devout men and women there came the answer from one of the old prophecies they had so often heard, — "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy king cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass; and he shall speak peace unto the heathen; and his dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth."

And see, they have turned the crown of the hill, and up from the other side streams the glad throng of festival people, with palm branches in their hands; they cast them down before the rider; the whole procession break off fresh branches, and strew them in the way; they throw off their own garments, and spread them under the young colt's feet; their king shall not ride over common earth: they are his subjects, and so they cast the branches and the robes before him. And there, right before him, comes in sight the great city, Jerusalem, hidden before, now lifting its walls into view.

"Hosanna! hosanna!" shout the people. "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the kingdom that cometh: our father David's kingdom. Glory! glory in the highest!"

From the voices of the multitude came these shouts; psalms they sang, and welcoming cries, saluting the people in the valley below, and making the triumphal entry known. So, singing and shouting, looking for they know not what, but believing and rejoicing in some wonderful good that is coming to their city from him whom they are leading thus gloriously on, they press

along the road; and now, making another turn, the whole city, shining with its glittering walls, is full in view, high above the deep valley below. Here, with this grand sight before them, the multitude sang louder and more joyously; and yet it may well be that those nearest the Saviour ceased their shouts when they looked in his face as he sat turned toward the city, and saw the tears come to his eyes, and heard those sad words into which he broke forth, — "If thou hadst known, even thou, only in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For evil days shall come upon thee, and thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee about, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the time when thou wert visited."

The city below, where the shouts were heard, people hastened to ask what meant the confusion and the songs, and glad cries. "It is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth," said some; "It is the Son of David," said others; "It is the promised Messiah, come to reign over his people." And amongst those who came out were unbelieving priests and mocking men.

The King was riding into Jerusalem: the people were shouting hosannas. It was Sunday: on Friday that same king bore his cross to the place of crucifixion, and the people shouted in derision. Yet the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem was a triumphant one. The hearts of the people owned him king, and if the idle, thoughtless, disappointed ones turned away from him, and cried "Crucify him," nevertheless we know that the men, and women, and children, who made up the glad, shouting throng, on Sunday, knew his presence, and worshipped him thus. They did not know, as we know now, that he was going up to enter his kingdom by a new and strange way, that no earthly king ever sought; in that city was set up a throne like unto a cross, and on that cross hung the Son of Man, and all nations, and kingdoms, and peoples, are drawn toward it. Think of this: that the moment of Christ's greatest earthly exaltation was when he was drawing near to that last great act of his life of service. The people shouted "King!" they did not know that he was showing himself their king by laying down his life for them.

THE LITTLE NEIGHBORS.

BY EGIE SEE.

LITTLE Mary has lived all her short life in Boston, but this week her papa has moved into a pretty brown cottage, about three miles from Boston Common.

There are green trees, and gardens, and fields, and rocks, and hills, all around the cottage; but, for all that, Mary has only moved from one city to another, although she is quite sure it is the real country, and she is now a farmer's little girl.

Next door to Mary's new house is another house just like hers, with just as many steps leading up to the broad front-door, and just the same windows, and roofs, and chimneys, and the same strip of green grass about it, and the same little brown fence shutting it out snugly from the road.

And, what is quite strange, just as Mary opens the hall-door of *her* house, and is about to come down the steps and look about her, the door in the next house opens, and out comes a little girl to do the very same thing.

So Mary stops a minute, and pretends to button her boot, till she sees where the little girl goes; and then, finding she runs down the walk and takes her seat on the gate-post, Mary runs down and perches herself on *her* gate-post. And here they both sit as much as five minutes, never speaking a word, but looking down at the gravelly walk and swinging their feet back and forward, and thinking of ever so much which they would like to say but do not dare to.

"Where do you keep your pigs?" at last spoke Mary, whose mind was very busy about the new "farm," as she chose to call their new home.

"We're not Irish people!" said the little girl from the next house, looking up at Mary in great surprise. "I guess nobody keeps pigs but Mr. Mahon by the tannery, and my papa says he is a nuisance. I hope my papa is not a nuisance!"

Mary was quite vexed with herself that she should have asked such a question, and she did not venture to speak again for some time. As the little girls sat there quite mum, and swinging their feet harder than ever, the little girl next door wished to herself that Mary would move right back to Boston to-morrow.

"That's your cow, isn't it?" at last said Mary

again very softly, glancing at a cow feeding in the opposite field.

"No, it isn't. That's Mr. Guilds's cow, and that's his meadow, and that's his barn; and that's Miss Linn's old house, and that's the tannery by the apple-trees off in the field, and that's the hill where we go coasting, and that's fun!"

Here the little girl paused, in very good humor now at the thought of the fun of the winter's coast, though she had jumbled it up with the ap-



ple-trees, and the cow, and the tannery, in such a way that Mary looked all about, to see where and what was the "fun."

"Is this *your* farm?" said Mary, pointing to the strip of green grass about the cottage.

"My papa is Doctor Peters, I tell you. I guess we don't keep a farm," said the little girl, angrily; and turning quite red again at what she thought were the very stupid questions of the new-comer.

"Why don't she ask me about my doll, or my kitten, or where I go to school, or something 'cept pigs and cows?"

"Well, this is *our* farm," said Mary, gaining courage, and pointing to the little strip of grass about her own new home. "My papa has bought me a hoe and a wheelbarrow, and my brother Tom and I are going to get up early in the mornings and dig all the land up, and we shall sell chickens and eggs. Don't your papa want to buy some of our nice chickens?"

"No, he *don't*. The little girl who lived here before you, didn't sell chickens, and I liked her. We played dolls, and we had splendid times, keeping house under the basswood-tree. I hate chickens, I'm so afraid of stepping on one and *scrunching* it; and as for pigs, I hope I never in all my life wanted to look at one. I don't believe I am glad you came here to live next door to me." Then the little girl slipped off the post, and ran away up the street.

Mary, with great tears in her eyes, then slipped down off her post, and went away again into the house, feeling quite forlorn that her papa should have changed her into a farmer's little girl, and that the little girl next door did not like her, and ran away from her.

Everybody was too busy to notice the moping way in which Mary went about the new house till tea-time. Soon after tea it was time to go to bed, and Mary's mamma went up with her to her pretty little room, to have the last good-night talk with her.

Now it chanced that the room of the little girl in the next house was only separated by a partition from Mary's. The little girl was herself getting ready to go to bed, and her aunt was sitting in a low rocking-chair, waiting till the small niece was snuggled among the white pillows.

The dusty little boots stood at the head of the bed, the torn gingham dress was spread on a chair, and all the little petticoats were folded smoothly on the green-flowered window-seat.

The little girl sat on the side of the bed in her night-gown, and, crumpling all her small toes in her fingers, seemed to have something on her mind which she must tell, before she could say her prayers in peace.

"Well, Annie, what is it?" said the aunt, wishing to help her along.

So Annie, twisting herself into a number of knots, said, "I guess I didn't do the golden rule to-day to that new girl in the other house. She sat on the post and talked all pigs and cows, and

said she meant to dig and sell chickens; and I told her I didn't much care about liking her, and I ran off and left her. I don't believe she'll ever make up, do you, Aunt Lucy?"

"Why, certainly, Annie, if you ask her to forgive you, and show by your conduct you are sorry for having been rude to your new neighbor."

"Well, Aunt Lucy, I was sorry right off I said such speeches; but I haven't begun to be sorry I don't like her, for I never, never can, she's so queer. I wish she would go back to Boston and stay there; it's so mean to have a queer girl come and live where that nice Fanny Fisk lived so long. O dear, and it's so wicked not to love everybody," and here poor Annie began to cry, burying her head in her lap.

While this was going on on Annie's side of the partition, let's take a peep at Mary's side.

We shall see Mary's boots peeping out of the shoe-bag, and through the open closet door her white dress and a whole row of little petticoats hanging on the pegs. Mary is in her night-gown also, but is sitting in her mother's lap, with her arms fast round her mother's neck. She has just whispered to her mother, "O, mamma, I want to tell you something, but it is so dreadful, I can't."

Her mamma, with coaxing words and kisses, at last drew out the great secret, which caused poor Mary so much sobbing and anguish.

"That little girl next door. O, mamma, can't we move right back to Boston to-morrow? I hate being a farmer's child, it makes girls say such dreadful things to me. She said she wished I hadn't come here, or just the same as it, — and I'm sure I wished I hadn't. I'm going out to-morrow morning to sit on the post, as soon as I have done my breakfast, and I'm going to tell that girl I wished her Fanny Fisk was back again, and I was away in Boston. And I mean to tell her I think she is a rude girl, and I don't mean to try to like her."

Here Mary wept quite loud with mingled anger, and shame, and sorrow, and her tears streamed like little brooks over her cheeks and night-gown.

Her mother's gentle voice at last brought peace again to the little troubled heart, and when Mary said the Lord's Prayer at her mother's knee, she repeated twice over, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

The next day the little neighbors sat again on the gate-posts, and Annie, in a shy voice asked to

be excused for being rude the day before; and Mary, all smiles and sunshine, was careful not to speak of cows or pigs any more, till she and Annie were better acquainted.

This was not a very long time; and then, to their surprise, they loved each other very much, — as much as if they had been Fanny Fisk and Annie, instead of Mary and Annie.

A BIG TROUT.

BY DR. C. C. ABBOTT.

OVER and under the pebbles and roots, through grassy hill-top meadow, and dashing down a dozen feet of sober sided rocks, sported, with never ceasing cheerfulness, that glorious stream, Belle Brook; laughing a sweet, rippling laugh at the century old hemlocks that leaned their towering trunks over and far above it, and then, in a quiet nook, kissing their feet as if to atone for its presumption, and off to "fresh fields and pastures new;" rushing in hot haste over scores of opposing boulders, and then, worn by the wild play with ten miles of mountains, languidly seeking a rest in the bosom of the Delaware.

The bright eyes and coveted smiles of the dear "Laura Estelle," whose books I carried home for her, twice daily, five days in the week, have faded in a great degree from my memory, since first I saw and learned to love dear, jolly old Belle Brook. Old? Yes! old as the mighty hills that guard her, yet gay as the merriest, sauciest twelve-year-old madcap that ever chased a butterfly or flirted with a roundabout; and now, after a hundred miles of jostling in a dusty, rocking, rail-car, and ten miles of staging in an antiquated vehicle, innocent of all comfort, I am again in a jolly little cabin, within hearing of Belle Brook's babblings, and to-morrow, will go trouting.

Reader! It is "to-morrow," and I am on the move. If you are willing and ready, come along! I could have stayed at a good country inn, and had a mountainous feather-bed to wallow in, but, although not to be sneezed at in December, when the trouting season is here, — no, thank you! There will be plenty of use for one's legs to-morrow, and the best plan to keep them in condition and to rest them thoroughly, is to do as I did, — swinging in a net hammock all night, in such a cabin as this is that I occupy, — a cabin belonging to a jolly, conceited mountaineer, that will give you no further information concerning himself than to assure you that he is "Pepperell Mark Meloon of hereabouts," for fifty cents a day. The latter phrase understood, but not mentioned.

We will leave Pep at home, and, commencing at the nearest point of the brook from the cabin, will fish down the stream to the Delaware, at a point not far from where that river becomes the State boundary between New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Belle Brook does not require at our hands fanciful, intricate machinery, wherewith to capture the speckle-sided darlings, fly-hunting about the rocks. Wet your feet to keep you cool, without too much noise, and do as I will, if you want to be lucky. The straightest sweet-birch in sight falls a victim to my knife, as I stand, getting accustomed to the chill of the first step into the water. High boots, professedly water-tight, and notoriously uncertain in this respect, are a nuisance. If your feet must be kept dry, stay at home. Having adjusted the line, I first bait a hook with a worm, and give it a gentle toss into the nearest eddy below me.

St! There we are! A plump "six incher" lies on the bank; and now let us see what he has in his maw this morning. Lots of yellowish brown flies and one black and white fellow. Now, we will dispense with the worms, and try a trout-fly.

Considerable practice is necessary to enable you to judge, at a moment's glance, just where to drop the fly; but a great deal more experience is required to give the fly that uncertain, wind-wafted twirl, that alights the fly on the water, as falls the giddy insect, caught in a miniature whirlwind, and spinning a moment helplessly, then sinks slowly down till it touches the water, to be seized in an instant by the ever vigilant trout beneath. Volumes of instructions will not avail, as will a dozen days or so on the spot, to acquire this art; but when you have once "got the hang of it," then there is plenty of fun in store for you, as long as there are trout to bite, and ice-cold, crystal streams to wade through, clamber over, and occasionally, thanks to slimy cobble-stones, tumble into.

Not quite so rapidly as flows the water, but still with a steady, onward movement, let us go

down Belle Brook. At every eddy or quiet nook, and if perchance there is a stump or prostrate trunk overhanging the bank and somewhat impeding the onward rush of water, we will go ashore, and there too drop our fly very quietly, and pull up the "speckle-side" pretty sure to be found there. Catching one, in some such spot, we will throw for a second, but will not tarry long, for it is not often that two are in the same eddy or still, deep hole, as the case may be. Occasionally, however, I have taken four and five from the same stand-point, dropping the fly, to the inch, to where it was first thrown. Do not allow your mind to wander from your work, or the extra pull of a sociologist may send you off your pins, if you are standing on an uncertain foundation; and the fish unhook himself, when by attention he could have been successfully landed. Judicious playing with a big trout will do away with using a landing net. And so, not forgetful of the beauties of nature about you, which are half the attraction, we will travel on; giving the warblers, as they flit in and out among the rhododendrons and hemlock boughs, a nod of recognition; and if a bushy tailed squirrel stops to look at you, stop also to look at him, for you cannot but admire his agility, as, bidding you adieu, he leaps ten feet higher up, at a single spring.

It will not seem long by any means, before our watch indicates noon, and don't be so romantic as to think that dinner is foreign to such a grand spot as this about you. It is very proper to feel poetical at such a place, but it is quite as correct to get hungry, and to tell the truth, getting one's own dinner under such circumstances, is prime. Stepping out of the water, where the bank is favorable for building a fire, we will gather some hemlock boughs (the hemlock is the finest of American forest trees, we think, and almost indispensable to a perfect trout stream), and soon have a cheerful blaze, that, properly attended, will soon become a bed of glowing coals, on which we will proceed to heat a flat stone, measuring a foot either way, and about two inches thick. When red, place the trout, drawn of course, on the stone, and when the lower side has browned, turn it over and treat the upper side similarly. Trout will cook this way splendidly, and holding them by the head, they can be eaten, as we do a radish; and if they do not meet with your palate's approbation, you deserve to be bread-and-watered till doomsday. Of course, it is desirable to have some bread and butter along, and wholly unnecessary to wash the dinner down with any other fluid than the water you have been fishing in, unless you

can secure a little of such raspberry vinegar, as I have the fortune to possess.

We need not be long with our dinner, for we have some distance yet to go, and want to be back at Pep's before sundown.

Again, as before our meal, we will step into the water and throw our flies. Whist! There comes a jolly fellow now, right under the glow of our fire too, helping to make up the half dozen put away at our halt. Another and yet another, as we go, and steadily fishing, ever admiring, and occasionally so far forgetting ourselves as to commence whistling, we at last reach the mouth of the stream, as the sun begins to play bo-peep with the hill-tops, and here, counting over our "catch," we have about four dozen apiece, and need not be afraid of Pep's close questioning and satire, for he affects to think little of "city trouters." After a supper, prepared by Pep, during my last visit, he told me something, while I listened to the whip-poor-wills, which excited me to make an unusual effort at fishing. Here is what he told me, and just the words he used.

"Conrad, did you notice a kind o' pond just afore the brook strikes the river?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well now, let me tell you what of it," he continued, seating himself on his chop-log, facing me, as I sat on the door step. "I've been known around hereabouts, you know, for getting some smashin' big trout from holes and dark places, like, about the brook. For three seasons, 'cludin' this, a chap in that pond by the river, has failed to see the fun of being took on my hook, and I want you to have a little of the conceit taken out of you; it will do you good; so I've told you where it was, and you can do as you please, only don't tell anybody else about it if you fail. You can arrange as you want to, and I'll go along, say to-morrow."

"Very well, to-morrow we will go, and now let me reflect a little, for if the fish is there I'll have him."

"Umph!" was all the reply my remarks elicited from Pep, who went off on some business of his own, and left me to arrange for to-morrow.

All that night, after I fell asleep, a confused mass of mammoth trout, deep ponds, and yards on yards of line, from cables to pack-thread in thickness, flitted through my brain, all of which arose from the result of my determination, after two hours' of study, which was to capture the big trout of the deep pond, with a live mouse, if I could procure one, in a manner to appear. I concluded the principal difficulty arose probably from the

exposed position of the spot, wherein lay the trout, and the consequent liability to be seen by the fish when near the water. To capture him, nature must be imitated very closely, and the imitator must be entirely out of view.

As soon as I left my hammock in the morning, I made, without assistance, a diligent search for a mouse's nest, and after an hour's exploring, was fortunate to find one, with two pink fellows in it, which I secured, and kept carefully concealed from Pep. Returning to the cabin, I arranged my tackle, and placing all in a box of convenient size, informed Pep I was ready to go when he was. He gave me a look and then gazed at the box under my arm, wondering what might be its contents, but he wasn't to know yet.

"You ready, you say?" said Pep, considerably amused.

"I am, all ready and anxious to get off. Come!"

"Ready for what, Conrad?" he asked, still holding back.

"To catch that big trout you told me of."

"Go on, I'm coming;" and he followed me toward the river, to which we walked rapidly and silently. Pep concluded I was crazy. "Brick sky-props," as he called the walls of the houses in the city, where he had been induced once to go, and once only, had had a prejudicial influence in my case, for which he was the more sorry, as I had become somewhat of a favorite with him. I watched him out of one eye, as I commenced operations and while they were progressing, enjoying quietly the expressions of surprise, contempt, and pity, as my preliminary movements developed these looks upon his countenance, in rapid succession.

The first thing to be done was to spread in convenient compass the materials wherewith the capture was to be accomplished, and for this purpose I straddled a barked hemlock of large size, as it lay near the pond, and emptied out before me the contents of the box. These consisted of the live young mice, innocent of hair and of a beautiful rose-tint; a hook, filed very sharply, and snooded with number forty wire, which is as fine as a human hair; there were, also, twelve yards of twisted green and blue silk line; and a piece of birch-bark, nicely turned up at the edges, to serve the purpose of a boat, and yet look like the most innocent of stray chips.

"Where's your pole?" Pep finally inquired, after ten minutes of profound silence. "You'll need a stout saplin' to raise that critter; pervided, of course, you hook him, which aren't a bit likely."

"I'm not going to use a pole," I replied, as I adjusted the wire snood to the line.

"Not going to use a pole? Well, you're gone stark mad, Conrad, or my name aren't, as dad always said it was, Pepperell Mark Meloon."

"You just watch me, and see if I don't succeed; and if I do, why please don't think me such a fool." I replied, without daring to look up, as his manner of delivering his name convulsed me, and he was very proud of it.

"O! not a fool, Conrad: I never said it. I said you were out of your reckoning. Why, I've been fishin' a heap of years, and know this critter won't be landed by you, when I've fizzled for three seasons back. Of course, I don't mind looking on, but you'd might as well bait that there hemlock with a woodchuck and try to catch the moon, as to suppose you'll get that big trout to even smell them fixins of yourn." Finishing this little speech, Pep seemed to be considerably relieved, and drawing out his knife he went to whittling vigorously, as he leaned against a neighboring sweet-birch, to await further developments on my part.

Having prepared the line, by securely fastening the hook, I took one of the young mice, and with several fine threads of pink silk, fastened the little fellow to the hook, in such a manner that the hook was flat against the mouse's side, with the point resting on the creature's hip.

At the conclusion of this procedure, Pep grunted. Then taking up the line and the miniature birch canoe, I left the prostrate hemlock, and motioning to the dubious, amused, and pitying Pepperell to follow, moved very cautiously to the edge of the pond, just where the waters of Belle Brook emptied into it. Placing the mouse on the bark boat, I let it float slowly out toward the centre of the pond, and when it reached there, with gentle movements of the line, succeeded in getting it about over the spot, Pep considered to be the haunt of the big trout. When, at last, the chip was about where desired, I fastened the end of the line securely to a sapling growing near me, and seeing there was not sufficient movement of the water to materially alter the position of the chip, concluded to let matters rest for a few moments, and turning my head around, took a look at Pep. He was gazing intently at the chip and its living freight, and for a moment paid no attention to me. Then, turning to me, he opened his capacious mouth to speak, but a quick motion from me stopped him, and he looked ashamed of having so nearly committed the indiscretion of speaking aloud while watching for trout. He, an

old fisherman, too! Hereabouts, it was a breach of piscatorial law to speak audibly while trouting; although it is by no means certain that by so doing, we would have attracted the attention of the one big trout we sought. Just what Pep meant to say, I do not know, but his face looked as though he wished to take back all the ridicule he had expressed and felt; for now he saw my object in what I had done, and no doubt thought, too, he foresaw success.

Creeping as near as we durst to the water, we cautiously looked into it, I being a little in advance of Pep; each taking care not to expose himself. I could plainly see the bottom of the pond through the water, which was clear as crystal, but I could not detect the trout, known to be near; so, giving Pep a little more room than he had had, while I was looking for the fish, he took a general survey, and after a careful examination, at last made a slight motion with his hand, directing me to put my ear close to him, which I did, when he whispered, "Look just beyond that curled root to the left of that flat stone set edgeways." I looked, as directed, and finally got my eyes in such a position as to enable me to see plainly the spot he had mentioned, and sure enough, just beyond a half circle of hemlock root, in water about five feet deep, could be seen the head of the trout that Pep had long known of, and as long failed to capture.

Fortunately the chip, with the mouse and hook, was a little beyond the fish, out in the pond, and in such a position as to be easily seen by the trout. Concluding that the time had at last ar-

rived to prove the value, if it had any, of my design, I gave the line a slight but sudden jerk, and instantly the little mouse, roused probably from a comfortable nap, was floundering in the water, and sinking slowly. Now came a moment of suspense. If successful, it must be so on the instant. Deeper and deeper sank the little mouse, and with it sank my expectations. But see! The trout moved his head. Then his whole body emerged into view, and with a dash of lightning-like rapidity, the mouse was seized by the wary fish, and I knew by the strong pulling at the line that he was, at last, fairly hooked. Pep who had till now been very quiet, was soon all activity, and with a celerity of action I have never seen repeated, he had cut off and freed of twigs, the sapling, to which the line was fastened, and while I played with the powerful fish, as best I could, he tied the line a second time to the top of the pole, and standing in the water, some little distance from the bank, now had the fish at his mercy.

Without a pole I would have had great difficulty, which I had not supposed would be the case, in landing my victim, and might possibly have lost him. Pep was highly delighted at this omission in my plans, as I had given him, by the error, the opportunity of landing the fish, which he did successfully, after tiring it out.

A finer trout never was hooked in the tributaries of the Delaware River, than this four pounds and eleven ounces of ichthyic flesh, first heard of by me, as "Pepperell Mark Meloon's Critter."

FATHER GANDER'S RHYMES ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

FOR MIDDLE-SIZED CHILDREN.

• BY C. P. CRANCH.

FATHER GANDER'S CRITICISM ON THE TURKEY.

OLD Daddy Turkey, you needn't gobble,
And turn so red and blue,
And look so big with your scarlet wig:
I'm not afraid of you.
I should like to see you try to swim,—
I wonder what you'd do.

Old Daddy Turkey, your legs are long,
While mine are short, I know;

But that's no reason why you should strut
And spread your tail out so.
You really seem to think yourself
A young and handsome beau.

You don't pretend to say that you
Can hiss and scream like me;
I don't think much, sir, of your voice;
You can't go up to C;
Your gamut is a gobble hoarse,
As bad as it can be.

Whene'er the cows come down the road,
 Driven in by Captain Giles,
 To hear your feeble gobble cry,
 I can't restrain my smiles,
 While *my* sonorous trumpet-strains
 Are heard for miles and miles.

What's that red coral staff you wear
 Upon your head and throat?
 It looks like an old-fashioned wig;
 And then, I've taken note,
 You stoop absurdly when you walk,
 And wear a black dress-coat.

You're very odd, I must confess;
 You have a homely face;
 Your legs are long and thin, like stilts;
 You've nothing of my grace:
 A web between your lengthy toes
 Would much improve your pace.

Come, now, don't look so fierce at me;
 You do your best, my man;
 And Nature made you, I've no doubt,
 According to some plan;
 Since you can't be a graceful goose,
 Be graceful as you can!

THE TURKEY'S REPLY.

Gobble, gobble, gobble!
 You're nothing but a goose;
 You waddle and you hobble
 As if your joints were loose.

You hiss and you scream,
 You are whitewashed all over,
 And what you were made for
 No turkey can discover.

You are all alike,
 As you huddle together, —
 Just like the proverb, —
 "Birds of one feather."

No sensible turkey
 Would hold his head so, —
 So important, — so foolish,
 Go, goosey, go!

Gobble, gobble, gobble!
 Talking 's no use;
 Off with you, duck-legs!
 You are only a goose!

NOTE. — I, Father Gander,
 Call this a slander.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

(Continued from Number XXXIII.)

CHAPTER IX.

ALARMED at the sudden apparition of the snake and the fall of their companion, the evil-doers, with one accord, took to their heels. Beverly Moreland instinctively shared their panic, and turned to fly with the rest, until his sense of manliness recalled him to the spot.

Sick with terror and remorse, he approached the prostrate body, believing his little friend was certainly killed. He was presently relieved from this dread by seeing him move his head, and hearing his feeble cry, "O Bevy, help me!"

Beverly called a negro man who was laboring in an adjoining field, and by his assistance Davy was carried home, and Doctor Oakenstaff was immediately sent for.

On examination, it was ascertained that the patient's leg was broken, and he had received

other painful scratches and bruises, but the doctor heartily reassured the anxious friends that there was no fatal hurt, and promised to set Davy on foot again in six weeks.

And what with his fatherly interest in the little boy and his real skill in surgery, the doctor was as good as his word.

Meanwhile, this cruel accident came as a blessing in disguise to the lonely children, as it brought around them the friendly sympathies of the whole community, and those who had reason to reproach themselves with neglect or worse treatment, now hastened to soothe their consciences by acts of kindness.

It is true that these orphans had never felt the need of food or clothes or a comfortable home; but their finer natures had yearnings which could neither be understood nor satisfied in the

humble sphere which their adopted parents occupied.

With the delicate intuitions of cultivated minds, the Morelands and Belmeades soon discovered their real wants, and vied in their generous efforts to supply them.

Mary's voice was pronounced angelic, and Mrs. Belmeade proposed to give her the advantage of her piano and teaching. The little maiden thanked the lady for her kindness, and received the compliment with a quiet, incredulous smile, still looking earnestly at the gentlemen, who were examining Davy's drawings.

"This is more than talent," remarked Mr. Belmeade with emphasis; "the boy has genius."

Colonel Moreland nodded approvingly. "He must have opportunities for cultivation. He shall go to the Academy in Philadelphia, and then to Italy. He will be a great artist."

At these words Mary rose to her feet, exclaiming with vivacity, "I always knew it, sir," and hiding her face in Davy's pillow, relieved her overflowing heart with joyful tears.

With the advancing season it became evident that some great event was approaching in the village of M—. The traffic in nuts and apples which had kept over winter was becoming exceedingly brisk, while the baking of cakes and bottling of small beer occupied the time of all the old women and free negroes in the neighborhood.

Grooms were seen uncommonly industrious in exercising their master's blooded horses and polishing their sleek hides until they shone like satin, while little boys congregated at the street corners, and complaisantly displayed their boarded copers, laid by to spend at the great festival.

At length, one morning, just as the day began to peep, the inmates of the Hall were aroused by the spirited music of the fife and drum beating "reveille" under Colonel Moreland's window.

This signified that the annual militia training was about to commence, and electrified the hearts of all the boys and negroes within hearing of the martial sounds.

For three consecutive days the streets of the village were gay with brilliant uniforms, and resonant with the rub-a-dub-dub of drums and the squealing of fifes. Cake and beer stands were set up on all the corners. Fresh displays of withered apples and wormy chestnuts adorned the shop-windows. Little negroes forgot their errands or slipped away through a hole in the fence, leaving their knives and forks lying in the brick-dust

uncleaned. Boys at school wriggled as if the benches had become red-hot, and recited their lessons as if they were talking in a dream, and by the second day the classes were so thinned by truancy that the teachers yielded in despair, and proclaimed "holiday" until the excitement was over.

In addition to the boys and soldiers, the town was also crowded with country dames and lasses, radiant with many-colored ribbons, who came in their clumsy carriages under the pretense of shopping, but in reality, to see their husbands, brothers, and beaux parading in their military finery.

After the three days' preparatory training of the officer, came the general muster of the regiment.

This was the culminating scene of martial display and vulgar rioting. On this occasion, every mountain-ridge and valley, every hut and hamlet, the most remote and secluded, poured forth its tribute of population to fill the streets of M—. The plough was tumbled into the fence-corner, the cross-road store was locked up, the anvil in the smithy was silent, the forests no longer resounded with the axe of the wood-chopper, and the shingle-shaver's horse enjoyed a day of rest.

The log and clapboard dwelling of Tom Mullnix stood on a wooded slope overhung by the precipitous face of the Alleghany Ridge, looking eastward.

Tom, a tall, sinewy mountaineer, had just entered the door of this rude but comfortable habitation, and disencumbering himself of his rifle and trappings, sat down to a supper of hot biscuits, curds, and fried bacon, served by his wife and eldest daughter. Half a dozen boys and girls were ranged at the sides, while close beside Daddy, at the foot of the table, sat Toby, the youngest and pet of the family, a sprightly chap about ten years old.

"Wife!" said Mullnix, lighting his pipe after concluding his supper, — "wife, I'm a gwine to the general muster in M— on Thursday, and I've a middlin' great mind to take Toby along."

Mrs. Mullnix replied, in rather a sharp tone, "that she never yit seed any good come of these musters, and that in her opinion people would make money by staying at home and paying their fines."

"It's quite likely," replied Tom, carelessly, puffing his pipe; "but you see I've got business with Squire Stockfield, about summering them cattle o' his'n, and it'll be jist as convenient to git you that calico dress you've been a craving."

"To be sure," said the mollified spouse, "Toby will be middlin' glad to git a sight of them grand doings, I've hearn tell of down there, and I reckon we can fix him up middlin' smart, so as them saucy town fallers won't make game of him."

"And I'll not forgit the coffee and store tea we've been out of for a good long," continued Tom, with a puff of his pipe, and a sly wink behind the smoke.

"And ye may as well fetch the red and yaller handkercher ye've been a promisin' me more'n a year;" this was said by Tom's black-eyed daughter Peggy, who caressingly patted Dad's brawny shoulder as she spoke.

"Well," said Tom, "you been a middlin' good gal and minded ye'r work, and I'll fetch ye the handkercher."

"And you'd better mind to git a couple of horns of fine powder," suggested the eldest son, a youth of seventeen, and nearly as tall as his daddy.

"Don't trouble yourself about me forgittin' the powder," quoth Tom. "I'd as soon forgit me pipe."

And with half a dozen other commissions added, the mountaineer started next day on the journey, on his tough, sure-footed horse, with his favorite son behind him.

Toby was got up with quite as much care, if not with as much expense, as a Broadway dandy. His tawny, sun-bleached hair was cut by a string in a straight line around his brows, from temple to temple, and hanging in flowing locks over his ears and neck. A peaked wool hat covered this queer cut, faded thatch, beneath which shone as bright and rosy a face as one would meet in a day's journey. His coat of home-made drab jeans was cut with single-breast and broad skirts, in rude resemblance of those worn by our colonial ancestors; adorned with large copper buttons, and broad pocket-flaps behind, a mile too big for the present wearer, but all calculated with a wise and economical forethought, to accommodate a fast-growing lad for several years to come. His tow linen breeches had outlasted former calculations, or had shrunk unaccountably, as they were inconveniently tight, and, as he rode, crept up his bare legs nearly to the knees. Toby's gala costume was completed by a bran new pair of shoes, which, however, being more for ornament than use, he preferred to carry in his hand, to put them on just before entering the town.

The young mountaineer, like many another young traveller, started from home in high spirits,

and in good conceit of himself. He was going to see the great world of which he had heretofore heard a little, and seen nothing; but his fancy was excited to the highest pitch, and his courage was kept up by the idea that he was a very smart fellow at home, had a coat with tails, and store shoes, — advantages which no mountain boy of his acquaintance possessed.

Toby's papa entertained him, as they jogged along, with stories of his former adventures at general muster, and mixed his stories with so many grave warnings against the dangers of towns, and the tricks of town tackies, that Toby's heart at length began to fail him.

As they passed down into the valley, the sight of the broad estates, the elegant double brick houses, the coaches glittering with enamel and plated ornaments, the prancing steeds, with their dashing riders in broadcloth and shining buttons, with ivory-handled riding-whips and gilded spurs, bewildered him to such an extent, that he told his father he didn't care about going any further, and suggested they had better go back home.

"What, sonny! are ye gittin' skeered already?" asked Tom.

"No, daddy, I ain't skeered nuther; but I thought we seed about enough for the first time."

"Pluck up, my boy; this is nothin' to what ye'll see presently."

Thus encouraged, Toby was silent until they entered the main street of the town. This was crowded from end to end with men, horses, and vehicles, while all the balconies and windows, to the house-tops, were alive with gayly-dressed women and children, waving handkerchiefs, parasols, and miniature flags, to the passing troops. All the shops displayed their most brilliant wares, while epaulets, plumes, and banners danced and pranced above the squalid, dusty battalions which were trooping out toward the adjacent common.

As they struggled forward, the noise, dust, and throng increased to such an extent, that Tom's progress was stopped; and, beginning to feel somewhat nervous himself, he turned to his son, — "Sonny, what makes ye squeeze me so tight? are ye gittin' skeered agin?"

"Yes I am," exclaimed Toby, without reserve. "Daddy, please let's go home."

Just then the approaching drums ceased beating, and a brass band took up the march, braying, crashing, and booming, right under the nose of Tom Mullnix's horse. Losing all control of himself in his sudden fright, Toby roared out crying, and grasped his father's arms with all his strength. The horse, equally unused to such

noises, and unchecked by the rein which Tom had dropped, dashed directly across the sidewalk, upsetting a cake and beer stand, together with half a dozen customers, who were collected around it.

This movement across a corner of the pavement luckily carried the mountaineers into a side street, where Tom, finding himself partially relieved from the throng, lathered his horse into a gallop, and thus escaped the vengeance of the huckster and his friends, who followed him with stones, broken bottles, and clamorous abuse.

Hurrying along an unfrequented and weed-choked alley, the fugitives never stopped until they reached the opposite end of the town, where Tom recognized a drovers' inn, at which he had formerly stopped. To his infinite satisfaction he also saw several acquaintances about the door; so he drew rein, dismounted, and tied his horse in the tavern yard. This done, he called at the bar, and solaced himself with a stiff dram of whiskey, and then treated Toby to a ginger-cake, the eating of which served to restore the boy's mettle somewhat.

"Sonny," said Tom, "this is an orful hard place, hain't it?"

"I wish we was at home, daddy," replied Toby; "but then they would all laugh at us, wouldn't they?"

"Yas, indeed they would; and now we've come, we're bound to see it through." And to fortify his own resolution, the parent stepped in and took another rousing swig of whiskey. He then took Toby by the hand, and they again started to see the sights on the main street.

The boy's courage had rallied by this time, and he soon forgot his fears, his coat-tails, and his pinching shoes, in amazement at the grandeur which surrounded him. There were elegant brick houses, with white window-casings and cornices, and green shutters, exceeding all he had ever dreamed of splendor; especially Chafferwell's store, which rose to the bewildering height of three stories. The gilded sign-boards dazzled his eyes, and the show-windows were gorgeous with merchandise and notions, of which he neither knew the name nor the uses. For an hour Toby thought he was in fairy-land.

"O daddy!" he exclaimed, "how I wish mammy and Peggy was here to see all these fine things."

Presently Tom stopped at a cake-stand, to bargain for some gingerbread of rare patterns, while Toby remarked some evil looking boys, near his own age, hanging around. As the old

woman's attention was engaged with her customer, one of these imps observed a keg of spruce beer under the table, with some of the liquor oozing from around the bung. With a rusty nail he attempted to widen the orifice, so that he might get a suck. As he did so, the bung started with a loud report, and the foaming beer spouted over the young rogue, drenching him from head to foot. Frantic at the impending loss of all her fortune, the old woman waddled after the beer keg, which rolled and spouted, as if wantonly endeavoring to elude her, and every now and then wickedly sending a frothy jet into her agonized face, and over her clean dress. The spectators yelled and screamed with laughter at the ludicrous scene, and especially the young blackguards who had caused the mischief, were loudest in their merriment and insulting gibes.

Kind-hearted Tom Mullnix picked up the bung, and seizing the keg by the chine, adroitly thrust in the stopper, pressing it with his iron hand until it was tight and safe, and then returned the keg to its place. Shaking his fist at the reprobates, he shamed them for laughing at the good mother's bad luck, — a rebuke which, however it was thrown away on the boys, touched several of the laughing bystanders, who stepped forward and made heavy purchases, so that the poor woman's losses were more than repaired by the prosperous run of custom which followed.

As they drew near the public square, the simple-hearted strangers found themselves again involved in the current of a hurrying crowd. This was no martial column, however, but a miscellaneous mob of hard-looking white men, negroes, and boys, headed by several flashily-dressed men, each attended by a servant carrying a bag.

"What's up?" inquired Tom Mullnix of a drover he had met at the inn.

"There's a main of cocks to be fit atwixt Sheetz and Strayer; a big thing, — ten dollars a fight."

Tom followed the crowd to the sporting ring, which was in an open space between the jail and the court-house. While the chickens fought, Toby looked on at the confusion of betting, drinking, swearing, and wrangling, with the same indiscriminating and acquiescent curiosity that a savage bestows upon the ceremonies and occupations of civilized life. Everything he saw here was part and parcel of the grand parade, and as such, equally above his sphere and criticism.

As the excitement increased, the cock-fight degenerated into a general rough and tumble fight

among the spectators. Tom Mullnix, who had lost all his money, and become foolishly drunk at the same time, found himself in the thick of the combat. Toby, hustled here and there, run over, and trampled, soon lost sight of his father, and his almost frantic efforts to find him were unavailing.

The regiment had again returned to town, and after marching to and fro for a while, was dismissed by companies, when the thirsty soldiers,

freed from their temporary restraint, flocked to the shops and taverns, and in a little while the whole village was a scene of revelry and riot.

During the whole of that long, miserable afternoon, the little mountaineer ran ceaselessly from street to street, and from group to group, asking for his daddy. Some abused him for troubling them; some burst out laughing in his face, and quizzically asked who daddy was? Some were considerate enough to listen a moment to



his troubles; but as his father's name and person were equally unknown in M——, they could not assist in his search. Toby cried until his tears dried up, and his eyes remained red and swollen. In his grief he felt neither hunger nor thirst, so that toward evening he became almost exhausted. The only bodily pain sharp enough to pierce through his mental sorrow, was the chafing of his new shoes, which had worn great blisters on his feet, unaccustomed to such constraint.

Moaning, and half dead, he sat down on the curb-stone to take off the shoes, when he was accosted by the same troop of boys he had met that morning at the cake-stand. One of these, who may be recognized by his impudent, freckled face, as Jack Roughhead, our former acquaintance, motioning to his fellows to be quiet, stepped forward and asked Toby what was the matter with him.

"I've lost me daddy," sobbed Toby, hopelessly.

"What sort of a man is your daddy?" asked Jack, in a kindly tone. "Does he wear long leggings?"

"Yes, he does," quickly answered Toby, with brightening face.

"Does he chaw tobacco?" said Jack.

"Yes he does chaw, and smoke too, — that's him: please show me where he is." And with beaming countenance Toby sprang to his feet, in his eagerness forgetting his shoes, which Jack

so roused the blood of the little mountaineer, that he armed himself with a paving-stone, and with flushed cheek bid defiance to his tormentors.

It was perhaps well for some of them that Doctor Oakenstaff came up at that moment. His presence was enough to put the evil birds to flight, and the real kindness of his manner soon reassured the confidence of the mountain boy.

The doctor was a famous healer of wounds, outside the pale of surgery, so that he cheerfully undertook the case of the stranger, and set off, earnestly determined to assist Toby in finding his father.

After the muster, Colonel Moreland, divested of the trappings of military rank, had been occupied in the court-house in the capacity of a civil magistrate, trying various cases brought up for drunkenness, breaches of the peace, etc. Thither the doctor directed his steps, thinking it probable he would hear something of his man in that quarter. The Norbourne carriage stood at the gate, and the doctor met his friend the colonel coming out of the court hall.

In reply to his inquiries, the colonel gave him to understand that Tom was stupidly drunk, and was sent to jail to recover. This was told in a whisper, and at the same time Colonel Moreland insisted on taking Toby out to his house, and keeping him all night. Tom would be released, and join him in the morning.

Reassured and softened by all this kindness, Toby's tears flowed again when he found he could not see daddy, and he refused to be comforted. He could not eat of the plentiful supper set before him

at the Hall, and, when put to bed, sobbed himself to sleep.

Nature's sweet restorer, sleep, did wonders for Toby. Next morning he rose as a new boy, and after eating a hearty breakfast, entered cheerfully into conversation with Beverly, and gave him to understand that if he could only see daddy, he wouldn't care. Beverly assured him that a messenger had been sent in for Tom, and he would see him presently.

Toby then went on to say that if he had those boys that insulted him yesterday, up in the moun-



kindly lifted for him, thrusting them into his own pockets as they walked.

With heart beating in joyful anticipation, Toby followed his friendly guide around a corner, where Jack coolly introduced him to a wooden figure of an Indian chief, standing in front of the tobacco-merchant's shop.

"There," said he, "is your daddy, with his leggings, and a big chaw of tobacco in his hand; he's been a waiting for ye this hour or more."

This joke was followed by shouts of laughter, and a shower of insulting gibes, which, at length,

tains, he would show them who was skeery. He had been out with his daddy once when he had killed a bear, and he wasn't a bit skeered, — not he. A boy younger than himself who had assisted at the killing of a bear, inspired Beverly with respect, and he was the more assiduous to make Toby feel easy and friendly.

In the mean time Tom Mullnix arrived, and although not very demonstrative, the meeting between father and son was grotesquely touching. In saluting the colonel, Tom looked very sheepish. Mr. Moreland spoke gravely, — “Tom Mullnix, a man of family, and of good character, ought to be ashamed to be caught in such a scrape.”

“Colonel,” answered Tom, “at home I'm a respectable man, and no drunkard; but when us poor mountaineers come down here, we see so much grandeur, that it makes us feel mean. So we take a dram to cheer our hearts, and it gits into our heads and makes fools of us, and that's all the truth.”

The colonel smiled at the naïveté of the apology, and proceeded to make inquiries about some wild lands he owned in Mullnix's neighborhood.

The account he received stimulated his curiosity, and he determined to visit the country as soon as he had leisure. Mullnix warmly pressed him to stay at his house during his proposed visit, and the colonel promised to do so.

A budget of presents for Mrs. Mullnix and Peggy, including the coffee, tea, and other matters not remembered, relieved Tom of the grav-

est consequences of his late misconduct; while Toby's lost shoes were more than replaced by a pair of Bevy's discarded boots, but slightly worn.

On the following day father and son returned joyfully to their mountains, thinking the conse-



sion of their adventures as pleasant as the beginning had been grievous and unfortunate.

“I say, Toby, when that nice little gentleman comes to see us, you must be ready to show him something he never seed before.”

“Well,” answered Toby with vivacity, “he's mighty smart, and mighty civil, but maybe he'll be as much scared in our lonesome mountains, as we was in his big town.”

THE MARKETS IN BERLIN.

BY GEORGE PRENTICE.

LET us visit the market-place in this German city of Berlin and look around us. Here are two churches with a theatre between them, about which the marketing goes on. The church at the north end of the market, nearest the royal palace, is called the French Church. It stands exactly in the centre of a square, and was built by the Prussian government for the use of those French Prot-

estants who were long ago driven from their native land, by Louis XIV., because they would not turn Catholics. In the middle of the next square is the Friedrich Wilhelm Theatre; and in the midst of the third square you see the new Cathedral. Between and around these three squares run streets. This leaves a very spacious area open for public use. On this area grows not a

tree nor a blade of grass. It is paved with little round cobble-stones. Here market is held on Wednesday and Saturday, every week; any Tuesday or Friday evening, at a late hour, you may see preparations for the next day's trade. Booths and tables are set up here and there, with vacant spaces between them; in one place is a long row of large, shallow, oval-shaped tubs, partly filled with water. At an early hour there is a stir for miles about; people are getting ready to bring their various articles hither for sale. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, they begin to reach the market. Sometimes six or eight women come together. They bring their vegetables or other goods, piled up in boxes and baskets, on a large wagon drawn by a horse. Many of the women are both barefoot and bareheaded. Others have small teams drawn by little, gray, long-eared asses. These beasts have a lively look on their queer faces, but their heels are sometimes even more sprightly. Others arrive with dog-carts. These are drawn by one, two, or four dogs, according to their size. They are often loaded heavily, and the poor curs must pull hard. They work with great spirit, tug away with all their might, bob their heads this way and that, and, when all their efforts fail of success, they often vent their spleen in angry yelping. I have sometimes thought that these dogs, having seen horses and children jump at their growling, were trying to bark their loads into motion. Though they do not succeed in this, they often attract the notice of the driver, who pushes the load on till it is well going, and then leaves it to the dogs. When once they have got their burden to market, they tumble down on the rough pavement, pant hard, with their tongues out, snap at flies, and seem well contented with their lot. Often, when I saw these poor beasts painfully hauling great loads to the city, or drawing their lazy, drunken drivers home at night, I could but think how much better off dogs are in the United States. Quaint old Rowland Hill was wont to say: "When a man's religion does not make his cats and dogs happier, his religion is vain." If we should apply this rule in judging the Prussian government, our judgment would be severe. Such oppression of dogs, and suppression of cats as goes on in Berlin, almost exceeds belief. I sometimes wonder if good dogs will not, in the future, find a paradise where they may be rewarded for the good they do and the evil they suffer in this life. Pious John Wesley records his hope and his belief that the faithful horse, which had carried him so far on his preaching tours, would find rest at last in some

little heaven for horses. In downright earnest, I own to much sympathy with the good man's kindly thought. Should there be a dog-paradise, I wonder what it would be like. No doubt the dogs would be free from cuffs, kickings, poisoned meat, and hydrophobia. They would never tremble before cats, Berlin market-men, or Prussian governments. The dear dogs are so fond of chasing rabbits, foxes, woodchucks, and other such animals, that one would almost think this sport necessary to their perfect happiness. But then the other animals would not have a very pleasant time.

As our guide does not appear, let us make our own way through the market. You find here nearly the same vegetables, fruits, meats, fish, flowers, and other articles as are to be bought in New York. First, we notice the market-women themselves. How tough and healthy they look. Ugly and dirty, too, they are. As it is still early, not many customers are present. While waiting for trade, the women are almost all knitting. And, indeed, you may see the same industry in all the shops of Berlin. The moment a tradeswoman has nothing else to do, she pulls out her yarn and plies the busy needles. I often wondered and asked how such a custom ever became so general. I found an account of its origin at last in a history book. More than a hundred and fifty years ago there was a strange king here whose name was Friedrich Wilhelm. He was a stout, tough man, with queer notions in his big, rough head, and a will that must have its whims obeyed. He carried a heavy cane in his sturdy hand, and this cane set all the market-women in Berlin knitting. This was not the only exploit of that memorable stick. A Prussian nobleman was once sent by him to collect the taxes of a certain province. He collected the taxes properly, but, instead of paying them over punctually to the royal treasurer, used the money for his own purposes. The matter came to light, and, by law, this theft made him liable to be hung. He had, however, many noble relatives, and as they interceded for him and were willing to replace the stolen money, he expected to escape with only a light punishment. When tried for his offense he was found guilty. But the judges did not like to see a nobleman hung. Accordingly he was sentenced, in defiance of the law, to repay the missing money and undergo a few years' imprisonment. The King became very angry when he learned of this neglect to execute the law. He thought it worse for a noble to steal, than for a peasant, because nobles, being better educated and richer than the peasants,

ought to be less tempted to steal. Some time afterward, the King journeyed to the province where the offender was. He found him not very humble or penitent. He told the King that he was no thief; that he never meant to steal; that he had only borrowed the money for a little while and would soon restore it, as he had always meant to do. He complained that the law was harsh and that it would not be pretty to hang a nobleman. His majesty was very wrathful that a noble who had stolen the taxes he had been appointed to collect, should show so little sense of his guilt. He ordered him to be arrested and thrust him into a prison where, all night long, could be heard the ringing sound of carpenters at their work. Next morning the wretched man saw a scaffold that had been built in the night, whereon, a few hours after, he was hung as a warning to all thieves in the kingdom of Prussia. Some time after this affair, a poor soldier was brought before the judges who had been so lenient toward the thievish noble. He, too, was charged with stealing, and was found guilty. His crime was not so aggravated as that of the noble, but he had no rich and powerful friends to plead for him. The judges, therefore, condemned him to die. But he was such a good soldier that his colonel disliked to lose him. Accordingly, he went to the King and complained of the judges. "They hang my poor soldier," said he, "for an offense for which they do not hang noblemen." "Hm," answered his majesty, "so these judges of mine have two weights and two measures, do they?" He sent an order to release the prisoner, pardoned him, and restored him to his regiment. Then he sent for all the judges to come in haste to the palace. These grave gentlemen wondered what the King could want. They hurried to his presence. His majesty reproved them harshly for their evident partiality. "So the same offense which hangs my poor soldier, does not hang my rich noble?" The trembling judges could not excuse their bad conduct and looked at one another in great dismay. The King picked up his stout staff and cudgelled them without mercy. The blows fell like rain upon their heads and shoulders. At last they could stand it no longer, and they fled from the royal presence. Out of the chamber door, down the stairs, through the palace gates, they rushed into the streets. It must have been a strangely comical sight, for some of these poor gentlemen had bleeding heads, some broken noses, and some had a few teeth knocked out by the furious blows.

Such was the ruler who once walked through

this market-place. He saw the market-women waiting idly for custom, and the idea occurred to him, that such waste of time ought to be prevented. He went home and drew up a curfew law, by which all such people were obliged to work at knitting while waiting for business. Nor did the King suffer the law to be neglected. Every little while he came with his sturdy cane through the place, and then woe to the idle woman who was found without her appointed work. Angry words and furious blows revenged such neglect. If any refused obedience persistently, they were not allowed to have a place in the market. And this is why they all knit.

Let us pass down the eastern side of the square. The customers have now come in busy throngs, and the scene is quite animated. Along this side we have a splendid display of flowers. They are arranged in beautiful bouquets of all sizes, made up of a great variety of brilliant and delicate flowers. The cultivation of these is much better managed here than in America. It is a distinct and large branch of business. Hence the flowers are both finer and cheaper than with us. In little earthen pots you find plants of all kinds for sale. Roses, pinks, geraniums, cactuses, mignonette, occupy long tables or rest in long rows on the pavement. These are very cheap. For a few cents you may obtain one that will make your room pleasanter all the hot, weary summer.

Turning the corner and going along the southern side of the square you come upon fruit and berries. In June you find the little strawberries, wild and sour, but very cheap; cherries too, in great variety, abound; blueberries also, but neither so large nor so sweet as you buy in New England. A little further on, we come upon the long row of tubs already mentioned. They are still half full of water, but see, they are alive with fish. These fish are caught in the lakes and streams, not with hooks but with nets. They are brought to market in water, and are then transferred to the tubs. You see them swimming around idly in the water, little thinking how near they are to some hungry man's dinner-pot. The eels are like ours, and of all sorts and sizes; the pikes are like ours of the same name; and then there is a large, fine fish with a thick, black, velvety skin, known as the carp. If you want to buy two or three pounds of any kind of fish, the dealers catch them up with their long-handled wire scoops, through which the water slips, and throw them into the deep balances in which they are weighed. Then the fish is dressed on the spot, unless you prefer, as some do, to take it

home alive. In this way you are sure of having good fresh fish for dinner. "Slippery as an eel" is almost a proverb in America for the most slippery things and men. But when you see an eel in the hands of one of these folks, you think they cannot be so slippery after all. They handle them with perfect ease. Should you try your skill, however, your success would not encourage you.

Just behind, and parallel with the fish tubs, you see huge piles of bird-cages, and in every cage a bird. Thrushes, crossbills, doves, canaries, quails and others are for sale. Let us come a little nearer and look a little sharper; it may be that we shall find a bird or two which we shall be glad to remember. If you had been down in the Potsdam meadows the other morning about sunrise, you might have heard something worth your pains in getting up so early, as good old Izaak Walton knew. Hear how he talks about the lark: "The lark, when she means to rejoice and cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity." Indeed, to stand in the fresh morning air, the sun just touching the tops of the distant hills with its light; to behold the trees, bushes, reeds, and every blade of grass sparkling with cool dew-drops; to listen to the lowing and bleating of the early flocks on the far off hill-sides; to watch the noisy geese and the stately snow-white swans sailing along the placid streams, — all these together make up a scene full of delight for the early riser. And when, out of such a charming spot, a bird springs up into the air whose voice swells and ripples and faints and rises again, as if she would die in the sweet outpouring of her song, you almost covet the dear bird's wonderful gift of music. Now to come back to our cages again, you notice a little, light brown bird, in one of these cages, whose appearance is not by far so fair as that of many of his neighbors. Yet this is our sweet lark. You can buy him for half a dollar. But how cruel to prison up in a dingy cage the free bird meant to enjoy the open skies and fragrant, dewy meadows.

Beside the lark's cage stands another, in which is seen a modest looking bird. Sitting on his little perch, and blinking his tender eyes meekly in the sun, you would hardly imagine him a famous songster. But suppose we should go some moonlight night at about ten o'clock to the Thier-Garten. This was once a royal game-park, but is

now given up to public use. It is a lovely grove, eight hundred and fifty acres in extent. Paths and roads run through it in every direction; flower-plots and fish-ponds abound; rustic seats wait to receive you in the cool shade, and across the emerald grass, statuary gleams here and there on the eye. All this makes it a delightful playground for children, and in the day-time thousands may be seen loitering and romping there. But late in the evening all grows still and cool, the moon darts down her soft beams and the dew shines on the leaves. But hush! out of the depths of the grove there arises a song of pure, rich melody, — loud, clear, trilling, now falling and now redoubled, till the very air shivers with delight; the trees nod mysteriously to one another; and the round, contented moon looks blandly down as though it would say, "There now, did you ever hear the like?" The singer himself seems well pleased with his success, for he pauses often, as if to listen to his own music, while it floats off through the wood, and the echoes of the grove emulously repeat his notes to each other as long as they are able. This musician of the cool, fragrant night is a nightingale, like our modest bird in the little cage that stands there in the hot sun. He is silent now, and I should not blame him if he refused to sing for those who hold him captive.

We turn another corner and go up the western side of the market. I advise you to hold your noses and go upon the run. It is the cheese that smells so bad. How a German can eat such stuff is hard to guess. The cheese is of various kinds, so that you may choose the particular bad odor which suits you best. Here is meat for sale. It is brought hither dead, indeed, but with the skin still on. So is it with the calves, sheep, lambs, and the deer. Look at the busy multitude: for hundreds are now here buying their day's provisions. They are eager in their work, and seem to find considerable sport in it. Suppose a thick cloud should suddenly draw across the sky, would not much of the stock in trade be wet? To be sure, but rain does not harm flowers, potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables. A few drops of water do not frighten these stalwart women. Whatever the shower could harm would be carefully covered. When the weather grows hot, you will find huge party-colored umbrellas raised over most of the stands to protect the merchandise. But before we go it may be well to buy a little fruit. Remember that no German ever gives any trader his full price for any article. If the dealer sees that you are not Germans, and, especially, if

he suspects you of speaking English, he will do his best to cheat you. I remember a curious affair I once had with an old fruit-dealer, just at this northwest corner of the market. On reaching the spot just mentioned, I saw some particularly nice apples. "How much?" said I, pointing to the tempting fruit. "Half a groschen apiece," answered the cold, gray-eyed woman. "I will take two," said I, putting them into my pocket and laying down a two and a half groschen piece. But the dame had noticed that I was not a German. I saw the hard eyes flash eagerly as she swept my money into her little box, and then, lifting herself up, drummed idly on her table with her bony hands. I perceived that she did not mean to pay back my change, and determined that she should. "The apples were one

groschen, and I gave you two and a half," said I. She made no reply, did not even look up. I repeated my demand. "The apples were a groschen and the gentleman gave me a groschen," said she in a tone of surprise. "No, no, I want a groschen and a half." But pay me she would not. After further parley, I grew desperate. Seeing fine sweet oranges on her stand, I suddenly caught up my handful and stowed them into my pockets. She was in trouble now; in a pleading voice she asked me to pay for the oranges. "I have paid for them." — "No, only for the apples," persisted she. "Apples and oranges both," I rejoined. Finally she proposed to pay back my change if I would give up the oranges. I agreed on condition that she should pay me first. She consented, and the thing was done.

NEGRO FABLES.

THIRD COLLECTION.

BR. RABBIT AND DE KING.

THE following story was told a little girl by her "maummer," her nurse, in South Carolina, to "make her behave," one rainy afternoon:—

Once upon a time Br. Rabbit went to de king and said,— "Maussa King, I hab come to ax you a faber: I want you to gib me some sense."

"Why, Br. Rabbit," said de king, "you got all de sense dat dere is, and dere is no more lef to gib you."

But Br. Rabbit say,— "Ki! Maussa King, I ain't got none; do gib me some sense."

Den de king say,— "Well, Br. Rabbit, you so perseverance, I'll gib you de sense, if you'll go in de woods and bring me a long rattlesnake."

So Br. Rabbit took a long pole and went into de woods, and prents'ly he spy a rattlesnake in de holler of a big oak-tree, and he sit down to watch tell he wake.

Prents'ly de rattlesnake open he eye.

"What a berentiful creeter; he jist want to be a little taller dan he is."

Den de rattlesnake pride was up, and he say,— "You are a fool, Br. Rabbit. You tink because I coil up here, I ain't tall. Why, I is taller dan dat pole you got in your hand; I kin roll myself roun' and roun' it, and hab a big piece of tail leave over."

Den Br. Rabbit tun one side to laugh, and he say,— "'Scuse me, Br. Rattlesnake, but I don't believe you."

Den Br. Rattlesnake come out de holler of de tree, to show Br. Rabbit how long he really was, and he coil himself roun', and roun', and roun' de pole.

Den Br. Rabbit put his hand on his troat, and hold him fast so he couldn't untwist, and carried him to de king and say,— "Now, Maussa King, you promise me some sense if I would bring you a big rattlesnake."

And de king say,— "Why, Br. Rabbit, 'tain't no use to gib you sense; you hab more sense dan anybody, for bring me dis berry rattlesnake."

Den Br. Rabbit beg de king again, and de king said,— "Well, if you bring me a calabash full of flies, I will gib you de request which you ax."

So Br. Rabbit took a calabash, and filled it half full of honey, and went where de flies live; and of course dey went after de honey, and soon de calabash was filled wid demselves.

Den Br. Rabbit carried de calabash to de king, and say,— "Now do, Maussa King, keep your promi-e true, and gib poor me some sense."

Den de king say,— "I tink for true, Br. Rabbit, dat you *hab* sense already, more dan any odder of my subjects; but, to show de world in all time to come, dat you has got sense, I will put a little tuft of gray hair on your forehead, and eberybody will know dat de sense is inside."

And dat is de reason dat rabbits always hab a little gray spot on dem foreheads to dis day.



THE TRULY RURAL ROMAUNT OF THE SLEEPY PRINCESS.

XIX.

Now gay and sad by turns, his heart,
As love or grief inserts a dart:
Should Poppy die, what woe were his!
Should she survive, what hopes of bliss!
This way, or that, he feels a shock
Like battledore and shuttlecock.

(Concluded.)

XX.

At length arrived at Poppy Court,
He makes his greeting sharp and short:
"Quick, quick! a leech, — a doctor bring!
"Ye pages, to the Queen and King;
And tell them, — with all caution, pray, —
The Princess sweet hath swooned away."



XXI.

Here in the Leech's silent bower,
 Hath Poppy lain for many an hour,
 While the whole court is in a maze ;
 The Doctor shakes his head, and says, —
 " If she is dead, my skill is vain ;
 If not, — she may revive again."

XXII.

At last her trance is o'er. She wakes !
 A cooling drink she begs, and takes !
 Joy reigns alone, and all is gay :
 " Quick, take these gallipots away.
 Ring all the bells. Sound gongs and drums,
 And let the sky rain sugar-plums."



XXIII.

“Ho, there! bring in the gallant brave
 Who did our princess daughter save
 From Dragon’s fangs. Ho! bring him here,
 And let him taste our costliest cheer.”
 (Thus spoke the King), — “If he would wive,
 With all our heart we Poppy give.”

XXIV.

And so it came to pass. The pair
 Were grandly married then and there;
 And thenceforth led a happy life,
 A model husband, model wife.
 With this good wish I bid adieu,
 May no worse happen unto you.

THE STORY OF BJARNI GUNIOLFSSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS."

Do you believe that more than eight hundred years ago, boys were just what boys are now? That they played together much the same as now; liked marvelous stories of adventure, just as you do; and planned together what they would do when they should grow up, as if nobody yet had half equaled the possible to a boy?

And just as we often see two boys so attached to each other that they must needs be together, or play is not play, so in that time, long ago, I can tell you of two boys who were more than brothers to each other, and who played, and told stories, and planned together, and what is more, by and by, carried out their plans together, even to the end of their lives.

The elder of these two boys was Bjarni * Guniolfsson; the younger, Gunnar Olafsson. They lived in Iceland — perhaps the most dreary and desolate of all inhabited lands. A green valley leading to the sea was the possession of Bjarni's father, who was a Hofgodi or chieftain. He had sailed away from Norway when he was a young man, fleeing from the oppressive rule of King Harald, and taking with him three ravens, had trusted himself to their guidance; for the raven is Odin's bird, and Odin is the father of the gods. When he had sailed many leagues, he let the first raven fly; it mounted high in the air, wheeled about for an instant, and then turned back toward the Norwegian coast; and Guniolf said, "I have sent him out too soon. Norway is still the nearest land, or he would not fly that way." So they sailed on and on, and by and by he let the second raven fly. The bird flew hither and thither, sometimes out of sight, sometimes circling about the vessel's course, and finally it came back to the deck; then Guniolf said, "The land is too far away; he can see it neither behind nor before; I must wait and try again." At the end of three days more he let the last raven fly, and when it had mounted straight up in the air, so high that it could see far away on every side, it turned its course to the northwest, and flew steadily before them, and the ship followed as steadily, and her crew soon descried the bleak shores, the icy mountains, and the smoky volcanoes of the strange island. Then Guniolf called upon Thor to direct his landing, and throwing overboard a pillar of wood carved with sacred words, he watched it as

it drifted shoreward, and finally was stranded in the little bay that skirts this valley.

"Here, then," he cried, "have the gods appointed my dwelling." And he unloaded the timber with which his vessel was laden, and built himself a house, gathered about him many retainers, voyaged successfully to the Scotch shores and to Denmark and Norway; and partly by trade, partly by piracy, gained for himself a name and a fortune, and brought home the beautiful Gunhilda for his wife.

Bjarni was his eldest son, trained from his babyhood to wrestle and fight, to swim in the ice, cold waters, and to bear any amount of fatigue and exposure; above all, never to utter a groan or shed a tear, and to face death calmly and gayly. So the boy heard tales of his grandfather, who died laughing on the battle-field, carried thither at his own request, borne on his shield when he was too feeble to walk, and dreaded lest he should ignominiously perish of disease in his bed.

And Bjarni sought danger and rejoiced in it, promising himself a glorious end.

When he was five or six years old, a little companion came to him; for over the ridge of the hill was another settlement, and to it Olaf the Dane had brought his young wife and his blue-eyed boy, Gunnar. Bjarni, with his little bow and spear, was roaming the hill-side, when he saw the fair-faced child, twelve months his junior, climbing among the rocks to avoid a fierce, snarling dog, of that wild breed native to the island. Instantly the bold child let fly his spear at the beast, and while he howled and skulked away, the little Gunnar sprang down to his protector's side, and with the frank admiration of childhood, claimed him at once as his hero and his friend.

From that day forward the two boys were seldom apart. If Bjarni was the older and stronger of the two, there was nothing that Gunnar would hesitate to undertake under his guidance; nothing indeed seemed adventurous enough to satisfy such ambition as filled the hearts of these children; and what was still impossible to their youth was held ever before them in glowing colors, as the probable exploits for their manhood. So they hardened themselves by exposure; strengthened their muscles by racing, wrestling, and swimming; practiced with the bow and spear that they might be expert in the use of arms; and waited im-

* The *j* in this name has the power of *i*.

patiently for their fifteenth birthdays, which should make them their own masters, and bring them sword, buckler, and lance. For at that age an Icelandic boy was considered a man, and left to his own guidance and support.

They vied with each other in imitation of the boy Vagn, who at twelve years old had sought admission to the band of the Jomsberg sea-rovers; and proved his right to be received by overcoming in fight Jarl Sigvald, who was six years his senior. And they ever held up to each other this standard of courage:—that no one is truly brave who fears to face two men equally as strong and well-armed as himself.

One day, when Bjarni was about ten years old, he climbed with his companion the steep crags by the sea-shore, and they saw a vessel in the distance, with a dragon's head glittering upon its prow, and before it in the water floated, not the usual sacred pillars of wood, such as Guniolf had brought to determine his landing-place, but the body of a dead warrior, richly clad, and laid upon a shield. On floated the body, and on sailed the vessel behind it, and both were soon stranded in the bay where Guniolf's valley met the sea.

The boys ran eagerly to the landing-place, and Bjarni promptly brought his father to the shore, at the request of the warrior who commanded the vessel.

"I am Halfer, the son of Hakon," said the stranger: "the body of Hakon, my father, lies on this shield at my feet; together we left Norway to settle in this new land; and he, dying, charged me to let his body float before, and to take possession of whatever land it should first touch. Now, therefore, yield to me your homestead, or prepare to defend it by a holmgang;* for I must keep my vow which I made by the edge of my sword."

Then Guniolf answered, "Let us contend for it with sword and battle-axe, and to the stronger man it shall belong; so shall you fulfill your vow, and I perchance also keep my homestead."

So there on the strand they fought; and the children looked on with admiration, not with fear. So brave were both warriors, that for an hour neither had the advantage of the other; and then the sword of Halfer broke against Guniolf's shield, and the stranger fell to the ground in the sudden recoil. The friends who stood by shouted applause for both sides. "It has been well fought, and both combatants have covered themselves with honor." And Guniolf raised Halfer and embraced him, saying, "Let us

be as brothers, since in arms we are equal. My homestead is still my own, but take thou the long peninsula that stretches to my right, and in the shelter of that hill build thy dwelling."

So Halfer was satisfied, for he had done his utmost to fulfill his vow; and he hastened to take possession of the neighboring land by lighting fires upon it, and shooting burning arrows over the streams. And for many years Halfer, the son of Hakon, was the brave companion of Guniolf, in hunt and in battle, by land and by sea.

But my story should be of Bjarni, not of his father; so I hasten on to the time when the youth has his sword and buckler, and begins his manly career. He is tall and strong, full of activity, and burning for adventure. He longs to see his white shield blazoned with the signs of his valiant deeds; and his father, repeating the old Norse maxim, "Homely is the home-bred child," bids him take the vessel that lies in the bay, and seek his fortune where he will; remembering that a truly valiant man faces calmly two foes, gives back but a step for three, and flees only before four.

Now, for the first time, Bjarni and Gunnar are to be separated for a whole year. But the former promises to return to the feast which shall celebrate his friend's majority, when they will set out together, to seek some of their long-talked of adventures.

I will not stay to tell you all the details of Bjarni's first year of manhood; of his sea-fight with Sigmund off the Orkney Islands; of the rescue of his little cousin, Gerda, from the hands of the pirates; and of his wild and tempestuous voyages. It is enough to know that he came home with honor, and sat down at the feast among the bravest.

How they ate oat-porridge and horse-flesh, boar's flesh and beef, and drank beer and mead out of the wild bull's horns, I will leave you to picture for yourselves; and I will pass on to the story-telling, which was the crowning delight of the feast.

First the old Sagaman related the deeds of the noble ancestors, adding verse after verse, to recount later triumphs of the houses of Guniolf and Olaf; and finally, the exploits of the young Bjarni himself. Then each guest added song or story, of love or of war; of the Jomsberg pirates, or the battles of the gods; and, at last, Thorfinn, surnamed Karlsefne, † related the story of his last year's voyage to distant western

* Duel.

† Possessing manly abilities.

shores, where old Erick the Red, banished ten years before from Iceland, had founded a new state. "And," he added, "if one may credit the tales of Leif Ericksson, there lies to the south a new land, abounding in corn and wine. Why should a man drink beer, when he may have wine for the trouble of going for it?"

"True, there are wild people — Skrællings — who inhabit the country, and the voyage is attended with no little danger from icebergs, but it is only the coward who thinks he shall live forever; and Odin receives as gladly the men who battle with ice and storms, and the wild Skrællings, as those who meet death in fight with Dane, or Norwegian, or Saracen. Who now will join me in an expedition to seek these unknown coasts, and claim them for ourselves?" *

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when Bjarni proffered his vessel and his own services, and Gunnar gladly joined his friend. Then came Thorhall Gamlasson and Snorri Thorbrandsson, and many another bold sea-rover. And so, in the early autumn of 1006, two ships set sail for the new country, with the intention, however, of wintering in Greenland with Erick the Red.

Olaf, the father of Gunnar, came to Bjarni before they embarked, and exacted from him a promise that Gunnar should always share with him whatever lot might befall; and then they sailed away toward the setting sun, and in due time reached the snowy shores of Greenland.

Here they passed the short days and long nights of the winter as the guests of old Erick the Red, whose hospitality was gladly extended to the crews of the two vessels, and through the long evenings Leif Ericksson told marvelous tales of the southern shores abounding in grapes and timber; and he showed pieces of beautifully polished bird's-eye maple, which he called *mæsser-wood*. And when the stories gathered a sterner interest from the narration of the dangers of the way, — the Skrællings, who had killed Leif's brother Thorvald; the terrible disease that had carried off also his brother Thorstein; and the adverse winds that had tossed their vessels all summer, so that they could make no land, — the guests were only the more earnest to start on a similar expedition, and they even resolved to plant a colony, and perhaps establish an independent nation.

So the early spring sees them on their way; but with Thorfinn goes Gudrida, Thorstein's handsome widow, who has become his wife; and, moreover, a third vessel joins them from Green-

land, commanded by Thorvard, who takes with him his wife Freydisa.

Without accident or adventure they sail along the coast, and reach Kjalarness, or Cape Keel,† where Thorvald set up the old keel of his vessel, which was torn off by a storm. Still southward they sailed, and found corn growing wild, and the hills covered with vines, game in the forests, and fish in the rivers. To these Icelanders, the land, in all the beauty of early summer, seemed a paradise. They built for themselves booths, forgot for a time their warlike habits, and lived a life of pleasant ease. A little son was born to Gudrida, and his father called him Snorri. So Snorri Thorfinnsson was the first child of European parents, born in America.

The winter passed with pleasant cheer; but before the first days of spring came on, their stores failed, and famine threatened them. Some prayed to Thor and Odin, and some to Christ; but God, who sends the spring-time alike to all, brought back the birds to the forests, the fish to the rivers, and the fruits to the earth, and again they reveled in plenty.

Now, Thorhall, one of Thorvald's men, tiring of this simple life, took a boat and eight men, and sailed away in search of adventure, and was never heard from afterward.

Do you think that Bjarni and Gunnar wearied for the excitement and adventure they had come out to seek? They ranged the forests, and slew the deer, but they found no dangers great enough to satisfy them; and when, at last, the long talked of Skrællings made their appearance in canoes, coming up the bay, it was with joy that the two friends drew their swords, and ran out to meet them. Then Thorfinn commanded them to return, saying, "Why not make these people our friends, instead of our enemies?" And he caused a white shield to be carried toward them, in sign of peace. They gathered round the Northmen, full of wonder; offered skins of squirrels, and fine gray furs, in exchange for porridge, and bits of gay cloth; but chiefly they desired the swords and spears, which the Northmen wisely refused to part with. While they traded, Thorfinn's great white bull, that he had brought with him from Norway, began to bellow; and the Skrællings, in a terrible fright, fled to their canoes, and rowed away as fast as possible.

Bjarni and Gunnar stood on the shore, and laughed scornfully to see their flight. "An enemy not fit to combat," they said.

* This land was America, visited in 1001 by Leif Erickson. The Skrællings were Esquimaux.

† Cape Cod.

"Let us leave this land of ease," cried Bjarni. "We shall here forget that we are warriors."

But before they could make preparations for departure, back came the Skrællings, armed with slings and stones, and shouting defiance. And Thorfinn advanced the red shield, and the Northmen rushed gladly to the attack.

Suddenly great clouds gathered behind the Skrællings, and the thunder rolled. The Northmen turned pale with terror, for they knew that Thor, the Thunderer, was on the side of the enemy; and fearing to face the god, they fled to the shelter of the forest, — all but Freydisa, who, finding herself unable to keep up with the rest, suddenly turned, and, picking up the sword of Thorbrand, who had been killed with a stone, rushed with wild gestures at the foe, who fled in dismay before her. When the men saw her heroism, they were ashamed, and turned to pursue the flying enemy. Yet I think we may truly say that the first battle in America, between Europeans and natives, was won by a woman.

Don't you wonder that these Northmen, with all their love of fighting, and all their contempt for cowardice, did not take more to heart their disgraceful conduct in this battle? But they justified themselves on the ground that it would be impious to fight against Thor and Odin; although I believe that in their hearts they scorned themselves, when they thought of the brave conduct of Freydisa.

Now Bjarni prepared his vessel, loaded her with fine woods, stored her with fish, and dried grapes, and corn, and sailed away. But a strong northwest wind drove him before it, so that instead of making Greenland, he sailed, in spite of himself, into new and unknown regions.

The days grew warmer, the sun higher at noon, and strange sea-creatures sported in the vessel's wake. "Now, at last," cried the two young men, "a real adventure awaits us; for who ever before sailed these seas!"

Nor was their wonder diminished, when they drifted at length into a calm expanse, so filled with sea-weeds, — bright green, scarlet, gray, and black, — that it seemed almost like a flower-garden. And the wind died away, the water itself ceased to flow, and, as if by enchantment, the vessel stood still, or rocked idly among the soft verdure.

Bjarni was amazed. Here indeed was adventure such as mortal man never before met; but

there was nothing to fight against, nothing to meet with force of arms, or strength of muscle. Never before had he felt so powerless.

The days went slowly by; in vain they waited for a wind or a tide, that should dispel the enchantment of this magic sea. Slowly, and at first imperceptibly, the ship began to settle lower and lower into the water. The sailors sought in vain for a leak; the water, they said, seemed to ooze through her sides. There was no possibility of stopping it. Then they discovered that under the floating leaves lurked long, slimy sea-worms; that were steadily boring their way into the vessel, and no power of theirs could either prevent the horrible progress of this scuttling, or take the ship out of the way of these all-pervading enemies.

For the first time in his life Bjarni began to understand that there is another kind of bravery than that displayed on the battle-field. With cheerful courage he sought for the best means of meeting this unlooked for disaster.

Forty men formed the vessel's crew. One boat was all they possessed. It would hold but twenty, and how, indeed, could it be protected from the attacks of the worms? By the advice of an old sailor, they smeared the boat, both outside and in, with seal-blubber; and then, in the hope of saving at least some part of the crew, they drew lots for places in it.

The lot for the boat fell to Bjarni, but not to Gunnar. One by one the nineteen men passed over the side, and took their seats; and Bjarni was the last to go. Then Gunnar cried suddenly, "Wilt thou leave me, Bjarni? Didst thou not promise my father, when I left Iceland with thee, that we should share the same lot?"

"And that we won't do," replied Bjarni; "get thou into the boat, and I will return to the ship, for I see thou hast a hankering after life."

Then he stepped back to his place on the vessel; gave a parting cheer for the boat, which, rowed by strong arms, soon found its way out of the slimy sea; and then, we may well imagine, he thought of his grandfather's death on the battle-field; thought of the pleasant hopes of his boyhood; and, in the consciousness of a noble action, went down into the sea with a cheerful and contented spirit.

"It is only the coward who thinks he shall live forever."

THE GENIE AND THE PERI.

FAR from the thoughts of the loving and holy,
Far from the land of the blessed, —
Dwelling in loneliness, desolate, evil,
By no living creature caressed, —

In the sands of Sahara a Genie resided,
Hating and hated by men ;
The wild beasts, in fear, not more savage and
cruel,
Fled in terror to hide in their den,

When his shadow fell frightful, his harsh voice
resounded, —
For all knew that no mercy was found ;
E'en the frail desert flowers, so rare and so frag-
ile,
Drooped and died at the terrible sound.

Not always so bitter, so hard and unloving,
The Genie's stern nature had been ;
But flying from all that is noble and tender,
To brood in the desert unseen,

His heart had grown hard, without power of
blessing ;
He loved the wild life that he led ;
When he whirled the hot sand of the desert in
simooms,
And travellers and camels lay dead.

A Peri, once flying swift over the desert,
In search of some kindness to show,
Had mourned o'er the wilderness, desolate, bar-
ren,
And the suffering pilgrims below.

Not hers was the magic, all evil to conquer ;
The Genie, more powerful still,
Despised the fair Peri, whose only enchantments
Were for good, as his own were for ill.

But she folded her wings, made her home in the
desert,
Bright flowers bloomed under her feet ;
At the wave of her hand, a cool fountain flowing,
Made the sultry air fragrant and sweet.

And fairy birds sang in her magical bower ;
Pomegranates, and date-trees were there ;
It seemed like a spot made for love and for pleas-
ure,
By the beautiful Peri's cure.

Her joy was to comfort the travellers, weary
With toiling for many a mile ;
In her garden they rested, the lovely oasis,
That had grown 'neath the Peri's sweet smile.

But powerless she to prevent all the sorrow
The terrible Genie enjoyed ;
Her heart yearned with pity, not only for pil-
grims,
But for him, by whom all were destroyed.

For, seeing the gratitude, blessing, and gladness
In the smiles of each comforted guest,
She thought of the Genie's hard heart, sad and
lonely,
Whose throbbings could never know rest.

She knew if one kind thought could find habita-
tion
Of love or of sympathy there,
It would grow till the evil was conquered and
softened,
And joy took the place of despair.

But, timid, alarmed, she dared not approach
him ;
He could crush the poor Peri, whose charm
Of loving, and making all near her more lovely,
Could not shelter his victims from harm.

The Peri, still hopeful, possessing enchantments,
And the wisdom of gay fairy land,
One attribute potent could give any being,
All evil and sin to withstand.

A gentle gazelle, the most timid of creatures,
Was endowed by her magical art
With fearlessness utter ; then from the oasis
She commanded her pet to depart.

Its neck wreathed with flowers, sweet amulets
fragrant,
No terror of evil had she ;
From the garden of fairy land, made by the Peri,
From the fountain beneath the date-tree,

The gazelle moved, undaunted, out into the des-
ert,
Where, sleeping, the Genie was laid ;
Though slumber could not take the frown from
his forehead,
She licked his large hand — undismayed.

Then starting, with curses, he turned to destroy
her;

With soft eyes she looked in his face;

'Twas the first glance of trust he had ever in-
spired,

Where terror and fear left no trace.

His hand fell in pity; the innocent creature,

Too humble to injure his pride,

He suffered to live, and she frolicked about,

Or sleeping, lay down by his side.

So tender, confiding, he soon learned to love her;

She followed him, gentle and gay;

But, alas! no green leaves could she ever dis-
cover, —

No water, through all the long day!

Her eyes grew appealing, she gazed at the Genie,

All weary and fainting for food;

He sought for fresh herbs, but in vain, for too truly,

He had lost all his power for good.

He longs for the tiniest blade to revive her,

For one drop of water to save;

And tears fill his eyes, as he knows that his des-
ert

Can give naught to his pet, but — a grave.

Still fearless, confiding, she rests on his bosom,

But drooping and needing his aid;

Up, Genie! and carry her, tenderly, loving,

Where cool fountains play in the shade.

The Peri waits, smiling, the wanderers to wel-
come;

None need dread the stern Genie again;

For pity has formed a home now in his bosom,

And bitterness cannot remain.

Now a hermit he lives in the lovely oasis,

With the birds and the graceful gazelle;

But the Peri has flown, and is happy in cloud-
land,

Where sweet thoughts and gay fancies dwell.

HOW THE CAPTAIN CAME BY A LEGACY.

BY VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, the dogs came up all, and as I was about to sever the brush, intending to throw the carcass to the dogs, as was usual, Donald, hurrying near, shouted, 'O, save that splendid skin!' Sure enough, — the rarity of a black fox-skin. When I had hastened to where the Dwarf had dismounted, and was gently handling my injured animal, he did not speak of my glory, but said, as if he were ready to sob, 'Good heavens! Philip, I believe Gaspar is ruined.' Then I told him how it happened as we both rubbed poor Gaspar, and Al Sureenne turned to me, 'Why, Philip, my dear boy, are you not hurt? Off with your coat, quickly.' I did so, but not very quickly; for I was getting a little stiff. The whole length of my arm and side was a beautiful bruise.

"'Come, up in my saddle, Philip. No; Donald into that, and you into his; you are too much hurt to ride Vandal; but, perhaps now, after his chase, he will carry Donald. At any rate, try; you must get home, and send Eric' — he was the head stable-man — 'for both Compondu and Tournier,' — two of the forest guards, — 'all of them to hurry to me faster than they ever moved

in their lives. Tell them to bring the tan cart. Tell Eric what is the matter, too, and he'll know what else to bring.'

"Al Sureenne held his own horse, and soothed him whilst he gave us the orders, and Donald helped me into his saddle. As Donald mounted Vandal, the Dwarf, who was turning again to the prostrate Gaspar, said, suddenly, 'Philip, this great piece of rock shall be your *fortune*. I'll leave it to you in my will. Go now! *Stop!*' All ready to start, we looked to him in amazement, as he uttered this last order, and then exclaimed, — his manner and voice showing, as he threw a hand to his head, that something awful had occurred to him, — 'Great heavens! I remember. "Sur terre d'Auvergne le *renard noir meurt quand les jours de son nain sont comptés et courts.*"' *

"A half minute he stood in his paralyzed attitude, and then exclaimed fiercely, and as if awakening from a swoon, 'Why do you stand there? Go! I told you.' We obeyed instantly, but were greatly perplexed at the sudden great change

* On the estate of Auvergne the black fox dies when the days of its dwarf are numbered and short.

in the Dwarf. The French he spoke we did not understand, until, as you will see, he afterward explained it.

"Within an hour the men had gone to their master, and together they brought poor Gaspar in. His fall had strained him across the loins; but, through the Dwarf's immediate care and skill, he was cured, unusual as is such recovery; and I rode the same splendid animal for many years after that. He carried me in Mexico.

"The next morning the Dwarf came to breakfast in a simple suit of black, without color, lace, or ornament of any kind whatever, and that was the first time I had ever seen him otherwise than picturesquely dressed. He no longer looked like a boy. The restless fire had gone from his eyes. His countenance was pale, quiet, and determined. It was as if the sun was taken from a landscape. His voice was steady, sluggish, and low, like the sound of a dull bell, without silver to enliven it.

"He said nothing when we met, and did not seem to hear our 'good morning.' He eat nothing, but drank his coffee slowly, and sat with a hand on Cartouche's head. We were at the table half an hour before he said a word, or looked at us. Then he spoke, with the tone of one reading something by rote: 'Boys, my old quadroon nurse used to say, that when a black fox should be killed on the lands of the Auvergues, then a dwarf of the family must die. Neither she nor any one knew then that I was a dwarf. We have killed the black fox, — now Death is ready for me.'

"At these words, that only moved Al Sureenne's mouth, but stirred us with horror, Cartouche threw back his head, and let out a howl into the very face of his master; and Cammanno, perhaps at hearing the hound's awful cry, shrieked, 'Make your will: make your will.'

"'Yes I shall,' answered the master, unmoved.

"'But, Al Sureenne, why?' exclaimed Donald, who was about to put in a demurrer to this general acceptance of such a horrible judgment.

However, Al Sureenne did not leave him to finish his interruption.

"'No matter, Donald; you listen to me: you can't prevent my death, because you do not believe it is so near. Cartouche, Cammanno, and I, are wiser than you: and perhaps Philip is' —

"'No, no!' I cried.

"'Well, your face belies you. Philip, you



stay with me a day or two longer, will you? but Donald, you go home to-day. Say nothing about this, — mind, Donald! Only, you can tell how Philip got a fall yesterday, and must keep quiet for a time, to get well over it. *But* go first to — to — Who is your father's lawyer in Altonborough?' —

"Donald did not know. I answered, 'Roger Rantoul.'

“Go to Mr. Rantoul,” the Dwarf continued, “and tell him he must come here this morning,—*immediately*,—that my carriage will bring him. Mezzotinto,”—he was standing behind my chair,—“go, order the carriage. Philip, you won’t mind staying with me a little longer, will you?”

“I was so much affected by the prophecy, and the Dwarf’s hopeless manner, that it was as if I had heard him really condemned to die,—and I only answered his appeal with tearful eyes. When the carriage was at the door,—Al Surene was smoking, and walking the hall with Cartouche,—Mezzotinto announced it whisperingly to Donald. Donald hurried up to his generous host to say ‘Good-by.’ ‘O, you are off now,’ said the Dwarf, awakening from his thoughts. ‘Good-by, eh? well, *good-by*, Donald, my dear boy. You are not too old, are you, to kiss a friend who loves you? and I am young enough to kiss a real boy.’ And he kissed my brother, and walked with him, hand in hand, to the door. ‘Donald, after you and Philip part from me here, I shall meet you before Philip, unless—unless—O, no matter! One of these days, Don, you know, many, many, many years from now, when I die,—if I ever die,—you and Lydia are to have Mezzotinto, and all the other blackies, and every one of the horses in my stable. Don’t forget that.’ Al Surene was smiling oddly as he said those last words to my brother, but Don looked only puzzled. Well, the Dwarf kissed him again, and, as the carriage drove off, he turned, and took Cartouche’s head in his hands, saying to the dog, ‘Why is it that that dear young fellow will not live to be a man?’ He seemed to look into the hound’s big eyes for an answer; and he said, after a few minutes, to me, ‘Philip, suppose you take the black fox to Compondu. He will skin it in fine style, and cure the skin in the best way. Go, whilst I attend to this business with Mr. Rantoul. He will be here in half an hour. I’ll see you at dinner.’

“We met again at dinner, when Al Surene told me that Mr. Rantoul had been with him for an hour; and now that the making of his will was properly concluded, he would think no more of prophecies and black foxes, but he had not changed his suit of black, nor his absent, hopeless manner. His superstition might seem foolish: it did seem so to me. I did not really believe that his death was near, or foretold by the black fox’s death; and yet the feeling, as if I were with a dying man, or prisoner condemned to die, was so overpowering, that, whilst I remained with the Dwarf, my stay was miserable and

gloomy, and I looked upon my strange host with eyes of sad curiosity and compassion. In the month’s time I had been his guest and friend, I had learned to love that wonderful dwarf-man, whose character and life were so eerie and lonesome, so full of strong powers and passions, yet with weird tints of grotesqueness and even weakness. His strangely fascinating manner with those he confided in, and the tenderness of his heart, won one to love him, who was both a gallant man and a sensitive child, in whose nature the sensible world and the invisible world seemed to unite.

“After dinner he asked me to ride with him. Of course I assented, and we rode from four to seven: not so fast as our horses could go, but at a high speed, twice swimming the Black River, and the Dwarf leaping everything he could find to leap. We did not converse. To the questions I put when we commenced the ride, he answered so uncertainly and abstractedly, that I soon discontinued them. Once, in the wild ride, he drew close beside me, and seized my hand, and so we rode for miles. As we galloped up the shaded avenue on our return, just as the night had got from duskiness to blackness, Al Surene said,—‘Philip, would you think it dreadful to die at thirty-four?’

“‘Dreadful? No! but I would hate to *know* now that I could not live beyond that age.’

“‘And yet,’ he answered, ‘I am thirty-four, and shall never be thirty-five. This knowledge does not affright me,—it only takes all project and zest out of what few days may remain. It robs me of life before death comes.’

“‘O, Al Surene,’ I said, ‘why do you feel so? How can you believe in the foolish song of an old nurse?’

“He laughed, and only made for a reply,—‘Philip, boy, you’ll see!’ All through that night the Dwarf played on the great organ. Where poor Cartouche hid himself, I know not. I did not shut my eyes until daybreak came, and the music ceased. The events and feelings which Al Surene expressed in those magical harmonies, kept me in wakeful wonder and delight. Talk of operas: that was the opera of my life. Nothing since in music has ever enthralled me as did the Dwarf’s playing that night. Though I was in my bedroom and bed, and was conscious that the Dwarf was playing on the organ in the music-room below; though I knew that such was the position, and that I was awake,—not sleeping and dreaming, but broad awake,—yet my senses, or my spirit, or something not my body,

went to places I had never seen, nor heard described; and I saw them, and knew them (as I have since found them to be *exactly*). I met people with Al Surene whom I only knew as names, up to that time; but I then *knew* them, and heard them as I have since come to know them,—those persons were Colonel Mace, and Monsieur Lassalle. I saw and lived in such scenes of the Dwarf's life (I am sure) as were the deepest impressed on his heart and mind. Just as I might see the stage of an opera as the music expresses its action and sentiment; so, as the Dwarf vividly recalled the memories of his life in an ecstasy of music, his passion gave them essence, which clung to the notes like perfume to the place in which it has lain. So it must have been; for, certainly, whilst he played, I knew in the darkness scenes and events true in the Dwarf's past life, and yet I had never in any way known of them before. Now, you all know,—certainly you do, Sister Lydia,—that I am a pretty practical, unromantic old soldier; and when I tell you such a strange thing as I have just done, I am only telling you a fact as I know it, without any conjecture or fancy. Certainly the music brought appearances and occurrences through time and distance. That is a fact,—and that is the whole of it. Now I will go on with the story.

“Because of loss of sleep during the night, I made it up in the morning, and did not wake for breakfast until near ten o'clock. The Dwarf and Cartouche were absent. After my meal, I searched for them in every place where I might expect to find them,—but in vain. Dinner-time came. I had to eat it alone. After dinner I went into the Dwarf's library, and there fell asleep over a book. When I awoke, which was with a sudden start, dragged up instantaneously, apparently, from a very deep slumber, the Dwarf, with Cartouche, sat opposite me, with their eyes on mine. The Dwarf looked haggard and pale. Cartouche looked as if he would wish both to do and feel as his master. The Dwarf spoke immediately, hurriedly, wildly, and huskily: ‘Philip, you must go home—now—right off—before night; and I can't send you in the carriage: you must walk.’

“I felt angry and hurt at such a speech from my host.

“‘Very well, sir,’ I said. ‘though it will be night before I can make half the distance, yet I will start immediately at your order:’ and I rose from my seat; but the Dwarf's hand pulled me back, and his eyes put on such a tender, be-

seeding, and beset look, as if he were driven to do the thing which it hurt him more to do, than it could hurt me to receive. ‘O Philip, boy, pity your friend this time; do what I tell you, and wait longer to understand it. No, you can't and must not go home alone, though Belzar can't drive you to-night. Cartouche shall go with you.’ Then you should have seen the misery expressed by that dog. His head turned from his master, whilst his eyes glared angrily at me, and his tail fell. His entire attitude changed at his master's words. ‘I give Cartouche to you: he is yours while you live. Do you mind, Cartouche?’ The dog for answer uttered a frightful howl, and then turned from us, as if to hide his disgrace and sorrow. ‘Well, it must be so. Another thing I give you, as you'll find by my will,—the field of rock, where you killed the fox,—it will make you rich. My executors will be your father and Monsieur Lassalle. See you, Philip, with all your earnestness, that my wishes are followed to the letter. When I am dead, I want this house burned just as it now stands, with everything in it; and I wish my body to be burned, and the ashes sprinkled on the ruins of the house. Your influence with your father must secure the exact fulfilment of these wishes of mine. Take this, my will, with you. Now, go, Philip, quickly. Don't say “Good-by!” Don't say anything: I know all you would say. Just shake hands with me, and go.’

“Overcome with grief and dismay, I rose and shook hands with him, and went to the door. Cartouche moved not. Al Surene's head had fallen on the table,—‘Cartouche, go!’

“The dog followed me to the door, and then ran back with a determined growl. No, he could not leave his master. Then the Dwarf sprang up and seized a riding-whip. For the first time, to my knowledge, he struck Cartouche; and the poor, brave hound, as if broken-spirited and broken-hearted, ran through the door I held open. I cast one glance back. There were tears in the Dwarf's eyes, and his farewell gaze was one of despair; yet it said imploringly, ‘Go!’

“When I got out-of-doors, I found the afternoon unusually warm and sluggish for October. It was then nearly six o'clock. Pondering in pain and wonderment over these last-told events, still feeling somewhat hurt at my hasty, unexplained dismissal, and considering with surprise the least part of the matter,—that I had to walk home, bag on arm, just like a boy,—I walked on with my thoughts, unconscious of the way, until the drop-bridge was reached. That was

swung down, without a word from Compondu, but only a salute. I looked for Cartouche: he was following me, as a mourner to a funeral. It was growing dark. There were three or four miles before me yet. The sky was darkened with heavy clouds, and I heard just then the first far-distant peal of thunder.

Before I reached home, the night was black as pitch, a fitful wind brought gusts of big rain-drops, the heavens rolled with peal and peal of thunder, — to every report of which, Cartouche, now nearer to me, howled in defiant rage, — and at intervals the whole country was lighted for a second by piercing forks of lightning.

“I arrived at home: no one was there but Maum Peggy. The family had gone, she said, — mother, father, Lydia, and Donald, — to take dinner with Mr. Blare, a planter ten miles off, and that they would never try to drive home in such a storm. So, calling Cartouche, I went immediately to my room, pulled off my wet clothes, and jumped into bed. Cartouche stretched himself on the floor. My window looked right up to the castle, five miles off. The bed was opposite the window; and, until I fell asleep, I watched the frequent, blinding flashes of lightning. I thought with pity of Al Sureenne: how he must be suffering from the storm, and how he might escape its horrors.

“I had slept, whether ten minutes or two hours, I know not, when I was awakened, as if pierced, by a great blaze of lightning, so hot, brilliant, and withering, that it seemed to fuse and consume in one molten flash the spacious scene its awfulness had fired and annihilated. Then my scorched eyes were filled with blackness, whilst a roll of sharp, terrible explosions, made the house and my bed to tremble. My instant thought was, ‘This is the end of the world.’ I am not ashamed to confess how greatly I was terrified; and to increase the fearfulness of that night, Cartouche, when the thunder ceased, set up a howl, that was enough to make the dead to shiver. To these sights and sounds there succeeded many minutes of deep silence. With the first glare of the lightning I had sprung upright in my bed, and so I continued. Suddenly, in the thick darkness I saw a little gleam of flame away in the west, like a star. A low, mournful sound at that moment came from the hound: the flame grew quickly larger and brighter, and Cartouche’s distress increased to a loud, alarmed wail of anguish. A moment more, and I saw the Dwarf’s hound standing erect by the window; and, O frightful sight! in the same fast-growing light I

saw that the flames causing it were issuing from the castle. With a fierce, piercing cry, and the crashing of glass, Cartouche sprang through the window. In five minutes I was running on the road to the castle. The fire-engine company of Altonborough overtook me about a mile from Black River. We reached the river at the bridge, but the drop was raised, — Tournier was probably at the castle, trying to save it and his master, — there was no boat to cross in; and when some of our men had swum over, they could not lower the drop until they, after a fearful delay, cut or broke the chains by which it was suspended. But then the height of the fire was passed. I was an indifferent swimmer, but I could not stand on that east bank waiting; so I had swum across, barely succeeding in the effort, and scrambled on again toward my poor friend’s home. Again the firemen overtook me. At length we reached — the ruin! The stone walls stood red with heat, and the reflection of the gulf of fire they encompassed. The great trees about the castle, crisped and bare, with curls of flames winding around them and licking up to the sky, stood hideous sentinels of the devastation. One of the forest guards — not Tournier nor Compondu — had been lost, in his efforts to stop the fire. I asked Compondu, ‘Where is your master?’ and he answered, ‘Il — est — mort!’ As he said it, I saw something coming from behind one of the walls. It was Cartouche: his hair burned off, except where, in pieces, little tufts here and there were yet ignited. I ran to him; and when he saw me, he jumped at me with a furious growl, and then rushed off to the woods.

“It was all finished. Not a vestige of our friend, the Rich Dwarf, — poor, wonderful Al Sureenne, — nor a recognizable piece of anything that had been his in the castle, bird or animal, was ever found in the ruins. Cartouche never returned to me, nor did he again recognize as friend or master any man; but, like a spectre, he haunted *Terre Sauvage* for years after the conflagration, sitting at night on the ashes of his old home, and howling out his misery to the winds and the solitude. When he disappeared, or the manner of his death, no one knew.

“By the will, the slaves and the horses went equally to Lydia and Donald, and — for Lydia from childhood was an Abolitionist, were you not, sister? — the negroes were all manumitted. Some remained with us, and (as you know, children) your cook, Maum Cephie, was once your mother’s slave; and I believe she is the last liv-

ing being in this country, of Sureenne d'Auvergne's household. To each of the game-keepers the Dwarf left a house (that which each had always occupied on the estate) and fifty acres of land; but in a few years they were all gone, I know not where, and their properties sold. The estate, what remained of it, except the acre of rock bequeathed to me, the Dwarf had given to the State; with the proviso that it should always be preserved in its forest state,—what was on it, of tree, or of whatever else,—left undisturbed, a retreat for bird and beast. My inheritance seemed barren enough, which troubled me little. I would have given it any day to have had Cartouche back again. But, nine years after Al Sureenne's death, an honest man discovered gold in

that mass of rock, and he came to me to purchase the acre, saying, 'Sir, I must tell you first that there is gold in that rock: for what will you sell it?' 'To you,' I answered, filled with astonishment at such honor,—'to you, sir, I will sell it for five dollars, with the agreement that you will hereafter pay to me one quarter of whatever you sell it for, or get from it by working it;' and, up to this day, I have received seventy-seven thousand four hundred dollars. Did I not come stragely by my legacy? There,"—and he got from his straddle of the chair, to break up the smouldering logs into a flurry of sparks, and, finally, a broad flame,—“there: and now it is time either for lamps and tea, or for me to load my pipe.”

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

X.

O, HAVE ye seen my boy Stannie?
Wee toddlin' mannie!
His ee sae blue, his cheek sae red,



An old straw hat aboon his head,
All torn and tattered!

O, have ye seen my boy Stannie?
Wee busy mannie!
Aye trottin' roun' the garden lot,
Wi' wheelbarrow, spade, and watering-pot,
All bent and battered!

O, have ye seen my boy Stannie?
Wee winsome mannie!
Beneath the ruins of his hat,
His honest face sae dimplin' fat,
Aye laughs wi' pleasure!

O, gin I find my boy Stannie,
Wee hungry mannie!
I'll gi' him bread and milk the best,
And sing him softly to his rest,
My precious treasure!

XI.

Violets, violets,
Open your leaves,
The sparrows are chirping
Under the eaves.
The great sun shines warm,
The sky is all blue,
My sister and I
Are waiting for you.
So, open your leaves like good flowers, do!

Violets, violets,
Open your eyes,

Do you not hear
The bustle and noise
Of the little nest-builders
At work overhead ?



While the cuckoo is calling,
Make me, too, a bed !
Yet there you lie sleeping as if you were dead.

XII.

Here is a troll ! here is a troll !
With blue eyes that twinkle and wink,
He has pulled off his shoes, and in the wash-bowl
Is blowing them round, while they topple and roll,
And soon to the bottom will sink.

What shall be done with this rogue of a troll ?
In mischief from morning till night,
Paddling in water like any tadpole,
Poking the fire, and playing with coal,
Till his apron and hands are a sight !

We must catch him and shake him, this tricky
troll,
And send him off straight to the wood,

Where, under the hill, the trolls live in a hole,
Where he'll have to go digging about like a mole,
Unless he will try to be good.

But he laughs in my face, this scamp of a troll,
And thinks that will never be done ;
And I strongly suspect he is right on the whole,
That he's really and truly a dear little soul,
Only too fond of mischief and fun.

XIII.

Twit, twit,
The bonny birds flit,
Hither and yon ;
Twit twit,
And soon will be gone
To sleep in the nest
That each loves best.
Twit, twit.



Twit, twit,
The bonny birds flit
Each to its home ;
Twit, twit,
And my darling will come,
And on mother's breast
Sink sweetly to rest.
Twit, twit.



A NEW WAY TO GO AFTER SALT

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ONE summer's day, Mrs. Harold Stevens came out on her front porch, and at the top of her voice — which, however, was too sweet a voice to have the top very high — called out, "Fred! Harvey!"

Messrs. Fred and Harvey were in the barn, and for some reason (too much sweetness, perhaps) their mother's voice did not find its way there, and she received no answer. So Patty, the hired girl, volunteered to go and look for them, and as she was none too sweet to find her way to a barn, she soon discovered them, delivered their mother's message, and returned by a straight path to the house. As for the boys, they jumped out of the front barn-door on to a heap of straw in the yard below. They then rolled down this heap and chased each other across the yard, clambered over a stone wall at the bottom of the barn-yard, ran diagonally over the orchard to the back of the house, climbed a pale-fence into the side garden, got over another fence into the front lawn (in which fence there was a good gate,) and presented themselves before their mother on the porch. These actions plainly indicate one point of difference between boys and servant girls.

"Boys," said their mother, "I want you to go to Briston after some salt."

"Good!" cried Fred, who was fourteen; "I'll drive."

"Not there and back both," expostulated Harvey, aged twelve.

"I think," said their mother, "that you will both drive all the way there and all the way back, for you will have to take Shank's mare."

"Walk?" cried both the boys in astonishment, not unmingled with disgust.

"Yes," said their mother, "there is nothing else to be done. Your father has Bob at Huxley, and Uriah is using the other horses. So you'll have to walk. I might send Patty, I suppose, but she is busy, and you two have nothing on earth to do. I am sure you need not mind a walk like that."

Fred didn't admit that he should mind it, and stepping to the edge of the porch, he whistled a little tune and looked up to the sky, as if he wondered whether it would rain before they got back. As for Harvey, he said to his mother, "Mother, do you *have* to have salt this afternoon?"

"Yes," said his mother, smiling; "I certainly do. There are rolls to be made, and the salt-box is absolutely empty. Your father forgot salt on Wednesday when he went to Briston."

Harvey said no more, and his mother gave him a basket and told him how much to get. Briston was a small town about a mile and a half from Mr. Harold Stevens's farm, and the boys did not object in the slightest to walking there. What they did not like was the coming back, carrying between them a basket containing a bag of salt.

When these boys walked to Briston, they seldom took the public road, but cut across the fields. This saved them about a quarter of a mile, in actual distance, and added about the time necessary to walk a mile, which was consumed by them in climbing fences, getting over ditches, and picking their way along the hummocks of a favorite marsh. To take this short cut, it was necessary to cross the back barn-yard, and when the boys had shut the gate behind them, who should they see looking over the fence of the pasture-field on the other side, but old Cornog. Old Cornog was a cow, and was so called because Mr. Stevens bought her from a man named Cornog. As the boys approached her with the basket, she looked at them with an expression of satisfaction mingled with expectation, and stopped chewing her cud.

"We've got nothing for you, you lazy thing," said Fred.

"She is lazy, isn't she?" said Harvey. "She never does a thing. I wish she was a horse just now."

"Let's make her a horse!" cried Fred, turning to his brother with a look such as Columbus must have worn when he saw the weeds floating off San Salvador. Harvey shouted assent, and the question of a conveyance to Briston was settled.

Old Cornog was a very gentle cow, and many a time had Fred and Harvey ridden her around the barn-yard. But to-day they contemplated no cowback riding. They determined to harness her to the two-wheeled spring-cart, and putting down their basket, hurried to make their preparations. Harvey was detailed to take down the bars and drive Cornog into the front barn-yard, while Fred ran to get together some harness. He knew very well that there would be no such

a thing as getting a horse-collar over Cornog's horns, but one of the farm-horses had had a sore shoulder in the spring, and a set of harness had been fixed for him, with a strap going across the breast, instead of a collar. This, Fred decided, would be the very thing for Cornog. Harvey, having driven the cow into the yard and fastened her with a rail in a corner, where a certain fractious cow had to be penned up whenever she was milked, Fred brought out the harness and sent his brother for a bundle of hay. While Harvey kindly administered the hay to the cow, Fred threw the harness over her, and managed, after a deal of remonstrance on her part, to get it tolerably straight. When it came to bridling her, however, the boys had to give it up. She would not, for any consideration, take a bit in her mouth, and as the boys thought that if they pressed her too hard, she might insist in putting her horns somewhere where they were not wanted, they desisted. But they put a halter on her. This she had worn before, and had, in fact, been led by a halter when she was brought to Mr. Stevens, — a strange way to bring a cow along, but old Mr. Cornog was a strange man. Two driving-lines were now strapped to the sides of the halter, and the cow was harnessed. The rail was then taken down and she was driven to the back barn-yard, in front of the wagon-shed, where quietly reposed the spring-cart. Harvey brought some more hay and put it on the ground in front of the cart. Cornog stopped there to eat it and the boys hurried to the cart to pull it toward her. But she was turned wrong. For some reason or other she kept her head turned toward the boys and the cart, and it was impossible to harness a cow with her tail in front. They turned her around several times, but in so doing, they drove her away from the hay, and when she came back, she always put her head toward the cart. At last, the boys tried to pull the cart (which was not heavy) around behind her. They nearly succeeded in getting it in the right position when she lifted her head, and, with a bunch of hay in her mouth, walked gravely away to the other side of the yard. This would never do. Fred ran after her, caught hold of the end of the halter (which with the reins he had fastened up on one side of the harness), and led her back to the wagon-shed, Harvey assisting her progress with a small stick. There Fred tied her to a post and gave her some more hay. Then the boys, as softly as possible, lifted up the shafts of the spring-cart and pulled it toward her. The moment she heard it behind

her, she turned around, just as much into the wagon-shed as the halter would let her go. Fred then held up the shafts as high as he could, and told Harvey to drive her round again. As she came back, she had to come under the shafts, and Fred had them down on her in a twinkling. She tried to turn around again, but, victory for the boys! *she couldn't!*

"Run around!" cried Fred, "slip in that shaft, help pull up the cart; fasten your trace, quick; now we've got her!"

This was a fact. They did have her, and when the breeching was buckled up, and the understrap adjusted, the cow was harnessed.

"Hurrah!" cried Harvey. "Won't the people open their eyes when we drive her into Bristol!"

Old Cornog did not "cut up" much, but she evidently did not like her situation. She backed a good deal, and tried to twist sideways a good deal, but it didn't amount to anything. She could not get herself loose. Fred now untied her halter, looped it up in the harness, took the lines in his hands, and although she was backing all the time, he called to Harvey to get in. "I'll drive there," said he, "and you can drive back."

Harvey scrambled in at the back of the light cart, and took his place on the seat. Fred had a good deal of trouble getting in, for the cow would not keep still, but at last he succeeded.

"Get up!" he cried, and gave his restless steed a crack with a long stick. But old Cornog would not get up. She seemed much more willing to lie down, and she backed, and shook her head, and rattled her harness in violent disapprobation.

Just as she was about backing into the hay-wagon which stood in the shed, Isham Holmes, the son of Uriah Holmes, the hired man, appeared upon the scene. Isham was about Harvey's age, and when he saw that funny equipage in the yard, he set up a great laugh. "Stop laughing, Isham," cried Fred, "and take hold of her halter and lead her to the lane."

"She'll hook me," cried Isham.

"No she won't," said Fred, "I'll hold her back."

So encouraged, Isham unfastened the halter-strap from the harness (keeping as far as possible from old Cornog, all the time), and then attempted to lead her toward a short lane which ran from the barn-yard to a field; a lane through which led to the public road. For a moment or two, old Cornog would not move, but a vigorous application of Fred's stick made her make a start in the desired direction.

"Let go! Isham," cried Fred; and Isham let go.

"Get up! Get up!" cried Fred. "Hu ee! Hu-ee!" cried Harvey. "Hi there! Hi! Cornog!" cried Isham, and after reflecting for an instant, Cornog made a bolt down the lane. "Hurrah!" shouted all the boys, and Harvey waved his hat in triumph, but he had not put his hat on again before Cornog gave a sudden lurch to the right and threw him out of the cart, as quick as a shot. "Whoa!" shouted Fred, pulling at the lines with all his force, "are you hurt, Harvey?"

Harvey, who was now some distance behind, jumped up and ran after the cart in a manner which showed that he was not hurt in the least; but old Cornog would not "whoa." Nothing of the sort. She was frightened now, and the wagon at her heels made her almost frantic. Away she galloped, Fred tugging at the lines, and Harvey and Isham running after, shouting "Whoa!" and "Stop her!" at the top of their voices.

At the end of the lane was a gate which was open, but as Fred could not guide his courser in the slightest degree, there was great danger that the cart would be banged to pieces against one or other of the gate-posts.

"Jump out, Fred!" cried both the younger boys; but Fred seemed to have no idea of jumping out, and just at that moment the cart went through the gate without touching. Fred tried hard now to turn the cow around, but instead of obeying him she shot across the field toward its upper end, where, in peace and comfort, the rest of Mr. Stevens's cows were grazing. But between these cows and Cornog there was a deep, wide ditch, and toward a ford in this, the fiery cow-steed ran. Fred seemed to have an idea that his sticking to his post would be the safety of the cart, and he pulled away at the lines, and shouted "Whoa!" as vigorously as ever. But it was all of no avail. In four or five minutes, Cornog, Fred, and the cart, with a bang and a bound, all went to the bottom of the ditch together.

The ditch was about eight feet wide, and where Cornog plunged in (she did not exactly hit the ford) there was a depth of about a foot of water and a foot of mud. So the cow stuck fast in the mud up to her knees, with her nose rammed into the opposite bank; the cart was over the hubs in mud and water, and Fred was over his ears, his eyes, and all the rest of him at the bottom of the ditch, where the sudden stoppage had thrown him. But he never let go of the lines.

Whenever Harvey told this story afterward, he always said, "Fred never let go the lines, you know."

Harvey and Isham arrived at the ditch just as Fred, more wet and muddy than any bull-frog you ever saw, and looking drippingly disconsolate, emerged into view, climbing up the opposite side of the ditch. Old Cornog, panting and puffing, stood quite still, after pulling her nose far enough out of the mud to allow herself to breathe. To the anxious inquiries of the boys, Fred replied that he was not hurt, and then all three, struck with the ludicrousness of the situation, burst into a hearty laugh.

But something must be done in cases like this, and done quickly, too. "Let's unhitch her," cried Fred, "and then perhaps she can scramble out." But this job was not a particularly desirable one. To unhitch the cow, they would have to get down into the water and the mud.

"You do it, Fred," said Harvey; "you're all wet already, and it won't matter."

Fred couldn't see the subject in precisely that light, and there was a little stand-still in the proceedings. Just then arrived Uriah Holmes, the hired man, who had, from a distant field, witnessed the wild career of Fred. He was very glad to see that nobody was hurt, and without stopping to think about the water and mud, he plunged into the ditch and began to unharness the cow. While so doing, he remarked to Fred that he reckoned this would be the last time he would ever harness up one of his father's cows in this way.

"Yes, indeed," said Fred, "unless I've got a bit in her mouth. You don't catch me driving another cow without a bit." Uriah muttered something about a stick over a back, and then the two brothers walked back to the house, leaving Isham to help his father, who declined any aid from them.

The cart and the cow were got out without material damage to either, the harness being the principal sufferer; Cornog went to join her companions (she was sorry enough she had left them for the chance of something extra by the back barn-yard fence), and Uriah brought down a horse and took the cart back.

When the boys reached the house, they found their mother in the kitchen. She was just saying to the girl, "You can't make up the dough for the rolls until the boys come back," and she finished her speech by the exclamation, "Why, here they are already!"

When the exploits of her sons had been made

known to her, she was overcome with terror at the danger they had escaped.

"Both of you thrown out, and neither hurt. We ought all to be thankful from the bottom of our hearts. Fred, hurry up-stairs and change your clothes!"

"Yes, indeed," said Harvey to the girl, as he left the kitchen after his mother and Fred, "he never let go once!"

An hour or two after this the girl remembered the salt, but it was then too late to go after any,

and they all had to put up with hot rolls without salt that night. But they talked none the less for that. When Mr. Stevens came home he made his sons promise that they would never try anything of that kind again.

"But," said Fred, "we might drive a cow if we had a bit in her mouth, mightn't we?"

"Well," said Mr. Stevens, "the first time you get a bit in a cow's mouth, just bring her around to me, and I will tell you."

They have not been round yet.

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISES.

BY C. R. TREAT.

THE exercises which this article will contain can easily be learned, if those described in the March number have been faithfully practiced. Indeed it is true of the Indian Clubs, as of many other difficult and dignified things, that the secret of success lies in the mastery of simple first principles. The first principles of the Indian Club exercises were described in the January number, and no others than those three (Arm

into the small circles indicated, — the left hand into the "side wrist circle," the right hand into the "head circle." From these circles pass into the large circle again. I cannot forbear the comment that this exercise is a specially exhilarating and satisfying one.

EXERCISE 18. — The same combination, beginning at the right side.

EXERCISE 19. — Stand as in the preceding exercise, figure 12, with both clubs raised at the left side. Swing the *right* hand downward, as before, and when it has passed through *half* the large circle, follow with the left. As the *right* hand rises, let it pass, as before, into the "head circle," followed by the left hand, which is to pass into the "side wrist circle," just half a circle behind the right. Without stopping, let the *right* begin the large circle again, still followed by the left, half a circle behind it. This is called the "wind-mill."

EXERCISE 20. — The "wind-mill," beginning at the right side.

EXERCISE 21. — Stand as in the accompanying figure 13, with the right hand by the side of the chin, the left hand at the full length of the arm. Start the hands together, the *right* to describe the "head circle," the *left* the large circle to the left, in front. As each rises from its circle, let the *right* repeat the "head circle," and the *left* change into the "side wrist circle." Then begin again as before. In this exercise the right hand has but one movement to execute, — the "head circle," — while the left hand has to execute the "alternate arm and wrist circle." The difficulty is to keep the time uniform.

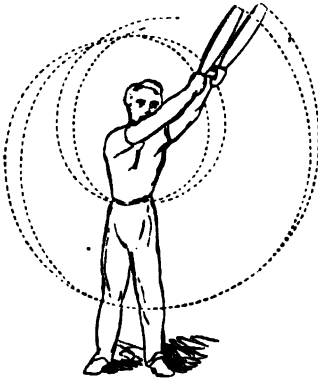


Fig. 12.

Circle, Wrist Circle, and Head Circle) have yet been introduced. In the article which is to follow this, and which will conclude the series, I shall describe the fourth and only other simple movement. In this article, the use of the first three will be continued.

EXERCISE 17. — Stand as in the accompanying figure 12, with both clubs raised at the left side. Swing them downward together, and upward through the large circle indicated; then change

EXERCISE 22. — The same, with reversed positions; the right hand to execute the "alternate arm and wrist circle," the left the "head circles."

EXERCISE 23. — Stand as in figure 14. Let the *right* hand execute the "side wrist circle," and the *left* hand the large circle to the *right*, in front. As each rises from its circle, let the right

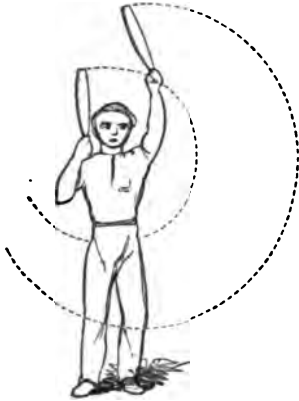


Fig. 13.

hand continue the "side wrist circle," and let the left hand change into the "head circle." From these circles begin again as before.

EXERCISE 24. — The same, with reversed positions; the right hand to execute the "arm and head circle," the left the "side wrist circles."

EXERCISE 25. — Stand as in the accompany-

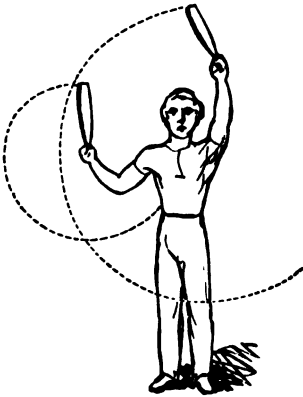


Fig. 14.

ing figure 15, the right hand raised at the full length of the arm. Let it swing to the left, in front, through the long "arm circle." As it rises, change into the "head circle," and, as it completes that, let it describe a "wrist circle," the hand and arm pointing to the *left*. Then swing off into the long "arm circle" again. This is a triple movement.

EXERCISE 26. — The same, with the left hand.

EXERCISE 27. — Stand as in the accompanying figure 16, the right arm at full length. Let it swing to the right through the long "arm circle" in front. As it rises, change to the "side wrist circle," and as it completes that, let it de-



Fig. 15.

scribe a second "side wrist circle," with the arm nearly at full length, pointing to the right. Then swing off into the long "arm circle" to the right again.

EXERCISE 28. — The same, with the left hand.



Fig. 16.

EXERCISE 29. — Stand as in figure 12, both arms raised at full length at the left side. Swing them together downward and upward through the long "arm circle" in front. As they rise, change into the short circles, as in figure 12; and as they complete those, change to a second short circle, the *right* to the third circle of figure 15, the *left* to the third circle of figure 16. Then swing off again into the long "arm circles."

EXERCISE 30. — The same, beginning at the right side.

EXERCISE 31. — This is precisely like the "wind-mill," Exercise 19, except that to the two circles of which that is composed, the *third* circle of the preceding Exercises, 29 and 30, is added. Stand with both arms raised at full length at the left side. Start the right arm first, and when it has completed half the long "arm circle," follow

with the left arm as before, the *right* changing into the "head circle" and the "wrist circle;" the *left*, half a circle behind, changing into the "side wrist circle," and the "side wrist circle at arm's length." Then swing off into the long "arm circles" again.

EXERCISE 32. The same, beginning at the right side, the left arm starting first.

IDA'S STORIES.

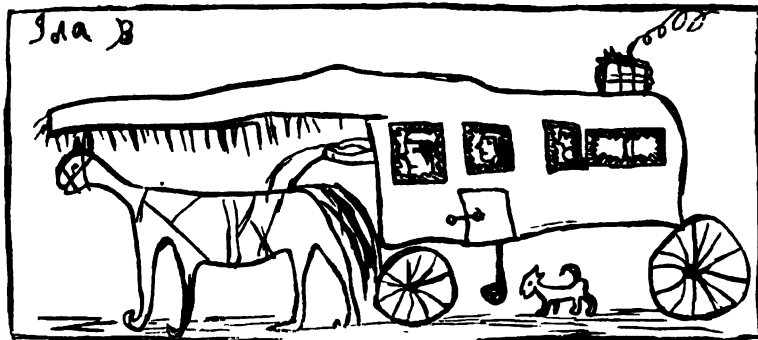
BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

"AND this beautiful, beautiful lady, she married the princess."

That was what Aunt Gitty heard as she went into her brother's one evening, and found the oldest children gathered about the warm kitchen stove, without any light but that which streamed through the open door of the sitting-room. They were telling stories, and it was Ida's turn. Aunt Gitty sat down with them, and asked Ida to go on, for she liked to hear stories too.

So Ida told how the "beautiful, beautiful lady," after she married the princess, busied herself hatching pussy-willows. She had hatched mice, and squirrels, and almost all the animals Ida could think of, when Aunt Gitty said, "Why, Ida, you ought to find an end to your story somewhere."

"Yes," said Lolo, with a patient look, "she tells them so long sometimes that I get almost tired."



The wonderful Wagon.

At this, Ida straightened up and finished her story in a hurry, by saying that, "this time, when she put the pussy-willows in the oven, she heard something crying in there, right away, and looking in she saw a little, little bit of a boy, and then she was so glad.

The next day, before dinner they were all together, and Aunt Dorcas asked to hear more of Ida's story which had been repeated to her. So Ida went on: —

"And once there was a beautiful, beautiful lady met this other beautiful lady, and the beautiful, beautiful lady saw that she had something rolled

up in her shawl, and she asked, 'What have you got in your arms?' Then she undumbled it"—

"Say unbundled it," interrupted Aunt Dorcas.

"Well, she unbundled it, and there was a little boy baby."

Here Lolo broke in eagerly, "They knew it was a boy, because he wiggled his toes; little girls don't do so."

"And then," continued Ida, "the beautiful, beautiful lady said, 'I mean to get married any way.' So she did, and she married the princess, and she" —

"O, I've told Aunt Dorcas the rest," interrupted Aunt Gitty.

"But I didn't tell all last night, not half," said Ida; and she went on with a great deal more about "the beautiful, beautiful lady, the awful beautiful lady, and the other beautiful lady." Finally, the call to dinner broke the thread of her story, as it seemed, in the very middle.

After dinner, Aunt Dorcas said, "It is a pity, Ida, that you can't write your story in a book, as your papa did his."

"O! wouldn't that be nice?" exclaimed Lolo.

"I'll write it for you, Ida," said Aunt Gitty, "if you will make pictures for it."

"Well, I will," promised Ida.

Aunt Gitty wrote the story in a little paper book, while Ida and Lolo both drew the pictures. Ida made the little boy with his father and mother, in their wonderful wagon; and the wagon looked so comfortable, with its stove, and a window for each passenger, and a roof over the horses, that Aunt Dorcas said she ought to have it patented. Lolo drew their fine new house and barn, and made a great display of their clothes, hung out on rows and rows of clothes-lines, ranged one above the other, between the two buildings. The awful beautiful lady, dressed like a "city woman," and the boy's mother, she made enjoying a promenade under the clothes-lines.

Both the little artists drew the "awful beautiful lady," showing her baby to the "beautiful, beautiful lady;" but Lolo's beautiful ladies were quite lost under trimmings, for she was intent on having each of them "dressed like a city woman." Ida was more sparing of ruffles, and fringes, and buttons, and ribbons, and flowers, so there was some chance to see in her picture the motherly expression of the "awful beautiful lady," and the envious, wishful look of the "beautiful, beautiful lady."

When the little girls had laid up their pencils, and gone out to play, Aunt Gitty looked over their work, and wondered that a little artist like Ida should imagine, for her picture of the mother showing her baby, so happy an incident as a bird feeding its young. Aunt Dorcas reminded her that Ida began to paint as soon as she could walk, and recalled the time when Benjamin, sketching in the door-yard, was called away suddenly, and Ida, who could just toddle, finished

his sketch for him. "How funny she looked," said Aunt Dorcas, "standing before the easel, with a brush in each hand, dashing on the paint, first with one brush and then the other."

In a little while, Ida and Lolo came in with Baby Alice, who was brought over to sing for grandma. When she had sung all the pretty things she knew, Aunt Dorcas, who held her on her lap, asked, "Where did you get your new apron, Baby?"

"Papa buyed it in Ballywhack."

"She means the Valley," said Lolo; "she calls the Valley, Ballywhack."

"Ho, Miss Alice, you're a Ballywhackian yourself," said Aunt Dorcas.



The awful beautiful Lady showing her Baby to the beautiful, beautiful Lady.

"No, I isn't."

"Well, you're a coothammer."

"No, no, I'm papa's good little girly." Then she looked up roguishly, saying, "I'm Gramma Gru, and Tarlie's Gramfer Grump."

"Baby says she is going to school with us," said Lolo.

"Are you, Baby?" asked Aunt Dorcas; "what will you learn?"

"Do-re-mi-fasolasido," sang Miss Baby, beginning so high that she finished with a squeak.

"Where do you think we found the baby, yesterday?" asked Lolo; "way out beyond the gate in the snow, with nothing on her head. You ought to saw her budging along with the singing-book under her arm. Papa asked her where she was going, and she said, 'I'm going to sing for grandma; I want to sing awfully for grandma.'"

Baby had heard Ida and Lolo singing from their Sunday-school music primer. This primer taught the eight notes by numerals, as well as by the usual signs. Ida and Lolo liked the names, do, re, mi, etc., and thought they belonged to the

numerals always, so when they saw them anywhere they sang them. They sang the dates on the stoves, the days of the month on their father's calendar, and the time of day on the clock.



Baby Alice budging along.

They were at grandma's one day, and were told to stay only till a certain hour. After a while they asked Aunt Dorcas what "time it was when the hand pointed to sol." They called 10, do, o; 11, double do; and twelve, do, re. This amused their aunts so much, that they often used the terms themselves. Aunt Gitty would ask, "Is it do, re o'clock?" and Aunt Dorcas would answer, "No, it is hardly double do yet."

A few days after the story of the beautiful, beautiful lady was told, the little girls went with Aunt Gitty to the barn to hunt for eggs; but Lucky had been there before them, and they did not find any; so they jumped from the scaffold on the hay a few times, when Lolo said, "Ida knows a new story; she told it last night. Don't you want to hear it?"

"I didn't tell the whole of it," said Ida, "because I got so sleepy."

"Well, tell what you can," said Aunt Gitty; and they sat down in the hay where it was warm and sheltered, and Ida began.

"The little girl was Cleary; and her Aunt Harry and she went to the mud-house, and it was all black and dirty there; the mud-woman took a broom-stick to them, and covered them with mud, and they didn't want to stay there."

"So they went to the gold-house," said Lolo.

"No, no," said Ida; "it was the ash-house, and they were all ashes there, and the woman was all dirty and ashy. But they didn't want to stay there, so they went to the gold-house, and there was a room there that had a gold candlestick in it, and that was the candlestick room; and another was full of gold clocks, and that was the clock-room; and there was a tea-kettle room, and the tea-kettles were gold; and there was a man inside a tea-kettle who told stories, and he came outside where they could see him."

"And all at once," said Lolo, with a look of awe, "he was gone; he broke in pieces, and went into the air when they couldn't see him."

"And there was an old woman," said Ida, "and Cleary and the old woman were tired and went to sleep, and the folks thought they were dead; so they got a gold burying-box, and put them down in the ground."



The Mud-woman, and her homely, crooked old House.

Here, although the story was not finished, not by ever so much, they found it rather cold in the barn, and were obliged to go into the house. They had not been there long, when Lolo said, "Now, Aunt Gitty, you must write Ida's story in a little book, and we'll make pictures for it."

"Some day I will," said Aunt Gitty.

"O, goody!" cried Lolo; "can't we make the pictures now?"

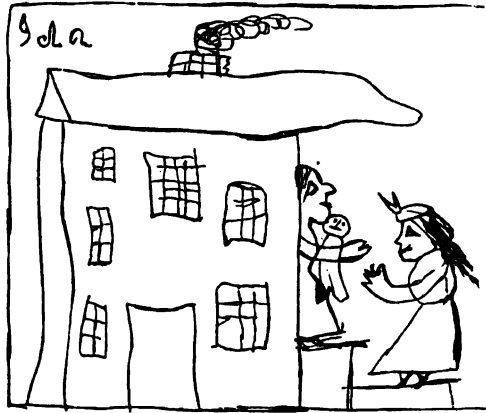
Aunt Gitty said, "yes," and gave them the paper and pencils.

"Now," said Lolo, "I'll make the mud-woman and her homely, crooked old house, and her dirty face. I'll make her with a hole in her apron, too. She's burned it." When she had nearly finished it, she said, "O! I've forgot; I'll make the mud-woman's clothes-line with her ragged old clothes on it; and I'll make the sun coming up, too."

Ida drew the gold-house with its different rooms, but this picture was not so interesting as the one she made last; the gold-woman giving the "pretty, and good, and nice baby" to the old woman.

The next day, Aunt Gitty made a little book with a gay cover, like the first, and wrote the new story in it, and fastened the pictures in their proper places between the leaves. Then she marked in large letters on the cover of one, "The Story of the Beautiful, Beautiful Lady," and on the other, "Cleary and her Aunt Harry."

When they were finished, and tied with bows of pink ribbon at the backs, she showed them to grandma and Aunt Dorcas, to Uncle Oliver and Uncle Benjamin, and then carried them over and



Taking the pretty, and good, and nice Baby from the Gold-house. showed them to the children's papa and mamma; and they were all very much pleased. They laughed enough, anyway.

THE SETTLE.

COME, Harry, do stop teasing that poor cat. Don't you see how it worries Lisie? I know you are only in fun, and that you would be the first to let pussy in, if you heard her mewing at the window; and then you would teach her to sit up with spectacles on her nose, holding a book between her paws, and reading it in a drowsy fashion. Let her be, — that makes me think of something I have been more than once meaning to tell you of. Some time ago the owners of this Magazine put a paragraph in the newspapers, saying that any boy or girl who would write a letter to them, inclosing a postage stamp, should receive a present of a number of the "River-side." Such hosts of pleasant letters came from all parts of the United States! I wish I could show you some; but you know they were private letters, and we have no right to print them, unless we get permission. But a good friend, who is busy in her way, while I am working in among the barrels and boxes of the Magazine, heard about these letters, and this is what she told me one night: —

THE SOCIABLE LETTERS.

It was very dark inside the leather mail-bag, that lay on a shelf in a car on the express train.

Very dark, — except in one corner, where a rip in the great stitches that sewed the sides of the bag together, let in a little bit of light right in the face

of a pretty pink letter, that was tied up with about twenty others, of all shapes, and sizes, and colors.

It seemed a pity that the delicate one should have been put on the outside of the parcel, for her face had become quite soiled; but postmasters don't stop to think about such things. Little "Pinkey," as we will call her, was getting very tired with her long journey, and homesick too, in thinking about her sisters whom she had left at home in a neat desk, with everything so orderly about them.

She was quite convinced that she had been very foolish to wish to see more of the world, for there had been no chance to see anything, and her travelling companions had almost all turned their backs upon her.

Suddenly she heard a rustling near her, and a queer sort of voice, saying in a hoarse whisper, — "Pink letter!" Then another voice, — "Let her alone!"

Then the first one, — "She is so pretty: and see what a nice little hand she has! and I am sure she is going to the same place that I am. I will speak."

Then the other, — "Let her alone!"

Little Pinkey became quite agitated by this time, and wished she could only see who it was that was taking such liberties with her looks and hand; but her *i's* were so turned that she could only see the hole in the corner of the mail-bag; when, fling!

went the bag from the shelf where it was lying, right upon the floor, and poor Pinkey was almost stunned.

When she recovered herself, she found the bag much lighter, — one more stitch had given way, — and the air not nearly so close.

The other parcels of letters were under the one she was in, and just at her side was a letter with a sallow complexion, which had stretched itself almost out of its bundle, and was gazing at her with its left eye very intently.

Pinkey was quite embarrassed with the long continued stare, and a little angry withal, and almost ready to cry, when the same voice that she had heard before seemed to come from Yellow-phiz, which was his name, — “‘Riverside Magazine for Young People,’ — yes, I knew it was so. We are going to the same place. I say, Miss Pinkey, how far have you come?”

“O! ever so far, — a thousand miles, I should think.”

“What is the name of the place you came from?”

“I don’t know, but I think it is written on me. A man did it before he put me in this horrid bag.”

Yellow-phiz tried very hard to see the name, but he couldn’t quite make it out.

“Never mind,” said he, “we can be friends, because we are both going to the same place. I wish I could be in the same parcel, though; we could talk so much better, and I could stand in front of you, and keep you from getting harmed.”

“What will they do with us when we get there?” said Pinkey, timidly.

“O,” answered Yellow-phiz, grandly (he hadn’t the least idea, but of course it would never do to let Pinkey see that), “we shall be taken out of this bag, and have a chance to see the world.”

“That will be nice.”

“Won’t it, though? — real jolly. But I don’t see how such a tender little thing as you ever mustered courage to start off.”

“O, I didn’t of myself. I was sent.”

“So was I, — how queer!”

“Were you? Who sent you?”

“A boy up in York State. He wrote it all down, and put the paper in my pocket. Do you want to hear?”

“Yes indeed,” said Pinkey.

“Well, he said the first thing he remembered about himself, he was in a dark cellar in some city. There were ever so many children, and they lived all in a huddle together, and spent their days in going begging from house to house with baskets and bags. They brought home cold food to the woman they called mammy, and she used to be kind to them when they brought a great deal; and when they only had a little, she would beat them, and send them to bed without any supper.

“One night it was rainy, and growing dark, and

Jim — that is the boy’s name — hadn’t been able to get anything all day. He was afraid to go home, when, as he was passing the window of a meat-shop, he saw some cabbages on a ledge outside, and no one in sight; so he grabbed two of the cabbages, and was making off with them, when he was seized by a great strong man, and carried off to a place they call a ‘lock-up,’ and kept all night. The next day the big man took him into court, and there they said he must go to jail. He was crying bitterly, when a kind gentleman came up and asked him if he would try and be a good boy, if he would get him off. Jim had hardly ever been spoken to so before, and had rather a confused idea what being a good boy meant; but he was ready to promise anything, to get off from going to jail.

“The kind gentleman took him to a nice house in the country, where there were ever so many other boys; and there he was taught to read and write, and work in the garden, and with tools.

“He stayed there two years, and then they sent him up to Peppertown Creek, where I came from, to a farmer there, who wanted a boy.

“About two weeks ago Jim saw something in a paper about any boy or girl’s having a copy of the ‘Riverside Magazine,’ if he would write a letter, asking for it.

“So, what should he do but go straight up into his room and write a letter about it all; and then he went to the store and bought me, and gave me the letter to carry to the place where they make the ‘Riverside Magazine.’ I am to carry the letter, and the mail-bag carries me. Ha, ha!”

“Yes, and the cars carry the mail-bag,” said Pinkey. “Your story is very interesting indeed. I haven’t anything half so nice to tell.”

“How did you come to start? Won’t you tell me that?”

“O yes. It was something the same way, only it was a dear little girl that sent me. Her name is Fanny, and she goes to school; and when she is at home, she loves dearly to read, and, most of all, to have her mother or her sister read to her.

“They don’t have school Saturdays; one Saturday Fanny was expecting to have such a nice time. She had invited her two little cousins to spend the day with her, and play paper-dolls. But when Fanny looked out of the window in the morning, it was raining so hard that she saw there was no hope of their coming. What should she do? She resolved that she would be a good girl, and not be troublesome because she couldn’t have her own way. So she played alone with her dolls for some time, then she played with her kitten, and then with her dolls again.

“But she got tired of all after a while, and was standing at the window gazing out upon the wet streets and the dark clouds rather disconsolately, when her sister Kate came up cheerily to her, and

said, — 'Fanny, here is a paper, which says, any boy or girl can have a copy of the "Riverside Magazine," if they will write to the editor, and ask for it. Why don't you write him one?'

"O! I can't write half well enough."

"Yes, you can; or you can print it, if you want to. He will like it just as well."

"But I haven't anything to say."

"Just tell him how you came to write; how it rained so, that Bel and Lizzie couldn't come; how old you are, and what school you go to."

"But he won't care for that."

"Yes, he will; he likes to know such things."

"May I write with ink?"

"If you will be very careful, and write it on your slate first."

"But you must direct it for me. I can't write well enough for the outside."

"Yes, and you shall have some of my pretty pink paper, and an envelope with a K on it."

"But then, that won't be my initial."

"Never mind; it will just be a sort of puzzle to wonder who "K" is, and then find out it is "F" after all."

Fanny, having everything settled, was delighted, and the rest of the day was spent in writing and copying the letter; then her brother George took it to the post-office, and I do hope," said Pinkey, "the little darling will get a 'Riverside' right away."

"Why," said Yellow-phiz, "I am sure your story is a great deal nicer than mine. How funny it all is."

It had taken so long for the two to tell their histories, that, by the time they had finished, the cars had reached the end of their trip.

A man rushed into the car, seized the mail-bag, and slung it into a cart. Yellow-phiz and Pinkey were separated, and never saw each other again, till they were put, with many others, into a box in the post-office.

There they lay close beside each other, and kept up such a chatter, that the other letters were quite stirred up by them.

They made another short journey together in the postman's bag; but it was dark and crowded, so they had no chance for conversation.

But when the editor heard what they each had to tell him, — although he knew nothing at all about their being acquainted with each other, for they were both much too shy to tell that, — what should he do but put them side by side in his desk.

You may suppose they were delighted with that, and we will wish them a long and happy life there together.

Now, let us play games. Here are two, — "The Fruit-basket," and "Emperor of Russia," which are sent us by Aitch E. Geepy: —

FRUIT-BASKET.

Chairs are provided for all but one luckless creature, who stands in the middle of the room. Each person takes the name of some fruit, nut, or vegetable, as grapes, persimmons, oranges, dates.

The person standing repeats a fruit-name rapidly three times, as "Dates, dates, dates."

If Dates doesn't remember he is Dates, in time to say it once before the leader stops, he forfeits his seat. If his wits and tongue be nimble, he will keep his place, and the leader tries some one else. Sometimes he will turn his back on the unwary Dates, who sits in beaming self-gratulation, wondering who *will* be caught, and is dismayed by hearing Dates called for so urgently, that his tongue is paralyzed, and of course he loses his chair. There is opportunity for a great many feints, and a lively leader will avail him or herself of them.

If the company prove alert and contumacious, and won't be caught, the leader can call Fruit-basket, when a general change of seats ensues, and in the frantic scramble he may be fortunate enough to secure one.

One young gentleman, who had been on the Rock all day, and was very tired, took for his name "High-vine-blackberry," with the proviso that he need not run when "Fruit-basket" was called; he kept his name and easy-chair all the evening, and said he had had a capital game.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"The Emperor of Russia has a hundred thousand men;
His cause is marching on."

These words are to be sung without piano accompaniment, to the air "John Brown's body." The first verse is sung entire, marking time, "down, left, right, up," if the company should be sufficiently accomplished to do it; otherwise, they can compromise by keeping it mentally. In the next verse, the last syllable is dropped, thus, —

"The Emperor of Russia has a 100,000" —

the ellipsis being supplied with a "rest," and the chorus throughout sung entire. With each repetition a fresh syllable is dropped; and when the song is reduced to one word, the "The's" come rattling out like fire-crackers.

Speaking of dates in the "Fruit-basket," I am glad to get so many April ones for the Calendar. The children are hunting them up, that's plain. Now, it may be that when you read this number, you will be just in time for the May Calendar; at any rate, what has happened in June? When do June-bugs come, and when did the "Blue Juniata" begin to flow? Do you give it up? Then, try these: —

TRYING ON HEADS.

My body is an emblem of patience and humility.
Try on (for a head) —

1st. The Ocean. I was once a politician.

2d. Part of a house. I am a young girl.

3d. A thousand. Now I excite religious fervor.

4th. A hundred and fifty. I belong to a school.

5th. An emblem of industry. I either swim in the sea, or delight the ear in harmony.

6th. — A little round seed. I dwell among the mountains, and am sought by travellers.

Do you ever do tricks by magic? I advise you to try the following: —

1. THE MAGIC STICK. — To do this trick properly, you will need a pearl-handled knife, and a stout hardwood stick some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick, and then try to crush it endways, either between your hands, or by sitting upon it. This, to the astonishment of the company, you will find it impossible to do. The better to deceive them, keep a perfectly calm countenance.

2. THE FOUR JACKS. — Select a pack of cards with plain white backs. Take out the four jacks and burn them before company, letting them see the ashes. Now, shuffle the cards quickly, and, holding them in the left hand, give them a sharp rap, with the face down, and defy the company to find the jacks. You will have them completely foiled.

3. THE CABLE TRICK. — Take a piece of tarred rope, which you may call jocularly the cable to Mantchou, Tartary, about fifteen inches in length, cut it carefully with a sharp knife, and then try and chew the ends together. Any of the company trying it, would get stuck at once.

4. THE NAIL TRICK. — Take two large wrought-iron nails, and wire them together in the form of an X. It will then be found impossible to swallow them. There is no deception about this.

5. THE MAGIC EGGS. — Put twelve fresh eggs carefully into a green worsted bag. Hold the bag up at arm's length, in view of the company; then swing it rapidly about your head, and, to puzzle them still more, take care to strike it two or three times against the door-post. Then ask the company, smiling, whether they will have them boiled, scrambled, or fried. It will make no difference to you which they choose.

6. THE FLYING HEN. — Select a large, well fed hen, — the color is immaterial, though black is best, — place her in a sitting posture on a smooth surface. Then place over her a pasteboard box eighteen by thirty inches. Pound smartly on the top with a bone-handled table-knife for three minutes, and then suddenly raise it, when the hen will immediately fly away. This trick can be performed by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

A SUM IN ARITHMETIC.

A man who had been an extensive manufacturer of candle-snuffers, died, leaving his entire property, consisting of thirty-four million three hundred and

forty-two thousand two hundred candle-snuffers, to his two children, — a son and daughter. When the property came to be divided, it was found that each heir had one, and only one, candle-snuffer. How happened it?

CHARADES.

1. Within the borders of *my whole*,
 Abandoned to a cruel fate,
 A starving author sits him down,
 On wealth and fame to meditate.
 With eager grasp *my first* he seizes,
 And on *my second* leans his hand.
 "My fourth shall write a story," quoth he,
 "Which shall be famous through the land."
 With trembling hands *my last* he scribbles,
 Then pulls his hair and rubs his head;
 But thoughts come not, bare are his pages,
 One single letter may be read.
 About his room he madly paces,
 Alas! his efforts are *my third*,
 Nor fame will come, nor bread, nor butter,
 He cannot write a single word;
 He rends his clothes, and tears his hair,
 Young authors, of his fate beware!
2. They sit within my flowery *second*,
 A maiden sage and eager youth;
 Bending *my first*, his suit he urges,
 And ardent, pledges love and truth.
 She plies her work with nimble fingers,
 "Give me that snow-white hand," he cries,
 And seizes it; not long he lingers;
 Stabbed by *my whole*, bleeding he flies.
3. *My first* is harmless, that I'm sure,
 Then wherefore place it with black sheep?
 The sweetness gathered by *my second*
 Is prized when winter snows are deep.
My whole enjoys supreme dominion,
 A little, busy, blue-eyed queen;
 She rules our hearts, she rules our actions,
 Now, boys and girls, what do I mean?
4. A tiresome fellow is *my first*,
 He talks and chatters on forever!
 Alas! will nothing close his lips,
 I fear he'll stop, ah, never, never!
 His flow of words will drive us frantic,
 We'll lock him up within *my last*,
 And shake *my whole* in triumph o'er him,
 Rejoicing that we hold him fast.
 Ginevra's fate and his are one,
 But, ah! he will be mourned by none.
5. At the head of every alley,
 At the end of every hall,
 In the midst of every valley,
 You will find me — that is all.



Proverb in Picture.

A BEHEADED RIDDLE.

Mine is the form that Nature loves,
 In me a world unnoticed moves.
 The secret of my birth who knows,
 Or half my wonders can disclose ?
 In earth or sea I take my place,
 The humblest of a lowly race ;
 But when aloft I trembling stand,
 My glory who can understand ?
 Men worshipped me in days of old :
 Before me bowed the warrior bold,
 And sages wise, with reverent looks,
 Put all my motions in their books.
 If I could speak, I might rehearse
 The mystery of the universe ;
 But though I am forever dumb,
 Unto me still the learned come.
 In leaf and flower, in whirling snow,
 Amid the desert sands that blow,
 In crystal clear, or ocean's foam,
 Or in the skies I find my home.

BEHEADED.

A dark, unsightly, shapeless mass,
 Slow moving, noiseless, now I pass,
 And leave behind a darkening stain
 Which water would remove in vain.
 In Nature's laboratory hid,
 The shadowy pine-tree boughs amid,

I take my birth, and, foul from fair,
 Wondering, at last I see the air.
 And though you scorn the odious thing,
 To many I can comfort bring ;
 And when at night the billows roar,
 And toss the ship, or beat the shore,
 There's many a sailor owes to me
 His safety on the angry sea.

F. W. H.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMA.

Once on a time a traveller started from my 1, 13, 9, 3, 8, 2, 7, a town in Iowa, and journeyed to my 12, 14, 10, 4, 6, 1, 11, 13, 6, a town in Florida. Embarking thence, he sailed to my 4, 12, 6, 9, 3, a country of Europe, and landed at my 12, 6, 13, 2, 4. Proceeding on his journey from this place, he touched at my 1, 6, 5, 6, 10, 9, 6, a town in Sicily, and thence sailed to my whole, which is a city in the Turkish Empire.

A. B. J.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN MARCH NUMBER.

Single Acrostic Charade. — Rose, ivy, violet, evergreen, roots, sap, Indian corn, daisy, Egyptian lily.
Riddles. — 1. A needle. 2. Knitting. 3. A ring.
 4. An egg. *Proverb in Picture.* — Better pay the cook than the doctor. *Anagrammatic Enigma.* — Napoleon Bonaparte. *Charades.* — 1. Dido. 2. Petulance.



APRIL.



Friday . . .	1	Exposition Universelle, Paris, opened 1867.
Saturday . .	2	
Sunday	3	Washington Irving born, 1783.
Monday . . .	4	[1811.
Tuesday . . .	5	Robert Raikes, who founded Sunday-schools, died,
Wednesday	6	Washington declared first President, 1789.
Thursday . .	7	William Wordsworth born, 1770.
Friday . . .	8	Surrender of General Lee, 1865.
Saturday . .	9	
Sunday	10	
Monday . . .	11	Bonaparte abdicated, 1814. Peace of Utrecht, 1713.
Tuesday . . .	12	Henry Clay born, 1777. [Mohammedan year.
Wednesday	13	Fort Sumter taken, 1861. Commencement of the
Thursday . .	14	President Lincoln assassinated, 1865.
Friday . . .	15	Dr. Johnson's Dictionary published, 1755.
Saturday . .	16	Shakespeare born, 1564.
Sunday	17	Easter Sunday.
Monday . . .	18	
Tuesday . . .	19	First blood of the Revolutionary War shed, 1775.
Wednesday	20	Emperor Napoleon III. born, 1808.
Thursday . .	21	
Friday . . .	22	
Saturday . .	23	Shakespeare died, 1616.
Sunday	24	Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," died, 1731.
Monday . . .	25	Cowper died, 1800.
Tuesday . . .	26	Magellan, Portuguese navigator, died, 1521.
Wednesday	27	Philip the Bold died, 1404. [Wales, 1770.
Thursday . .	28	Capt. Cook anchored in Botany Bay, New South
Friday . . .	29	Alexander II., Czar of Russia (present), born, 1818.
Saturday . .	30	Austrians enter Sardinia, 1859.



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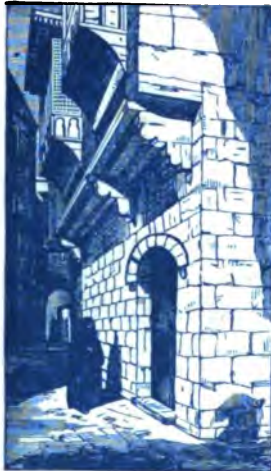
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In the January number was commenced a story entitled "HERO," by GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, author of "Mildred," "Lost and Won," "Winifred's Wooing," etc., etc. "Hero," which is one of the most brilliant, touching, and interesting of this favorite and gifted author's productions, will be published exclusively in HOURS AT HOME, from the author's manuscript, and will be continued during the greater part of the year.

Among the most attractive features during the current year will be papers on living social and other questions, by W. C. WILKINSON, the brilliant essayist, author of "The Dance of Modern Society," etc.; and by GEORGE B. BACON, whose trenchant criticisms of "The Literature of our Sunday Schools" have attracted such wide attention.

MARIA MITCHELL, the celebrated Astronomer, will furnish popular articles on astronomical subjects.

J. AUG. JOHNSON will continue his interesting papers on Eastern scenes and manners, treating of Oriental Weddings, the Syrian Monasteries, Schools, Press, etc.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND, author of "Bitter-Sweet" and "Kathrina"; R. H. STODDARD, A. D. T. WHITNEY, H. H., ALICE CARY, and HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL are among its Poetical Contributors.

The Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," SCHELE DE VERE, NOAH PORTER, HORACE BUSHNELL, GEORGE R. CROOKS, and TAYLER LEWIS are among the Prose Contributors.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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NO. XLI. MAY, 1870.

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DRAWN BY M. L. STONE.

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV.—MAY, 1870.—No. XLII



THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

PART I.

THE COCK THAT CROWED IN THE MORN.

TOWARD the end of the last century a hare ran rapidly over the hills that lie to the southeast of the little lake of Steinhuder, in Germany. The hare ran well, but Hans Steiner, who was standing on the very highest peak of these hills, saw the fleeting game, raised his gun, fired, and the hare fell dead. Hans picked it up and looked at it with some pride, which may be pardoned him, for he was only fourteen years old, and he had just made a very fair shot. "Very good," said he, "for my last shot. There is no more powder in my horn, and no more is likely to get there. So the rest of the hares may live on." After this speech, which sounded quite as grandly in the original German as it reads here, Hans straightened himself up, and glanced around him. It was a beautiful day in autumn, and the whole country was as lovely as the air was bracing. As Hans looked down to the foot of the hills, he saw the river Leine, blue and placid; to his left hand he could just see, shining through a break in the forest, the waters of Steinhuder, some five or six miles away; while to his right, at a greater distance, he could see the spires and the smoke of the city of Hanover. Hans did not long regard this scene, but throwing his gun over his shoulder, he said, "This is all very fine, to be sure, but I have seen it often enough. I shall never go to Hanover to beat gold, that's certain;

and I suppose I am not wanted here any longer. So I shall go and look for my father. There's some sense in that, surely."

So Hans came down the hills, and strode away bravely over the country for about six miles, to Gustav Koppel's little house, on the outskirts of the town of Neustadt am Rubenberg. Gustav Koppel was a good man, and his wife was a first-rate woman, — no matter what Hans said, who thought her a little hard. When Hans's mother died, and his father went away on a barge down the river, the little fellow, just installed into his first pair of breeches, was left with the Koppels until his father should finish up the business that took him to Bremen. But, for some reason or other, that business never seemed to get itself finished, and it was now more than eleven years since Carl Steiner had gone away and left his little son with the Koppels. But the good couple had taken care of the boy, and had sent him to school with their son Wilhelm, and had come at last to look upon him as their own child. But although he was very grateful and respectful to the Koppels (that is, when he grew old enough to know what such things meant), Hans never forgot that he was not their son, and — though it is hard to believe — he said that he never had forgotten his own father. He was now old enough to learn a trade, and old Koppel had made arrangements for him to go for a month on trial to a gold-beater of Hanover, who promised to take Hans as an apprentice, if he found that

his talents lay in the direction of his handicraft. But Hans had no disposition to be apprenticed. An active, brave young fellow, he had found the school-room as much restraint as he could patiently endure; and among school-days were half-holidays, and whole ones too, which he generally spent on the hills and mountains, where, with old Koppel's gun, and the powder and shot, which were gladly given to a boy who always brought back a return for it, he spent many a happy hour. But now, as all this was to come to an end, and he was expected to go to pound all day on gold-beater's skin, he determined to put into execution a plan which he had long been dreaming of, and start off to look for his father, who was, after all, the proper person to take care of him, and to select for him his future business, whatever that was to be.

When Hans came into the kitchen room of the Koppel residence, he found supper on the table. Hanging up the gun, he put the hare upon the old-fashioned dresser, and said, "There, Mother Koppel, is the last hare I will bring you for many a day."

"I don't know that," said old Koppel. "You are not to go to Herr Mitzer until Monday, and you may kill many a hare between this and then."

"I am not going to Herr Mitzer at all, if you please," said Hans. "I am going to start out to-morrow to search for my father. I have been here long enough, I know; but I do not think that I need go to any trade until I have found my father, and have heard what he thinks about it."

At this speech old Koppel looked at his wife, who shook her head. Neither of them could bear to tell this bright, hopeful boy, that they had had, four years before, news of his father's death in a little town in Westphalia. They had always thought that Hans would leave them when he heard there was no one on whom he could depend for the payment of the charges of his support and education, but the idea had never entered their heads that he would ever think of such a thing as going away to look for his father.

"Very well," said Mother Koppel. "You are free to do as you will, little Hans" (he was taller than she, but she had always called him little Hans, when she felt particularly kindly toward him), "and I hope that some day you may find your father."

"Amen," said old Koppel; and then he added, in an undertone, to himself, "And may the day be far, far distant."

The matter was discussed after supper, and it was agreed that Hans should go to Bremen and see if he could find anything there that would suit him better than Herr Mitzer's shop, and in the mean time Wilhelm Koppel should be sent there, to serve out the month's trial. He was rather young, to be sure, but it would not do to let so good a chance go out of the family. Hans assented to all of the arrangements made by the Koppels, even to that which provided for his return to Neustadt, in case of non-success, but in his heart he little regarded the city of Bremen as a place where he could seek a business. He looked upon it only as the possible residence of his father.

Early the next morning Hans left Neustadt am Rubenberg with a bag over his shoulder, well packed with clothes, and a sum of money, equal to about ten dollars of our currency, in his breeches-pocket. Half of this sum he had saved from the sale of hare-skins and other peltry, and the rest old Koppel lent him, with no other idea, however, than that it was a gift.

"I will pay you back," said young Hans; "and, what is more, father and I, between us, will pay you all I have cost you since I have been living here."

Mother Koppel kissed him, and said he must never let that trouble him, and then away he went. To-day one may go from Neustadt to Bremen by railway, but in those days people in Hans's circumstances relied principally upon their legs in making a journey of that kind. But Hans did not even take the road to Bremen. He crossed the river Leine, and walked steadfastly toward Hanover, which is in exactly the opposite direction from Bremen. He did this because the Koppels had told him that if anybody knew anything about his father, it was the Stadthauptmann of Hanover, the captain of the town troops, in whose command Carl Steiner had long served, and who, the Koppels thought, was related to Steiner's wife; but, as they were not sure, they said nothing about that. This good, but rather weak couple, hoped that the captain would do what they shrunk so strongly from doing, — inform Hans of his father's death. On his arrival at Hanover, Hans found the Stadthauptmann at dinner, and the boy's walk of twelve miles made him wish that the captain would invite him to take a seat at the little table, even although the hour was so early. But the captain, who was a short, and rather thin man, who sat at table with his cocked hat on, invited him to a seat in the opposite corner of the room.

"So you are a son of Carl Steiner, are you?" said he, between his mouthfuls. "Well, in some things you might have been the son of a worse man. How long has he been dead?"

"He is not dead at all," said Hans, his face showing how the unexpected question shocked him. "He is living somewhere about Bremen, and I am going to look for him. Herr Koppel told me that you might help me in my search."

"Just so, just so!" said the Stadthauptmann. "Koppel is a smart man. As for me, I thought your father was dead long ago; but if you say he is not, why then he is not. But, let me tell you one thing, my boy,"—and here the little captain got up from his chair, and placed himself in front of the china stove, at the end of the room, stretching out his arms as if he was going to make a speech to his company,— "you are not going to make a good start in life by thus blindly going to a city like Bremen, in search of your father, who may have left there years ago. You will find many a bad companion, and many a bad counselor, long before you find Carl Steiner; and if you do come across him at last, it may be that he will not be glad to see such a youth as you may then be. Now, listen to me, and I will tell you how to find your father."

"I thought you could do that, Herr Captain," said Hans, his face lighting up with pleasure.

"You thought right, then," said the Stadthauptmann, "and this is the way. It will never do for you to make a false start in this, the very morn of your life; for all that has gone before has been just day-dawn, and does not count for anything;" and at this conceit, the little man smiled complacently. "Whatever commencement you make now, will have an influence over your whole life. So be careful. You did very well to come to me, and Koppel showed his sense in sending you here. I always liked Carl Steiner, and I will do something for the son, that the father (if he is alive) will never forget. Come you here, Fritz, to-morrow"—

"My name is Hans, Herr Captain," said the boy.

"Well then, come you here, Hans, to-morrow, after parade. I will take you to Gustav Frey, a merchant of this town, who, for the love of me, will take you into his shop, or find you a good place elsewhere. Then you will steadily apply yourself to business, and learn your trade, so that no man shall know more about cloths, and linens, and flax, and wool, than you do. Then you shall, when your time is served out, set up in business for yourself upon your savings, and

the assistance of the friends you shall make; or, perchance, old Gustav will take you into partnership, and you shall marry his daughter,— which will be the better way, after all, I think. Then, when you shall be a thriving merchant of Hanover, apd your name and credit shall be good in Bremen, and even so far as Hamburg, then, my boy, your father, if he is on the face of this earth, *will seek you*, and proud he will be to find such a son. So now your path is clear. Come here to-morrow, and I will give you a start that you will feel until the day of your death. Good-day, Hans Steiner."

And so Hans made his manners, and left the Stadthauptmann, who had given him more good advice than he had ever had before in the whole course of his life.

For the rest of the day, which he spent rambling over the city (both over the old town, with its magnificent State House, and the elector's palace, which was the finest building he had ever seen,— and also the new town, on the other side of the river), Hans thought a great deal about the good advice which he had heard; and even while eating a frugal dinner at a little tavern, where he left his bag, this advice, which appeared to him to be at the same time very sensible, yet very disagreeable, troubled and worried him. In the course of his wanderings, he happened to pass the shop of Herr Frey, and he stopped to look in. There was a long dark room, crowded with packages and bales of goods; several stolid-looking citizens were walking about, apparently looking to see if there was anything there that they might, in a few days, come and purchase; and four or five young men, with tape-yards around their necks, were hurrying up and down behind the counters, as if the fortunes of the grim old man, who sat behind a desk at the upper end of the room, depended on their doing some particular thing in some particular time. This sight determined Hans. He made up his mind that he could never live in a store like that, and he turned back, went to his little tavern, got his supper, and went to bed. The next morning he decided to start immediately for Bremen, but he thought it would be treating the Stadthauptmann very badly if he did not notify him of his decision. As he shrunk from seeing the positive little man again, he determined to write him a note; and having bought a sheet of paper, the note was written. The question now was, how to get it to him. Hans walked down to the barracks, and when he got there he saw a number of soldiers in the yard, and perceived that a combined drill

and parade was going on. The sentinel would not let him into the yard, nor would he take his note; so Hans contented himself with peeping at the show through the cracks in the high fence, in company with several grave boys, and a few lazy men. The brave and wise little captain of the town troops was marching his men up and down the broad yard, and preparing them for valiant deeds of war, in case the city should be attacked in their life-time. Several times the entire command marched around the yard in single

“Hallo! Franz Stubacher, what may that be sticking on your bayonet?” cried the captain, amazed at this novel attachment to a weapon.

Franz Stubacher looked up stupidly, and seeing the letter on his bayonet, gazed anxiously, first at his captain, and then at the men on either side of him. His first idea was that he had accidentally stuck his bayonet in the pocket of one of these men, and had pulled out a letter.

“Bring it here,” shouted the Stadthauptmann; and Franz slowly took the note from off his bayonet, and brought it to his captain, who put on his spectacles and read as follows:—

“HERR STADTHAUPTMANN,—Honorable sir: I have agreed that it would be too long if I was to wait at Herr Frey’s shop for my father to come to me. I am very thankful, and bid you good-by.
HANS STEINER.”

This note was not written according to all the rules of etiquette, but the Stadthauptmann understood it well enough.

“Just so,” said he. “A stubborn son of a stubborn father. Let him go. I have done my duty. Shoulder arms! Left, wheel! Forward, march!” and away they marched.

The road from Hanover to Bremen leads directly back to Neustadt, and when Hans had nearly reached the latter town, he thought it would be much better to go around it, and so not have to undergo a second leave-taking with his friends. He walked a mile or two to the east of the town, and directly came upon the river, which it was necessary to cross before he could gain the road again. He kept along the bank for some distance without seeing any chance of crossing, and then the thought struck him that it would be a very good idea if he went all the



file, with their muskets on their shoulders; and as they were passing the spot where Hans was looking through the fence, he put his foot in a knot-hole, and, taking hold of the top of the fence, he raised himself so that he could look over. As the brave little army marched by, with its valiant captain at its head, Hans reached over as far as he could, and stuck his note on the bayonet of one of the men. Then he slipped down, and marched off himself as fast as he could go. Directly the Stadthauptmann cried, “Halt!” and the force was soon drawn up in line before him.

way down the river, instead of keeping on the high road. Either course would take him to Bremen: the first would certainly be the easiest, and, if he could work his way a little, it would be a great deal the cheapest. A sloop was slowly sailing down the Leine, and Hans thought that if he could get aboard of that, he would be glad of the lift, no matter how short a distance down the river it might take him. Directly he saw a man in a boat, fishing near the shore. For a small sum this man consented to put Hans on board of the sloop, and the latter was soon in

his boat. Although the sloop was sailing very slowly, the fisherman had a good deal of trouble in overtaking her; and before he reached her, he thought he had made a bad bargain, and was by no means backward in telling Hans so. At length, however, his boat touched the stern of the sloop, and Hans, who was all ready, made fast with a boat-hook. He quickly scrambled on board, having first tossed up his bag, and then the boat dropped astern, and the fisherman rowed away. Hans saw no one on board the sloop but the man at the helm, and that individual (although he was but a few feet from Hans when he clambered on board) continued smoking his pipe, and looking straight in front of him, as if it were against the rules of the vessel for him to pay attention to anything excepting her course. As Hans did not wish to remain unnoticed, he called out, "Good sir!" but the good sir neither answered nor looked around. Hans spoke again, with the same result, and then he stepped up and touched him on the arm. The man started, looked quickly around, and seeing a stranger at his elbow who had suddenly appeared on board from either the water or the sky, he dropped his pipe, gave a great grunt, and in two bounds disappeared down the hatchway. Hans stood astounded at this strange conduct, but in a moment or two he concluded that if the man was a fool, he could not help it, and so he looked about him to see if any one else was on board. He saw no one; but he did very plainly perceive that, the rudder having been abandoned, the vessel had fallen off from the wind, and that she was slowly turning around, preparatory to going down the river backward. As Hans had had some experience in sailing boats upon the Leine, he seized the tiller, and in a few moments had the sloop's head in the right direction. He had no sooner done this, than there emerged from the depths of the sloop a big man with a pipe in his mouth, another man with a pipe in his hand, another with a pipe hanging from his neck, and the deaf fellow who had been steering, who was pipeless. These four stood with their eyes wide open, and their fingers spread out as far as they would go, gazing at the strange sight of a helmsman whom none of them had ever seen before. Supposing that no one had perceived him chase and board the vessel, Hans explained to the big

man, whom he rightly supposed to be the skipper, how he came there. The worthy captain listened to him in silence, and then he smoked a little while in more silence. Then he spoke, "You have no right on my sloop," he said. "Get off my vessel this very minute."

"How can I do that?" asked Hans, relinquishing the tiller to the deaf man, who took it with a jerk, which indicated that he now understood that Hans, whatever else he might be, was no spirit, and that he considered himself a cheated man.

"Go away in your boat!" roared the skipper.

"That is gone," said Hans.

The big man now walked all around his vessel, looking over the sides. Finding that there was really no boat anywhere to be seen, he came back to Hans, and angrily asked him how he dared to come there to his ship to stay, without so much as asking leave. Hans told him that he wished to sail with him to Bremen, or as far in that direction as he was going, and asked him what would be his charge for the passage. The skipper then puffed his pipe, and walked up and down the deck several times. Then he returned to Hans, and named a sum equal to about half of the boy's possessions. Hans exclaimed in astonishment at this, "I cannot pay so much as that," he cried.

The skipper looked at him as if he would swallow him whole.

"You come on board my sloop without a word to any man, and send away your boat, and ask for passage, and then pay nothing! You should be taken by the breeches and be pitched in the river, you young rascal, and I have a hundred minds to do it!"

Hans commenced discussing the matter, but the skipper would listen to nothing, and went growling and puffing down the hatchway. Hans, hoping that he would soon come up again in a better humor, sat down on the deck and waited. Nobody spoke to him, and, after a while, when the fumes of supper floated up from the recesses of the vessel, he was left alone with the deaf steersman. Hungry, tired, and down-hearted, he put his head upon his bag and soon dropped into a heavy sleep, with one hand stuffed tightly into that pocket of his breeches which contained his money.

ORIGIN AND CURIOSITIES OF NICKNAMES.

BY G. A. R.

A NICKNAME is either a name given in derision, contempt, or sport, — as, Inspired Idiot (Goldsmith), Rail-splitter (Lincoln), Rough and Ready (Gen. Taylor), Little Giant (Stephen A. Douglas), Old Hickory (Andrew Jackson); or it is a modification of a Christian name used as a term of affectionate familiarity, — as, Georgie, Frank, Sam, Kate, Molly, and the like. It is the latter class only that will be considered in this article.

Nicknames of this kind are, for the most part, mere abbreviations, taken sometimes from the middle or the end of a name, — as, Gus (Augustus), Zeke (Ezekiel), Bel or Bella (Arabella), Etta (Henrietta); but usually from the beginning, — as, Alf (Alfred), Dan (Daniel), Joe (Joseph), Phil (Philip), Di or Die (Diana). The diminutive termination *y* or *ie* is often added by way of greater endearment, — as, Andy (Andrew), Jerry (Jeremiah), Sammy (Samuel), Tommy (Thomas), Charlie (Charles), Annie (Ann), Carrie (Caroline). Forms like these are easily enough accounted for, but the origin of others is obscured by certain changes of pronunciation and spelling, which require explanation. Sounds which are organically related to each other, that is, which are produced by a similar action or position of the parts of the mouth, are very liable to be confounded by careless or untutored speakers. Thus, B, P, M, W, F, and V, are all lip-sounds, and so are apt to get substituted one for the other. In this fact, we see how it is that Will or Willy becomes Bill or Billy, how Matty becomes Patty, and how Phip (for Philip) becomes Pip. And since vowels are the most open and fluent of all speech-sounds, and are therefore peculiarly subject to interchange, it will readily be perceived that Mag or Maggy becomes first Meg or Meggy, and then Peg or Peggy, by a very simple and natural process. In the case of Matty for Martha, and Mag or Maggy for Margaret, it is observable that the *r* of the first syllable is dropped: this is done for the sake of greater softness or facility of pronunciation, and occurs in other names, as in Bat for Bart (that is, Bartholomew), Bidy for Briddy (Bridget), Fanny for Franny (Frances). So, also, *l* is dropped in Wat for Walt (from Walter). The consonants D, T, Th, N, L, R, S, and Z, are closely allied to each other, all of them being formed by the tongue placed against the

upper front teeth, or against the gum which covers their roots. Hence, we need not be surprised to find that Sarah becomes Sal or Sally; that Mary becomes first Ma-ly, then Molly, and finally Polly (which are curtailed respectively to Moll and Poll); or that Henry, dropping the *n* and changing the first vowel, becomes Harry, and is then cut down and transformed into Hal. Doll or Dolly for Dorothy or Dorothea, is a particularly interesting example, because this name, which long since fell into comparative disuse, was once so common and so popular that its diminutive became the generic term for the mock babies which children are accustomed to play with, and which had previously been called *puppets*. By a like assimilation of dental consonants, we have Dick, instead of Rick, for Richard; Caddie as well as Carrie, for Caroline; Hatty for Harriet, and not Harry, already appropriated as the diminutive of Henry; Bess, Bessy, Bet, Betty, and Betsy, for Elizabeth; Kate and Kitty, for Katherine or Catherine; and Dob or Dobbin, as well as Rob and Robin, for Robert. In Bob, the more common contraction of Robert, we have an instance of a consonant of one class used in place of one of an entirely different class, — the labial B for the dental D, — which is an unusual phenomenon in the system of linguistic changes. H and R are etymologically convertible, and thus from Roger we get Hodge. From Anne or Anna, Nan and Nanny are formed by reduplication; while in Nancy there is not only reduplication, but a strengthening of the sound by the insertion of a cognate consonant. Ted or Teddy for Ed or Eddy (from Edward), is another example of reduplication. As to Ned and Neddy (other diminutives of the same name), the *n* may either have replaced the *t* to which it is akin, or it may be a relic of a prefixed "mine" (mine Ed), which has become incorporated with the following name, as in *nuncle* (for "mine uncle," the customary title given to a superior by the licensed fool or jester of old times); and in Nelly (for "mine Elly"), and Noll (for "mine Ol"). What is to be said of Jack for John? It seems to have come from the French Jacques (pronounced zhak), which is James and not John. Moreover, James is etymologically the same as Jacob (Greek Ἰακωβος, Latin Jacobus, Ital. Ia'chimo or Gia'como, — *m* and *b* are both labials, — Span. Iago

— *c* and *g* are both palatals — or Jaime, Old Fr. Jame, Modern Fr. Jacques). How, when, or where the confusion took place it is impossible to say. But as Jock is the recognized Scottish diminutive of John, and as it appears to have been the older English one too, it is not improbable that Jacques and Jock became confounded together when the English and French troops were mingled in the camps of the Black Prince and Henry V. Be this as it may, James has no need of Jack, being favored with a sufficiency of diminutives of its own. In Jem and Jemmy we find the long *a* of the full name changed into its corresponding short sound: in Jim and Jimmy

the change appears to be a corruption, but it is to be noted that, until the end of the last century, James was pronounced Jeemz in the most cultivated society; and since *ee* and *i* are respectively the long and the short form of the same vowel sound, the change is seen to be a very natural and regular one.

I have thus explained the origin of all the more usual nicknames, or diminutives of proper names, in our language, which present any difficulty, and have brought to view some of the curious facts which are wrapped up in their history; but I have not exhausted the subject, and may perhaps recur to it at another time.

ANNIE'S BANK ACCOUNT.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

LITTLE Annie Carter, known best to brothers and sisters, and indeed to all the neighborhood around as Toddle or Toddlekins, sat in the barn door, swinging her sun-bonnet by one string. Johnny and Alice stood near her, talking earnestly, while Paul Pry, the old peacock, stretched his long neck, and looked as if he would give his handsomest tail-feathers if only he could know just what they were saying.

"I'm going to hem six handkerchiefs," said Alice, "and spend my half dollar for something, but I can't tell what, Johnny. Half a dollar won't buy much of a book, mother says."

"I've got a dollar," said Johnny. "Let's put our money together, Alice, and buy the book papa told about, — 'Tom Brown' you know; and if we get it in time, mother'll read it to us before the box is sent."

"O, but then he'll think I didn't send anything."

"No, he won't, Ally, because we'll have both our names in it, — 'Winthrop, from Johnny and Alice'; and then we'll write him a letter, and tell just how we did it."

"Well," said Alice; "only I can't make all the writing letters yet. I'll print, though."

"I'll buy him a big watch like papa's," said Toddle, who by this time held only the string of her sun-bonnet, which had parted suddenly after a specially hard swing; the bonnet lay now so near Bover's kennel, that he could paw it in whenever he waked up.

"You couldn't, Toddle. Why, you haven't got but ten cents. Now if you had half a dollar, you

could buy him a big, hard ball, to play foot-ball with. If you'd kept your pennies I do believe they'd have made half a dollar now, but you always lose 'em. You ought to put all your money in a bank, Toddle."

"In a what, Johnny?"

"In a bank. You put money there and it grows all the time, papa says, and after a while gets to be a great deal."

"Would my ten cents grow?"

"To be sure," said Johnny, "and then when it got to be ever so much, maybe you could buy a watch."

"I'll put it in, right away," said Toddlekins, brightly.

"But you can't," Alice began, but stopped as she heard her mother calling, and ran in with Johnny, leaving Toddle still sitting in the barn door.

Winthrop, the oldest brother, now almost twelve years old, had been at boarding-school nearly nine months, and the last of July would be at home for the long vacation. It was now the first of June, and Mrs. Carter was busy in getting ready a box for his birthday, which came on the fourteenth. Always before this year there had been a birthday party, with a gathering of children from all about, and a supper under the trees, and Johnny and Alice thought it hard that when school was to last only six weeks longer, Winthrop could not come home. Sending a box was the next best thing, however, and discussions as to what should be put in it took up all the spare time. Toddle

had suggested everything that couldn't be bought with her ten cents, and had made up her mind she could do nothing, till to-day, when Johnny's words gave new life to her first hope of a watch.

So money grew. Toddle had planted beans and pease, digging them up every day to see how they were coming on; and now, as she sat still in the sunshine, a vision came before her, of her ten-cent piece sending out a little sprout, and by and by coming right out of the ground, as the black beans had done. Then a dear little ten-cent

This meadow was a piece of prairie back of the orchard, inclosed by a fence, and having at one end quite a steep knoll, where the children played a great deal. There were two or three trees growing on it, and a seat had been made under them. Alice's hop-vine grew here, and some morning-glories, and a tuft of old-fashioned pinks, filled now with blossoms. The children had always spoken of the place as "the bank," and Toddle, who knew she was not allowed to go to the river bank, decided that here, right by the pinks, the money should be planted, and a little stick put in to mark the place. She would not tell anybody, but surprise them all by and by with her little cup full of ten-cent pieces, perhaps. So she ran through the orchard and down the meadow, and climbing the bank, scratched a hole with her two fat hands, and covered up her money, looking around every minute to make sure nobody was coming. The stick was but just put in, when Johnny and Alice came in sight, followed by Hannah Helena, their nearest neighbor's daughter. Toddle rubbed her hands on the grass, trying to get off the dirt, and wondering what she should say, if they asked her what she had been doing, and Hannah Helena, whose sharp eyes saw everything, decided at once that Toddle had been in mischief.

"How red you are, Toddle," said Alice, "and there's dirt all over your apron. What you been doing?"

Toddle hesitated a moment, and then started to run.

"No you don't," said Johnny, catching hold of her. "Tell us what you've been doing. Hannah Helena said she saw you digging."

"I guess she broke something, and ran out here to cover it up," said Hannah Helena, who remembered having disposed of a broken tea-cup in this way.

"I hasn't," said Toddle, indignantly. "I'd tell mamma if I did."

"She's been digging, anyway," Hannah Helena went on; but by this time Toddle had freed herself and was running up to the house. Johnny started to follow her, but stopped, as Alice said, —

"See here, Johnny, here's a fresh place scratched up by the pinks, and a little stick. Let's dig it up and see what she put there. I guess she's been planting some more beans.



piece, — perhaps a whole pod full of them, and Toddlekins gave a little squeal at the prospect, and ran into the house to find the box where she kept her money.

The ten-cent piece was there, and one great copper cent, and she put them both in her pocket and went after her sun-bonnet. They must be put in a bank, Johnny had said, and as she walked down the lane she wondered which bank would be best, — the river bank, or the one in the meadow where they had planted their flower seeds.

We can put 'em right back after we've looked. Why, Johnny, it's her ten-cent piece."

Johnny gave one look and then rolled over and over on the bank.

"I never did see such a child," he said, when he had picked himself up again. "I told her she ought to put her money in the bank, you know, and she's put it here!"

"I tell you what would be nice," said Alice. "You and I could put all the pennies we don't want to use in here, and she'd think they'd grown. Wouldn't it be fun? Let's us, Johnny."

"I've got four and this five-cent piece," said Johnny, turning his pocket inside out. "She can have the four cents, but I want the rest for marbles."

"Then I'll put in my five cents just so's to have one. Don't you tell her, Hannah Helena."

"No," said Hannah Helena, watching the two as they laid the money in and covered it nicely again. "I wouldn't give money to such a little goose, though."

"There she is now," said Alice, looking up. "Let's go into the orchard and then she'll think we haven't been doing anything."

The children ran off, and Toddle, waiting till they were out of sight, came slowly down the path, and looked at her bank. No signs of disturbance, for Alice had put the little stick in just as she found it, and Toddle, with a sigh of satisfaction, ran on to the orchard.

"I'll have lots of beautiful fings for the chil-luns," she said to herself, and could hardly keep from hugging them both. Tea-time came soon, and then bed-time, and Toddle's last thought was:—

"To-morrow maybe the ten-cent piece'll sprout."

Next day it rained, pouring steadily down till nearly sunset, and the children, after they came from school, played in the barn, and did not go near the bank.

"Capital growing weather," Toddle heard her father say at dinner, and thought how nice it was her ten-cent piece had been planted just in time, only wishing there had been more, so that she might have a great crop. Johnny and Alice were eager for the time to come when Toddle would dig up her money, but it was not till after papa had driven them over the still muddy woods to school next morning that she ran down to the bank, through the wet grass, and scratched away the earth about the little stick. There wouldn't be much of any sprout so soon, but maybe she could see a speck of a one if she looked hard, and—

At this point Toddle almost fell over backward in astonishment, for, reaching bottom, there lay not only the ten-cent piece, but pennies and a bright five-cent piece.

"It must be the fairies did it," she said, picking up each one, "'cause they want me to have a lot. Now I'll put it all back, and look again to-morrow, and maybe there'll be O, heaps more, and everybody'll say, 'Why, what a rich little girl!'" And Toddlekins once more covered up her money and danced back through the dripping grass.

"That was wrong, little daughter," Mrs. Carter said, meeting her at the door. "You ought to have waited till the grass was dry. Sit by the stove now and dry your feet."

Toddle obeyed without a word. What was wet feet or sitting still when out-of-doors such wonderful things were going on. Perhaps this very minute more money was crowding into the hole, pushing the pink roots one side, and may be throwing up a little hill just as the moles and gophers did. Then suppose each piece sprouted, and bore its crop. The big pennies would grow just like potatoes and have to be dug up, but the rest would be in pods or hang like cherries, perhaps. So Toddle dreamed till her feet were warm and dry, and then went to her dolls.

Johnny and Alice looked sharply at her when they came home, wondering if she had been to the bank, but Toddle kept her own counsel, and so a day or two went by and Saturday came.

"Now, children," Mr. Carter said at breakfast, "by ten o'clock I shall be ready to take you into Ottawa, and you can get whatever you like for Winthrop."

"Me too, papa," Toddle said. "I'm going to buy such a many fings."

"And who is to pay for them all, Toddlekins?"

"O, I am, papa. My money has been a-grow-in', and now I'm going to get it. Come, chilluns, an' see."

Toddle took her tin cup and walked down to the bank, holding her head very high, and followed by Johnny and Alice, both busy as could be trying to keep from laughing, while papa looked after them with a little wonder as to what she meant.

"I planted it, you see," Toddle explained, as they went, "and it grew ever so much, and now I respects there's a lot; a panful, maybe."

No hill there as she had expected, but Toddle dug down cheerily. Then she looked around blankly, and then grew red with anger.

"You took it, Johnny, I know you did! You're a bad, wicked boy! I'll tell papa!" and Toddle flew toward the house.

"My money, papa! all my money!" she screamed, as she saw her father just going to the barn. "It was all there, and growing like everything, and Johnny's got it all."

"I haven't," said Johnny, out of breath with running. "I put it there my own self, me and Alice, and it's gone, and I can't find it."

"He stole it; he's a naughty boy," Toddle sobbed, "and now I can't get anything for Winthrop."

"Come into the house," papa said, "and then I will listen to you. Now, Toddle, tell your story."

Toddle told, casting flaming glances at Johnny now and then, who stood his ground, and began at once as she ended. Alice confirmed his story, and poor Toddle had a double grief as she thought, —

"Then it wasn't the fairies, after all, and it never would have grown in there."

"It's certainly very strange," said papa. "I think it may have been stolen. Did anybody see you bury it?"

"Nobody but Hannah Helena, papa. She wouldn't steal, would she?"

"O no! I should never think of her having done it," said papa. "Come down to the bank and we will look."

So a very doleful procession went over the ground trodden so brightly a few minutes before, and papa examined the little hole and all about it. Nothing to tell who the thief might have been, and papa picked up Toddle and walked back to the house.

"Never mind," he said. "We'll try and find out who did it, and you shall have half a dollar, Toddle, and buy whatever you like in Ottawa."

But Toddle, still crying, utterly declined going, and saw the children drive away presently with papa, without a wish that she was going with them to Ottawa.

Mamma held her a little while and told her a story, but even this was hardly comforting, for all the time the thought came up, —

"My ten-cent piece *couldn't* have grown ever, papa said," and then there would come a fresh burst of tears.

Three o'clock at last, and mamma and Toddle walked down the road to meet the children, who were to be at home about this hour.

Far off on the level prairie they could see them coming, and as they drew nearer mamma looked in surprise.

"There are certainly *three* children there," she said; "papa must have brought out somebody to spend Sunday."

"Lift me up, mamma, and let me look," Toddle said, and as she looked she screamed, "It's Winthrop, mamma; I know it's Winthrop."

"But Winthrop isn't to come home for more than a month, little daughter. I do believe it is, though, after all. What can be the matter?"

Five minutes later, and Toddle was holding Winthrop so tight mamma could hardly get near him.

"What does it mean?" she said, looking at the green shade over his eyes.

"Measles, mamma, and I wasn't going to tell you at all, for I had them real light, but they went to my eyes somehow, when I took cold. I can't study a bit, and so Uncle Henry sent me home with Mr. Abbott, and I got into Ottawa just in time for papa."

"Then there'll be a party after all," said Toddle, "and Winthrop can find out right away who took the money."

A DAY AT MONTROCHER.

WHY had the Martins come to Montrocher? We had left Paris by the Lyons Railway, intending to go to Dijon, and what was the use, after we had thoroughly explored that pleasant town, of rushing off to this wretched little hamlet, whose principal inhabitants seemed to be a toothless old woman in a high cap, five dogs, utterly devoid of ornament, and one unhappy looking goat, with a bell hanging around its neck? The fact is, the Martins had a mania for sight-

seeing. They had set aside a whole year to "do" Europe in, and they had been for the last two months rummaging into every geographical nook and cranny of Imperial France. In a rash moment I had consented to join their party, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their son Willie, a clever boy of twelve years.

I was talking with Willie, and insisting that Montrocher had in it nothing to see, when Mr. Martin came into the room, rubbing his hands, as

he always did when he had made some wonderful sight-seeing discovery.

"My dears," said he, hurriedly, "there's a glorious sight to be seen here!"

"Indeed! Where is it?"

"O, a couple of miles off, — perhaps further. I have ordered the carriage to be brought around at once."

"What is it, father?" asked Will.

"Why, it is an altar. St. Christopher's Altar they call it."

Just then the carriage came up to the door, driven at a rattling pace by two postilions, who sat astride the horses, which were prettily decked with merry, jingling bells. The postilions were little men of about twenty, perhaps, dressed in a picturesque costume, with high boots, buckskin knee-breeches, and velvet jackets covered with buttons and embroidery. There were four horses; and when they are harnessed in this way, it is called *à la Daumont*, from a beautiful marchioness, who was the first to use this elegant style in her daily drives about Paris.

The man-servant, or *valet* of the Martins, — whose name was Bernard, — was holding the door open for us to get into the carriage when we went down. We entered, and Bernard closed the door, and jumped up on the box behind. With a shrill cry of "*Hé, là-bas!*" from the postilions, the rattling of the horses' bells, the cracking of whips, and a shower of *sous* which Mr. Martin flung to the beggars who were assembled, off we went on our trip to St. Christopher.

It was a lovely day in May; warm, with just enough breeze to make it pleasant, and the sun shining brightly on the cultured fields of France. We were all in high spirits. I never, before or since, heard Will Martin sing; but the occasion must have inspired his vocal powers, I suppose, for suddenly he burst out with, —

"O, what a go! what a go! what a go!
'Tis the postilion of Lonjumeau!"

The drive was all too short. I wished it could last forever. But at the end of the shortest of miles, the postilions pulled up at the foot of a rather steep hill, and announced, "St. Christopher's Altar!"

"What, not that mountain!" I exclaimed.

Willie gave a long whistle.

"No," the postilions explained, "at the summit of the mountain. My ladies must climb up, and my lords must also ascend. We will wait here until the return of my lords and my ladies."

We made the ascent at once. The Martins

did not seem to mind it, though, for my part, breathless and panting, I flung myself on the first rock I found on reaching the top.

"Well, where's the Altar?" said Willie.

There was no altar to be seen; and just as I was beginning my customary exordium against sight-seeing, Bernard came up with a young peasant-girl, who, he said, would lead us to the Altar, and tell us its legend. Off we started again, headed by this gentle-looking girl, the only clean specimen of humanity I had seen in or near Montrocher.

We found the Altar to be a great, upright block of granite, hewn into a rough niche at the top. Inside the niche was a clumsy carving, almost effaced by the long warring of the elements. No sacrilegious sight-seeing hand had touched it, however, for, poor as it was in an artistic point of view, the sculptured story of St. Christopher was dear to the people of Montrocher, and was protected by an iron grating.

The peasant girl crossed herself as she neared the shrine, and, turning to us, requested us to do the same. There was hesitation at this; whereupon Bernard said to her in a low voice, "You must not ask them to do that; they will not. They are kind people, and pay liberally. But they are heathens, pagans, infidels, — they are Protestants!"

"Protestants! Ah, yes!" replied the girl. "They eat people, do they not?"

"If I had you at home," said Will Martin, very coolly, "I promise you I'd eat you."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated the girl, with astonishment.

"Now I look at you again," said Willie, gravely, "I think you'd be best in a pot-pie."

There is no telling where this cannibal conversation would have led us, if Mr. Martin had not bade Willie be silent, assured the girl that the *petit monsieur* did not mean a word of what he was saying, and begged her to tell us the story of St. Christopher. So she began the story, standing in a graceful attitude, with her eyes upturned, her hand laid on the Altar, her whole posture expressing devotion, while we reclined at ease on the grass at her feet.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Many hundred years ago there lived a great giant, who was also a pagan, and whose name was Christopher. He was stronger than any man whom the world had ever seen. Proud, too, of his strength — wickedly proud. So proud, that he left the humble village where he was born, to

seek the mightiest king who then reigned, that the world might say, "Behold the mighty king! Behold his powerful servant!"

He found the mighty king in his camp in the East, where the sun shines hot, and the date grows wild.

"You are the conqueror of nations?" asked Christopher.

"I am," replied the king.

"Then take me into your service, for I will serve none but the mightiest of earth."

"That, then, am I," returned the king, "for, truly, I fear none."

And so they went abroad together, conquering cities, laying waste fields, devastating the land, and Christopher was proud. Only one thing troubled him. He observed that whenever any one pronounced the name of Satan, the king turned pale, and, muttering a few Latin words, hastily made the sign of the cross.

"Why do you do that?" asked Christopher, one day. "Who is Satan?"

"He is a wicked monarch," replied the king — "wicked, but powerful."

"More powerful than you?"

"Aye, verily."

"And do you fear him?"

"That do I, — and so do all."

"Villain! you have deceived me," retorted Christopher, angrily. "Here I leave you. I serve none but the mightiest, and henceforth Satan shall be my master."

Christopher had no difficulty in finding Satan. Everywhere he met people who had given themselves over to his rule; and one day he came upon the King of Evil himself, mounted on a great black horse, from whose nostrils issued fire. Seeing this, Christopher prostrated himself to the earth, and cried out, — "Master, take me! I am thine."

Indeed, indeed, this king *was* powerful. He found victims everywhere. He conquered the strongest, but did not disdain to practice his arts upon the weak and lowly. He sent Christopher to them with the gambler's dice, and thus fell many into sin; he went himself with the wine-cup, and the lost in this way were counted by hundreds and thousands.

In the midst of their rioting, when Christopher's glory was at its height, they met a poor old hermit, whom they tried to tempt; but he boldly defied Satan, and bade him begone, in *Christ's* name. And at the mere mention of this simple word — the mighty Satan fled!

Christopher's astonishment knew no bounds.

"Who is this CHRIST?" asked he of the hermit.

"One whom you will never know," returned the good man, "till you give over evil ways."

"And is he mighty?"

"Aye, the Mightiest of the mighty."

"Then I am *his* servant. Show him to me."

"Prove that you want him, by the purity of your life, the goodness of your deeds, and some day he will come to you."

So Christopher built himself a hut on the banks of a turbulent river, and employed his great strength in carrying over all the weary wayfarers who desired to cross its rushing waters. And thus, by the gentle path of charity, came purity into the wicked giant's heart.

Still he saw nothing of CHRIST.

"Shall I never meet him?" he asked, with frequent sighings.

It happened one night that the wind was howling dismally, and the rushing stream became more swollen than ever, growing worse and worse every moment, when Christopher, tired with his labors, flung himself down on the boards of his cabin to sleep. Just as he was making himself comfortable for the night, he heard a voice outside calling, "Christopher, Christopher!" and, getting up, he saw a fair young child, who besought him to carry him across the river. Christopher did not hesitate, but, gently lifting the child on his shoulders, he stepped into the stream.

Suddenly all grew black! The rain fell in torrents, and the river rolled in waves higher than the giant's head, and for the first time in his life Christopher knew what it was to fear.

"What is this?" cried he. "Can it be that my strength is failing me? Must I perish here in this raging stream? And with thee, too, my poor young child?"

"Fear not," answered the child, "I will protect thee."

"Thou!" cried Christopher. "Who then art thou?"

"I am thy Master, Christ!"

And so they reached the shore. And as they did so, the storm ceased and the waters calmed; and about the head of the child came a halo of glittering light, throwing glorious rays, which seemed to shed warmth even into Christopher's very heart. And while the giant was gazing in astonishment, the child spoke in a voice of sweeter music than any Christopher had ever heard, saying, "Thy task is done, good Christopher. Be now at peace in thy Master's loving heart. Henceforth, I am thy king."

And Christopher fell down on his knees in thankfulness, and from that day forward served Christ faithfully.

As she uttered these words, the peasant girl sank on her knees, and crossing her hands on her breast, gazed upward into the heavens, as though she could distinctly see the hallowed Being of whom she spoke. So rapt was she, and so beautiful was her devotion, that we hesitated long before breaking the spell.

"What became of Christopher?" asked Willie, at length.

"Christ cared for him, and made him a saint," said the maid.

We now examined the carving with deep interest. It represented a tall man crossing a river with a child on his back. The girl called our attention to the sweet smile which played on the features of the Child-Saviour. Rude as was the workmanship, this still was lovely.

Our drive home was very quiet. The bells jingled, the whips cracked, the postilions cried *Hé là-bas!* the same as when we came; but in our hearts was the subdued calm of peace and love, which has no room for words.

THE FAIRIES' RAFT.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.



TINY, Tiny! come with me.
 I have found a leaf just like a boat,
 And will set it afloat
 On this little shining sea.
 I'll pole it along
 With the herd's-grass strong,
 And we'll see the minnows dart and glow,
 Down on the yellow sands below,
 And the water-spiders skate and slide
 Our little raft beside.

Come, Tiny! Tiny, come with me,
 I know where a stem of berries red
 Hangs overhead;
 We will get just three,
 Enough for mother, and you, and me.
 Come, Tiny! Tiny, come!
 I'll find some hollow grasses too,
 And make some flutes for me and you,
 And we'll go playing home.
 Come, Tiny! Tiny, come!

PICTURES FROM FROISSART.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

(Continued.)

VI.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S FLIGHT INTO GERMANY.

WE can picture to ourselves how greatly distressed and alarmed Queen Isabella must have felt, when she received her brother's command to quit his kingdom, and that, too, in a way as if she were a criminal, instead of being a forlorn, persecuted exile. Every one of her fair-weather friends, the knights and barons, had timidly withdrawn from her cause; and in truth, the only man who dared assist her a little, was Sir Robert of Artois, her cousin. He, in the darkness and quiet of midnight, visited Isabella, with the additional and dreadful news that Charles was not averse to the seizure of herself and her companions, and to their being delivered into the hands of the King of England and Sir Hugh Spencer! For a moment, the queen stood like one thunder-stricken; then weeping, she implored Sir Robert to say what she had best do in so sad a strait.

"Set out, madam," he replied, "for the German Empire; there many noblemen will help you, particularly William, Earl of Hainault, and his brother John, both of them powerful lords and gentle-hearted knights."

Immediately the queen made her preparations and left Paris secretly with her son, and the rest of her small escort, still consisting of the Earl of Kent and Sir Roger Mortimer. They took the way to Hainault, which after some days they reached without trouble or adventures of any sort.

There, a certain knight of small means, but liberal soul, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, received the fugitives with honor, and lodged them in the best manner he could. So kind, indeed, so courteous and considerate was he, that the queen, some years after, when Fortune smiled again upon her, rewarded Sir Eustace and his family in many different ways. His eldest son, it may be well to remember, was the *first* foreign knight upon whom the famous Order of the Garter was bestowed!

The arrival of Isabella was soon known in the household of the good earl, William of Hainault, who chanced to be then at Valenciennes. His younger brother, John, was also informed of her

coming, and being a gallant young knight-errant, full of ambition, and eager to aid the unfortunate, — particularly high-born ladies in distress, — he hastened with a small retinue to Ambreticourt, where arriving at nightfall, he paid the queen every respect and honor!

But her majesty was very miserable and dejected. She lamented her condition, and so dwelt upon her many griefs, that Sir John, though a manly soldier, mingled his tears with hers. "Lady!" he exclaimed, "henceforth I am your true knight, ready, if need be, to *die* for you! therefore will I do all I may to restore you and the prince, your son, to your rank in England! By the grace of God, and the help of armed friends, this thing can be accomplished; and fear no hinderance, I beseech you, from the King of France!"

The queen, wonderfully encouraged by such a bold speech, thanked Sir John with tearful warmth, and would have knelt to him in her impulsive gratitude, but he would not permit an act of homage so unseemly! "God forbid," cried he, "that the Queen of England should do such a thing! but, madam, be of good cheer! I will keep my promise; and meanwhile you shall come and see my brother, the countess his wife, and their children, who will all be rejoiced to meet you."

Isabella answered becomingly, and the next day about noon, she set off, after taking leave of her hosts of Ambreticourt, in the company of Sir John of Beaumont (for that was his title), who conducted her to Valenciennes.

Many citizens of the town came out to greet her. And at their head were William the Earl, and his countess, who graciously welcomed her, and straightway ordered great feasts to be given on the occasion, no one understanding better than the countess how to do the honors of her house. The earl had *four* daughters, of whom the Lady *Philippa* became at once the young Prince Edward's favorite. He paid more court to her than to any of the others, and she did not conceal her own liking for him and his society, Philippa being a frank and cordial young gentlewoman.

For nigh a fortnight the queen remained in Valenciennes, making every arrangement for a

quick departure, while Sir John wrote to many knights, his friends and companions in Hainault, likewise in Bohemia and Brabant, begging them to join him in this expedition to England.

Many answered him, cheerfully agreeing to act as he desired, yet others strove to dissuade him from what they deemed a desperate, foolhardy undertaking. Among the *latter* were some of Earl William's councilors, and even his brother showed himself somewhat hostile to an enterprise of such unquestionable hazard and difficulty.

Nothing, however, could cool the ardor of Sir John. "Never will I change my purpose!" cried he. "Look you! I can die but *once*, and the time is in God's hand! As a true knight I feel bound to succor all ladies and oppressed damsels driven from their kingdoms by violence or fraud!"

So he kept his resolution, and worked loyally upon the means of carrying it out.

VII.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

WE left Queen Isabella in Hainault, under the protection of the good earl. Although the kindest of hosts, he seems to have been a little afraid of taking her part against her husband, King Edward II., and his powerful councilors. But Sir John de Hainault, being young and ardent, had no such fears. He busied himself in the queen's cause to such good purpose, that soon a small army was collected of Hainaulters, Brabanters, and Bohemians, who assembled at the port of Dordrecht in Holland. Thither the queen repaired with her son and suite; and vessels having been bought, they embarked the cavalry and baggage, and with noble knights and soldiers from many portions of Germany, they set sail, commending themselves to God's care! And indeed God *was* very merciful, for though at first a violent storm threatened to wreck the ships, it passed off, and at the end of two days the whole force landed joyfully upon the coast of Suffolk. Thence they marched to a neighboring monastery of black friars called St. Hamons, where the monks, fat, and sleek, and jolly, no doubt, despite their mourning title, entertained them for some time cordially.

Of course the arrival of such a force was speedily known, and those lords who favored the queen and prince at once made themselves ready to join her son, whom they wished to have for their sovereign. First came Henry, Earl of Lan-

caster (surnamed *Wryneck*, because of a deformity of the spine and shoulders), with a large gathering, and after him other earls, with barons, knights, and esquires, attended by such a number of men at arms that they no longer thought they had anything to apprehend.

Advancing further, their army still increased, until they determined to march on Bristol.

Bristol was a large sea-port town, well fortified. Its castle was one of the strongest in the kingdom. Therein the weak-minded king, with the two Spencers, now took refuge. Divers knights were with him, together with the Earl of Arundel, who had married a daughter of the *younger* Spencer, this Spencer having been the king's evil genius — because he was a bad, selfish adviser — throughout his career.

Reaching Bristol, Isabella's adherents besieged it in form. The citizens grew dreadfully alarmed at the sight of so determined a host. Probably they cared little for either party, but O! they loved their ease, and doted on their money-bags! "What," the fat burghers cried, perspiring with terror, — "what *will* become of us, if we fight and are beaten? — a short shrift, and a cruel cord; murder and ruin! Holy Virgin! but 'tis best to make terms while we can!"

So they held a council and agreed to surrender the town, if only their lives and property should be spared. But the queen would listen to nothing unless Sir Hugh Spencer and the Earl of Arundel were delivered up to her discretion.

To this the citizens agreed. Their gates were opened, and Isabella with her friends entered the town, and took lodgings therein. The two noblemen, her enemies, were given up without delay. Her children also were brought to her — John and her two daughters, found there in the keeping of Sir Hugh Spencer. So long a time had passed since she had seen them, that you may fancy how rejoiced the mother was at meeting them once more.

As for the luckless king, he shut himself up in Bristol Castle with his wicked, treacherous adviser, the younger Spencer, who, more than any other, had helped to ruin him.

Meanwhile, slowly, and like persons quite sure of final success, Isabella's barons and knights made their approaches to the castle as near as they could.

The queen then ordered Sir Hugh Spencer, the elder (who was ninety years old), and the Earl of Arundel, to be summoned before her son and the assembled lords.

It was a solemn sight, — the arraignment of

these noblemen, for everybody felt that their doom was already fixed.

Sir Hugh, his venerable white beard rippling along his breast like a great snowy torrent, bore himself with as much dignity as if he were perfectly innocent.

"Ah, madam!" he said, "God grant us an upright judge, and a just sentence; or," he added impressively, "if we cannot have it in *this* world may we find it in *another*!"

Whereupon a good, wise, courteous knight, Sir Thomas Wager, Marshal of the army, arose, and from a paper in his hand read the charges against the prisoners. After reading the charges, he addressed himself deliberately to an ancient knight sitting near, and asked, "What thinkest thou is the punishment due to persons guilty of such crimes?" And the knight, after consultation with others, replied that "the criminals deserved nothing less than *death*; and that they ought, from the diversity of their treason, to suffer in **THREE** different ways: first, to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution; then to be beheaded, and afterward to be hung on a gibbet."

Accordingly, they were executed just in front of Bristol Castle, where the king and the younger Spencer, and all within its walls, could plainly behold the terrible sight.

And this took place on St. Denis's day, in the month of October, 1326.

VIII.

THE KING AND SIR HUGH SPENCER, THE YOUNGER, CAPTURED, WHILE THEY ATTEMPT TO ES-

CAPE BY SEA. — A CRUEL EXECUTION. — THE CORONATION OF EDWARD III.

SHUT up in the castle, the king and his party were now well-nigh desperate. It was certain they had no mercy to expect if taken prisoners. Therefore, a boat was procured, and one misty morning Edward, Sir Hugh, and a few followers set sail with the hope of reaching the principality of Wales. But the winds being stormy, they were after a while driven back, — so close to the shore that Sir Henry Beaumont, spying the vessel, embarked with some companions in a barge, and overtook the king, who, with Sir Hugh Spencer, was delivered to Isabella.

Thus, owing in a great measure to the bravery of Sir John de Hainault, — whose little force when they left Dordrecht numbered hardly more than three hundred men, — the queen recovered her kingdom, and destroyed her enemies, at which the whole nation were sincerely joyful, if we except the followers of the discomfited Spencers.

King Edward, directly after his capture, was sent

under a large guard to Berkeley Castle, where subsequently he was murdered in the most shocking and barbarous manner. Weakened by imprisonment and famine, the person of the unfortunate monarch was secured, and his *bowels were burnt* out with a red-hot iron!

As for Sir Hugh Spencer, fastened by orders of the marshal upon the meanest horse that could be found, and clothed upon mockingly with a *tabard*, he was led in the rear of the queen's army toward London. When they drew near the town of Hereford the inhabitants crowded out to



welcome them. As the Feast of All Saints was at hand, Isabella listened to the prayers of her Hereford subjects, and celebrated the day among them with immense pomp and magnificence.

So soon as the feast and the attendant rejoicings were over, Sir Hugh, who was specially hated in those parts, was brought before the queen and her assembled knights.

The trial was very brief. On the charges being read, he refused to make the slightest defence. No doubt he felt that all words would be useless. Directly sentence was announced, a sentence compared with which that passed upon his father was mercy itself. Dragged on a hurdle through all the main streets, with taunting sounds of trumpet and clarion, he was forced to mount upon a scaffold so high that the whole vast throng could clearly see him. First he was tortured and mutilated in a way too revolting and horrible to be described, and then his *heart*, torn out from the still quivering body, was hurled into the flames, because he had been false and a traitor. Lastly, the poor wretch's head was cut off, and sent to London.

When this awful scene was over, the queen and lords proceeded to the capital. The Londoners bestowed upon them many costly and handsome gifts. They were particularly liberal to Sir John de Hainault and his escort, who, after fifteen days spent in festivity, declared that they must return home, their duty having been faithfully performed. Taking leave of the queen and her courtiers, they persisted in departing, though Sir John himself altered his mind on this point, at Isabella's personal request, and consented to remain until after Christmas.

He tried, too, to detain his followers, — whose advice the queen wanted concerning the fate of her husband, — but all efforts were vain. Only a score or two would agree to stay behind with him.

These worthy foreigners were loaded with favor and riches by the English court. And the court itself was a very brilliant one, since at this time a number of countesses, noble ladies, and damsels were attendant on the queen, whose presence and beauty, perhaps, served to console the Hainaulters for their exile.

BETSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A TALE OF THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

BY MATILDA EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS staying with a friend near the little town of Staunton, Va.; and as we sat together one evening in the long, low cottage porch, listening to the sweet south wind, as it swept through the fading leaves, and watched the red, round sun as it sank lower and lower in the western sky, I felt that earth contained few lovelier pictures than the one before us.

"Do you see those two tall mountains standing close together, side by side?" said my white-haired host, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking far off in the dim distance, where two slender mountains rose in majestic beauty against the clear gray of the sky above them. "Well," he continued, "it has been forty years, yes, forty years and more, since two little girls were lost in those very mountains, and the people around named the mountains after them, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray."

"Did the little girls die there? were they ever found?" I asked, almost impatiently.

"Wait, and I'll tell you all about it," said my host, with the authority of old age.

And I did wait.

"Well," he commenced, after a while; "there used to be an old field school kept not far from those mountains, and a great many little boys and girls went there to school. I was a little fellow myself then, and many a happy day I've spent in the old school-house.

"One day (it was in the month of June) we had a great picnic there, just at the foot of the mountains; and such a glad, merry time we did have in the cool shade of the green trees; we danced and capered about like little wild kittens, and nobody thought about care or sorrow.

"Among the gayest of the gay were my two little friends, — Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, — and it was pleasant to see how they loved each

other; they were always together, and nobody ever thought of calling their names separately, — they were inseparable; and that day (the day of the picnic) they both looked so pretty, I could hardly keep my eyes away from them. They both had on hats alike, and when they ran hither and thither among the green branches, they looked, for all the world, like beautiful angels. As the sun went down we were scattered far apart over the mountains, among the rocks and ivy cliffs, and the dews of evening were falling fast when we turned our steps homeward. Supper was ready at my father's when I got home; I remember it now just as distinctly as if it had happened yesterday. We were all sitting at the table, eating and chatting away merrily, when we were startled by a knock at the front-door.

"I wonder who that can be!" said my mother, setting down her cup of coffee hastily, and looking up anxiously at my father, as he got up and walked leisurely to the door and opened it to admit the callers.

"It was Mr. Bell and Mr. Gray, who had walked over to know if I had seen their girls, Betsy and Mary; they had not reached home, late as it was, and the fathers had grown very uneasy about them.

"Where did you leave the girls, my son?" asked my father, "and when did you see them last?"

"I thought a moment. I had not seen them since early in the day; they were together, and I heard them talking about going up the mountain to look for birds' nests and wild pinks. I was sure I had not seen them since.

"What can keep them so late? where can they be?" said Mr. Bell, anxiously looking up at the clock ticking on the mantel-piece.

"O, don't be uneasy," my father answered, as he took his hat down from the peg on the wall, "they have only lost the right path, and we can soon bring them back." And then I heard him calling cheerfully to Jim and Joe, the colored boys, to come and join in the search for the little girls, who, he said, must have somebody to meet them as they came down the dark mountain path. His cheerful manner seemed to dispel the fears of the fathers of the girls, and I thought, surely they can be in no danger, or my father, who is so wise and so good, and knows so much about the mountains, would not talk so gayly, or look so happy as he does.

"We were climbing up the side of the mountain, — my father was far ahead of all the rest, and I tried to keep as close to him as possible; I was

very near him, when I heard him say to himself, almost in a whisper, 'God grant it may not be too late, but I fear the Block Rock. O, what a fate, poor things!'

"What are you talking about, father?" I said, catching him by his arm; "what did you say about the Block Rock?"

"Hush, child!" he answered, hurriedly; "don't ask me anything now." And he hastened up the narrow path, holding his lantern carefully in one hand, and drawing himself up by swinging with the other to the trees that grew on either side of us.

"It was as dark as pitch when we got to the top of the mountain. In vain we called the names of the lost ones: our voices were borne back to us in wailing echoes from the surrounding rocks; they could not be found, and we began our descent on the other side of the mountain. Slowly and carefully we went down, for underneath the green ivy leaves and thick moss beds were hidden awful precipices, and one false step might have hurled us into eternity.

"Why, surely the children would not have ventured here!" said Mr. Bell, with a groan of anguish; "they must be on the other side of the mountain, going home."

"My father did not answer, but I knew by the troubled look of his face, as the lantern light fell on it, that he feared the worst.

CHAPTER II.

"Here is de Block Rock," said Jim, the colored boy, taking a large coiled rope from a basket he held on his arm. "Now, massa, you tie dis rope tight round my waist, and I'll slide down dis ugly hole, and see if I can see anything of dem poor young critters. You know how dey might have fallen down dis crack, and not known it was here at all."

"That's so," said my father, as he proceeded to fasten the rope firmly around Jim's waist.

"I looked down, with a shudder, at the rock on which we were standing; the top was almost flat, and so overgrown with moss and ivy leaves, that it was almost impossible to discover the crack of which Jim spoke, without stooping down and putting the branches aside. O, what a dreadful opening it was! down, down, down, almost a hundred feet, the lost girls must have fallen, if they had fallen there at all. The suspense was awful beyond expression, and every heart beat fast, and every eye turned anxiously to the brave

boy Jim, as he began slowly to descend into the horrible pit.

"Looking back at my father, he said, 'Marster, you see how I may never come back again; and if I don't, please jest tell 'em all at home how Jim died doin' his duty; and tell 'em all good-by,' and in a moment he was out of sight. Coil after coil of the strong rope was undone, and still Jim was not at the bottom; at last the rope was motionless. My father fastened the end of it to a great tree, and then we stooped down to listen for Jim's voice. Presently we heard him saying faintly, 'Here's both of 'em: draw up de rope.' And with strong hands and aching hearts we began to pull the rope with all our might. It came up slowly; it was bearing a precious burden, and we longed, yet feared, to bring it up to view. At last it came, — a mangled, bleeding body, motionless and stiff in death. We could not tell if it was Betsy Bell or Mary Gray; and my father took off his coat and covered the bloody corpse, to hide it from the agonized fathers, who sat a little way off, with their faces buried in their hands, shedding no tears, — their grief and horror were too great for weeping.

"Then we let the rope down again, and in a little while we drew up the other girl, crushed, and mangled, and dead, like her companion; and then the two childless fathers threw themselves into each other's arms, and such cries and groans as they uttered were enough to make the very ground shed tears. We all wept together over the poor children, and then we let down the rope once more for our good, brave boy Jim. We had to pull very hard this time, and we thought we

could never bring Jim up out of the Block Rock again; the weight was so great, that we were afraid the rope would break. But we pulled hard, and up, up, slowly and steadily it came, till at last Jim stood on the top of the rock, safe, yet almost out of breath, and faint from the great exertions he had made in the descent and return.

"The sun was far up in the heavens when we took up our dead burdens, and turned our steps toward home. It was a sad procession, — the very flowers seemed to hang their heads in grief, and the sunshine was dim with sorrow. There was mourning all around that day; and O, it was pitiful to see the poor mothers of the little dead girls. Nothing seemed to give them one drop of comfort, until they heard the voice of the old gray-headed preacher saying, as he stood over the open grave, "I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord; "he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth on me, shall never die."

"And then a great calm seemed to fall upon the hearts of the mourning mothers, and they bowed their heads, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

"As for me," continued the old man, wiping his eyes, "I have felt many a sorrow, and many a sad sight these dim eyes have seen, but I never felt a keener sorrow than I felt on that day, when they buried together, in the same cold grave, my precious little friends, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray."

ALONZO BRADLEY'S BEES.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

"Go, and with speed unlock thy little cell,
And wind thy welcome horn, that friends may hear."

It was about twenty-five years ago that Alonzo Bradley and his father stood before one of those generous-looking double farm-houses, which are found in many a pleasant valley among the Berkshire mountains. The boy was evidently bent upon some purpose, and, in spite of his father's discouraging hint that the project would keep him from the hay-field, he persisted, and paid four dollars and a half for a little second swarm of black bees.

So begins the story of his bees. It was a great sum to pay, but from that summer talk, and from that little swarm, have arisen all the myriads of buzzers which have gathered honey so many days since, from the opening buckwheat flowers on the Bradley farm. From it has come all that this paper shall develop, for it is based on the quarter-century of experience gained by Alonzo Bradley, of Lee, Massachusetts, in his loving study of the habits of his honeyed colony. Just over the hill from me, as I write, he lives among his hundred hives of

pure Italian bees, and there he will amaze and interest any one with his tales of their desperate battles, earnest labors, and mathematical accuracy.

It is now about ten years that the Italian honey-bee has been bred in America, and by its introduction curious facts have been established, which could only be surmised before. It is to this class of the insects that we shall direct our attention a little while. There need be no dread of the sting, for we have our specimens harmless on paper.

Our first glance at the Italian bee, shows that, like many other insects, each one has four membranous wings. The mouth, as we magnify it, shows two powerful jaws armed with sharp teeth. There is a very curious proboscis or trunk, too. It is solid looking, somewhat like a tongue, but, unlike that organ, it is protected by a sheath and is delicately fringed. It ends in a sort of button, and is an admirable instrument for licking up sweets.

Look at his eye. Did you ever examine an insect's eye? Many of them are many-sided, and so it is with these of our little friend, and they enable him to see objects at a very great distance. Take him three miles from his sweet home and watch him. He flies round and round in spiral and increasing scope of flight, upward, upward, as if "Excelsior" were his motto. But see, his movements change. He has reached a sufficient height, and now with a bee-line, he strikes directly for the hive. I think he must have seen it.

What is the matter now? He has arrived at home, but he appears not to see the door. It is small, to be sure, but he has been there often before, and ought not to go bobbing and buzzing about the side of the hive, like a man who has been too long at the club, and who can't make the latch-key fit.

Look again. Notice those long feelers before his nose. There are twelve joints in them if he is a worker, or thirteen if he is a drone. By these he gains his knowledge of objects near at hand. See, he is now feeling all along the face of the hive, and now he is out of sight to us in the darkness within, for he has stumbled upon the door. Once inside, he uses his wonderfully jointed feelers to great advantage, for, working in the dark, he has to feel things all over to know what they are. He has to feel his neighbors, too, to know who they are, and to tell them the news, he uses a sort of mute alphabet. This leads to the question, Can bees hear? In the "Riverside," for May, 1868, there was an ac-

count of one who had learned much of bees. It is my opinion that Huber did not answer this question, however, and I hope some of the readers of this article will investigate the subject, and write to the editor the result of their inquiries on the hearing of honey-bees.

But we ought to have examined our wandering friend a little more closely before he went into darkness. Ah! here he comes again! Quick! let us look at his feet. There are six of them, and they each end in a curious hook. Mr. Bradley says they use these to hold on to the hive and to each other with. You have seen a bunch of bees hanging on a branch, and though but a few were able to cling to it, all the thousands below appeared to be easily sustained. One would think their tiny legs would be pulled out of joint. Do you remember the "Tale of the Three-tailed Monkey," in the "Riverside" of last August? Turn to the pictures and see what a sad accident happened, and then remember that no such trouble was ever known among bees. I am sure they must be a vast deal stronger than monkeys, in proportion to their weight.

The two hind legs of our little worker-bee differ from the others. There are very curious cavities hollowed in them which are guarded by thickly set hairs. In these the pollen is carried, and the red *bee-glu*e, or propolis, with which the bottom of the hive is covered, and the crevices that would admit the air stopped. The other legs are furnished with hairs by means of which the pollen is brushed off from the bee's body. Sometimes, in the spring, the little fellows must have more food than the hive affords, and then, if they are given rye flour, they will roll themselves in it, and when well covered, fly away. Then, poising in the air, or carefully alighting in a convenient place, they will dust all the flour into the cavities of their hind legs, with the brushes on their other four legs.

Now let us look down this fellow's throat. Bees do not *make* honey, they only gather it. They suck it up with their proboscis and then deposit it in their stomach.

There are two of these, of which the first is only a big bag, — big for a bee, I mean, — and just holds a large drop of honey. The second stomach is used for digestion, and is connected with the first by an intestine so guarded by a valve, that food, though it can go readily from the first into the second, cannot by any means get back again. Thus the honey cannot be mixed with the food. When the first stomach is filled with

honey, the bee hurries home and deposits it in the cells prepared for it.

It is time for us to look into the hive now. It is as dark as a pocket, and as tight as a drum. Why, do you ask? It was a long time before any one could guess, but if you expose a little honey to the sun's rays, you will see for yourself. A change comes over it which makes it unfit for use by the bees. The bees make the hive tight to keep out dampness, but they take special pains to have it well ventilated in all its parts. They need pure air, and a number of workers are delegated to furnish it. Some are stationed at the entrance who make currents with their wings, and others continue the draughts in different parts of the hive until a complete circuit has been effected. This causes the humming noise heard in the hive.

The colony in a hive consists of a queen, who is the mother of all; of drones or males; and of workers. Here are pictures showing one of each class, of the exact size of life.



Italian Queen.



Italian Drone.



Italian Worker.

The queen is larger than the others. Her size varies, but in the laying season, at the time of her greatest development, she is about an inch in length. The drone, who is the father of the brood, is a trifle smaller, and the worker is still less in size. If we had a natural hive of 20,000 bees all told, we should expect to find in it one queen, 500 drones, and 19,499 workers. Now 500 is too large a number of lazy drones to support, as they are good for nothing after the eggs are laid by the queen. Therefore careful bee-keepers have discovered an ingenious method of decreasing the population by several hundred of them, and they are able to avoid raising a single drone if they choose to do so. We cannot now explain the process, for we must examine our queen more closely.

She has a larger body than her subjects, her colors are brighter and purer, her abdomen is long, conical, and tapering, and is crossed with bright yellow bands. Her head is smaller, her tongue shorter and more slender, and her jaws are notched.

The drone is a lazy fellow, a great eater, with a short thick body, blunt at each end, and no sting. He is only tolerated because the queen must be married, and there must be a father as well as a mother for the brood.

The workers are essentially female in their organization, but their growth is arrested before they are developed. For this reason they are smaller than the queen or drones, and their colors are not so bright. Any of the larvæ of the working bees may be developed into a queen, by being fed with a stimulating food, and thus the loss of a queen may be repaired.

We have now reached a very interesting point in studying the body of our little socialist. It is no less than his sting. This is composed of two needle-shaped darts in a sheath. Near their extremities these are armed with saw-like teeth which make it impossible for the bee to withdraw it from an object which it has pierced, in which case the bee dies. There is a bag of transparent acrid poison near the base of the sting, which is squeezed into the wound by a violent contraction of the surrounding muscles. When one is stung by a bee, it is very natural to attempt to withdraw the sting with the fingers. This forces the poison, into the flesh, whereas, if the spot were gently scraped with a knife-blade, the sting and poison would be taken out together.

It is curious that while the queens and workers have stings, the drones have none. The queen's sting is only used to defend herself from another queen, and is turned inward at its end. There is only one queen in a hive, but two hives may get united, and sometimes, on the loss or death of a queen, more than one larva is highly fed, and by these means two queens may be in the hive together. If such a thing should occur, there would be an irrepressible conflict. The two queens would prepare for battle. The other bees would form a ring around them, and a true prize fight would begin. When bees fight they rear up on their hind legs like dogs, and exert every nerve, and in such a position the curved stings of the queens are, of course, just the thing for effective use. The combat is not given over until one is dead, and then the survivor ascends the regal wax-work throne in triumph.

The sting of the worker bees is curved outward, for in their case it is a weapon of defense against outsiders, and they have no business to quarrel with one another. But they do fight, nevertheless, for there is a good deal of human

nature in a bee. The brilliant, thoroughbred Italians have much of the old Roman spirit, and a great amount of pluck and muscle. In these respects they excel the humbler black bees, with which our hives were formerly stocked.

One day Mr. Bradley determined to put this matter to a practical test. He had a hive of black bees not far from one of the Italian blood, and between them he laid a cloth saturated with honey. It was another Field of the Cloth of Gold. Each tribe scented the rich odor at once, and advanced to the feast. Slowly and in good order the Italians marched up on one side, while the black fellows came forward with equal regularity from the other direction. Having reached the border of the cloth, the blacks fell to filling their paunches with the honey. Not so with the nobility opposite. It is a point of honor with them never to eat at the same table with their black brethren. Instead of feasting, therefore, they marched in steady rank directly over to the foe, and a desperate encounter took place. It was muscle against muscle, for the stings were turned the wrong way, you remember. The Italians attacked their men with vigor, and one by one the blacks gave way. One little

thoroughbred striped-belly grappled eleven blacks in succession, and overcame them every one!

When the field was cleared, the victors, having gathered up the honey, determined to carry the war into Africa, and took a bee-line for the enemy's hive. Had Mr. Bradley not interfered in their behalf, the blacks would have been exterminated.

Now it is a little extraordinary that these spirited Italians are fed and managed as easily as kittens or chickens. Mr. Bradley assures us they know the call to dinner, and obey it as quickly as chickens do. And as for stinging, he says they are a great deal less dangerous than cattle. "Put twenty thousand oxen and bulls and cows together," he says, "and see if they are as quiet as bees!"

One word about the length of a bee's life. Mr. Bradley says the queens live about four years, the drones three or four months, and that during the winter the workers live five or six months. During the summer, however, the little busy workers labor so hard to heap up something for posterity that they use themselves up in six or seven weeks! He can prove this, too. What a sad warning to those who labor too hard!

THE MAY STAR.

[*Trionglis Americana.*]

"Now whisper to me, little flower,
The secret that thou hast."

Thou little, airy, fairy thing,
Thou snow-flake in the heart of Spring, —

Thou little star of May!

What doth my loving Father mean,
By scattering thus thy little gleam
Of light here in my way?

What doth thy little heart reveal?
What saith this little glistening wheel
Of points, here on the ground?
This shining starlet, seven times cleft,
So deeply, scarce a ring is left,
To string it close around?

Seven little fairy stamens white,
Each dotted with a point of light,
A grain of dust of gold!
And now thy plant, — my little gem, —
For, till I join thee to thy stem,
Thy secret is not told.

A little calyx, seven times cleft,
I find, of its white star bereft, —

And surely 'tis thine own;
A little whorl of seven green leaves,
Of tenderest green, its stem receives,
And stems of stars not flown.

What mean thy seven, and seven, and seven,
And seven? — I've scarce a word but heaven,
To rhyme my little line.
But no: I must not pry too far
To seek thy secret, little star, —
Thy secret, — it is thine!

I know no other flower like thee;
And wiser friends, they come to me
And tell me there is none;
I hunt the Bigelows and Grays,
Who hunt through all the hidden ways;
Thou art their only one.

I know no other flower like this: —
There, take my little loving kiss,
Thou little, lonely thing!
Thou little waif of winter's night,
Thou little beam of summer's light,
Shut in the heart of Spring!

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

EFFIE sat on a high rock, thinking, thinking. It was just before sunset, and she sat there waiting till Egbert should come along in the road below, on his way up to the pastures, to bring the cows home. Then she meant to shout to him; and how she would laugh to see him look all round for her, — up the road, and down the road, and in among the branches of the great heallock, where she had often hidden before.

This was why she had started from home long before he had left the house, that she might have time to clamber up this high rock that she had often seen.

But Effie was not thinking of Egbert now, or the cows. Nor was she looking at the gay, bright-red clouds floating in the sunset sky. Nor did she see a great purple thistle close by her side, nor a large brown and red butterfly swinging upon it. And Effie was very fond of thistles. She knew how to pick them, grasping them bravely with her little tough, brown hand, so that they never stung her.

One day this very summer she had laughed at pale Grace Lane, from New York, who had been staying with her, and never had lived in the country, and who was afraid of the cows, and cried if a dog touched her with his cold nose, and who actually ran away from a hen! Effie had dared her to pick one of the great purple thistles on the road to the pond, and Grace put out her delicate white hand to gather it daintily, because she saw its sharp prickles, and then had screamed like a baby when they stung her. And Effie had rolled on the ground with laughter at the little cry-baby, as she called her, while her sister Annie had scolded Effie for being so unkind and thoughtless to Grace. And Effie had only stopped laughing long enough to give her usual answer, "Well, I don't care!"

This very brown butterfly on the thistle looked as though he were waiting for Effie to notice him, for it seemed as if the butterflies were fond of her. They danced before her path, and lingered for her on the buttercups, and she chased them up and down the meadow.

One day she had caught a perfect beauty, and had shown it to her Uncle George, and he had taken his wonderful glass out of its box, and had made her look through it at the yellow dust she

had brushed off from the butterfly's wing upon her finger. She had peered through the glass, and there she saw the dearest little yellow feathers, all beautifully shaped, just like a canary-bird's feathers, — like a fairy's canary-bird's feathers.

Ever since then, Effie had said she never would catch another butterfly. She would not rob him of his feathers, or rub them off with her brown hands. So there were some things Effie did care about, though she did not care if she made Grace cry; and she did not care if she tumbled the chairs over, and made a noise when her mother's head ached, — at least, she often told Annie so.

It was those very three words, "I don't care," that Effie was thinking of now. She had clambered up the high rock, and had flung herself upon a mossy seat there. She was all out of breath, hot and panting; and, looking down, she saw that she had torn a long, long rent in her dress, — a great stout plaid dress. And what a "tear" it was! Not merely a rip along a seam, but a long, ugly, jagged hole, with threads hanging down across the very front of her dress! Annie had said, when she put it on that morning, — Friday, — "Now do, Effie, try to keep from tearing this, because I want to save your clean calico for Monday morning."

"Well," thought Effie to herself, after the first minute, "I don't care! I didn't put the black-berry vines up the side of the rock, nor the birch boughs, that are always pulling me about. There was not a bit of a path there, and I don't like paths, and shouldn't have come on it if there had been one; and — I don't care. What a pity I am not a cow, or a chicken, or a something that does not have to think about tearing and tumbling its clothes. Butterflies have very pretty feathers, but then they have to be caterpillars first, and must be shut up in a cocoon, O, ever so long, and go crawling round; though some of them are very pretty, and I never would make up such a face at them as Grace does; and Annie says — O, Annie says" — and Effie was recalled to her dress again, and the wide, gaping hole, and back came the memory of all that Annie had said to her. The words, "I don't care," rose again to her lips, but this time they made her think that this same Uncle George would be coming

soon again to see them all. Now, when he bade her good-by the last year, he said he hoped he should find everything all the same the next year, except the little "don't care" girl, for he hoped Effie would be old enough to *care* a little bit. Her Uncle George had said this, who loved to romp and play with her, who had climbed apple-trees and hen-roosts with her, and had taken her away up the mountain with him, and had never said a scolding word to her.

But she had seen him look out from under his eyebrows when she had jumped off the table, and had upset the inkstand, and broken mamma's porcelain vase she loved so much. Annie had looked so cross and displeased, — that was what made her say she didn't care, though she went off to the barn and cried. "Uncle George" had heard her say so more than once, of course, because the words tumbled out of her mouth so often, before she could stop them. But Annie would look so!

And who was Annie? Her own elder sister. She was only fifteen years old, but she took all the care of her poor, sick mamma; and when mamma's pale fingers were too tired to sew, she mended Effie's torn dresses, put in the patches, and darned them so neatly, you would never know there had been a hole. She took care of Effie's room, and stayed at home all day while Effie went to school, or to play, or went after the cows, or did what pleased her.

It was not many years since Effie's father's death. He had been among the first to join the New England soldiers in the army, but, alas! never to return. And, ever since then, her mother had been ill; and, not long after, she had given up their pretty house in the town, and come to live at the farm, with Mrs. Snow. Annie no longer went to school, for she must stay with mamma; and she had so much work to do, she had no time to play. Effie thought, sometimes, she had no time to laugh.

That very week Effie had torn more than one dress, with scarcely a sigh or a thought; but in this silent, waiting moment, far off on the high rock, the little "I don't care" words looked uglier than usual.

But a whistle in the road below started her from her thoughts. There was Egbert. She gave a shout in reply, — it echoed back, and Egbert stopped and looked for her, far away along the slope the other side of the road. Effie clapped her hands, danced with glee, then plunged again into the blackberry vines. But Egbert had to come up and help her down the steep hill-

side; and it was long before they reached the pastures, and found the cows all waiting at the bars, impatient to be led home.

It was late when they reached home, and Mrs. Snow met Effie at the door to say her mother and Annie had their supper long ago, and Mrs. Hapgood and Miss Maria were sitting with her mother now. But she had saved some supper for her.

So Effie went into Mrs. Snow's kitchen, and eat such a nice supper of bread, and milk, and honey, that she was a long time about it, and it was later still when she went into her mother's room. The Hapgoods were still there, and they were all sitting talking in the late twilight, and there was no chance for her to speak of her torn dress, though she had determined, when she was on the rock, to say she was sorry for it, and to say it to Annie too.

But after she had spoken a few words, Annie took Effie into her little room that opened out of her mother's, and promised to come in and see her when she was undressed, — but she must go back then.

Tired Effie laid her head on the pillow, and began to think over again the thoughts she had upon the rock; and in the midst of them all, before Annie came in to say good-night, she fell fast asleep, — fast asleep, so that she could not say to her all that she meant to, and never knew how Sister Annie kissed her brown curls that lay on the pillow.

It was early when the first birds were singing, that Effie awoke the next morning, and started up in the bed all of a sudden, rubbing her eyes, and trying to think what she had planned last night to do the very first thing in the morning.

It did not take her long to remember: for there, opposite the foot of the bed, hung the little dress, the long hole gaping at her and staring at her.

"I see you, ugly hole," Effie murmured to herself; "you need not look at me so; there is no hope of my forgetting you. If you could tell me what I am to do, there would be more use in it. O, how I wish I had a fairy god-mother! If there were only a chimney in the room, and she would come down on a broomstick! then she need only touch my plaid gown with the handle of her broomstick, and there it would hang, all whole again, with silver and gold threads, perhaps, running across the dress!"

"Or if I were only a spider! — I might ask the fairy godmother to turn me into a spider, — I would run back and forward across the ugly

hole, and leave such a delicate web behind, that it would be more beautiful than any dress I ever had before. And how Miss Hapgood would exclaim, and how Annie would wonder!

"But, O dear! there is the gaping hole, and I have not any fairy wand; and as for the fairy Order, she would be sure to refuse to come and visit me! There is one thing to be done, — I will try and mend it myself."

Effie then began to look about the room, to see how she could best do this. But she had neither needle, nor thread, nor thimble. She remembered her thimble was down in the bottom of the well. She had used it one day for her doll's bucket, and had tied a string to it "very tight," as she thought, and put it into her doll Rose's hands. But first the thimble had tumbled into the well, and then Rose had gone after it, as Effie had leaned over to see what had become of the thimble. Rose's dress had caught on a nail in the side of the well, and Egbert had fished her up with his fishing-rod. But the thimble had never been recovered.

"I mean to dress myself as fast as I can," thought Effie, "and go out and fish up my thimble, — that will be fun! But, O dear!" she remembered, "it will be a very slow way of mending my dress; and if I had six thimbles, and fourteen needle-books, I could never mend it nice enough. And, O dear! they will all scold me, and I wish I never had to wear any dress, and that blackberries did not have brambles, and grow on rocks; and, O dear!" — and here Effie flung herself back on her pillow, and went into a fit of crying.

In the midst of this, Annie came in, shutting the door quietly behind her, for her mother was still asleep.

"Why, Effie! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, for it grieved Annie to find the gay Effie crying, though, I must say, Effie's tears came easily.

"O dear!" said Effie, as soon as she could bring out any words through all her tears, — "O Annie! I have torn my dress again, and I am ever so sorry; I am sorer than ever you could be, — indeed I am! And I wish I was a seamstress, sewing all day, like Miss Grimm, and then I could do nothing but mend it, and you and mamma could sit with your hands folded; only I should not want to pucker my lips, and make

up such a face as Miss Grimm does; but maybe I needn't, — if only I could sew," —

By this time Annie, who was at first really anxious when she saw Effie was crying, began to laugh merrily.

"Is that all?" she said. "O, I thought something terrible must have happened. A hole in your dress is a common affair, though I do think that terrible barn-door of a hole is as bad as even I am accustomed to see; but never mind. I came in on purpose to say it is such a bright, fine



day, you may as well put on your clean calico. It is Saturday, and school will be out at noon, you know; and if you will come straight home, I will put on one of your little old dresses to play in, and climb the trees in, and that will keep your other dress for next week."

"O, what a good Annie!" exclaimed Effie, "for I truly don't see how that hole can ever grow together before school. But I am serious, Annie, about Miss Grimm. If I could only sew steady, like her, what a help I should be to you and mamma!"

"O, bah!" laughed Annie; "do you think mamma would like it any better to see Miss Grimm walking into the room primly, than to see her own little grasshopper of an Effie dancing about! The only trouble is, the brown grasshopper does not stay long enough,—she hops away into the fields and the hills, and leaves mamma and Annie to their sewing, and to talks with Miss Hapgood and Miss Grimm. If we could only have her chirping and hopping about us a little more!"

Effie looked up in her sister's face. It was not often she heard Annie talk in this way. All this time Annie was washing and dressing her, but presently left her, because she heard their mamma stirring.

"It is very true," she said to herself; "they don't see much of me!"

It was indeed very true: Mrs. Ashley and Annie saw less and less of Effie. When they first moved to the farm, it had been arranged that Effie should always come home from school with Mary Connor, one of the most steady of her school companions, who lived directly the other side of the road, for there was quite a long walk from school. But, after awhile, Effie would send a message home by Mary Connor to say that "the girls" wanted her to stay to dinner, or that she had gone home with the Leonards, or Martha Sykes.

Of late, even these messages had failed, and Effie would turn up when she pleased. Often she would come hurrying into her mother's room at sunset, to say she was going with Egbert after the cows, and would be back for supper, and she would be off again before any one had time to stop her. Or sometimes she would not appear till she came late with Egbert and the cows. "I thought I'd come home from school that way," she would say.

One night she came in with stockings and shoes wet through, and her clothes all dripping and muddy. "Well, you see, I promised myself I would follow one cow—that was 'White-spot'—all the way home, wherever she led me; and she would go into such places! She walked into the pool by the side of the road. So I had to go after her, and the water came up to my knees; and the mud! why, it was really over my boots! And she saw fit to stop and drink too. But the rest of the way she went on beautifully, and took me through the grass by the side of the road, among the asters, like folks."

Effie had always some excuse for her delays. Mary Connor was out of the way, or Mary Con-

nor would hurry home from school the minute it was over; or she had such a time finding her hat, and Mary would not wait.

All this disturbed Mrs. Ashley, and troubled her more than Effie knew, or than Annie suspected. But their mother was growing more and more ill; Annie had to give her much care and time, and Mrs. Ashley did not like to lay upon her any other burden of anxiety.

Effie had no idea of it. She did not disturb herself about other people's worries; she never thought long about her own. If one thing troubled her, she ran to another. If she was provoked with one friend at school, she tried somebody else.

This morning she kept on with some of yesterday's thoughts, and ended with running in to her mother and Annie, to ask what she should do for them. She fetched some water, brought in a couple of fresh eggs without breaking them, and shook some crumbs from a napkin, out of the window, for the birds. She thought it very good fun to be waiting-maid for mamma, and liked the idea of being useful, and ran off for school, promising to be back early.

Mary Connor overtook her on her way to school. "What are you doing, Effie?" she exclaimed.

"O, I am trying to walk to school on wood," Effie answered. "I began very well on the picket fence, just beyond our house; but Mr. Moore must needs put up a stone wall, and there I had quite a time, because I actually had to come along through the birch-trees, and it was very hard, for I have on a clean dress, which I am to be very careful of. Perhaps you would push that log along this way, it will help me over the puddle to that pile of chips."

"I can't say there is much time to spare for me to bridge you along to school," said Mary Connor, stopping, however, to give Effie the desired help. "I should think, for a variety, you would like to try how it would seem to walk straight to school, in the middle of the road, in a regular way."

"I have a great mind to try," said Effie, leaving her log, and joining Mary Connor, "and we might walk in the very middle of the road, without turning to the right or left. Yet I should have been glad to say I had walked to school, all the way on wood. And there's a pretty hard place at the foot of the hill, where the road is wide, but I had prepared myself for that by putting a few large chips in my pocket. See;" and she drew them out.

"It would be more of a wonder if you walked to school with me," said Mary Connor.

"I know it," answered Effie; "I have been thinking this morning, — that is, I thought yesterday (I haven't had much time for thinking this morning), — I thought I would begin to be more like Annie."

"There's different ways of beginning," laughed Mary Connor. "I don't think you would catch Annie going to school through the birch-trees."

"O, that wasn't it," said Effie; "that I planned before, coming home from school yesterday, and promised myself I would try to-day. But this is another promise about being like Annie, and I have a great mind now to put it off till Monday, — that's a good day for beginning on good resolutions."

"O no!" said Mary Connor; "suppose you begin now. Here we are in the middle of the road, and no carts in the way, and nothing to prevent your walking straight to school. Now I should like to know how many times you will be out of the path, or stopping to pick up your school-books, or running after a hen."

Effie the next day told her mother the number of times she had to leave the straight way to school, and all for very good reasons. It was Sunday, and Mrs. Ashley had sent Annie to church, keeping Effie with her. Effie was well pleased with the occupations her mother gave her. She set the table back in its place, opened the blinds to let in the cheery autumn sun, and brought the pillows for her head.

Effie had her own way of doing these things. She sat on the sill of the window, with her feet hanging outside, as she fastened back the blinds, and stopped to count how many of the yellow chickens had strayed round that side of the house, and she came in with a jump that gave a start to all the china in the room.

When she went for the pillows, she climbed along on the chairs, because she had just planned that the carpet should be the sea, and she would certainly be drowned if she stepped upon it. Mrs. Ashley was amused by Effie's fancies, and let them pass, even if her head was aching for the pillows.

At last Effie seated herself by her mother's side. "Now, mamma," she said, "we can imagine we are on a desert island, and the carpet is the sea all around us; but we are safe on this comfortable rock, you with a pillow of sea-weed, and not a boat in sight, to take us away."

"I almost wish it were so," sighed Mrs. Ash-

ley, "and Annie with us; then I should be sure to keep you by me!"

"Ah, mamma, that is what you wanted to talk to me about," interrupted Effie. "I knew that you looked like a talk. But, mamma, how can I be always by you, when I must go to school? that, you see, is the trouble. On a desert island there would be no school to keep me away from you. You see the school is the reason."

"I like to have you go to school," said Mrs. Ashley, "and I like to have you playing with your friends, and I like to have you gay and merry. But look round at the girls of your age: they all think themselves old enough to be of use at home. They think a little, and ask themselves what they can do to help others. Is it not so, Effie?"

Mrs. Ashley stopped to ask this question, because Effie had a habit of looking away and thinking of something else, if anybody began to "lecture" her, as she called it. She never gave her attention long at a time, and she did not like to listen to long sentences, and she did not like to read them in books.

At this moment she was watching the corner of the room, where she had discovered a little hole in a crack in the boards. She was asking herself what if a little mouse, with eyes shining like black beads, should put his nose up through the hole, that looked very much like a mouse-hole, — ought she to interrupt her mother. Yet, when her mother began to speak, she had been touched by her words; there was something very serious about her manner, and she looked pale and sick as she leaned back among the pillows. She did not seem severe or stern, she was only sad. But Effie answered, "I don't know, mamma."

"O, think a minute, Effie," continued her mother; "there is Mary Connor, who goes to school every day, yet how much she can do at home!"

"I know that, mamma," said Effie; "she washes all the breakfast things before she goes to school. And I do believe she sometimes makes a pudding when she comes back. But then, mamma, she is really older than I am; she is eleven, and I shall not be eleven for two months yet: that makes a difference, you know."

"And do you think you shall learn to make a pudding in two months, Effie?" said Mrs. Ashley, smiling.

"In eight months!" said Effie; "Mary Connor is more than eight months older than I!"

"And there is Gertrude Lee," Mrs. Ashley went on, "she is younger than you are" —

"But, O mamma!" interrupted Effie, "they have lots of servants, and Gertrude needn't do anything at all."

"Yet her mother has told me," continued Mrs. Ashley, "that she preferred to leave the younger children with Gertrude, rather than with any of the servants. She sends the three little boys out with Gertrude alone, and she knows how to play with them and amuse them."

"Yes, I have met her with them often," said Effie, "and they are such darling poppets, dressed exactly alike, and the littlest in his wagon. I tried to help her with them once; but I lifted them up on a wall for statues, and Gertrude would not let them stay there for fear they would fall; and one of them did tumble down before we could lift him off. He did not hurt his head much, though."

"You see you were not of much help," sighed Mrs. Ashley.

"I could amuse them, mamma," said Effie, "if I only had three little brothers to play with!"

"You have Annie and me to amuse," continued Mrs. Ashley, "and it is because we need you for this, that I have been planning that you should come home at noon every day, and not stay for the afternoon schools. Annie shall go to meet you on the days that Mary Connor does not come home at noon; or instead, I think you are old enough to come home by yourself" —

"O, dear mamma," interrupted Effie, bursting into tears, "but the afternoon is the best time; and we have such fun at noon with our dinners, and the best games, just before school. O, I had rather not go to school at all, than give up the dear afternoons."

"But, Effie, it is those very dinners at the school-room that I object to. You remember the rule at first was, that you should always come home at noon. I yielded to your staying, because it is troublesome for your teacher if you constantly miss your afternoon lessons, and you are not at all sure of studying them at home. Besides, you had promised me to be very quiet and orderly, if I allowed you to stay with the other girls for the afternoon school. But I find it is not so; that not only you are not quiet yourself, but you lead the others into mischief."

"But, mamma, I can never give up afternoon school, and I will do anything, I will promise anything. I am very sure." Effie burst into fresh tears and sobs.

Mrs. Ashley leaned back exhausted. She had

been talking a long time, and Effie's distress excited and wearied her. But Effie did not notice her mother's fatigue and faintness, and went on: — "And indeed I am beginning to try to do better — I began yesterday. I agreed that I would walk straight to school with Mary, without stopping, from where the road turns into the street. And I stopped only three times."

"Three times in so short a space!" sighed Mrs. Ashley.

"I was late to school after all," Effie went on, "and Mary Connor got there before me. But I don't care: I couldn't help it. I will tell you what the difficulties were, and you shall see. In the first place, I was swinging my books round in the strap, and they must needs fly out over the fence. You know there was Annie's geography I had to bring, and her arithmetic, because mine were spoiled that time, you know" —

"Never mind that: let us go on," said Mrs. Ashley.

"Well, they landed in the Murphys' front yard. Now, you know they keep their pig there, so I had to be very careful about shutting the gate. And then I was afraid the pig would be after the books, so that altogether it took up some time. That was not my fault, you know, that the Murphys kept a pig. The next time, I suppose, I need not have stopped. It was when we had got 'way up into the street, for Mary Connor stayed with me the pig time. Well, on the other side of the street I saw some children looking in at the book-store window, — Taft and Mann's; and I could not resist crossing over to see if they were going on with the story of Cinderella in rhyme; they have it in a book with painted pictures open in the window, and they turn over a page every day, when they don't forget; and they have just got to the godmother and the pumpkin; and mamma, wouldn't you be curious to know what possibly could be the rhyme they made to pumpkin?"

"Effie, I wonder you ever get to school," groaned Mrs. Ashley.

"O, I still should have been in time," continued Effie, "but there was one more interruption. At the corner of the block where the school is, there was a crowd round a monkey and a grinding organ (a real true monkey), and so fascinating in a red flannel sack. He was very amusing, mamma" —

"Ah, yes," sighed Mrs. Ashley, "I can see how he made you forget everything but your own amusement. You could forget my urging you not to stop on your way to school. You

could forget that Miss Tilden has begged you not to come to school late. I have heard her tell you many times how much trouble it gives her to have your coming in disturb the rest of the school, after they are all seated. You forget it

all, — and you think you love her too, — just to look at a monkey!"

"But, mamma," pleaded Effie, as her mother leaned back upon her pillows, "a monkey is *such* a rarity!"

HOW RAILROADS ARE MADE.

I.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE CHARTER.

THE first thing to be done when a railroad is to be built, is to obtain the necessary permission and power from the supreme legislative authority of the State. In England, it is the Parliament which is applied to for this grant. In this country, it is the Legislature of the State in which the proposed railroad is to be made. It is true that in this country the legislative authority of Congress is supreme in some things; but in other things, that of the State legislatures is supreme, and almost everything pertaining to the construction of railroads comes within the jurisdiction of the States.

Whenever, therefore, any persons wish to build a railroad, they first apply to the Legislature of the State for the necessary permission and power. They must have the permission of the State to cross the rivers and the public roads, or to traverse any other public property which it may be necessary to pass over, and also power to take any private property that may be required for the use of the road, on paying the fair value of it to the owners. It is also necessary that they should be empowered to form a company, with authority to act as a permanent corporation, independently of the individuals composing it.

When the grant is obtained from the Legislature, it is inscribed in a very distinct and legible manner upon parchment, and authenticated by the proper signatures and seals, and is delivered to the company. Such a document as this is called a CHARTER.

THE COURSE OF THE ROAD.

The general course of the road is usually prescribed in the charter. The precise line, however, cannot be determined without much careful study and examination, and many accurate surveys. There are a great many different considerations which have to be taken into the account, in deciding the question. If the only thing to be

inquired into was the conformation of the land on the different possible routes, with a view to determining on which of them the track could be laid most easily, with the gentlest inclines, and the least expense for bridges, culverts, and the like, the question would be very simple. But there are many social and business considerations to be regarded, — such as the position of towns in the neighborhood of the line, — not only of those already existing, but of those which may be brought into existence in consequence of the construction of the road, — the points where freight of different kinds, and passengers from the surrounding country, may most easily be concentrated, — the facilities for the construction of stations, — and other similar points.

Sometimes, indeed, it is found, after making a careful calculation, that it is better to go through a hill by means of a tunnel, rather than to make a circuit to avoid it. The calculation in this case is very complicated, involving, as it does, a great number and variety of considerations, such as the nature of the formation, — whether consisting of solid rock, or of beds of sand or gravel, which is to be cut through, or of loose and friable strata of any kind, requiring an arch of masonry to sustain the roof, as seen in the engraving, — the saving of fuel and of time in the subsequent working of the line by going straight, and on a level, instead of pursuing a devious course up and down inclines, — and, finally, the advantage of not disturbing the public roads on the surface, or the private property, which would have to be paid for, and of avoiding the necessity of building bridges or culverts which might be required on any feasible route that would avoid the hill.

In the same manner a complicated calculation has to be made, to determine whether it is best to shorten a distance by constructing an expensive work for carrying the line across a river, a marsh, or a pond, or to avoid the obstacle by a circuit and save that money.

All these things, which have to be taken into the account in the calculations which the directors have to make, would seem to render the case complicated enough, but the difficulty and embarrassment are vastly increased by the number and variety of conflicting interests which are brought into action. These interests are of course much more important, and much more serious in the pressure which they bring upon the directors, in the old and more densely populated countries in Europe, where land is much more valuable, and

not come that way, and so deprive them of the opportunity of sending their produce conveniently to market; and different manufacturers, who cannot all be accommodated, severally urge the directors to run the line here, there, or in the other place, each wishing to secure facilities for himself in bringing materials to their establishments, and taking away the manufactured goods.

All these things the directors have to consider before they can decide upon the location of the line; and a very perplexing and embarrassing work they often find it.



Tunneling.

towns more numerous, and where rich estates, costly gardens, and elegantly ornamented pleasure-grounds are more frequent, and more highly valued, than with us. One line of towns competes with another, each wishing to have the road pass through them. One nobleman, or great landed proprietor, contends against another, each wishing to keep the road away from his parks or gardens. The baron trembles for his castle, for fear that the road will cut through the grounds of it. The farmers adjoining him tremble lest the road should

GENERAL SURVEY.

The principal towns through which it is finally decided that the line shall pass, form usually fixed points for the track, both in respect to position and level, so that the construction of the line going from one town to another, becomes, as it were, in some respects a distinct and independent work. Of course, the best determination of the track, were it practicable, would be in a *direct line* from one terminus to the other, and a *uniform incline*, in case of any difference of level. But this is seldom possible. The track must rise and fall, to follow gentle but extended undulations in the land, and deviate to the right or to the left, to avoid all high hills and deep valleys, and sometimes to avoid exceptionally valuable estates, the traversing of which would involve too great an expense for damages. To enable the directors to judge intelligently on these points, a careful survey of the country must often be made, and accurate maps and profiles constructed, — showing not only the natural scenery, such as the courses of the streams, the positions of the villages, the situations of forests, marshes, ledges of rocks, and other such characteristics, — but also the differences, and the exact gradations of level in every part.

TRIANGULATION.

All surveys of land for such purposes as this, are made by a very curious process called *triangulation*. Very few persons, except those who have had their attention particularly called to the subject, have any distinct idea of the nature of this process, and yet, after all, it is very simple in principle, though very curious, and is very easily understood.

The method consists in dividing the whole territory of the country to be surveyed, into *triangular areas*, by means of signal-posts, set up at proper intervals on the summits of hills, or on any commanding positions, and connecting these stations by imaginary lines. The lines are so

drawn, however, and so connected at the points where they meet at the stations, that each side of every triangle forms also a side of the triangle next to it. In other words, the triangles are formed by sets of lines radiating from the same points, namely, the signal-posts on the eminences above mentioned.

The reason why the triangle is employed for this purpose in preference to any other figure, is, because it is so much more easy to be measured with accuracy than any other; and the reason why it is so much more easy to be measured, is, because the work may be done chiefly by the measurement of angles; and angles may be measured much more easily and accurately, on a great scale, than lines.

DIFFERENCE OF BEARING.

The angle formed by two lines running from any station on a hill or mountain, to any two ob-

jects in the field of view, is simply the difference of bearing of those objects. Now, if an observer stands at a signal-post on a mountain, and sees the spires of two villages at a distance across the country, he can measure the exact bearing of each of the spires from the place where he stands, and can obtain thus the difference of direction of the two lines running toward them, very easily, and with great precision, by means of extremely accurate instruments constructed for the purpose; and could do it, moreover, in a moment, without leaving the spot where he stands. On the other hand, to measure the *distance* of one of the spires by means of a rod or chain applied to the ground, would require him to scramble down the side of the mountain, over rocks and precipices, and to traverse the intervening country through forests and bogs, perhaps, and over all sorts of impediments. The work would be, in all cases, one of great difficulty; in many



Properties of the Triangle.

cases it would be impossible, and without the expenditure of great labor and great expense in the mode of performing the operation, there could be no reliance whatever in the accuracy of the result.

This is the reason why it is so much easier in surveying to measure angles than lines.

Still, it is not possible wholly to dispense with the measurement of lines on the earth's surface, in surveying. There must be *one* line measured for every survey, as a means of beginning the calculation. One line being thus measured by mechanical means, and made one of the sides of the first triangle, the other sides of the first triangle, and all the sides of all the other triangles, can be obtained, by calculation, from the measurement of angles alone.

THEORY OF THE CALCULATION.

A glimpse of certain mathematical properties of the triangle, on which these calculations are based, may be obtained by means of the engraving, in which two huntsmen, standing at a certain distance from each other, are aiming at the same mark. Each one is pointing his gun in a certain direction, — that is, so that it forms a certain angle with the line we may imagine to be drawn between them. Now, it is plain that if the mark is moved from its position in any way, — whether it is carried farther off, or brought nearer, or moved to the right or to the left, — one or both of the huntsmen would have to alter his aim.

In the same manner, if the distance between the huntsmen is increased or diminished, while

the position of the mark remains unchanged, then, too, the aim must be changed.

In other words, it is plain that all the dimensions of the triangle are controlled, or, as the mathematicians express it, *determined*, by the length of one side, and the bearings from it of the other two sides; in other words, by one side, and the adjoining angles.

PRACTICAL SOLUTION.

This principle, so obviously true, may be reduced to practice by a very simple method. We have only to draw a triangle upon paper of the same proportions and form with the one on the field, and then measure the two unknown sides by the same scale that was used in laying down the known side. For instance, suppose that the distance from one huntsman to the other was found to be sixty paces. We conclude to take, for the scale, a tenth of an inch to a pace, which would give sixty tenths of an inch, or six inches for the length of the corresponding line upon the paper. Then, from the two extremities of this base line, we draw two other lines at the same angles of inclination with it as were made by the lines of aim of the two guns, and then prolong these lines until they meet.

We shall now obviously have upon the paper a triangle of the same form and proportions with the one imagined in the field, and we have only to measure the two lines converging toward the mark by the same scale to which the first line was drawn, namely, one tenth of an inch to a pace, to ascertain the distance in paces from the station of each huntsman to the mark.

INACCURACY.

It is plain that the principle of this operation is perfectly correct in theory, but the imperfections in the methods of measurement as described above, would render the result quite uncertain as to accuracy. Pacing gives only a very rough

approximation to the actual length of any distance on land. The terminations of the line, too, at the point where the huntsmen stand, are very indefinite; and then the huntsmen cannot be supposed to have any other than very imperfect means of estimating the bearing of their respective lines of aim, in relation to the base line between them. The drawing of the triangle on the paper, to a scale, would admit of a greater accuracy than any other part of such an operation; but even this could not be performed with a degree of precision that would satisfy the ideas of a skilled mathematical surveyor.

ACCURACY.

The example given above is only intended to afford some general idea of the principle that certain parts of a triangle determine, necessarily, the other parts, so that if the former are ascertained by measurement, the latter can be ascertained by calculation. The surveyors have the means of determining the lengths of lines measured on the earth's surface, and the magnitudes of the angles formed by the bearings of different signals from the same point, with a precision almost inconceivable. It would, however, be out of place to describe those instruments or methods here.

Then, moreover, they depend for their results, not on drawings made mechanically on paper, but on mathematical calculations made by the help of trigonometrical tables, constructed with infinite labor and study. Still, although the processes necessary to secure exactness in the results are laborious and complicated, the *principle* on which the work is based, stands out in all its simplicity in the midst of it, namely this, that—

If two lines converge toward each other at the ends of a third line, the length of which is known, the amount of the convergence, as measured by the angles, will determine the distance at which they will meet.

ROMANCE IN FLY-LIFE.

BY AUNT KFFIE.

BANG went the great gun of the steamer *Arago*! Up and down went the iron arms of the engine—hiss, fizz! went the steam, as the engineer examined the pipes! "Adieu, mon ami!" shouted an old gentleman to his friend on the

quay; who with hand on his heart, and his handkerchief alternately pressed to his eyes and waving in the air, stood with a dejected, left behind sort of look, as the great vessel moved majestically down the stream.

"Je ne la reverrai jamais!" hysterically sobbed a little, dark-eyed Frenchwoman, as she gazed with tender hopelessness upon the receding shores of "la belle France."

"Thank Heaven! we've left the land of frogs and fricassees — monkeys and mounseers!" exclaimed a tall, spare Yankee, full of national conceit; while a fat, comfortable looking Englishwoman, a few feet from him, said to herself: "That's the last of France, and I may say of civilization; for the country we're going to is full of kiggins and wild hanimals. It's really very exciting to think of it!"

But all these passengers, with their varied interests and associations, took no notice of a little being, who was in reality a fellow-passenger, but who had, strange to say, come on board without either paying for her ticket, or receiving an invitation.

Unnoticed, this creature sat alone on one of the cushions in the saloon, only giving a slight start as the gun went off, and seeming to have no friends to weep for her departure, nor to cause a pang in her own breast at leaving them. As the vessel swept from its moorings, she felt a slight giddiness, and the thought crossed her mind, — "After all, perhaps I had better not go;" but one glance out of the stern windows assured her that her fate was settled. The distance was too great, even in those few seconds, for her to venture across that broad, watery space, back to the shore; so she made up her mind of necessity to stay on board, and seek her fortune in the new country, whither the monster steamer was speeding.

This little half involuntary traveller was a native of Paris, of an aristocratic family, with a tasteful exterior of burnished green and gold: with the thinnest and most film-like wings that ever were seen. Her name was Mouchette — as she styled herself "Mamselle Mouchette." The name was originally "*Mouche*," but some of her ancestors preferred two syllables, and had added a few letters.

The merest accident had filled La Mouchette's soul with the desire for travel. Happening to alight on the roof of an omnibus in Paris, she was borne rapidly to a railway station. There, her curiosity being excited by the interior of one of the carriages, she crept in at an open window, and before she knew it was many miles out of the city.

"Vive la bagatelle!" exclaimed the reckless little adventurer. "Since Chance has caused 'le premier pas qui coûte,' I will myself assume the responsibility of the rest. Indeed, I may as well

go forward as backward, for I know nothing of the homeward route, and should very likely be lost, if I attempted to return to 'le Faubourg St. Antoine.'" So, refreshing herself with some crumbs of cake, which a lady passenger let fall on the floor, she resigned herself to the chances of a voyageur. On the arrival of the train at Havre, she kept her eye on the lunch-basket from which the cake had appeared, and darting onward by a series of diagonal jerks, she managed to follow the track of the crowd, on its way to the ocean steamer where we have just found her.

"I am certainly in for it," said Mouchette, as the increasing motion of the vessel caused her head to swim, and strange qualms to arise in her stomach; but, although the passengers slunk away, one by one, to their state-rooms, she kept her post in the saloon, and was fortunate in soon overcoming her sea-sickness. "How shall I encounter the changes and dangers of a new world," said she, "if I give up and fall sick before I am out of sight of my native shores? Courage, Mouchette! keep up thy spirit, little fly!" and the consequence of this energy on the part of our brave Parisienne was, that she was soon flying all over the ship: now in the cabin, then in the saloon; and at last, drawn by fragrant and tempting steamings, in the kitchen; where, sipping here and there of the most entrancing compounds, she was refreshed, and gained entire mastery over the sea-fiend.

Not so happily, however, did it fare with a little creature of her own race, though of a humbler species, which she encountered on the taffrail, after emerging from the scene of her late refreshment.

"Ma foi, Mamselle Mouchette! est-il possible que j'ai l'honneur de te voir!" exclaimed this weak stranger, absolutely buzzing with delight, at beholding one of her own kind.

"Bon jour," politely answered Mouchette; wondering at the time how the stranger knew her name: "pray where did you come from?"

"De la Rue St. Denis," answered the meek little insect, bowing with reverence before the lofty pretensions of Mouchette's green and gold, which contrasted brilliantly with her humble brown suit. "Ah mademoiselle," continued she, "je suis si malheureuse! j'ai la maladie du mer; et au même temps, je suis très affligée par la maladie du pays! O! mon cher pays! Je voudrais bien que je ne t'avais jamais quitté!"

"Don't mourn for what cannot be helped," kindly replied Mouchette, pitying the poor creature who felt so forlorn; "try and make the best

of what is inevitable. If you are here without having intended it, you are not to blame; but if you continue to weep and groan forever, you will do what is really reprehensible."

"Ah! je suis perdue!" was the broken-hearted answer of the homesick fly, all overcome by the advice of her would-be comforter — "je suis perdue!"

"Perdue!" repeated Mouchette derisively. "No such thing, I tell you! no one need be *absolument perdue* unless he pleases! Allons, mon amie! keep up your heart! let us go to the forward part of the ship, where the breeze is the freshest, and you will feel better of your sea-sickness; and as to your 'maladie du pays,' the cure for that lies in your own mind."

"Ah! Mamselle Mouchette! j'ai trop de sensibilité je vais mourir!" was the despairing answer of the little Brunette.

"*Mourir!* quel bêtise!" retorted the spirited Mouchette; "no danger of that; come! I insist upon it!" and flying before the poor dejected fly, she succeeded at last in getting her to the bowsprit, where, as she had predicted, the fresh air revived her amazingly. "Now for the kitchen!" said her protector, and accordingly, a few sips from the edge of a saucepan made a new creature of the little fly, who thought herself, but a few moments since, at the point of death.

Time did not hang heavily on La Mouchette's hands during the remainder of the voyage. It was employment enough for her to watch and care for the poor little Brunette, who, grateful for her disinterested friendliness, became so tenderly attached to her as to almost forget that she had expatriated herself.

But now, what a bustle there is on board of the *Arago!* How delighted the passengers seem! how anxious and busy the captain and the sailors!

"What do you suppose it is all about?" queried Brunette, of her more observing friend by her.

"Je vais vous dire, ma petite," was her good-natured reply. "We have arrived in the port of New York, or nearly so. Alas! it is, I fear, a very different city from our own Paris! Before night we shall be at the dock; every one will have left the ship, and we too, mon amie, must seek out our new home."

"Hélas!" began the desponding Brunette, in reply; but La Mouchette cut her short in her lamentations. "No more of that," she answered briskly: "gardez bien l'espérance! I thought you had given up that foolish habit of looking on

the dark side of life. Believe me, trouble enough comes without borrowing any."

"Vous avez toujours raison!" answered Brunette, plucking up her spirit, in reply to which La Mouchette turned upon her a glance of approval and affection, and side by side, as the steamer touched the wharf, these fast friends sallied out upon the dangers and temptations of a new world.

"Keep close to me, and do not be afraid," said Mouchette to the little Brownie; as, trembling and bewildered by the strange language which assailed her ears, the latter fluttered her wings nervously. "In this great crowd we must find some to befriend us, but if not we must shift for ourselves," added Mouchette, with her usual self-reliance. "Bah! what a jargon these American savages do talk! Almost as harsh as Russ, which I have occasionally heard in the streets of Paris. It is, I suppose, the original Indian tongue!"

Just at that moment, a long, slim fly came darting through the air. He stopped within a short distance of them and began to stare rudely at the travellers.

Mouchette felt the blood tingle to the very tips of her toes, while the timid Brunette was ready to faint, and shrunk closer and closer to her protector's side; but they kept modestly on their way, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and trusted that thus they should escape insult; but flying directly alongside of them, he bawled out in a coarse, rough tone: "Wall, now! whar be you two French gals goin' so fast?"

Not understanding his words, but fearing everything from his manner, Mouchette was silent; but her tormentor continued, — "O! yer don't understand me, don't yer, Miss Parlyvoo! Wall, then, I'll jest keep close ter yer, tel yer make up yer mind ter be civil and companionable. I always heard that French folks was perlite, but you two don't seem ter know much manners!" and he took his place, with resolute audacity, so near our brave little traveller, that in flying his wings touched hers.

Suddenly, he felt himself thrown violently to a distance, as a powerful bluebottle jostled him unceremoniously from his unwelcome proximity. "Coward!" exclaimed the latter, "how dare you insult the feeble and unprotected!" Then, turning to our travellers: "Mesdemoiselles," he added, in a tone and with a manner of great deference "je vois bien que vous êtes étrangères; permettez-moi vous offrir ma protection et mes services;" and he bowed low before the amazed

flies, who, however, heard with thrills of joy, the accents of their native land.

La Brunette was silent from astonishment and terror; but Mouchette, with the never-failing presence of mind of a true lady, answered, — "Bien de remerciements, monsieur! Vous avez le bon cœur, et aussi le courage d'un brave homme; you see that we strangers are in need of friendly guidance; indeed, we have but just landed in this strange but beautiful country. As you are so kind as to offer to assist us, will you do us the favor to direct us to some respectable place of refreshment, for we have not breakfasted, and the air here is keen and appetizing."

"Vous me faites l'honneur; allons, mesdames! was his prompt reply; "I will conduct you to a fruiterer's, not far from here, where you will find luscious peaches and plums, bursting with ripeness; grapes and pears, that will rival in flavor the beautiful productions of your own sunny land!" and as he spoke, he skillfully piloted them away from the noisy thoroughfares near the wharves, to a more retired and respectable neighborhood. "Here," said he, pointing to a stand where fruits of all kinds lay piled in tempting heaps, "I perceive that we are in especial luck; for the *garçon* yonder, whose business it is to wave his little brush constantly over the fruit, thus scaring away all hungry flies who are in search of a meal, has forgotten his task, and has dropped asleep at his post! On then to the feast, mesdames!" and he set them the example by alighting on the blushing side of a peach, from whose over-ripeness the juice was exuding.

Most thankfully our heroines followed his advice, sipping from a rosy peach, or from the dark, purple cheek of a plum; drawing refreshing draughts from the mellow summer apples, that gleamed so fairly in their baskets of grape leaves; and hovering with delight over the fragrant beauty spread beneath them; when all at once there came a sharp, cracking sound, and a voice of fury shouted, — "You rascal! (whack) how dare you go to sleep, and leave the fruit to be covered with flies!" (whack again.)

"It is time for us to be off; that is the fruiterer himself, and woe betide us if some of his whacks fall on us!" said their new friend to Mouchette and Brunette, in a warning whisper, as he saw the red-faced fruit-merchant advancing vigorously, brush in hand, toward the stall, after administering some rousing blows with the butt end to the shoulders of the unwary sleeper; and obeying his summons, they were soon far beyond the reach of vengeance.

"We must not intrude longer on your valuable time, sir," said Mouchette to the Bluebottle. "You have already laid us under vast obligations, which we can never forget;" and she made a deep courtesy, in court style, which her humble attendant copied instantly, close behind her.

"I have rendered *myself* a service," answered the Bluebottle, "and have to thank you for the great pleasure I have enjoyed during the last hour;" and he bowed obsequiously to both of the ladies, but his admiring eye rested on Mouchette's face alone. "If I may be so bold as to inquire, where do you intend to locate yourselves, in this new country? You must remember that the city is ever full of dangers and temptations. What you have just escaped proves that I am right in this. Be advised by one who has travelled, and seen much of the world. Try the *country*! In its pure air, and amid its sparse population, you will find safety and tranquillity; among the fields and orchards there is plenty; in its gardens and meadows, beauty and comfort. Peace is a stranger in these noisy streets. Serenity dwells far from the mixed crowds that swarm here at every turn, where the very sunshine is tainted, and whence purity has fled!"

The Bluebottle stopped abashed, for Mouchette's whole soul was in her eyes as she gazed at him, and not only Brunette's eyes, but her *mouth*, were wide open, in wouder and admiration of his eloquence.

"Pardon me!" said he, humbly. "In my anxiety for your good, I quite forgot myself."

"Je vous remercie, monsieur, de tout mon cœur!" replied Mouchette, with grateful emotion, to the stranger American who had taken so lively an interest in their welfare. "We shall follow your excellent advice. Pray, add to your past kindness a direction to the charming places which you describe so vividly, and which are much more in accordance with our tastes" (turning toward Brunette) "than these vile city purlieus."

The color deepened over the face of our Bluebottle friend at these words; and his heart bumped up and down under its burnished corselet for very joy; but he controlled his feelings, and answered quite calmly: "Where I reside, Mademoiselle, there is a colony of our kind, some miles above the city, on the bank of a stream of pure water. There we live in peace and harmony. We have never admitted other tribes to our companionship, which, in the present advanced state of civilization, I cannot but think rather illiberal and narrow-minded; but I am sure that you and your friend" (with a low bow to Brunette) "being

strangers in the country, will be entitled to our hospitality, and to the protection and kind services, which are always due from the strong to the weaker sex. I take it upon myself to invite you to visit our retreat."

"O cieux! quelle noblesse! quel générosité?" ejaculated Mouchette. "Ah! je pleurs! I weep for joy!" sobbed the little Brownie; and they fluttered their wings in an ecstasy of feeling, while the good Bluebottle had enough to do to subdue his own emotion, which threatened to unman him.

"Partons alors, tout de suite, pour la campagne!" said he, after a pause of a few moments; and spreading their wings, they sped on, and were soon leaving the tall houses, the spires, and the chimney tops, and fluttering their way in the shady thoroughfares of the country.

As the heat increased, they occasionally rested at some bush covered with delicious berries, and refreshed themselves; and sometimes the three partook together of a sparkling dew-drop, protected by the heavy shade of a tree from the absorbing rays of the sun, and as they thus rested, they beguiled the weariness of travel by pleasant conversation.

During one of these pleasant intervals in their journey, La Mouchette ventured timidly to inquire of their guide where he had gained his knowledge of their language, and was pleased to learn that, in his younger days, he had taken the same voyage as herself, going from the opposite side of the water; and that he had remained in her country long enough to become perfectly familiar with its language and customs. "Indeed, Mamselle," explained he, "I should in all probability have been there now, for I was thoroughly enchanted by your climate and ways, had not an accident caused me to be brought home, rather against my will. A gentleman, about to return to America, folded me inside of his travelling cloak, as I was taking a nap on the soft velvet collar; and I was not released until, stunned and half suffocated, he shook me out upon the steamer's deck, many hours afterward. I couldn't help myself then, you know, and was obliged to return home; but I think it was for the best, for after all, one's life's duty is in one's own country — I mean for the male part of creation," explained the Bluebottle, with a blush.

The sun had set, and the evening damps were beginning to rise, when the Bluebottle pointed to a thin line of mist a short distance from them. "There, mesdemoiselles, is our destination. On the border of that stream is the home of which I told you;" and he looked full into the face of

Mouchette, who, overcome with embarrassment, blushed up to her pale green eyes. "Restez ici, mes amies," added he; "I go in advance to announce you. In a short time I will return;" and with a graceful bow, and a glance of especial interest to La Mouchette, he darted forward and was soon lost to their sight in the heavy shades of the river banks.

It seemed an age to our poor trembling little French flies, while they awaited their new-found friend. Gradually it grew darker and darker. The fire-flies lighted their little lamps, and started on their nightly rounds. Sometimes they held their lanterns close to our poor, timid travellers, in wonder at their being there so late. But no one spoke nor seemed to care for them, and they were beginning to feel very lonely and deserted, when there arose on the air a confused murmur of discordant buzzings, and they could discern plainly a large moving mass advancing toward them through the dim twilight. As this mass drew nearer, they recognized in the leader their Bluebottle friend, and Brunette exclaimed energetically, "Bon! très bon!" but Mouchette sighed and trembled, and no one could have told whether she was glad or sorry; but, ever mindful of decorum, she rose, and stood to receive her friend and his companions.

Bluebottle was the first to speak. "Mademoiselle," said he, "my heart was in advance of the wishes of my friends, and, I must add, to the laws of our order. I bring you a choice, however, which I lay with humble submission at your feet. One satisfaction will be mine, in case you refuse both of my propositions. You will not be worse off than when I had the good fortune to meet you and be of service to you. The laws of our community forbid the admission of members of other tribes, except by so incorporating their interests with ours that they lose their individuality, and become the same as ourselves. It is therefore now offered you, Mademoiselle," continued he, in a tone of deep feeling, "to unite your fate with mine, to become my wife — and rest assured your happiness will be the aim of my life; but should you decide not to connect yourself with us under these circumstances, allow me, I beg of you, the privilege of leaving the colony for your sake, and roaming by your side through life; for only where you are, can I in future find my happiness!"

Faint with the rush of emotion, Mouchette sank upon a broad mullein leaf, and was silent; while Bluebottle, emboldened by his ardent hopes, drew close to her side, and gently buzzed, "Ma-

belle Mouchette! sois la mienne! je t'adore!" and La Mouchette answered in a low murmur, "Toujours à toi!"

"Friends!" exclaimed the exultant Bluebottle, "*she is mine!*"

"So far, so good," answered the spokesman of the crowd; now for a husband for the little brown thing there," pointing to Brunette.

"Mais non! non!" screamed she, in alarm. "Je ne veux jamais me marier! Je suis a Mouchette!"

"Grant me this favor on this happy occasion, my brothers of the colony," asked Bluebottle. "This faithful creature is a part of her mistress, and to separate her from her would kill her; make a her merciful exception to our law, for my sake!" The vote was taken, and was unanimous in favor of the celibacy of La Brunette.

"Grace à Dieu!" exclaimed the little creature, enraptured; "*je suis horriblement laide!*"

A procession was forthwith formed, with the happy Bluebottle and his Mouchette at the head,

with Brunette closely following. All the colony united in a loud buzzing chorus of welcome and congratulation as they proceeded to the river bank. Arrived there, the marriage ceremony was performed with great pomp. The guests danced in the clear moonlight upon the sands, and the fire-flies, always kind and neighborly in their attentions, lighted up the surrounding bushes into brilliant ball-rooms. The bride pouted a little at being obliged to sign her name "Bluebottle," but was consoled by the addition, in small letters, of "*née Mouchette,*" after the Parisian style.

All this happened a great many summers ago; but on the banks of a little rivulet that empties into the Hudson River, a short distance above New York, there is a large swarm of flies in perpetual motion. Their wings are blue and gauzy, but their bodies are green and gold. They are the descendants of the Bluebottle and La Mouchette of our story, from whom this tradition has been handed down to the present generation, and here it goes to the next.

BABY NANNIE.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

GRANDMA called up the stairway, "They are coming, Gitty!"

Aunt Gitty had her lap full of work, but she could not stay to dispose of it properly, so she let it fall, piece by piece, as she flew down the stairs, and she never stopped till she reached the middle of the road. Far away she saw a wagon coming, and the horses were gray, like Jenny and Nipper. When they came nearer, there was Aunt Dorcas on the front seat, and she had a bundle in her lap. Hurrah! she lifts it, and waves it like a flag. It is the baby! Aunt Gitty waved her hand in return, and ran toward them, and then back again, for she wished to be at the gate as soon as the wagon. All the household were there when it stopped, and Nannie, who did not remember her acquaintances of the summer before, looked greatly astonished at the greetings she received from all sides. Of course her shy babyship must not be touched till she was a little acquainted, for she would be frightened, — all knew that. But she showed a few bashful smiles and dimples in return for the fond, yet respectful attentions lavished on her.

She had not been in the house long, when

Aunt Gitty brought her two half-grown kittens, so speckled with yellow, black, and white, that grandma called them "calico kittens." Baby was delighted, and her tongue was loosened. She smoothed their fur with her little pink fingers, jabbering about "Kitty-John," and "Papa-gone," till she happened to get a glimpse of Billy. Then she lifted both hands, and cried out, "'A's'e wow-wow!" and straightening herself out, she slipped down from her mother's lap, and caught Billy about the neck, and hugged him as though he were her oldest friend.

Aunt Dorcas had been with her on the last stage of her journey, so they two were already acquainted; and very soon she would let Aunt Gitty carry her about, while she pointed at things, and asked in her tender little voice, "Tat?" which meant, of course, "What's that?"

The next morning Ida and Lolo came in, and then their baby cousin was nearly smothered with hugs and kisses; but she did not complain, for she liked children, and was not afraid of them. Lolo whispered to Aunt Gitty, "Mayn't I pick a 'lady in the valley' for the baby?" Aunt Gitty said "Yes," and Lolo ran out in the gar-

den, and soon came back with a "lily of the valley," all fresh and dewy. She handed it to the baby, who took it delicately between her thumb and finger, and kept it, and carried it about, till nothing but the withered stem was left.

Lucky lost no time in getting acquainted with Baby Nannie; he drew her about everywhere in her little carriage. Round and round the fountain, — over the dandelions that starred the green grass there, — alongside the flower-garden, and by the orchard fence, where they could look through and see the little pigs, — six comical little things, with a twist just alike in every one of their tails. Lucky told his papa that they were not the same kind as their mother, for none

through every time she took a stitch. Lucky brought his "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," and read to her a long time. She looked the picture of industry and attention; but it is doubtful whether she understood a word of the reading, any more than she succeeded in making a stitch. When Lucky went away, he charged everybody not to take the pencils away from the baby.

Ida and Lolo played with Nannie in the yard, and Alice, who was an older baby than Nannie, took turns with her in being dragged about in the carriage. Each must have some flowers in her lap when she rode. Sometimes it was a bunch of lilac blossoms, and sometimes a gaudy tulip, or a handful of pansies. One day Alice climbed into the carriage alone, as it stood in a corner of the back-stoop. She hitched this way and that, trying to make it go, and, as the tongue rested high against the wall, the carriage tipped over backward. Baby Nannie, afraid that her playmate was hurt, set up a cry; but not a sound was heard from Baby Alice. When Nannie's mother helped her out of the carriage-top, and set her on her feet, she stood perfectly still.

"Didn't you hurt you, Alice?" asked Nannie's mother.

"Yes," said Alice, solemnly, but without a whimper. A few moments after, she was getting Nannie to toddle about after dandelions with her, as merry as if nothing had happened. Nannie, when she saw a dandelion, would cry, "'A mamma" (for mamma), and run to get it. She made her mamma rich every day with her gifts of daisies and dandelions.



of them had a short tail like hers. It was too bad to laugh at him. How should he know that her tail had been cut off?

One day Lucky brought her his great treasure, — a case of colored pencils; and he showed her how to mark with them, getting down beside her where she was sitting on the floor with her picture-book. She took a pencil and marked in her book without much respect for the pictures, and pointed out to Lucky "John-gone," a picture of a man all out of sight, except one leg and a piece of his body. Pretty soon she was tired of it, and took up her sewing. She was hemming a handkerchief for "Papa-gone." She had a piece of cloth, and sticking a threaded needle into one side, she drew it out on the other. The thread had no knot at the end, and Nannie would have been quite worried if the thread failed to slip

go with Aunt Gitty to feed the chickens; and if she had any trouble that made her cry, the quickest way to soothe her was to put on her little sunbonnet and take her out to the chicken-coops in the garden. She chattered and laughed all the way there, and seemed never tired of watching the chickens. Little yellow balls of down that they were, greediness in them looked charming, and their low, self-satisfied talk over their meals, sounded very sweet. By and by some of them would make just such noises as that hoarse roar from the throat of the Brahma rooster, which scared Nannie one day. "Wow-wow!" she cried, "Bitey-John!" and she ran to her mother and hid her face in her lap.

The mysterious John, whose name Nannie used so often, was the man who came to her papa's house to empty the coal-ashes. His smiles

and friendly greetings, whenever he saw her at door or window, had won her heart.

Sometimes Nannie went to the barn-yard with Aunt Gitty to feed the large chickens, and then there was fun ; for all the old hens would squabble with each other, and the hens without chickens would dive in among the chickens, and the chickens themselves were so greedy and silly. The half-feathered, gawky things, lost time chasing each other round and round for the large pieces, while the old hens, with their great bills, were getting the most and best of everything. Here Nannie could look through into the lane and see a little red calf, which she called a "boo;" and Fanny's colt, to her great delight, would come and put his head over the gate, and let Aunt Gitty pat his black nose.

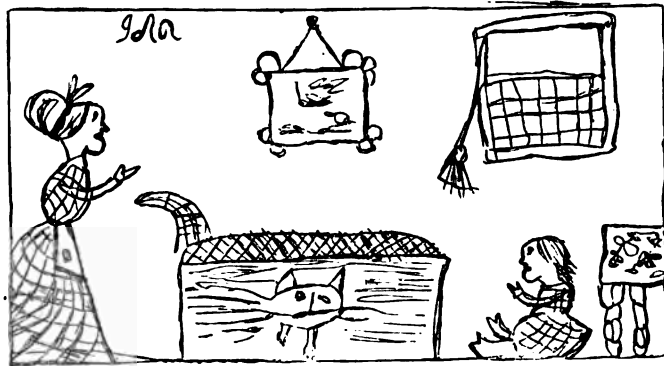
Beside the "calico kittens" at grandma's, there was one which was striped just like a tiger; and one day, when it lay curled under the lounge, Nannie, playing about there, caught a glimpse of it in its dusky corner. She was down on the floor, but was too much in a hurry to get up; so she crept in all haste to her mother, calling out, "Yion! Yion!" She knew what lions were well enough, for she had seen pictures of them in her primers. Another time Nannie was in the kitchen, when Aunt Dorcas gave her some dough to make cakes for "Papa-gone." She made them very nicely, and spread them on a little tin plate.

Aunt Dorcas took the plate, and was going to put them in the oven and bake them for her; but, as soon as Nannie saw the doors shutting on them in that dark hole, she cried out in alarm, and the cakes had to be taken out.

Nannie could not bear to hear the piano, and if Benjamin twangled his guitar, or exercised his violin, he must go beyond her hearing; but Lolo's singing, sometimes, made her noisily happy, especially if Lolo invented the words and tune, and she would listen complacently to the comical singing of Charlie and Baby Alice. Even the roar of the old drum which Lucky brought from the garret one day, and beat before her, she endured without winking. Anything which children could do, pleased her.

Nannie was taken long journeys about the farm in her little carriage; but, one day she had a larger escort than usual. Lucky, who was never satisfied if he could not draw her, was the

main horse for her carriage; but Ida and Lolo were allowed, as a great favor, to take turns at helping him. Benjamin, Aunt Gitty, Aunt Dorcas, and Nannie's mother, walked behind the carriage. They went through the lane, stirring up the "boo" there to some ungainly frisks, and along the top of the hill overlooking the meadow, where they could see the beautiful clover fields, and then down into the hollow, where the brook ran. Ida and Lolo scampered along the grassy slope beside the road, to find strawberries for Nannie; and Aunt Dorcas picked thorn blossoms for her from the trees where the honey-bees were working in crowds. Beyond the bars they skirted the field of young wheat, and at last stopped by the woods. Benjamin lifted Nannie out of her carriage and carried her in his arms through the swamp, a hollow between the ledges, which, later in summer, is bright with flowers and butterflies.



Nannie and the Yion under the lounge.

Beyond, they climbed a wooded hill, or ledge. The ground was strewn with pine needles, and the air was scented with the sweet smell of the new growth on the evergreens. At the top, Nannie was set down on a shawl spread for her, while the other children scattered about to gather young wintergreens. Lucky brought her a handful, and tumbled down beside her, with his heels very much up-hill, and talked to her while she ate her wintergreens.

Nannie was very neat, so, when she had finished, she carefully brushed out the little twigs and bits that had fallen into her lap. Ida and Lolo brought her some wintergreens, and some of their scarlet berries; so she had her hands full when she was taken back to her carriage. Going down the slope beside the wheat-field, there was a sudden outcry from the head of the procession. The carriage had tipped over on the soft hill-side. Baby was tied in, so there was quite a

time getting her out to see if she was hurt. She was only a little frightened, and was soon pacified; but there was one who suffered more than she did from the accident, and that was the unhappy "bonny" that drew the carriage. When he saw her put back in her seat, and Benjamin drawing her, he just put his face against the fence, and lifted up his voice and wept. It was some time before he would allow himself to be comforted.

"The worst of it is," he said, "you'll *never* let me draw her again."

But his cheerfulness was restored by the time they reached the brook. Here, while Nannie

was having a drink from her little cup, Billy saw a frog in the water, and soused into the deepest place after it. Nannie set up a cry of affright, and made frantic motions toward him. She thought her darling "wow-wow" was going to be drowned, and she was only quieted when Billy was called out, and had capered and shaken himself beside her, to show that he was safe and sound. When they were going through the lane, Lucky again headed the procession, and dragged the carriage home in triumph.

At last Nannie's papa came and took her and her mamma away. It was only a ride to her, and she was delighted to go. "Nannie go too-



Ida and Lolo drawing Baby Nannie round the fountain.

ah," she cried, as the horses drove up to the door. How everybody did plague her with hugs and kisses. She went away, and when Jenny and Nipper came back, Nannie was not in the wagon behind them. "Tooty" (the cars) carried her away off so far that nobody at grandma's could hope to see her again in a long time; but every week they heard from her, and laughed over her new plays and funny sayings. It was almost like seeing her, to read how she would shove her blocks along the floor, saying "too-too-too," like the cars, and calling it "going to Toy to see mine de' mamma." Nobody but "mine de' mamma" must pick her up when she fell down. This happened one day when her mamma was up-stairs, and, of course, Nannie could

not pick herself up, or allow anybody else to do it; so she crept to the stairway and called, "Mamma, pick mine up." This, perhaps, must be counted with her naughty doings, — it is certain there came no record of anything naughtier.

By and by Nannie had a little baby sister, so she could not insist any more that she was "baby 'o day" (baby all day, or all the time), even if people did call her "a little girl;" nor could she excuse herself, when scolded for any naughty doings, by saying, with such a funny little whine, "Nannie baby" (Nannie is a baby). No, Nannie could not be "baby" any more; but she was not sorry, — she was very proud. She called herself a "bid gull," and loved the "itty baby" with all her heart.



LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

XIV.



BEE, bee,
Come hither to me,
And show me your bag of honey;
Bee, bee,
Fly over the sea,
And sell it for golden money.
Fly out of the country
Far into the town,
And buy my new dolly
A fine silken gown,
And a hat and feathers so bonny.

Bee, bee,
Come hither to me,
And show me your bag of honey;
Bee, bee,
Fly over the sea,
And sell it for golden money.
Fly over the steeple,
And into the street,
And buy some sugar-plums
Pretty and sweet,
And hie with them home to Johnny.

XV.

As pussy sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good chat,
And after some talk about matters of state
Said, with a low bow: "My dear Mrs. Cat,
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
I am curious, I know, and that you may say, —
Perhaps you'll be angry: but no, you're too good:
Pray why do you wash in that very odd way?
Now I, every day, rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,

And am fresh as a rose, and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen
Just rubbing yourself with your little red
tongue, —
I admire the grace with which it is done, —
But really, now, are you sure you get yourself
clean?"
The cat, who sat swelling with rage and sur-
prise
At this, could no longer her fury contain;
For she had always supposed herself rather
precise,
And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat
vain,
So she flew at poor doggie and boxed both his
ears,
Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his
face,
And sent him off yelping: from which it ap-
pears
Those who ask prying questions may meet with
disgrace.

XVI.



As Dick's top was spinning
Around on the floor,
It bounced over the table
And out at the door.

Danced out at the door,
And into the hall,
And made a great hole in
His grandmamma's wall.

Away then it dashed,
Jumped over the stairs,
And fell in a platter
Of apples and pears,

Where it lay very quiet
Till, rosy and fair,

Dickon sat up to dessert
In his little high chair,

When his grandmamma gave him,
With a very grave air,
His top from the fruit-dish
For an excellent pear.

But Dickon, the rogue,
Like a cunning young snipe,
Said, "I think, my dear grandma,
This pear is not *wipe*."

"Please give me another,
I'll put this away
Very safe in my pocket,
For some other day."

XVII.

Katy did, Katy did!
Pray what did Katy do,
That all her sisters should cry out,
And scold and chatter it about?
Katy did what was forbid.
Katy did, Katy did.

Katy did, Katy did!
Maybe you do it too;
Ah! then you'd take the other side,
And make excuse, or try to hide
That Katy did what was forbid:
Katy did, Katy did.

Katy did, Katy did!
Do you really think it true?
And are you sure you are not glad?
You do not seem so very sad
That Katy did what was forbid:
Katy did, Katy did.

Katy did, Katy did!
O, do say something new!
If of your clamor we were rid,

We wouldn't care *what* Katy did!
If she did what was forbid:
Katy did, Katy did.

XVIII.

Two little wrens have built their nest
In the old tree by the door,
And there they've hatched a thriving brood,
And on them set great store.

The noisy, busy, saucy things
Are scolding all the day,
And every one that passes by,
They try to drive away.

When the red-cheeked baker boy comes in
With his basket full of bread,
They rave as if they'd like to peck
The eyes out of his head.

Ah, here he comes, and they begin,
"Go away, you hateful boy;
You know you've come to steal our nest,
And our children to destroy."

"We do not like your looks at all,
Your face is much too fat;
You've got a ragged jacket on,
And a dirty, torn old hat."

The baker boy looks up and laughs,
For kind he is, and good;
"I would not hurt your nest," he says,
"Or any of your brood."

And whistling, off he goes. The wrens
Bluster with pride and glee;
"Chip, chip," they chatter, "we're the birds;
He's afraid of *us*, you see."

Then round they whisk, and back again,
To feed their nestlings small,
And teach them that of bravest birds
The wren exceeds them all.

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISES.

BY C. R. TREAT.

To the Exercises contained in the April number I wish to add two, which should have been introduced after Exercise 24, because they consist of a combination of the movements of figures 13 and 14. If you turn to those figures, you will notice that in the former the left hand describes an "arm circle" and a "wrist circle," while the right hand is describing two "head cir-

cles." You will also notice that in the latter figure the left hand describes an "arm circle" and a "head circle" alternately, while the right hand is describing two "side wrist circles." The new exercises I am about to give consist of an alternation of these two movements. I shall have to number them next in order, but you may, if you please, consider them as belonging next to Exercise 24.

EXERCISE 33. — Stand in the position of figure 13. Let the left hand swing through the "arm circle" and "wrist circle," and let the right hand swing through the "head circle" twice; then let the *right* hand, instead of continuing the "head circle," change to the "arm circle" to the left, swing through that and the "head circle," while the *left* hand is describing two "wrist circles;" when this is done, begin again as in figure 13. This exercise may seem simpler if I add that each hand swings through *three small circles* after swinging through *one large circle*. Thus, in figure 13, the right hand describes two "head circles," while the left hand is describing an "arm circle" and a "wrist circle." Therefore, when the right hand swings off into the "arm circle," after completing that, it describes a "head circle" again, which, added to the two it described before, makes three "head circles" to one "arm circle." In like manner the left hand, beginning with an "arm circle," describes three "wrist circles" before it returns to the "arm circle."

EXERCISE 34. — This is precisely like Exercise 33, except that the right hand does what the left hand did before. Begin as in figure 13, the *right* hand at full arm's length, the *left* hand at the chin. Then let the right hand swing off into the "arm" and "wrist circle," and the left hand into the "head circle," changing as before.

EXERCISE 35. — Stand as in figure 13. Let the left hand describe the "arm circle," and the right the "head circle;" but as the left hand changes to the "wrist circle," let the right hand change to the "arm circle" to the left. As each completes its circle, begin again as at first.

EXERCISE 36. — The same movement, except that the circles are made toward the right, instead of toward the left. These two, 35 and 36, are not so complicated as 33 and 34, but they are more difficult, because more care is needed to make the circles agree in their "time," since they ought to rise and fall exactly together.

I will now describe the fourth simple movement of the Indian Club Exercises, and with a few exercises in which this movement is used, will conclude this series of papers. For want of a

better name, I shall call this a "half head circle" and "half arm circle," because it resembles the "head circle" and "arm circle" very closely, and actually consists of a half circle. The accompanying figure (17) will explain both parts of this movement, and will illustrate the first of the exercises which follow.

EXERCISE 37. — Stand as in figure 17. Let the club fall from its horizontal position downward behind the head, and at the same time, let the arm yield to the motion of the club, till it is extended at full length, as in the dotted arm and club of the figure. Without stopping longer than is sufficient to reach the horizontal position, let the club fall again, and pass the body in front downward and upward to the first position over the head, bending the arm as it rises. I cannot say too much in praise of this exercise, for, although the exertion in performing it is not great, the ease of the motion after it is mastered renders it a continual delight and fascination. As a

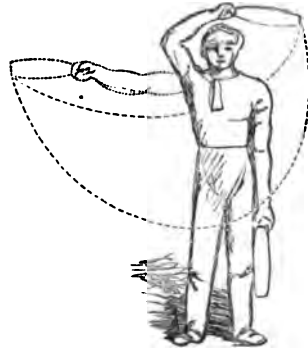


Fig. 17.

key to the mastery of the exercise, let me suggest that when the club rises with the upward swing in front, it should be carried or allowed to go to a horizontal position over the head, *as far to the opposite side as the arm will permit*. Then, in falling behind the head, it will swing itself out to the length of the arm. Indeed, the whole movement is to be *yielded to*, rather than compelled.

EXERCISE 38. — Repeat the same movement with the left arm.

EXERCISE 39. — Stand as in figure 18. Let the clubs fall together, the right behind the head, out to the length of the arm; the left down and up to the horizontal position over the head. Then let them fall together again, each describing a semicircle, and returning to its first position. Be careful in this exercise, as in the preceding, to let

the club, as it rises over the head, swing out as far to the opposite side as the arm will permit, and be careful also to keep the two movements in perfect time with each other; the clubs ought to fall, rise, and reach the horizontal position exactly together.

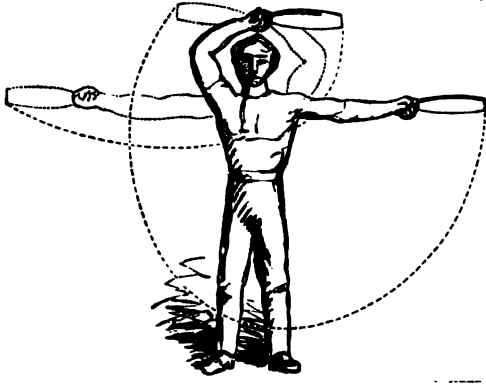


Fig. 18.

EXERCISE 40. — Stand as in figure 19 or figure 17, since this Exercise and Exercise 37 begin alike. Let the club fall, as before, behind the head, out to the length of the arm, and downward again from the horizontal position; but, instead

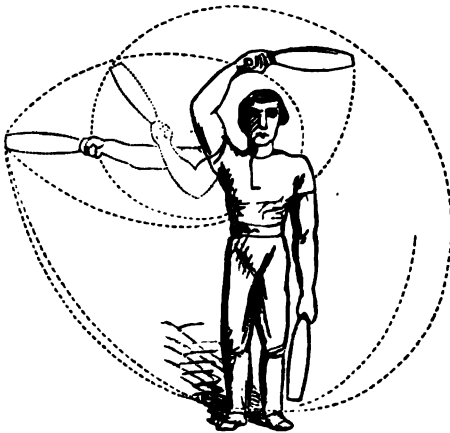


Fig. 19.

of letting it return to the horizontal position over the head, let it swing through the complete "arm circle," and change to the "side wrist circle;" in finishing that circle, let it swing over

to the position of the horizontal outstretched arm, and fall again, this time to return to the position from which it started. Then swing off again.

EXERCISE 41. — Repeat the same movement with the left arm.

EXERCISE 42. — Stand as in figure 18. Let both clubs fall together. As the *left* club falls from the position of the horizontal outstretched arm, instead of rising to the position over the head, let it swing through the "arm circle," changing to the "side wrist circle" as the *right* club swings through the "arm circle," changing again to the "half arm circle" as the *right* club swings through the "side wrist circle," and returning to its first position, describing the "half head circle," as the *right* club describes the "half arm circle." Then start off for a second round.

With these Exercises I must take my leave of the enthusiastic young clubbists who read the "Riverside." I would only add, in conclusion, that the exercises which have been described are the principal and most attractive of the Indian Club series. Many more might have been described, but these were thought sufficient to introduce all who desired it to a thorough knowledge of this most honorable art. If you wish to use other exercises, arrange them for yourselves. You can easily do it, now that these are known to you. Make also combinations of these and other exercises, so that you can pass from one to another, without stopping to begin afresh. In devising new exercises and combinations, you will have enough to tax your ingenuity and skill to the utmost; and in faithful, regular practice, you will surely find the high road to health, for which many in these days search long and in vain. Of all kinds of gymnastic exercises, this is the best, since it can be practiced in the open air whenever the weather would permit any out-door work, and can be practiced within doors wherever there is "room enough to swing a cat in." But these things were said in the November "Riverside," and I must not detain you with their repetition now. As a word of parting, let me express the hope that your enjoyment in the use of the Indian Clubs may be as great as mine has been, and that you may become as strongly attached as I am to those inanimate though faithful servants of your will.



THE SETTLE.

Sit here on the Settle beside me, children, and look through your fists, so! You understand me, — you make a little telescope of your hand. See how it makes a picture of the landscape no larger than our frontispiece. Did you ever think how pictures were like the eye, taking upon a small surface scenes that perhaps extend over miles of space. Now it is somewhat so with such a subject as the picture you see to-day, — “School’s out!” The artist looked through the hand, and all the schools in the country, with all the happy scholars, were brought down into this one little picture of merry children, who are racing headlong down the hill. Do not be too much alarmed. That stone wall, the artist tells me, is just three feet high, and the grass is soft at the bottom. But, seems to me, the bones of that little one who is rolling over and over, will crack when she bounces over. Stop her, somebody: stop her!

Let us welcome some new-comers, who will stay with us for eight months. Hans Steiner, *alias* (who knows what *alias* means?) John that built the House, and Effie Ashley, with their friends and enemies, will have very interesting stories to tell, I assure you. I know, for they have told them to me.

You have heard this month, also, of Alonzo Bradley’s bees, — real bees, owned by a real man: now get the June number as soon as you can, for in that you will learn what is first to be done about keeping bees; and here let me say that I wish all the boys who read this, and have tried to keep bees, would give me all the advice they can, for this is a serious matter, and there is nothing like experience in these things. If you have any questions to ask that are not answered in these Bee articles, let me know, and I will see what can be done.

Now for our Riddles.

CHARADES.

My first is an article
Always nice to eat;
It is not a vegetable,
Nor yet is it meat;
Hands do not make it,
Neither does it grow;
In a wild state we find it,
The Bible tells us so.
My second is a planet
We know not much about;
If made just on purpose for us,
We cannot quite make out;
Or whether people live on it,
Like creatures here below,
No one as yet could tell us,
So of course we do not know.
My whole is what lovers all imagine
Will last forever and ever,
When for them that knot is tied
That God alone can sever.

RUTH M.

CHARADE WITH BEHEADINGS.

List to the swelling tide of sound!
Beethoven’s music grand and sweet,
How perfect harmony is found
Where varying chords and discords meet;
And from the vast orchestral throng
Comes pealing one triumphant song.

I am the soul of all that band;
In me contained, the myriad notes
In perfect order marshaled stand,
And flutes’ and hautboys’ patient throats,
And viols sweet, and trumpets clear,
Through me give music to the ear.

BEHEADED.

Now at the heart of all I lie,
And well for those who find me pure!
Though fair the outside, often I
Lurk foul within, beyond all cure,
And wise the man whose mind can see,
Or whose clear vision get at me.

BEHEADED AGAIN.

Though in the earth I make my bed,
And hide myself from mortal ken,
I hear my foes at work o’rhead,
And know that I am sought of men;
They dig me from my secret place,
And clutch me in their rude embrace.

BEHEADED AGAIN.

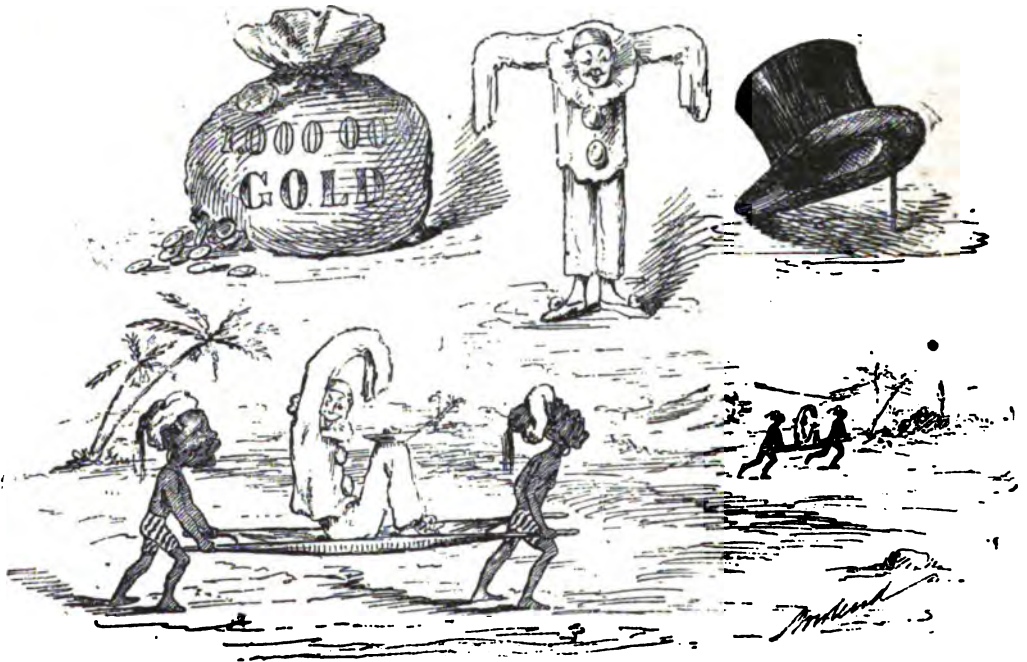
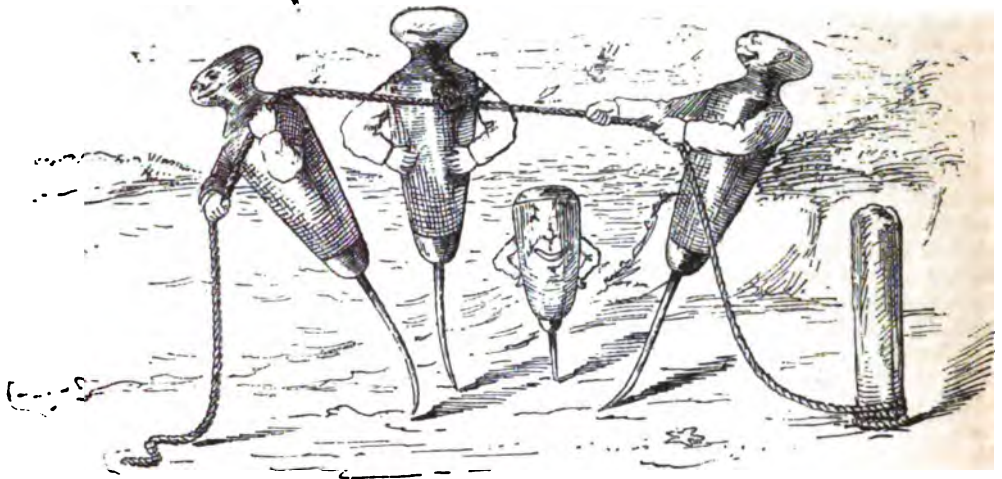
A sound I am and nothing more,
But sweet and musical, I still
Form part of the composer’s store,
To use or to neglect at will
And though I play a humble part,
I form a link in music’s art.

BEHEADED AGAIN.

A little thing, I may be seen
Wherever you may chance to look;
On earth, in heaven, in forest green,
In every page of every book,
In field and grove, in vale and stream,
In soundest sleep, or morning dream. F. W. H.

RIDDLE.

Behead me, and I express patience.
Cut off both head and tail, and I am a conjunction.
Cut off my tail twice, and I am the cry of innocence.
Pronounce my whole, and I am a foundation.
Again, and I am part of a glorious art.
Again, and I express a quality.
My whole inhabits the water. L. H.



Proverb in Picture.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Alike, and unlike : each to each unknown ;
The last becomes the first, ere it is half our own.

1. Tears so produced excite no sympathy.
2. — is not — which alters when it alteration finds.
3. Where the bee sucks, there lurk I. M. H.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of 17 letters.
My 5, 14, 12, is a negative expression.
My 12, 4, 11, is the opposite.
My 3, 8, 17, is a destructive weapon.
My 12, 16, 2, is the name of the person endeavoring to guess this enigma.

My 7, 6, is my whole objected to.

My 9, 2, 17, is a gait.

My 1, 10, 15, 16, 9, is what many will make in guessing this enigma.

My 13, 17, 12, 16, 5, 6, is anybody.

My 14, 2, 3, 4, 15, is a useful carpenter's tool.

My whole is my name.

2. My whole is an old proverb of 31 letters.

My 25, 2, 20, 31, is what all the people of the United States are.

My 2, 7, 11, 15, is useful in summer.

My 1, 9, 10, is a useful article.

My 5, 6, 8, is an animal.

My 1, 11, 2, 5, 3, 12, 7, are abundant in the forests of Brazil.

My 4, 14, 18, is a kind of bed.

My 21, 13, 30, 24, is very nearly related to this proverb.

My 19, 16, 17, 28, is an interjection.

My 22, 23, 24, is one also.

So is my 26.

My 28, 29, 15, is a useful metal.

WORD PUZZLES.

1. I am a word of one syllable. Take away two of my letters, and I am a word of two syllables.

2. Take away my first, second, or all my letters, I remain the same.

3. What word is it that contains five letters, and yet if you take away two letters ten remain?

4. What kind of a train should you get in, if you were in a thunder-shower?

M. S. H.'S RIDDLES.

1. Though a poet I be,
I stand on four feet.

My first being changed,
Fry potatoes and meat.

Change again, and though merchants
To me three feet assign,

To you I declare

That four feet are mine,
And merry children race and play
Within my bounds the live-long day.

2. My first is a large body of water. My second is the emblem of Eternity. My third is a river in Scotland. My whole inhabits my first.

3. I begin with a thousand, I end with a hundred,
My middle's a thousand again;
The ninth of all letters, the first of all numbers,
Take their place in the rest of the train;
My whole is a thing you never should do,
For if you mock others, then they will mock you.

4. A beautiful piece of my first
I received the other day,
And concluded into my second
To make it right away.

My second was made, — it was lovely,
But I wore it so oft, that — alas!
It soon became soiled and tumbled,
It no longer was fit to pass.

And so, to the arts of my whole
My second was given with care;
I must stop now, and wear it, because
'Tis returned, looking sweet, fresh, and fair.

5. Although in a pie, I'm ne'er in a tart,
Part of every weapon, but not of a dart,
Though out of spirits, I'm ever in heart.

6. I am composed of five letters. As I stand, I am a river in Virginia, and a rascal everywhere. Behead me, and I am the source of life and growth all over the world. Behead again, and I sustain life. Again, and I am only a little preposition. Transpose me, and I impart knowledge. Transpose my last three, and I am a refreshing beverage. Omit my third, and I am a domestic animal in French, and the delight of social intercourse in English. Transpose my first four, and I become what may attack your head in your efforts to find me out.

7. I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 5, 1, 14, 11, 9, 17, is a kind of gig.

My 4, 13, 2, 10, 5, 6, is to seize suddenly.

My 18, 12, 8, 19, 11, 3, is found in every Christmas cake.

My 16, 7, 20, 4, 9, is an important part of a lady's apparel.

My 15, 8, 21, 17, is a number.

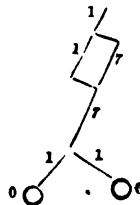
My whole is a friend of young people, as the "Riverside" each month testifies.

8. What river is death to education.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN APRIL NUMBER.

Trying on heads. — Sea, Cass, Ell, lass, M, mass, Cl, class, Bee, bass, Pea, pass. A Sum in Arithmetic. —

2) 34 342 200



Charades. — 1. Pennsylvania. 2. Needle. 3. Baby. 4. 5. All. Proverb in Picture. — Uncertainty walks on both sides of us. A Beheaded Riddle. — Star, tar. Anagrammatic Enigma. — Constantinople.



MAY.

Sunday	1	May Day, always.
Monday . .	2	Columbus discovered the Isle of Jamaica, 1494.
Tuesday . .	3	Battle of Chancellorsville, 1863.
Wednesday	4	Humboldt died, 1859.
Thursday .	5	Emperor Napoleon I. died, 1821.
Friday . . .	6	Battle of the Wilderness, 1864.
Saturday . .	7	Savings Banks instituted, 1815.
Sunday	8	Siege of Orleans raised by Joan of Arc, 1429.
Monday . .	9	Battle of Resaca de la Palma, 1847.
Tuesday . .	10	Ticonderoga taken by Ethan Allen, 1775.
Wednesday	11	Egyptians under Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea,
Thursday .	12	Battle of Palo Alto, 1846. [B. c. 1491.]
Friday . . .	13	Jamestown, Virginia, settled 1607.
Saturday . .	14	Mary Queen of Scots taken prisoner, 1568.
Sunday	15	Cuvier died, 1832.
Monday . .	16	W. H. Seward born, 1801.
Tuesday . .	17	Jenner, discoverer of vaccination, born 1749.
Wednesday	18	De Soto sailed for Florida, 1539.
Thursday .	19	The Dark Day, 1780.
Friday . . .	20	Columbus died, 1506.
Saturday . .	21	Lafayette died, 1851.
Sunday	22	First steamer started across the Atlantic, 1819.
Monday . .	23	Captain Kidd executed, 1701.
Tuesday . .	24	Queen Victoria born, 1819.
Wednesday	25	Princess Helena born, 1846.
Thursday .	26	Burns riot in Boston, 1854.
Friday . . .	27	Capture of Fort George, 1813.
Saturday . .	28	Professor Agassiz born, 1807.
Sunday	29	Patrick Henry born, 1736.
Monday . .	30	Joan of Arc burned, 1431.
Tuesday . .	31	Charlotte Brontë died, 1855.



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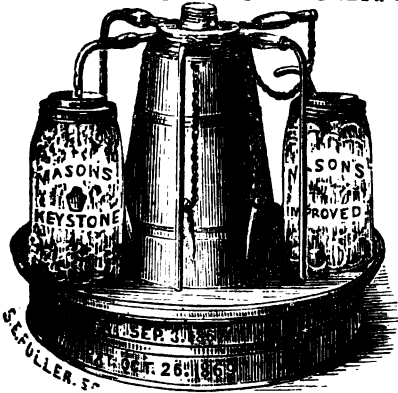
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THE
RIVERSIDE
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 FOR YOUNG
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1870

June

PUBLISHED BY
HURD AND HOUGHTON

New York

ESTABLISHED IN NEW YORK, 1859.

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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XLII. JUNE, 1870.

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We are happy to welcome Andersen back in the Magazine. His winter travels have prevented him from writing, but now that he is in Denmark he promises to write often. This month we have a little "Spring Song" which he wrote the first sunny day of the spring in Paris; next month the number will begin with a new story written for us by him, called "The Candles." We shall also give the first of four papers on our "Naval Heroes,"—John Paul Jones being the subject of that article. The author of "Indian Clubs" will give some useful information on "The Voice;" Mr. Gilman will give another of his practical papers on "Bee Keeping;" and the stories "A Hundred Years ago" and "A Bee Hunt on the Prairie," will be completed.

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THE FIGHTING COCKS AND EAGLE.

BY H. L. STEPHENS

From Æsop's Fables.]

[See The Settle.

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — JUNE, 1870. — No. XLII.

A BEE HUNT ON THE PRAIRIE.

I.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

"O, HATTIE! we are going to have a bee hunt!" John threw himself on the steps of the porch beside her.

"A bee hunt! What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know? but you are a city girl. Bees make their nests in hollow trees, and Mr. Jones and father know where there are two trees full of honey, and they are going to take the wagon, while the moonlight nights last, and go there and get the honey — and" —

"But how can they get the honey? the bees will sting them," interrupted Hattie.

"They cut down the trees, and smoke the bees out. Mr. Jones knows all about it; he is an old bee hunter."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, coming up with Mr. Lape, and seating himself on the steps beside the children, at the same time taking from his pocket a crumpled red and yellow cotton handkerchief, with which he wiped his face, pushing his hair and hat back as he did so, "I blazed many a tree before you were born. It's awful hot to-day, neighbor — uncommon for the season."

Mr. Lape thought it was.

"Wall, as I was saying about the bees, sometimes we had a warm time on it. Those varmints, the Ingens, were sich mean thieves, and they loved honey as well as the bars did."

"Do bears love honey?" asked Hattie.

"Bless you, yes; why, the greatest haul I ever had, I got by tracking a brown bear."

"Tell us about it, please," was the cry.

Vol. IV. — No. 42.

16

"Wall, you see, I had squatted on a splendid tract of government land, perty close among the Ingens on the frontier; our nighest neighbor was twenty miles off, but the red-skins were peaceable like. We had no callers 'cept 'White Head,' a grizzly hunter nigh on to seventy years, who had spent all his life among the Ingens, and now he was gettin' old, and thought he might be called home any time, he had come further in, for he wanted to die amongst white folks.

"We had an awful winter that year, — would have starved, I reckon, but for White Head, who brought us deer and bar meat. For two months we had no bread, fur I had cut my foot choppin' wood, and had a terrible time on it; and marm, she had a little baby, and Joe, he was only three years old. It was gettin' along into spring, and comin' warm like, but marm and the childer couldn't eat a bite, — they had got turned agin the meat, and ther warn't nuthin' else to be had. As it got warmer, and the grass got greener, it was wus; they hankered after things to eat, and looked so pinched and thin, it made my heart ache.

"It got to be the first of May, and the prairie was all specked with pretty litle flowers, when, one day, marm, who had dragged herself out to see if she could find any prairie hens' eggs, came in and dropped down, half faintin' like, and sed, 'Dad,' sed she, 'I seed some bees about on the blossoms, and I do believe if the childer and me had some honey, it would fotch us right up.'

“ Good, says I, ‘ old ’oman ; you shall have it, if ther’s any to be found on this government tract.’ My foot was gittin’ better, and I had been studyin’ what to do, while she was out. In a little while I had fixed my foot in a moccasin made of stout skin, tuck my gun, and was off.

“ Some six miles ahead was a creek with big trees on its banks. I made for it, and looked hard at every tree, but could see nary hollow one, wher’ bees could be. Presently, right on the side of the creek, close to the water, I saw some prints ; and, puttin’ my face down, saw they were the prints of a bar’s feet in the mud, wher he had been drinkin’. Pushin’ aside the leaves and young grass, I saw which way the varmint had gone, and followed him, forgettin’ all about the honey.

“ The tracks led along the bank for a matter of two miles, then tuck straight to a great cottonwood-tree, which grew in a thicket a little distance from the creek. I had often seen this tree, but had never been close to it. About six foot from the ground it branched off, and grew in three great prongs, each on ’em bigger than my body. I followed the bar’s prints, and they tuck me right to the tree. The arth at the foot of it was dug up like, and the bark was tore off the trunk in places wher he had tried to climb up. What on arth he had been at, I couldn’t tell. I looked up in the tree, which was only about half leafed out, it was so arly, but he warn’t ther ; so I turned around to find his trail agin, when I hard a little buzzin’ noise, and saw a bee light on a branch above me.

“ ‘ Aha ! ’ says I ; and I eat my gun agin the tree, and clum up into the forks, and looked about. Soon as I got ther I hard more low buzzin’, and found directly that ther was a great hole in the upper side of the biggest prong, and that bees were hived ther. I laughed right out when I discovered this, for I knew what the bar had been about then ; the bark of the tree was all torn off wher he had tried to git in the hole, which was only big enough for his snout, and I reckoned he had been stung by the bees, and made to quit.

“ I put my hand in slyly and got a mouthful of the honey, that made me smack my lips and think of marm and the little ones ; then I begun to consider how I should perceed to git it all, fur you see, honey was as good as gold to us, fur the bees had only begun to settle out West, and ther warn’t much honey about. While I was cogitatin’, I hard a cracklin’ in the bushes below, and lookin’ down saw the bar makin’ right fur the

tree. I guv one look, to see if I could git my gun before he was on me, but it had fallen to the arth, and I had nothin’ to fight him with but my knife. I pulled it out, and jumped in a branch right over the forks, wher I could have a good chance at him.

“ I kept still, and he came on easy like, till he got to the tree, and begun to climb ; then I leaned forward and took a good thrust at him and let fly. I hit him right between the fore paws, and he fell back and rolled over and over ; then, with a low growl, he got himself up, and came back agin on a dog-trot. He was a big fellow, and as mad as fire. I waited for him, but he was on his guard, and wary like ; this time he kept his head up, on the lookout, with his mouth ready to grab ; however, I watched my chance, and struck at his fore-paws. I cut one on ’em bad ; but he only growled, and stuck the tighter. Puttin’ my body as much out of the way as I could, I made a dive at his head, and hurt him, for he shook his head back and forth, and the bark he clung to guv way, and down he went agin. I saw I had my hands full. Before he came back I had laid my legs along up a limb, out of the way, and with my head and arms down, waited for him. I let him git as nigh as was safe, and, leanin’ way over, held on with one hand, while I stove at him. He jerked back sudden, and my knife stuck fast in him, out of reach. Here was a situation. The sweat broke out all over me. I couldn’t run with my foot. I thought of marm and the little ones.

“ In a minet I had the wooden pail off my back, I had fotched in case I got any honey, and with it I staved at him with all my strength. The blow took the handle of the knife, and druv it up to the hilt. He ground his jaws, and made the bark fly, in his rage. I at him agin, missed, and the pail flew to pieces agin the tree. Ther was nothin’ fur it but to drop down and git my gun, and stand up to the fight, fur I couldn’t run. I crawled to the end of the limb and dropped, hopin’ the bar would be so nigh the honey he would let me alone. But I had hardly touched ground, when he was arter me. I seized my piece and blazed away, but didn’t hit him. I had no time to load, so I backed agin a tree, prepared to fight with the butt-end of my gun, and feelin’ already tore to pieces. I had clinched fur a great blow, when I hard the click of a piece, and ‘ Dodge to the fur side.’ I went, like a duck under water. Ther was a bang, and the bar fell almost on me, and lay pitchin’ and tearin’.

“ ‘ Wall, lad ’ (White Head always called me

lad), he sed, as he came up, 'I've been a-trackin' this bar since sun up, but had no idee you was on t'other end of the trail.' I told him of the honey. 'It's curus,' he said, as he stood leanin' on the muzzle, arter pokin' the bar with his piece, 'how such a great, rough, savage thing loves honey; he's larned it, too, in the last twenty years; fur when I fust come West, there was never a bee over the Mississippi. I can tell the very year they crossed it, followin' the white man. As more settlers come, they come, — the more white men, the more bees. The Ingens never saw a bee till they saw the smoke of the white man's cabin; that's why they call it, "The white man's fly." An Ingen, who in his ignorance had poked his hand into a hollow stump wher they had hived, and been stung awful, so he could hardly keep from dancing with the pain, only he wouldn't, sed to me, "The white man hurts, — so does the white man's fly."

"Ther was an old grey-headed man come out here once, to watch the birds. He used to lay on the ground all day, still as an Ingen, to find out all about them, and stayed out of nights. He told me ther was never a bee in Amerika till Columbus came, and that arter the white man had sat his foot here the bees come.'

"I had fotched no axe, so we couldn't cut down the fork; but I plunged my knife in the hole, and got enough honey to guv marm and the childer a taste, though the bees made an awful fuss, and begun to come about me like mad, so we soon begun to make tracks. It did my heart good to see the childer eat the honey; the baby stuck his little fist right in it, then dug it in his mouth, a-crowin' all the while. The next day White Head and me went back, and made a fire of dry leaves and green wood, to drive away and numb the bees, and then we cut the limb off. It was plumb full of sweet, yellow honey, with the prettiest, nicest white comb, I ever saw. We got marm's washtub full. The day arter, I put our old hoss, Bill, into the wagon that had fotched us ther, and took half the honey, and made for Jim Fraiser's store. Jim lived in an old block-house, some twenty miles off, and kept a little 'sortment of flour, tea, powder, whiskey, and the like, when he could get 'em, to trade for skins with the squatters and the Ingens. I got some meal and flour, and a little tea for marm; and from that on we all looked up spry, and had good times."

"Don't bees love music?" asked Hattie, as the old man stopped and wiped his face again with his red and yellow handkerchief.

"Not as I knows of," Mr. Jones replied; "but they are wonderful creeters."

"There lived near us, on the banks of the river, in Cincinnati," Hattie went on to say, "a German, who had some hives of bees in his yard. He cultivated a large vegetable-garden on the other side of the river, where he also had bees. He would take his violin and begin to play on it, and the bees would come out of the hive as soon as they heard it, and swarm all about him; and he would walk through the street down to the boat, and go over the river, the bees going with him. They never stung him. When he got to the hives, in the garden over the river, he would stop playing, and the bees would leave him and go into the hive he pointed to. I have seen a crowd following him to hear him play, and see the bees."

"That was a real Ingen trick," said Mr. Jones, laughing. "He had hid the queen bee about him somewher, and they would follow him to the death, as long as he had her, and didn't hurt her; but I shouldn't like to have been in his shoes, if he did her any harm; they would have stung him to death. You see, he know'd their ways: and when he got over the river, he just slipped her in the hive, and they went in arter. I was as ignorant as town people about bees, until White Head told me; he larned it all from the old man that watched the birds. Ther wise creeters, I tell you. They have a government just like our government at Washington, only, instead of a president they have a queen. They have lazy bees — drones, they call 'em — hangin' about their queen, doing nothin', just like we have lazy men hangin' around our President. But here comes the schoolmaster; I reckon he knows somethin' about bees."

"Bees! yes, indeed. I have seen the greatest hive of honey anywhere, I suspect." The "master" also seated himself on the steps.

"Wher?" Mr. Jones pricked up his ears.

"In Texas. I was up the Colorado River two years since, at the village of Austin, and joined a party going out on a bee hunt. At some distance from the village great cliffs form the bank of the river, which rise in some places almost perpendicular from the water's edge, to a height of a hundred and fifty feet. In these cliffs is a cavern containing tons of wax and honey, which is supposed to have been used as a store-house for bees for a century. The party I went with blasted the rocks with powder, and obtained a couple of hundred pounds. Most of the store was so deep in the cliff, we could not get at it."

"But," said John, "Mr. Jones tells us the honey-bee came to this country with the white man; and you read us, the other day, that among the presents the Indians offered Columbus, was honey."

"So I did. I once spoke of this to a gentleman who lived for a long time in the West India Islands, and will give you the explanation he gave me. He said, 'that the insect found there was a distinct species, about the size of the common bee, but thicker, and without sting. They abound, but are never domesticated by the inhabitants, and are left to pursue their calling in their own wild way. This species very much resembles the humble-bee in the way it forms its comb and selects its places of deposit, nothing coming amiss, from a tuft of grass to a cavern. The negroes frequently find a treat of deliciously pure honey on the ground, upheld by a few stones and blades, but smoothly and closely enveloped in wax, to protect it from the weather.'

"He also told me that a river, whose name I have forgotten, enters the sea at Mantawgus, flowing between banks, from one to five hundred feet high. That looking up, where the cliffs are highest, the eye is caught by what seems to be a cloud floating above, but is only the ingress and egress of bees, that have made their homes in the fissures of the rocks, far above the spectator, and which have never been disturbed. The place is called 'The Hives.'"

Mrs. Lape appeared among them, to say supper was ready.

"Wall, master," said Mr. Jones, "live and larn. Your bee story beats my bar story, but I reckon both on 'em are true." He prepared to go.

"O, Mr. Jones!" said Hattie, "do tell us about the Indians and the bees."

"Not to-night; marm will wait supper for me. To-morrow night, when we go on the bee hunt, I'll tell you 'bout the Jugens."

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

II.

THE PRIEST ALL SHAVEN AND SHORN.

WHEN Hans awoke from his nap on the deck of the sloop, he was astonished to find that it was broad daylight, for the shades of evening had been gathering when he lay down. He was also surprised when he saw that some one had thrown a tarpaulin over him, to protect him from the night air. He did not reflect very long upon these things; but accepting the facts, that he had slept all night, and that he had not taken cold, he arose, and made his way to his friend the deaf steersman, who again was the only occupant of the deck. Before he could open his mouth to address this gentle being, the man called out, "I can't hear a word you say. You must go below," and then he puffed away at his pipe again, and resumed his steadfast gaze over the bow of the vessel. Hans, according to these instructions, immediately went below; and there, in a little cubby-hole of a cabin, he found the captain eating his breakfast.

"Hello!" said the skipper. "Are you ready to pay me my money?"

"No, indeed!" said Hans. "What you charge

me would be more than twice as much as my expenses would be upon the high-road, and I think that travelling in a sloop ought to be cheaper than that, especially as I might be able to help you a little on the way. So, if you will put me out at the next pier, or as soon as we can hail a boat, I will pay you for the distance I have gone; and then I will strike across to the high-road. I know all this country well enough for that."

"What country?" asked the skipper.

"Why, all this region along the Leine," said Hans.

"Along the Leine?" cried the captain. "Perhaps you do; but this is not the Leine, — this is the Weser."

"The Weser!" said Hans. "Why, how long have I been sleeping?"

"About twelve hours," replied the captain; "and in that time we have had a good wind, and have sailed nearly fifty miles."

"Why, we will soon be at Bremen!" exclaimed Hans.

"Certainly we will," said the captain, "and so

you need not now talk of walking the rest of the way, to save your money. How much will you give me for the passage to Bremen?"

"I will give you three florins," said Hans.

"All right," said the captain, who seemed to have improved his temper since the night before. "Sit down and eat some breakfast."

So Hans sat down at a shelf at one end of the cabin, and the skipper placed before him five red herrings, a large piece of cheese, a small Bologna sausage, two common sausages, a half loaf of brown bread, four onions, and a large mug of very brown beer; and Hans ate and drank it all.

It was about an hour or so before noon when Hans stepped into the streets of Bremen. He spent several hours wandering about with his bag over his shoulder, seeking for an inn, where he might find lodgings. Now, as inns and taverns were plenty enough in Bremen, it may seem strange that Hans should take so long to find one to suit him; but he was very desirous of selecting a place which should look as if its rates for board and lodging were low, and yet should be respectable enough to have served at some time for a stopping-place for his father, in which case he hoped to learn something from the landlord in relation to the object of his search. But Hans got hungry before he found an inn which even appeared to answer all his requirements, and so he stepped into the next one he saw. Here he got his dinner, and made arrangements for a night's lodging. During the afternoon he desired to ask some questions of the landlord; but as there was no landlord, he was foiled in this desire, and his attempt ended in his undergoing a thorough questioning and cross-examination at the hands of Dame Schelten, the good woman who kept the house. She knew nothing of the father before she saw the son, but before supper time she knew all that Hans could tell her. Hans remained at that inn for several days, and had no fault to find with either the hostess, the fare, or the charges; but he soon saw that when his money was gone he would be in a very bad fix, for he could not go out and shoot hares, and sell their skins in the city of Bremen. So, after a great deal of reflection, and considerable discussion of the matter with Dame Schelten, Hans determined to find, if possible, some situation in the city, which would not be as permanent as a trade, and which would support him, if nothing more, while his inquiries concerning his father were being prosecuted. But such a position as this was very difficult to procure; and if it had not been for the good Dame Schelten, who knew ex-

actly how much money Hans had, and just how long it would last, it is probable that he would never have found it. But one day, after breakfast, she came in from the market-house with a large goose in one hand, a basket of cabbages and carrots in the other, and a plan for Hans in her head.

"Come this evening with me," said she, "and I think I can find you a place."

So that evening they went. They crossed the Weser, and went into the more modern part of the city. After a tolerably long walk, during which Dame Schelten informed Hans that they were going to the house of her pastor, who, she had heard, was in need of just such a young man as himself, they arrived at a little house in a large street, and were admitted by a woman who looked considerably older than did any hills with which Hans was acquainted. The visitors were ushered into the kitchen, and Dame Schelten went up-stairs to see if she could speak with the master of the house. In a short time she returned for Hans, and together they entered a small room with walls, floors, and furniture, covered with books, charts, and papers. There was room enough, however, for one man to sit down and two persons to stand. So Hans stood up by the side of Dame Schelten, and made his respects to the man who was seated, whose dress and appearance proclaimed him a Roman Catholic priest. Now Hans did not like this at all. Like most of his countrymen, he had been bred a Lutheran, and had a great dislike to everything which savored of popery. So he looked with little pleasure at the black-eyed man, who stroked complacently his smooth chin, while he questioned Dame Schelten.

"So this is the young man you spoke of. Now I should call him a boy," said the priest.

"Hardly that, good father," said she. "He is older than he looks, and is as fit for a secretary, according to my ideas, as many a man of twice his age."

"And what may your ideas be?" asked the priest, still slowly stroking his chin.

The good woman found some difficulty in stating what her ideas were, and the priest relieved her by stating his own upon the subject. He wanted a secretary, — one who could not only write a good hand, but a person who was familiar with several modern languages. "Now, I suppose this young person," said he, "knows no tongue but his native German."

"No, sir," said Hans. "I know no language but that."

"In particular," continued the priest, "I desired a person who could write and speak English" —

"O!" cried Hans, "I can speak some English."

"Why then," asked the priest, "did you say that you knew no language but your own?"

"I didn't suppose you called English a language," said Hans. "I thought you meant Greek and Latin."

"But English is a language, and a very good

chin. "Now, what does all that mean?" he asked.

"The first," answered Hans, "means, 'Be quick, Hans, I'm waiting.' The second you say when your fishing-line gets tangled all up, or when the bait is overset in the river. And the other one means that a person does not know whether it is going to rain, or not."

"Indeed!" said the priest. "And now pray tell me where you learned all this."

"There was an Englishman who stayed a month with Herr Koppel last fall. I lived with Herr Koppel, you know," said Hans, turning to Dame Schelten; "and he used to take me out fishing with him. He said those things so often, that I learned them; he told me the meaning of them also."

"Well," said the priest, "the Englishman was a better linguist than moralist. You speak the language — what you know of it — remarkably well for a German. Your accent is very good, but I hardly think your knowledge will ever be of much avail to you. However, come to me to-morrow morning, and I will examine you in reference to your other accomplishments. I may find something for you to do."

So Hans and Dame Schelten departed, and the next morning the boy came to see the priest (for it would not do to throw away a chance, even when offered by a Roman Catholic), and Father Anselm, finding that he wrote a very plain hand, gave him some copying to do, which would occupy him for a couple of weeks, and would pay him enough for a frugal support.

After this, Hans got other jobs of the kind from the priest; and as the latter was not able to find the secretary that he desired, he began to employ

Hans in that capacity, and in part payment for his services he gave the boy lessons in English and mathematics. Hans was a quick fellow to learn, and in a few months he found himself regularly installed in the house of Father Anselm, as a secretary under instructions. In a year he was a very fair English scholar, and no mean hand at the higher branches of mathematics. At first the priest made several attempts to win Hans over to the doctrines of his church; but, finding the boy so strongly Protestant, he



one," said the priest. "And now let us hear what you know of it. Can you speak it correctly?"

"I can say some things," said Hans.

"What?" asked the priest.

Then Hans, with a good accent, and very distinctly, said in English, "Hurry up there, you Dutch jackass!" "A pretty kettle of fish, indeed!" And, "To go, or not to go, — that's the question!"

The priest smiled, and ceased rubbing his

gave up these attempts, unwilling to lose a good and cheap clerk for the sake of getting a possible proselyte.

In this time Hans made every effort in his power to discover some trace of his father, but with no success. He wrote to the mayors of several towns in the neighborhood of Bremen, but only received one answer, and that was entirely unsatisfactory. He also wrote to his old friends the Koppels, and they were very glad to hear that he was so well off, but did not care to dampen his spirits by the announcement of his father's death, until in one of his letters he stated that he thought he had been in Bremen long enough to have found his father, if he was there, and that he had an idea of soon going to Hamburg, to see what could be done in that city. Then old Koppel wrote him what he had heard of Carl Steiner's death in Westphalia. For a month or two after receiving this letter, Hans went about his business without saying scarcely a word to any one. The news of his father's death was the most dreadful shock he had ever had, and he had no one with whom he could share his grief; for although Father Anselm was kind enough, he never invited that confidence from Hans which probably would have arisen between them, had the boy been a Roman Catholic. After a time, however, Hans took to going to see Dame Schelten nearly every evening, and her lively discourse and sensible advice had a good effect upon him, and before spring he was nearly the same old Hans, only a great deal smarter and taller.

About this time Father Anselm made a proposition to Hans which gave him a great deal of pleasure. He asked him how he would like to take a business trip to England. Hans thought it would be the most delightful thing in the world, and the arrangements for his departure were soon made. He would have liked to have gone to Neustadt, to pay the Koppels a farewell visit; but the trip would have cost both time and money, and the priest discountenanced it, especially as Hans might soon return to Germany. So he contented himself with a letter to his old friends, in which he promised to pay them a visit as soon as he returned.

The vessel in which Hans was to go did not sail from the city, but from Cuxhaven, and the trip there from Bremen Hans made in a post-chaise, — or rather, post-wagon, — in the company of the priest, who, on the way, gave his directions and instructions, which were all verbal, but which Hans learned exactly as he would

have learned a lesson, and recited to his companion several times. Stopping at a little village to change horses and dine, they met a gentleman from Holland, who was also travelling post, but in a different direction. This man appeared to take the greatest interest in the priest and his young friend, but did not evince any curiosity concerning them, except what was expressed by his eyes, which seemed never to be taken from them.

"That man thinks he knows us," said Hans.

"Perhaps he does," was the only reply of the priest.

Before it was time for the post-chaise going north to start, the gentleman from Holland went out in the kitchen, where his servant, an ugly fellow, was eating his dinner. He took this ugly fellow into the yard, and said to him, — "Pay the post-boy who rides with that priest to let you take his place. Their wagon is an open one, and you can hear what they talk about. Remember all they say from here to Cuxhaven. Come back as quickly as you can. I will wait here for your report."

So the ugly fellow rode all the way to Cuxhaven with Father Anselm and Hans, and disturbed them very much by the awkward manner in which he managed the horses. But they arrived in safety, and the ugly servant hastened back to his master.

"Well, what did they say?" asked the worthy gentleman from Holland.

"That's more than I know," said his servant, "for they talked English all the way."

The Hollander took off his hat and rubbed his head.

"English, indeed!" said he to himself. "Well, perhaps that's enough, of itself." Then he went off across the country in the direction of the broad mouth of the river Ems, and although his postilion drove as fast as he could, this good gentleman from Holland never seemed satisfied.

Although Hans arrived at Cuxhaven on the evening of a Tuesday, he did not sail until the morning of the next Thursday, for the lading of the *Dolphin* (the schooner in which his passage was taken) was not quite completed. Father Anselm, however, returned on Wednesday, which day was spent by Hans in wandering about the shore, and in gazing over the blue waters, so novel and delightful to him. When at last they set sail and ran out of the harbor into the waters of the North Sea, his delight for a time was almost extravagant. The day was beautiful, the wind was favorable, and they soon saw the heights

of Heligoland looming up on the northern horizon. Then, as they ran along the northern coast of Hanover and Holland, hardly ever getting out of sight of the numerous islands which stand like a row of sentinels along the line of the shore, he was interrupted in his pleasant occupation of admiring the vast stretch of ocean and the distant sails, by certain feelings by no means pleasant, which made him go below and lie down. But Hans was not sea-sick long, and when, on the second day of the trip, the captain told him to look at Texel Island, for that would be the last land he would see until he reached England, Hans was as lively as any one on board, and would have been well pleased to have lost sight of land for a month. Early the next morning a sail was perceived on the weather bow of the schooner, and when the nearer approach of the vessel showed that it had a great many sails, and was a Dutch man-of-war, Hans was full of hope that it would come near enough for him to see the cannons and the uniformed sailors. In a short time it was evident that the man-of-war intended coming as close as she could, for she steered so as to run across the schooner's course, as if she wished to head her off. At this, the captain of the schooner put his vessel's head a little more to the westward (she had been running almost due southwest), but the change of course did not seem to suit the Dutchman, for she fired a gun across the bows of the *Dolphin*, as a signal for her to heave to. At this the mate stepped up to the captain.

"What do you suppose that means, sir?" said he.

"It's more than I know," replied the captain, with his eye fixed steadily upon the man-of-war, which was now not more than half a mile away.

"I suppose we'll put her head up to the wind and wait for a boat," said the mate. Now the wind was almost due south, and the two vessels were sailing on the sides of a triangle, which would soon bring them together. Therefore the man-of-war was seen taking in sail. The captain of the *Dolphin* did not immediately answer his mate, but directly he said, "No, I think we will put her stern to the wind. We have a better chance of getting away from that Dutchman now, than when she has overhauled us."

"You can't sail away from her," cried the mate.

"Before the wind I think I can," said the captain.

The crew were all on deck, but the force was

rather too small to put the vessel before the wind in as great a hurry as the captain desired. But every man was ordered to his post, and Hans volunteered to let go a sheet-line when the order should be given. The helm was put hard-a-port, the *Dolphin* turned her head nearly due north, and then, with every sail set fair, she went spinning away toward Norway as hard as she could. This manœuvre was of course perceived by the man-of-war before it was fully accomplished, and that vessel put her head about and went before the wind toward Norway, as hard as she could go, sending in advance sundry cannon-balls, which traveled toward Norway at the rate at which each vessel would have been glad to have sailed, if the thing could possibly have been managed. But none of these balls struck the *Dolphin*, and her captain's confidence in her ability to sail well before the wind, was not misplaced; for, before night, the man-of-war had lost considerable ground—or rather, water,—and when the sun rose the next morning she was nowhere to be seen. But the *Dolphin* still kept northward, only she varied her course to the northwest, and sailed under as little sail as possible. About evening she put about, and went southward again. All the next day she sailed south, making long tacks, to avail herself of the wind, which had not changed its quarter. At night she sailed as nearly in the wind's eye as possible, and being thus close-hauled, and sailing very slowly, about midnight she ran plump into the mizzen-rigging of the Dutch man-of-war. The *Dolphin's* bowsprit just grazed the stern of the ship, and the two vessels came together with the force of the collision greatly broken. Everybody was on the deck of the schooner in an instant, and the captain quickly recognized the great ship, that loomed up before him in the darkness. Not a light was burning on either vessel, for one was too desirous of overtaking the other, and the other too anxious to get away, to allow of their betraying their position by the ordinary signs. The captain of the man-of-war now made his appearance on the quarter-deck of his vessel, attended by several officers and men, with lanterns.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried. "Glad to see you. Been waiting for you for two days. Strike your mainsail, put your helm a-port, and fall alongside to leeward."

As the ship was making greater headway than the schooner, although sailing under shortened canvas, the different motion of the vessels had now separated them slightly, and the order of the captain of the man-of-war was intended to bring

the *Dolphin* in a position where she would lie out of the power of the wind, which would be kept from her by the larger vessel (on which all hands were now taking in sail), and where she might be conveniently boarded.

Seizing the helm himself, the captain of the *Dolphin* put it hard-a-starboard, and shouted his orders to clap on every rag, and let out every reef. Catching the full force of the wind the moment her head was brought around eastward, the *Dolphin* slipped away in the darkness on a course almost at right angles with that of the man-of-war, who became almost invisible in a few moments. But a flash of light, a clap of thunder, and a ball whistling through the rigging of the *Dolphin*, soon proved that her gunners knew very well where to find the schooner. Another and another shot flew over the water, and one ball went through the mainsail, and another cut the stays of the foretop-mast, so that that valuable piece of wood would have been lost to the *Dolphin*, had not the small size of the crew made a delay in the setting of the foretop-sail, and thus caused the damage to be perceived in time. But although without a foretop-sail, the schooner flew along over the water at a rate which soon took her out of the ken of the gunners on the man-of-war, though the firing was kept up at random for a half hour or more. Into the darkness sped the *Dolphin*, knowing well that it would take some time to put the man-of-war

about and to set all her sails for the chase. Instead of running north, as she did before, she kept up to the northeast, as though she were about to run into some port in Denmark. But in the morning the man-of-war was not to be seen, and it was useless to make any pretenses, when there was no one to see them. So the *Dolphin* put back again for the coast of Great Britain, making a very great curve to the north as she did so, and arrived off the Frith of Forth in about four days. Then keeping within safe distance of the coast, she took a southeasterly course toward her destination. During the trip a great deal of wonder was expressed at the course of the man-of-war, in making such efforts to capture an unoffending merchant vessel, and the captain once remarked to Hans, "I should not be surprised if you were at the bottom of all this."

But Hans could not for the life of him see what a Dutch man-of-war could want with him.

The intention of the captain was to proceed to London, but his voyage had been so much longer than usual, that he ran into Yarmouth, from which place Hans went to London in a stage-coach. During his journey through the fruitful counties of Sussex and Essex, Hans was delighted with all he saw from the top of the coach, but his heart was chiefly filled with the thought that he was going to London, — to London, the greatest city in the world!

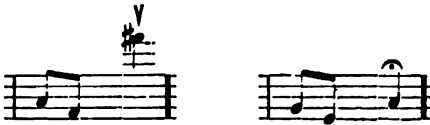
A WOOD-ROBIN ABROAD.

BY W. H. GOODRICH.

I WONDER how many of the boys and girls who read the "Riverside" ever heard the wood-robin sing. A good many have heard him sing who never saw him. I am going to tell you about one that I met in a foreign land, and who recognized me for a fellow-countryman. But in the first place I want you to know something about the bird himself, and his voice and ways. There is nothing better for a stout boy, or girl either, who can walk as far as they have a mind to, and who love the beauty of the woods and streams, than to learn the habits of all living things, that have their homes, and carry on their work, and play, and family life, all around us. Have you ever read "Homes without Hands?" It is a capital story-book, and true as the gospel.

But about the wood-robin. In the first place, he is a thrush, and not a robin at all, except by courtesy. He is hardly even a distant cousin of the English bird which bears that name. He is a thoroughly North American bird, and is found in all our woods east of the Missouri River, and down to the Gulf of Mexico. He is about the size of the robin (really a thrush too) that we see hopping about our lawns, and pulling the earth-worms so skillfully out of their holes. But he is rather more slender, and has no red breast. His color is brown, darkening toward his tail, somewhat mottled with dark spots, and he is white underneath. He is a shy bird usually, and does not sit still to be looked at, but flies deeper into the shade if he hears footsteps near, or sees

any of the larger bipeds coming into his haunts. Yet he does not stay only in the woods. When I was a boy, I lived on Temple Street, New Haven, under some grand old elms. One tree in front of my father's house was more than eighty feet high, and out of the upper branches, almost every day, the wood-robin's note rung, till I learned it by heart, and came to love the bird as I did my other neighbors. But the bird himself was rarely to be seen. He was more a voice than a bird; and when, sometimes, out of the garret window, I caught sight of him as he flitted from branch to branch, I wondered how so small a body could produce so loud a note. The wood-robin has two principal songs, which he repeats all day without tiring himself or tiring you. Besides these, he sometimes indulges in a set of variations more rapid and irregular. But the beauty of his voice comes out in three or four ringing notes, clear, round, and mellow as a bell, and like no other bird-song. He has two strains, the first of which is quick and brilliant, and the other soft and tender, almost minor in quality, as if he first said something in his haste, and then had, following it, a sober second thought. I will write these two strains just as he utters them in succession, with a little pause between.



There may be a difference in different birds, or in their notes, at different ages. Like professional singers, they are a little capricious in voice, and sharp or flat a trifle at times, but the song is quite uniform, as I have written it above; and when it breaks from the leafy covert of a high tree, it rings down the aisles of the woods for a quarter of a mile. I think I have heard it much further even than that, on a still summer day. It seems to make the intervening silence deeper. Audubon speaks of this bird as his greatest favorite, and tells how its sweet, mellow notes, ris-

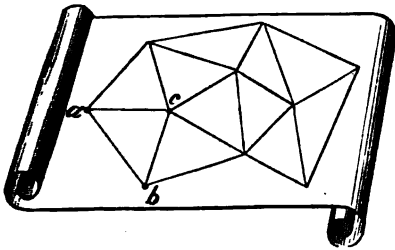
ing and falling in gentle cadence, cheered him in the solitary and dense forests of the West.

Well, it happened in the summer of 1868, that I was in London, and in the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park. I was walking through the grounds with the best woman in the world, who, though she does not speak in meeting, will testify to the truth of this incident, which really affected us both. We were passing the Aviary, which is nothing but a great wire cage, twenty feet high, or more, and perhaps a hundred feet long. It is divided into compartments, which are occupied by different sorts of birds; and at the back are sheltered boxes along a wall, where, if they please, they can nestle in wet weather. In one of these compartments my eye lighted on my old friend, the wood-robin. He was alone and silent, and seemed moping about in a rather aimless way. I said to Madame, "I'm sure that is a wood-thrush, and I will speak to him." So I whistled (as I used to do when a boy) the first three notes of the song written above. I wish you could have seen the change which came over the bird. He answered me instantly in the same notes, and came flying to the edge of his prison, all in a flutter, cocking his head this way and that, and ogling me with one eye and then with the other. I whistled the other three notes, and he answered me again, quick as thought. He kept hopping about on the stone ledge from which the grating rose, as if he could not contain himself, and there we had it back and forth, first one strain and then the other, as sharp as a Yankee bargain. Suddenly he flew back to the shed and brought his mate, who did not sing, but seemed to understand the whole matter as well as we did. This lasted for twenty minutes at least, and was interrupted only by our going away with tender hearts for the bright little prisoner. If ever I held a conversation in my life, I did with that wood-robin in Regent's Park. I have met fellow-countrymen in distant lands, who seemed glad to see me; but, if ever I was welcomed by a genuine American heart, or made it glad with memories of its own land, it was the heart of that exiled wood-robin.



GENERAL PLAN.

The base line being measured, the stations on the various elevations being fixed, and the angles made by the several lines meeting at the stations being ascertained, — with the proper corrections, of course, for the different level of the different stations, — the system of triangles resulting can then be delineated upon paper, forming a plan of the triangulation, as shown in the engraving. The centres, *a*, *b*, *c*, and so on, will mark true places of all the prominent points in the territory surveyed, and the situation of all the minor points can easily be determined by special measurements. The result will be an accurate map or plan of the whole region.



Plan of the Triangulation.

TRIANGULATION NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY.

The process of surveying a territory in this manner by triangulation is of course a slow and laborious work, and it is not necessary to take so much pains except where the land is very valuable, or where the survey is connected with the construction of a canal, or where the case is usually the case, — cheap, —

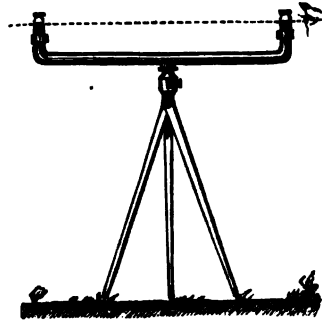
AN EXPERIMENT ILLUSTRATING ACCURACY.

In the previous article I stated the principle on which certain parts of a triangle determine certain other parts, in these words: "If two lines converge toward each other at the ends of a third line, the length of which is known, the amount of the convergence, as measured by the angles, will determine the distance at which they will meet."

Any young persons who may be so disposed, can easily verify this principle, and at the same time impress it indelibly upon their minds, by applying it to the purpose of measuring the width of a street, from a room looking out upon it, without leaving the room. This may be done on the principle above explained, in the following manner.

Place a table opposite to each of the two

staves. An idea of the general structure of a leveling instrument, and of the principle on which it operates, is shown in the adjoining engraving.



Leveling Instrument.

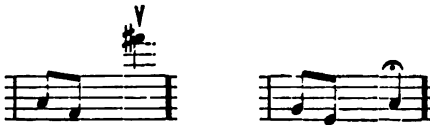
It consists of a horizontal tube mounted on a stand by means of a hinge joint, which allows of the elevation or depression of either end. The ends of the tube are turned up, and terminated by two short glass tubes. The tube is filled with water, which of course rises to the same level in each branch; and thus the observer, by sighting along the surfaces of the water, can determine what point at a distance is level with his eye. Such an apparatus as this is called a *water level*. It is introduced here, however, only for the purpose of illustrating the general nature of the process. In the leveling instruments now generally used for nice operations, the liquid employed is alcohol, and not water; and the construction of the instrument itself is quite complicated. It is provided usually with small telescopes for distant vision, and with the means of adjusting the instrument, not necessary to

front windows, — supposing that the instrument, two — and place upon each a small board, into which a tack or a pin may be driven. Lay a sheet of paper flat upon the board, and drive in the pin or the tack, through the paper into the wood, at or near the centre. Load the boards with books or other weights, — placed outside the pins, — so as to prevent them from slipping upon the table.

Now connect these pins by a thread of known length, say eight or ten feet, according to the space. Little loops may be made in the ends of the thread, to be passed over the heads of the pins, and then the thread may be drawn tight by moving the boards or the tables. If necessary, the thread must be supported in the middle by a third table, or by a stand.

We have thus a measured base line with two

any of the larger bipeds coming into his haunts. Yet he does not stay only in the woods. When I was a boy, I lived on Temple Street, New Haven, under some grand old elms. One tree in front of my father's house was more than eighty feet high, and out of the upper branches, almost every day, the wood-robin's note rung, till I learned it by heart, and came to love the bird as I did my other neighbors. But the bird himself was rarely to be seen. He was more a voice than a bird; and when, sometimes, out of the garret window, I caught sight of him as he flitted from branch to branch, I wondered how so small a body could produce so loud a note. The wood-robin has two principal songs, which he repeats all day without tiring himself or tiring you. Besides these, he sometimes indulges in a set of variations more rapid and irregular. But the beauty of his voice comes out in three or four ringing notes, clear, round, and mellow as a bell, and like no other bird-song. He has two strains, the first of which is quick and brilliant, and the other soft and tender, almost minor in quality, as if he first said something in his haste, and then had, following it, a sober second thought. I will write these two strains just as he utters them in succession, with a little pause between.



There may be a difference in different birds, or in their notes, at different times now only to signal singers, they converging lines in this small and sharp or, same scale with that on which the qu'nd was drawn, to find the length in feet of the corresponding line in the large triangle which extended across the street. Of course if the perpendicular distance across the street is required, the point sighted to on the other side must be opposite to one of the windows, so as to make the angle at that end of the base line a right angle.

This method is perfectly precise in itself. The result obtained by the process will deviate from the truth only so far as the measurements, in the performance of it, deviate from accuracy.

ONLY ONE BASE LINE REQUIRED TO BE MEASURED ON THE GROUND.

It will be observed that in order to perform the operation above described, one of the sides

ing and falling in gentle cadence, cheered him in the solitary and dense forests of the West.

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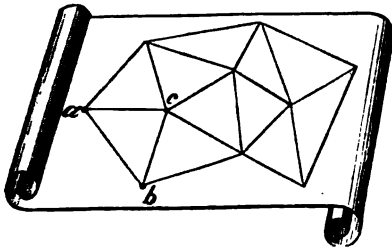
his m' Connection of the Triangles.

have only angles to measure, — and so of all the rest.

This fact, that only one line has to be measured on the ground for the whole survey, enables the surveyor to devote a great deal of time, and to take every precaution to make the measurement as accurate as possible. He can, moreover, choose the place for this line wherever he pleases. Of course he selects a spot where the ground is smooth and level, and free from obstructions of every kind. In important cases he makes his preparations for the measurement with the utmost care, and has measuring-rods and other instruments made, of extreme accuracy. So delicate and difficult is this operation, in cases where the utmost attainable precision is required, that it would require a volume to describe the whole process of measuring a base line, as it has sometimes been performed.

GENERAL PLAN.

The base line being measured, the stations on the various elevations being fixed, and the angles made by the several lines meeting at the stations being ascertained, — with the proper corrections, of course, for the different level of the different stations, — the system of triangles resulting can then be delineated upon paper, forming a plan of the triangulation, as shown in the engraving. The centres, *a*, *b*, *c*, and so on, will mark true places of all the prominent points in the territory surveyed, and the situation of all the minor points can easily be determined by special measurements. The result will be an accurate map or plan of the whole region.



Plan of the Triangulation.

TRIANGULATION NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY.

The process of surveying a territory in this manner by triangulation is of course a slow and laborious work, and it is not necessary to take so much pains, except where the land is very valuable, and the constructions connected with the road are to be very costly, as is usually the case in Europe. In this country, where land is cheap, and where all the interests involved in the work are comparatively small, so minute and careful a survey is often not required.

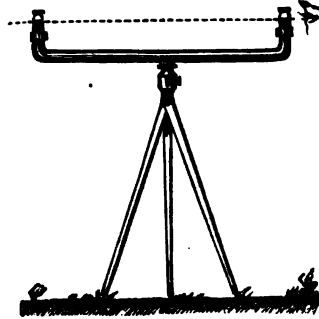
LEVELING.

In laying out the road, it is not only necessary to make an exact plan of the surface, but also to level the line determined upon for the course of the road. Leveling the ground, however, in the language of surveyors, does not mean reducing it to a level by excavations and fillings, but only the determination of where the true level would come. The track is seldom made to conform precisely with this true level. It follows it more or less closely, according to the nature of the grounds.

APPARATUS USED IN LEVELING.

The apparatus used for this purpose consists of a leveling instrument, so called, and two leveling

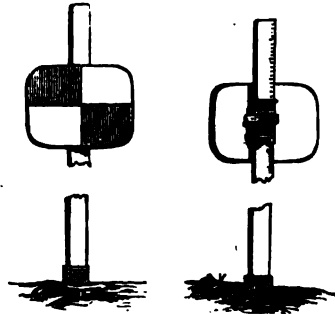
staves. An idea of the general structure of a leveling instrument, and of the principle on which it operates, is shown in the adjoining engraving.



Leveling Instrument.

It consists of a horizontal tube mounted on a stand by means of a hinge joint, which allows of the elevation or depression of either end. The ends of the tube are turned up, and terminated by two short glass tubes. The tube is filled with water, which of course rises to the same level in each branch; and thus the observer, by sighting along the surfaces of the water, can determine what point at a distance is level with his eye. Such an apparatus as this is called a *water level*. It is introduced here, however, only for the purpose of illustrating the general nature of the process. In the leveling instruments now generally used for nice operations, the liquid employed is alcohol, and not water; and the construction of the instrument itself is quite complicated. It is provided usually with small telescopes for distant vision, and with the means of making many nice adjustments, not necessary to be explained here.

In addition to the leveling instrument, two *staves* are used, which consist of upright bars, with movable slides, which can be adjusted to any height upon them. The slides are painted



Leveling Staves.

on their face, in alternate squares of very distinct colors, so as to enable the observer at the instrument to discern easily the central line. The slides are held by a spring, which, however, allows them to be moved up and down easily, as directed by the gestures of the observer at the instrument, and the bars are graduated on the back side, as shown in the right-hand figure of the engraving, so that the operators who hold them can read the height of the centre line from the ground, very readily.

THE PROCESS.

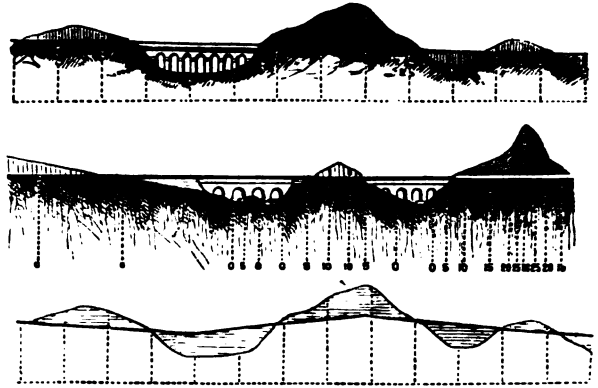
The manner of using the apparatus is shown by the accompanying engraving. The leveling instrument is there seen placed in the middle, between the two staves, A and B, and the difference of level between the two points at which the two staves are placed, is at once determined.



Operation of Leveling.

THE RESULTS.

The results of the *triangulation* enable the engineers of the road to construct a *plan* of the whole surface of the territory which the road is to traverse, and to form an intelligent judgment in respect to the course of it, as affected by the general outlines of the country, — the position of



Profiles.

results of the *leveling operations*, on the other hand, the ascents and descents of the ground along the line of the road, can be determined, and drawings, called *profiles*, can be made.

These profiles show all the changes of level along the line of the road, indicating the points where hills are to be cut through, and where valleys are to be traversed by viaducts or embankments; and where inclines are necessary, they show the precise length and the precise angle of inclination. The manner of drawing the profiles is such as to show whether a tunnel or a cut is intended, in case of a hill, and whether it is by a bridge or an embankment that a valley is to be crossed. In a word, the plans and the profiles together, show everything that it is desirable to know.

When all these measurements, calculations, and drawings are made, the line is divided into sections, which are let out to contractors, and these bring on their gangs of workmen, and at once break ground.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOUNTAINS.

ON the commencement of the ensuing summer vacation, Colonel Moreland announced his inten-

tion to visit his mountain domain, and at the same time formally presented his son with a double-barreled fowling-piece of the best English manufacture. The possession of this long desired gun and the proposed visit to the Mullnix

family excited Beverly's imagination to the highest point, and thenceforth his dreams by night and his discourse by day were of nothing but deer, bears, and panthers. He rode over to the Belmeades to show his gun to Frank and Lucy, and inform them of his proposed trip. Frank was delighted with the new piece, which had percussion locks, and was fatal to birds at long distances. The boys popped at everything they could see in the shape of game, and talked incessantly about it while in the house. Lucy was by no means as much pleased as Beverly thought she ought to have been. She regarded the new favorite coldly, declared she was afraid of guns, and couldn't bear to be in company with one. It seemed as if she regarded the gun as a rival and was jealous of the new toy, and when Beverly took leave he left her pouting. Davy Meeker, now quite recovered, was not forgotten, and was allowed with trembling hand to discharge the gun several times, to his great delight and the trepidation of his sister Mary, who feared he might get hurt.

At length the expedition started for the mountains. Colonel Moreland and Beverly took the lead on horseback, each carrying his hunting piece strapped across his back. Cæsar and Bill followed in a light covered wagon drawn by one horse, and containing baggage and provisions, with some fishing-rods and extra ammunition. Cæsar, being an old campaigner, took great delight in superintending these preparations, and called himself the Quartermaster-General. Bill, overjoyed at being enlisted in so important a service, was as active and obsequious as any one could have wished.

Traversing the valley westward and crossing several inferior mountain ridges, the party halted to lunch by a shaded spring on the banks of Sleepy Creek, in Morgan County. As the day was hot and the roads dusty, the gentlemen then changed places with the servants and drove in the wagon to their proposed resting-place at Slane's Cross Roads, in Hampshire County, where a hearty supper and profound sleep put them in good condition to resume their journey the morning.

Before sunrise the gentlemen were again in the saddle. Cæsar was ordered to drive directly to Romney, while the Colonel and Beverly turned out by a side road to visit a notable natural curiosity in that vicinity.

After progressing a short distance, Beverly observed that the road (now grass-grown and but little used) led them along the summit of a nar-

row ridge or causeway, scarcely wide enough for a single vehicle; while on either hand the North River was visible, flowing along the base of precipitous cliffs a hundred feet below. Pursuing this dangerous path for several hundred yards, they descended by a gradual slope into an open area of level river bottom, making a beautiful farm of several hundred acres in extent, a peninsula encircled by the river except at the point of approach over the narrow causeway they had just passed.

In front and immediately beyond the river, a stony ridge rose abruptly to the height of several hundred feet, and in the form of an amphitheatre.

Crossing the stream by an easy ford, the travellers dismounted near a spring-house, beneath the shade of some lofty trees, and although the morning was already quite warm, they found the air here so chilling that they were fain to button up their coats.

The Colonel then informed his son that this was the famous Ice-mountain of Hampshire, among whose rocks and recesses, from some natural causes unexplained, ice was preserved from season to season.

Producing his drinking-cup, he dipped some water from the fountain, which Beverly was surprised to find of icy coldness,—its standing temperature being about 40° Fahrenheit.

Groping beneath the fallen leaves and in the crevices of the rocks, they also found snow and ice in plenty, while their hands became quite benumbed with cold. This seemed the more remarkable, as the locality is at the base of a hill looking westward, and only a few feet above the genial current of the North River.

Having sufficiently observed and speculated upon the probable cause of this phenomenon, our travellers at length mounted their horses, and after a rapid ride of two hours overtook their baggage-wagon at Romney. Here they took breakfast, and after a brief repose started up the northwestern turnpike, pleasantly excited by the fresh atmosphere and the romantic mountain scenery which surrounded them.

Leaving the broad turnpike, as they had been directed, our travellers entered upon a rough and narrow mountain road which wound to and fro, up hill and down dale, all the while through a thick forest which seemed interminable.

Cæsar growled continually at the roughness of the road, and Bill, wearied out, had couched himself in the bottom of the wagon where he slept in spite of the jolting.

Although they had not seen the sunshine since

they entered the wood, they had still been cheered by occasional glimpses of blue ridges in the distance, or the nearer faces of jagged precipices lit up by the sun; but as night approached, the genial air waxed chilly and the green twilight of the woods deepened into a frightful gloom. The silence which also oppressed their spirits was only broken by the melancholy call of the whip-poor-will or the hideous guffawing of the great owls.

Beverly was intensely wearied with the saddle and weak with hunger, so that he could not help expressing the wish "they would soon come to a house."

The Colonel quietly observed "that they must have lost their way, or that no reliance could be placed on the estimates of distances in this country. They should have reached Tom Mullnix's place long before this, according to his calculations."

"Indeed," said Beverly, "I hope we will soon be there, for it would be dreadfully lonesome to stay all night in these woods."

"I think we will be obliged to make up our minds to it," said the Colonel cheerfully, "and as we have the means of making ourselves comfortable, you will find it not so lonesome as you suppose."

As they presently found themselves on some tolerably level ground near a brawling stream, the Colonel ordered a halt, and determined to encamp for the night.

Beverly was so jaded that he was glad of any opportunity to dismount and rest, half reclining upon a mossy cushion at the root of a large sugar-maple. The Colonel gave some brief orders to the servants, and spreading his military cloak, threw himself on the ground beside his son.

Cæsar was now in his element, and ambitious to show that he had not forgotten his campaigning days, he soon got everything in order. The horses were stripped and picketed where they could amuse themselves browsing on some sweet birch leaves, until he was ready to serve them a more substantial supper of oats which they carried in the wagon.

In a few minutes more Bill had gathered several armfuls of dried sticks, and a fire was kindled, whose cheery sparkling quite drowned the voices of the lonely night birds, whose warmth dispelled the chilliness of the damp air, and whose golden light flashed and sparkled through the gloom, until their halting place, amidst rocks and waterfalls, overhung with lofty trees, looked grander than an Oriental palace.

"Papa," said Beverly, "this is really very romantic, and I rather like it."

While they rested, the stores were unloaded, and a most savory meal of fried ham and eggs, biscuits and coffee, was prepared. Cæsar, smiling complacently as he served it, and chuckling as he spoke to Master Beverly, "I spec' you think I was gwine to let you starve in the woods. He, he! Too old a soldier for that, Mass' Beverly."

The supper was enjoyed to the fullest capacity of the travellers; and soon after, the Colonel and his son stretched themselves to sleep in the wagon, while Cæsar and Bill, having made the horses comfortable, betook themselves to the mossy mattress at the root of the tree. The whip-poor-will still chanted its monotonous song, but the human accents of its call now had a pleasant and friendly sound. The owls hooted and guffawed, until Bill exclaimed, in a teasy voice, "What dem old fools jawin' about dar? Better go to sleep!" And Beverly laughed outright at the ridiculous quarrel. "Papa," he whispered, beneath the cloak, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Then he listened to the soothing sound of the water, that tinkled among the rocks like silver bells, and gazed at the towering trunks of the trees, which seemed to touch heaven. He thought of Frank and Davy, and Sister Emily, and bright Lucy Belmeade, — and so he slept.

When Beverly awoke next morning he felt refreshed and clear-headed; but as he attempted to get up, found he was quite sore and stiff. His father and the servants were already afoot, and the smell of breakfast stimulated him to another effort. Sousing his head and face in the cool, amber-tinted water of the stream, he breakfasted with a keener appetite even than he had shown at supper, and by the time they were equipped for a start all sense of fatigue had departed.

Pursuing the road, which continued to rise along the face of an immense mountain, they at length joyfully emerged from the forest, and saw before them a group of cabins beautifully situated near an extensive grove of sugar-maples, and surrounded by a wide range of upland pastures. The morning sun revealed several columns of smoke rising from the stick chimneys, while a pack of noisy dogs announced the approach of the strangers, and brought the early-rising mountaineers to the gate.

As the Colonel viewed the grove of magnificent maples, traversed by the clear, amber-colored stream; the semicircle of comfortable cabins, all

alive with signs of thrifty industry; the sweep of verdant pasturage dotted with sleek and high-bred cattle; the wood which rose beyond in sylvan majesty; the rock-ribbed precipices, which shut out the western horizon like a grim and gigantic fortress: his manly eye kindled with admiration, and he exclaimed, "Here, indeed, is the fitting habitation of a mountain baron."

Toby Mullnix recognized the visitors with vociferous pleasure, while Tom and his elder sons received them with every mark of deferential politeness. The women of the family, however, took no part in the reception. Tom's steady dame continued to thump away at her churn, as if the coming of the butter was her only concern in life; while several comely girls, bare-



headed, bare-armed, and bare-legged, dropped their spinning, weaving, or housekeeping, to stare a moment at the strangers, and then quietly resumed their respective occupations.

"I say, Peggy! that's him that give Toby the boots, I reckon. Well, he's a mighty pretty young gentleman, hain't he?"

"You'd better mind your spinnin', Melinda,"

said the demure Peggy, "or you'll hear mammy a-hollerin' at you."

The rebuked lass gave her wheel an energetic whiz, and stealing another glance at the pretty boy, went on, laughing and dancing, to finish her bobbin.

Tom would have ordered another breakfast forthwith, but the Colonel protested, and the

mountaineer satisfied his hospitable yearnings by commanding an early dinner, the best the country could afford.

For the remainder of that day the tired travelers were glad to lounge upon the rustic benches

under the maples, or to stroll about the farm, the Colonel discoursing with the proprietor concerning lands, timber, minerals, cattle, and horses; while Beverly found sufficient entertainment making acquaintance with the dogs, and exchanging



stories with the boys about hunting and fishing.

Although there was no great display of crockery, the dinner was sumptuous, and well appreciated; the men alone being seated at table, while the dame and Peggy cooked, and the merry, black-eyed spinsters (Melinda and a younger sister) served the guests. Nimble-footed and

smiling waiters they were, who took a modest part in the conversation, and a full share of the laughing, during the meal.

When they found themselves apart, Beverly expressed his surprise to his father at the marked difference in the manners and deportment of the mountaineers at home and in town. There they appeared rude and uncouth as bears, cowed by a

painful sense of ignorance, bashful, absurd, and uncivilized. At home, Tom Mullnix had received his visitors, not only with a frank and cordial hospitality, but with a self-possession, an air of native dignity, that would have done credit to a feudal baron in his castle hall. Here was no loutish diffidence, no uneasy consciousness of inferiority, no ill-timed apologies, or troublesome obsequiousness. There was only the pleased alacrity of a hospitable nature, an easy deference to the honored guest.

Tom Mullnix governed in his own house with an authority eminently patriarchal. His wise dame carried her points by wheedling, and never by storm. The boys and girls knew their places, but their good-humored and outspoken manners showed that their places were pleasant. Toby, the youngest born, was a proof that it is not alone in the homes of the rich and proud that one may look for spoiled children. On the contrary, the most outrageous and unmitigated cases are found in the huts of the poor and ignorant. But Toby was naturally too amiable to be disagreeably spoiled, and his adventures at the general muster had taken the conceit out of him wonderfully. In this meritorious work, the boots Beverly gave him had materially assisted. On his return, Toby had become quite infatuated with the boots. It was the first pair he ever had, and he must wear them day and night. They were originally too tight for his free-born feet, and as he frequently got them wet, in a week his feet were skinned and blistered from heel to toe. Three times a day, on an average, there was a scene, in which Mammy Mullnix, a basin of warm milk, and Toby's boots, played the leading parts. With persistent vanity he would pull them on as soon as he got out of bed in the morning, and when the pain became intolerable, he would limp crying to his mammy, who worked them off by the assistance of her warm milk, soft-soap, and mutton suet, and thus gave him temporary relief. As soon, however, as the pain ceased, on went the boots again. No self-immolating Indian fakeer, or martyr of Fox's saintly record, ever sought torture more obstinately than did poor Toby, for this sentimental conceit.

At last the dame's patience was exhausted, and she spoke up. "I declare, Tom Mullnix, them blessed boots will be the ruining of that boy; he does nothing but pull 'em on and take 'em off, and cry, from mornin' 'til night; and he's so lame, he can't git about. I don't know what to do with him."

Without another word, Tom took up the boots

and threw them behind the fire, where, fat with frequent greasings, they rapidly consumed.

During this *auto da fé* Toby wept bitterly, but when it was over, he dried up with a sense of relief he had not felt since his return. Restored to their normal liberty, his feet soon got well, and from that date Toby's character seemed to have taken a favorable turn. The boots had done good service.

After the strangers had gone to bed that night, there was a great outcry among the dogs, at a point not more than two hundred yards from the cabin, and the Mullnix boys all hurried out, declaring they had certainly found some game, — perhaps a *bar*.

Although tired and sleepy, Beverly could not resist the current excitement, and, hastily equipping himself, sallied out with gun in hand. As he stood confused, and not knowing which way



to go, a soft, plump hand seized his arm, and a friendly voice, which he recognized as little Melinda's, whispered, "I say, mister, our fellers is gone down to the woods thar, forenense the pigpen, whar' the dogs is treed suthin'."

Bevy thanked her, and started in the direction indicated, tender-hearted Milly still following, to impart the further information that Brother Mark 'spected it mought be a *bar*, and Bevy must be careful, and not let it hug him. It was a terrible thing to be hugged by a *bar*.

Before he reached the spot the excitement was over, and he met the boys returning with a large 'possum, its tail curled tightly around Mark's

fore-finger, its eyes closed and mouth open, in mimicry of death. As this game was out of season, and at best but little esteemed by the mountain hunters, they vented their disappointment by contemptuously casting the poor 'possum to the dogs, who soon made his pretended death a reality.

On the following morning, Colonel Moreland, with his host, started out to view the land in which he was interested; and as the ride was expected to be long and tedious, he took Cæsar with them, leaving the boys at the house to amuse themselves as they thought proper. Burning to engage in some wild adventure, Beverly proposed to Toby that they should go hunting. Mark, the proprietor's eldest son, already a famous hunter, declared they would get lost if they ventured far into the woods alone; and although it was not the hunting season, he kindly offered to show Beverly some sport himself, an offer which Beverly was glad to accept.

The hunter had all the dogs imprisoned, and refused to take any other company than Beverly and Toby, observing that too much company spoiled sport, and there was already one too many in the party, indicating Toby by a playful cluck in the back. While he quietly pushed a bullet down his long rifle, Mark advised Beverly to load his double gun with buck-shot, "for," said he, "if I chance to cripple a varmint, it may be of some use."

All being ready, Beverly eagerly followed the tall rifleman, while Toby, loaded with the shot-bag and powder-flask, and carrying a small hatchet, brought up the rear. They marched for a long time in silence, wading up to their knees in moss and dried leaves, scrambling over ledges of rock and huge trunks of fallen trees, creeping through tangled thickets of rhododendron and green-brier, deep into a forest, which seemed to grow denser and darker as they advanced.

For an hour or more they moved in this way, without seeing a living thing, until Beverly began to think there was more weariness than sport in their venture. At length the hunter stopped suddenly, and motioned to the boys to be still. Beverly's fancy, which had flagged considerably, now became excited to the highest pitch, and his heart beat so rapidly that it almost choked him. Indeed, the hunter's earnest attitude, and some strange noises issuing from a laurel thicket ahead, seemed to give assurance that some stirring adventure was imminent.

Presently, Mark bent nearly to the ground, and, with rifle trailing, crept noiselessly forward,

followed by the boys. Toby was as close as possible to his friend, and whispered, "It's a deer, certain, or else a bar,— who knows? Whenever you see Mark creep that a-way, there's sumthin'."

Perceiving Beverly's excitement, the mountaineer stopped, and beckoned him forward, — then whispered, "Mister, don't meddle with your shot-gun; it's of no account nohow, and you've got the 'buck ager' so bad you can't shoot nothin', — you'll only scare the game."

Beverly was actually trembling so violently that he couldn't cock his gun, and was obliged to accept the mortifying suggestion in good part. Angry and ashamed, he took down his gun and carried it at a trail until the tremor passed off, and he thought he felt cool enough to meet anything that might appear.

Penetrating the thicket still further, they saw an open space beyond, of black, swampy earth, trampled like a cattle-yard. Here the deer resort to lick up the saline water which oozes from the ground, and at these "licks," as they are called, the hunters usually seek their game.

On the opposite side of the opening a beautiful doe stood in full sight, and in a twinkling the boys saw the rifle leveled, and heard the preliminary click of the lock. Beverly was about to push forward for a second shot, in case of necessity, but at the sight of the deer he again felt himself seized with the unaccountable tremor, and he concluded not to make the attempt. The eager expectation of the boys was strangely baffled by the hunter, who stood hesitating for some moments, and finally lowered his rifle without firing.

"Durn him! why don't he shoot?" exclaimed Toby, losing all command of himself in his disappointment. "He's gwine to let it git away."

Beverly by this time had got the better of his nervousness, and now pressed forward to claim a shot. Perceiving his intention, the hunter again checked him. "Hold your fire, mister; thar's somethin' wrong, or that doe wouldn't act so strange."

The deer's behavior was indeed extraordinary, for she evidently saw the hunters and was aware of her danger; but, instead of escaping, she continued to run and prance about in full sight, looking here and there, in an agony of terror, but apparently held to the spot by some spell she could not break. Observing that she ran frequently toward a certain quarter of the thicket, bleating pitifully at each return, Mark skirted the lick carefully, and then halting suddenly, motioned his followers to stop. This time his movements were quick and decisive. He loosed his

hunting-knife in its sheath, and leveled his rifle. Before the boys could discern the object of his aim, the woods rang with the sharp report, followed by a terrific yelling, sputtering, and scratching among the bushes. Before this subsided, Beverly had rushed forward to where Mark stood; the hunter quickly snatched his gun from his hand, and, thrusting him back unceremoniously into the bush, stepped forward himself with both barrels cocked, and face pale with anxiety.

As Beverly rose, quite bewildered at Mark's rudeness, he saw the hunter's face relax into a smile. "The ugly varmint is dead," he said, turning and handing him his gun. "Excuse me, mister, for being so rough, but I was awful skeered for you just now." So saying, he pointed to the dead body of an enormous wild-cat lying beneath a laurel-tree; and close beside it, torn and bleeding, but still living, lay a beautiful spotted fawn. The terrified mother had fled, and the poor little creature bleated pitifully as they took it up; yet it soon recovered from its fright, and suffered itself to be carried and petted, like a domestic animal.

"I might jist as easy have killed the doe," said Mark; "but when I see this mizzible critter had caught her fawn, I kind a pitied her; so I let the wild-cat have the bullet, and we lost our venison."

"I am so glad you did," exclaimed Beverly. "I'd rather have killed the savage wild-cat than twenty poor innocent deer,—especially the doe that was trying to defend her fawn."

The hunting party returned in triumph, to tell marvelous stories of their adventure. Although Beverly had got the "buck ague" at first (a malady quite common to novices in the chase), he had shown no backwardness in the face of real danger, and the fawn was adjudged to be his prize.

Milly Mullnix undertook to nurse it, and so faithfully did she fulfill her duty, that in a few days the pretty creature was entirely convalescent, and in its gambols with its new playmate seemed to have quite forgotten its lost mother.

A week was thus passed in hunting and fishing alternately, while venison and speckled trout (the results of their success) daily smoked on the mountaineer's table.

After several returns of the mortifying "buck ague," and several notable misses, Beverly at length succeeded in killing a fine young buck, delivering his shot with as much coolness as if he had been firing at a target. After this crowning satisfaction, the Morelands took leave of their hosts, exchanging mutual invitations and promises looking to future visits. Beverly returned to the rich lowlands, to talk and dream of deep transparent pools, dark tangled forests, and bold encounters with savage game.

Milly Mullnix dreamed by the mountain spring beneath the shady maples, her bare feet dabbling in the water, her dimpled arms clasped around the neck of her spotted pet. "Little fawn," she whispered, "your master is the sweetest boy I ever see in this world, and I'll kiss you for his sake."

LAURELS AND DAISY CHAINS.

BY H. E. G. PARDEE.

THE heat and dust of summer had not yet robbed the fields and trees of their spring freshness. Among the garden flowers and above the clover the bees hummed in contented industry; the pleasure-loving butterflies, giddy with the freedom of their gay wings, floated idly among the blooms; "melodious birds sang madrigals," and all the blithe insect world tuned its shrill orchestra in gay accord.

Miriam and her uncle, leaving the broad village street, bowled along a narrow, grassy by-way, passing occasionally a farm-house shaded by ancient elms.

After a pleasant drive of three miles, they left the carriage and climbed the fence into a field

which they crossed, and winding around a slope came suddenly upon a broad, level space.

The face of the slope was an abrupt wall twenty feet high. Its rocky ledges were covered by mosses, fostered by a little spring at the top. The slender cascade was soon broken into hundreds of shining threads and drops, that wove a shimmering woof over the vivid green, and wandered down the field a modest, quiet rill.

The air was sweet and fresh as after a summer rain, and with the smell of the moist earth were blent the subtle scents from root, stalk, and leaf.

Here were maiden-hair and lady-fern, graceful alike in name and growth; vigorous brakes and a few treasured roots of the capricious lygodium.

The ferns and velvet mosses were critically selected and laid in the tin case, and then Uncle Jamie made known the purpose of a couple of baskets swinging from the crook of his cane.

"There are some very nice field-strawberries growing not far from here," he said, "and we shall have time to get some. Shall we go?"

"Yes, sir, though I don't suppose I shall get anything but a sunburnt nose. I never do."

It was a painful fact that success didn't perch upon Miriam's basket; nevertheless she followed her uncle, who vaulted lightly over the two fences, while she, mindful of former rips and rends, unambitiously crept between the rails. They reached a sunny hill-side sheltered by a belt of wood from the cold winds. In its warm soil the vines grew with broad, luxuriant leaves, and blushing berries crowned the tall stems.

"Oh-h-h!" said Miriam, parting the leaves and revealing the unsuspected abundance. "Quarts and quarts! I didn't know wild strawberries ever grew so large."

"They don't often, but these have a remarkably fine location and so are remarkably nice."

Miriam commenced picking with eager haste, and for a while was too interested to speak. At last she remarked, "Grandmother says she never saw any of the large, cultivated berries, till a long time after she was married, when she went to the city for a visit.

"She said they had delightful times strawberry-ing in the fields. The season was very short, and grandmas and babies and everybody went. The haymakers cut down grass and fruit together, and the women and children followed them and picked out the berries. She said she could remember how the scythes shrilled through the grass, and how fresh it smelt as they turned it over."

When the baskets were filled, Uncle Jamie stretched himself on the warm ground to enjoy the quiet of the summer afternoon.

Miriam, who declared that when she sat on the ground she was a magnet for spiders, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and every other creeping and leaping foe, wandered listlessly about. Her admiring regards were suddenly diverted from her fruit-stained fingers to a clump of laurel in the edge of the wood.

She promptly possessed herself of flowers that, looking up all day at the sun, had forgotten their blushes, and branches that, growing in the seclusion of the woods, had buds and blossoms dyed in rosiest tints.

"I never thought of it before, but is this the

kind of laurel that they made poets' crowns of?"

"O no. This is not really laurel; it is *kalmia*. About the middle of the last century, a Swedish botanist, by the name of Peter Kalm, came to America and spent some time here studying our flora, and finding many plants new to European botanists. Linnæus complimented him by naming this flower after him. Next summer's flowers will be formed this year, and I have heard that if the buds are gathered in the fall and the stems kept in fresh water in a room of uniform temperature, they will blossom toward the end of the winter. The laurel of the ancients grows in Italy. It is also known as the bay-tree. It is an evergreen, and its leaves have a pleasant, aromatic fragrance, familiar to you when distilled into bay-water."

"O yes, sir! I've sometimes found the leaves in the bottle, but I don't think laurel crowns were very becoming if they all looked like that picture of Tasso. The leaves hang down too much, and I should make it thicker if I had it to do."

"You speak very lightly of it, little miss, but it was a high,—the highest honor that could be given a poet. Men have given their best years, their noblest, grandest endeavors, for it; have struggled and waited and hoped, and felt themselves amply repaid in the slender crown that faded in a day. Petrarch sought it for years, and left no means untried, and was delighted when it was offered him. Poor Tasso, after his stormy life, was comforted by the anticipation of the coveted honor. The coronation day was appointed, the pageant was to be of unusual splendor, but a storm delayed it, and then his failing health, and in the spring he died, with his hope unrealized.

"This is the story the ancients told of the origin of the tree and of the crown: Apollo with his arrows killed a horrid monster serpent called Python. One morning, not long afterward, he was idling about, when he encountered Cupid with his quiver of tiny shafts. Elated with his victory, he laughed at the rosy little fellow, and told him he was only a pretty boy and had no right to such weapons. The taunt chafed Cupid, and he resolved to teach the vainglorious god that size was not always the measure of power. He carried golden arrows which kindled love, and leaden ones which inspired aversion. He selected one of each, aiming the golden arrow at Apollo, who found himself suddenly and desperately enamored of the beautiful nymph, Daphne. But

the leaden arrow had hit her and hardened her heart, and his perfect, manly beauty could not waken one tender thought. When he would have charmed her with his lyre, she fled in disgust, and a queer courtship followed. Up hill and down, through forests and over plains, they dashed. Panting and ready to drop with weariness, and finding her resolute lover was gaining upon her, she ran to the river's brink and called to her father, a river-god, for protection. Imagine Apollo's discomfiture, when, as he drew near, he saw her pliant form changing to woody texture and rough bark, and her beautiful arms and hair to branches and glossy leaves. The coy nymph, transformed into an insentient laurel-tree, defied his ardor. Not to be entirely defeated of possession, he adopted it as his favorite, and always appeared crowned with it. Whether Cupid felt any remorse for his share of the mischief, does not appear. There is a famous statue, known as the 'Apollo Belvidere,' because it stands in the Belvidere Palace at Rome. It was made in the first century, and represents him in the flush of success, after having killed the Python. It is seven feet high, of very graceful proportions, is crowned with laurel, and shows the refinement that art had at that time attained.

"Taking a long leap from past glories to present facts, I suppose we ought to go, but it is so pleasant here I am sorry to leave."

Laden with their precious baskets and the laurel, they returned to the rock for the ferns. It required judicious balancing and wary steps to climb the fences without any disaster, but happily it was done.

Pet saluted them with a whinny that meant a great deal. He had had his own private musings about the grievances of life in general and his individual aggravation of being tied a whole summer afternoon to a dry post, with plenty of sweet grass growing all about him. He only lacked a classical education to have made a very effective comparison between himself and Tantalus. He would scarcely wait for them to get the baskets and flowers and ferns and themselves in, and showed his indignation by putting down his ears and dashing off in a way that was very becoming to him. Exercise soon subdued his wrath, and the refreshment of a nibble while Miriam was picking daisies completely mollified him.

Daisy chains were favorite decorations with Rachel and Ruth, and in the two great bouquets that she gathered from the field white with them, Miriam held a whole morning's happiness for her little sisters

"What a nice afternoon we have had," she observed, settling herself comfortably in the phaeton.

"Yes," her uncle answered, "I always enjoy visiting that rock; it reminds me of a mythological story."

"Let me enjoy it with you, Uncle."

"Very well. It is about Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, who was one of the heroes of mythology."

"She was the wife of Amphiion, the king of Thebes. He was the owner of a wonderful lyre given him by Mercury, who also taught him to play it with a skill so irresistible that even stones, whose want of sensibility is both a proverb and an accepted metaphor, were moved by it."

"After Amphiion became king he wished to build a wall about the city. The stones were quarried, and then, instead of being carted and put in their places by ordinary, matter-of-fact work, Amphiion played on his enchanted lyre, and the bewitched stones obediently marshaled themselves into a substantial wall. I dare say there was great grumbling among the disappointed workmen."

"Amphiion and Niobe had a large family; seven sons and as many daughters, and elate with affluence, position, and beauty, and proud of her troop of children, she boastfully contrasted them with Latona and her two. Latona heard of it, and her motherly ire was ruffled. She called Apollo and Diana to her, and told them of the affront, and bade them revenge her. They went, armed with their bows and arrows, and dutifully shot every one of Niobe's children. Her husband, frantic with anguish, attacked Apollo's temple, intending to destroy it, and he too was killed. Niobe, poor stricken soul, wept night and day, till at last, in the wretchedness of insubmission, she turned to stone. Her fate and every-day life both teach us that the discipline of grief or any trouble should chasten and refine the character. If it does not, its influence is to harden and make us unlovely. That rock with its fountain of tears, is to me Nature's paraphrase of the ancient fable."

"They were an ill-fated family. Tantalus, her father, was a king of Lydia, a country famed for its wealth. He was a man of restless, ambitious spirit, and not contented with the honors and grandeur of royalty, he coveted the special favor of the gods. At last, after many rebuffs and discouragements, he so far ingratiated himself with them that they admitted him to their banquets. He was so delighted that he gossiped about affairs at Mount Olympus, and of his dis-

tinguished friends, with a freedom that enraged that select circle, and he was condemned to suffer perpetually the torments of hunger and thirst. Chained to a rock, the water rippled sparkling and cool about him, yet when he bent his head to drink, it mockingly sunk just out of his reach. Above him, but hanging 'too high,' were tempting, juicy fruits, —

"Pomegranates, pears and apples bright,
And luscious figs, and olives green and ripe."

"Poor old man! The day of repentance came too late to him. Boasting seems to have been a family infirmity, and they must have been heedless beings, or one would have taken warning from the other's fate.

"The ancients have an indirect fashion of teaching us a good many moral lessons. If Apollo had had a *true* greatness he would have 'ruled his spirit' and scorned such a vainglorious, pompous attack as that he made upon Cupid; if Niobe had graced her prosperity with gentleness and modest gratitude, a thoughtfulness for Latona would have checked her unwomanly exultation; and if Tantalus had been contented with his rightful honors, or, having gained others, had been satisfied with a discreet enjoyment of them, he would have escaped his wretched punishment. Experience is an angular, emphatic dame, who

does not trouble herself to be suave, and it is wise to take her lessons by proxy when we can, though, in the present case, the admonitions are gratuitous, my dear."

The quiet of the long twilight was creeping on. Already the insects missed the midday sun, whose fervor was their inspiration; from distant pastures came the lowing of cows; Pet's shadow stalked gaunt and fantastic beside him, and the ride was finished in silence.

Rachel and Ruth saw the carriage approaching, and dashed around the corner of the house to meet it, trailing their sun-bonnets by one string. The office of these specimens of primitive millinery was no sinecure. When the lawn was trimmed they served admirably as hay-carts, and were equally effective as triumphal chariots for the dolls. They made the very best of lunch-baskets, and were now promptly converted into bouquet-holders and carried to the seat under the apple-tree.

Mark went with gratifying alacrity on an errand for his mother, and after tea a pleasant impromptu party ate strawberries and cream in the summer-house, while Mr. Newton, who at the table had been entertained with a brief account of the afternoon, made them all merry with Tennysou's poem, "Amphion."

SPRING SONG.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In swath of snow the earth is lying,
Over the sea merry skaters are flying,
The frost-rimmed trees are specked with crows,
But to-morrow, to-morrow the winter time goes.
The sun bursts through the heavy skies,
Spring comes riding in summer guise,*
And the willow pulls off its woolen glove.
Strike up, musicians, in leafy grove;
Little birds, little birds, sing in the sky,
Winter's gone by! winter's gone by!

O, warm is the kiss of the sun on our cheek,
As violets and stonewort in the woodland we seek:
'Tis as if the old forest were holding its breath,
For now in a night each leaf wakes from death.
The cuckoo sings! (you know its tell-tale song),

So many years your days will be long,†
The world is young! be thou, too, young,
Let happy heart and merry tongue
With spring-time lift the song on high,
Youth's never gone by! never gone by!

Youth's never gone by! never gone by!
The earth lives a charmed life for aye,
With its sun and its storm, its joy and its pain.
So in our hearts a world has lain,
That will not be gone, like a shooting star,
For man is made like God afar,
And God and Nature keep ever young.
So teach us, Spring, the song thou'st sung,
And pipe in, little birds in the sky, —
"Youth's never gone by! never gone by!"

* It is a custom at Eastertide for the peasants to come riding into the towns and villages, their horses and themselves decked with green boughs, especially of the beech, and so they go in procession and have a merry dance in the evening; it is then said in the people's way, "Spring is riding summer-wise into town."

† It is a Scandinavian superstition that the first cuckoo one hears in the spring will answer the question, "How many years shall I live?" by a prophetic number of notes. Many other questions are asked, and boys and girls will go out at night that in the early morning they may hear the cuckoo's answers.

ANNIE'S BANK ACCOUNT.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

II.

For a day or two Winthrop's eyes, made worse by the journey, kept him a close prisoner in a darkened room; and in sympathy for him, Toddle quite forgot her own troubles. They talked of them, though, and Winthrop declared he should find out who took the money, no matter if he had to wait a year first.

"'Tisn't the ten cents so much. Papa or I could give you all the ten-cent pieces you wanted, Toddle," he said, gravely. "But it's the *principle* of the thing. Anybody that's mean enough to steal your little speck of money, ought to be found out, and made ashamed before everybody. If I was going to steal at all, I'd never take less than a hundred dollars. You wouldn't feel any meaner for that than you would for ten cents."

"I don't know," said Toddle, who hardly understood the magnitude of a hundred dollars. "But I thought all the time I should have such a lot. I truly *respected* there'd be ever so many ten-cent pieces, Winthrop, an' I can't ever stop feeling bad because there wouldn't."

"Well, don't mind that," said Winthrop. "I tell you, Toddle, what I want more than anything. Don't you remember what funny little specks of eggs that black pullet used to lay? I wish you'd find one for my diuner. Do you believe you can?"

"I *know* I can," Toddle said, nodding her head. "Way up in the hay-mow, where Alice says I'm too fat to climb, an' I can do it just as fast as she can." And with more nods, and a parting hug for Winthrop, she ran out to the barn. The black hen had hidden her nest so skillfully, that even Toddle's sharp eyes were a long time in finding it; but at last, five of the whitest and smallest eggs ever laid by hen, came to light from under the eaves; and holding them in her sun-bonnet, Toddle, over whose small nose beads of perspiration were chasing one another, climbed down the ladder, and with a red face, and hair filled with hay-seed, walked into the house. Winthrop was fast asleep, mamma said; and leaving the eggs in her charge, Toddle went out, and down through the orchard to the bank, where she sat down to cool. Far away, on every side, stretched the broad Illinois prairie, and the sun

shone warmly down on green wheat-fields and waving corn, and now and then an orchard. The breeze just rustled the leaves overhead, and Toddle, curled up in the seat beneath them, looked off to the sparkling river, and then began watching some ants which ran busily up and down one of the tree-trunks.

"You're the mooniest young one I ever did see," said a voice, presently; and Toddle, turning quickly, saw Hannah Helena balancing on the fence, which separated her father's land from Mr. Carter's.

"Why don't you come over and see me," she went on, "instead o' sitting, still as a mouse, under that old tree?"

"I thought you'd gone to school," said Toddle, at once jumping down and crawling through the fence. "Johnny and Alice went."

"I didn't," said Hannah Helena. "Mother wanted me to, but I 'lowed to stay at home to-day, an' have some fun. Leander's going in for coal. Don't you want to come, too?"

"Mother never lets me go near the river alone," Toddle said, drawing back a little.

"O! but this isn't alone. You'll go with me, an' I'll take care o' you; an' then it's quite a piece back from the river. Your ma won't care a mite."

"Well," said Toddle, doubtfully, walking along by her. "Only you must tell mother you took me."

"I'll see to that!" and Hannah Helena, tired of being alone, lifted Toddle over the next fence they came to, which separated them from the river road.

Those of you who think of coal as coming only from deep mines far under ground, will wonder that two children should ever think of going down into the pits, and much less really do it. But, through Ohio and Illinois, and in some other Western States, the soft bituminous coal lies often very near the surface of the ground; and all that is necessary, when the coal-bin becomes empty, is to go out and dig up what you want. When the Carters first settled in Illinois, near the Vermilion River, their coal was dug in this way; but gradually, as more and more people came, the surface coal was used up altogether,

and they dug into the river banks, where was an exhaustless supply. Miners were now at work regularly on the banks, opening up galleries in the bluffs, and bringing out the coal, sometimes in great baskets, but oftener in a small car, which rolled back and forth on a wooden track, and tilted its load into a boat waiting in the river. This mine was owned and worked by Hannah Helena's father, and here she intended to take Toddle, and give her a ride in the black, smutty car. So the two walked on, coming presently to the bluffs, down which they scrambled, finding themselves soon at an opening, black and gloomy enough to make Toddle wish herself at home.

"I don't believe I want to go in there," she said. "It looks so dark, I don't like it velly much."

"You ain't afraid, I hope," said Hannah Helena. "I thought you never was afraid of anything, Toddle. Now, there comes the car! See how easy it rolls along. You'll like a ride in that. Come, Leander, h'ist us in."

"Taint me'll do that," said a tall, shambling man, who had a candle stuck on the brim of his hat. "You've run away with that yere little gal, an' have just got to take her home again."

"No such thing," said Hannah Helena, boldly. "Her ma let her come. I'll tell pa, ef you don't make that car stop."

Leander thought a minute. Hannah Helena was an only child, and, he had been told, must never be crossed in anything. The car ran in only a few hundred feet, and no harm but soiled clothes could result.

"Wal," he said, finally. "You'll have to walk out close behind the car, when it takes the next load out; an' if you don't keep up close, it'll dump out, an' be back on yer. Will yer hurry?"

"I reckon!" said Hannah Helena, who spoke "Western," not English, you see; and Leander lifted Toddle, and then the older girl, and in a moment the car slid into the gallery.

Toddle held tight to Hannah Helena, almost ready to cry. Her feet sunk in the coal-dust lying deep in the bottom of the car. She could see nothing as yet, but the faintly burning candles on the hats of the four men, and the deep blackness, from which every ray of daylight had gone. Soon, though, as her eyes became used to the dimness, she saw the black shining walls of the main gallery, and the drops of moisture all over them.

"It's an awful place," she said to herself. "I'll

never come again. I hate Hannah Helena for bringing me."

The car stopped suddenly, jerking the children against the side. Then Leander lifted them out, and set them down in a narrow passage opening from the main gallery. "Stay still there till I tell yer," he said, "an' don't you come out of it till we're ready," and, with a chuckle, Leander turned off, thinking they would not be likely to ask for another ride in a coal car.

"O, but you're not going away, Leander?" said Hannah Helena, catching hold of him. "I won't stay alone here."

"Well, yer ain't alone. 'Taint but a step to where they're pickin'," and Leander, whistling, was out of sight in a moment.

Toddle began to cry.

"Hush that, now!" said Hannah Helena, sharply. "I won't have any yawing in here. He's tried to frighten us, an' now I'll frighten him. Come along!" and she pulled Toddle down a narrow passage, at the end of which was a faint light. "Now, don't you stir when he comes back an' calls us. If you do, I'll run away and leave you."

Poor Toddle choked down her tears, and stood silent. It seemed half an hour before she again heard Leander's voice, calling, "Come along, young ones; now's your chance!"

"Don't you stir," said Hannah Helena; and after half a dozen calls, Leander moved away, saying, "Wal, it's your own loss o' time; you're welcome to wait till next car."

"O, do go! do go!" Toddle sobbed, and caught Hannah Helena by the hand. As she spoke, the light from the end of the passage came toward them swiftly.

"What you in here for?" said the man as he passed, supposing the dark figures crouching close to the wall a fellow-workman. "Come along; that blast'll go off in two minutes." And he ran on down the main gallery, followed instantly by Hannah Helena, who, knowing very well what a blast meant, cried for fear as she ran.

Toddle had no such knowledge; all she thought was, that they had left her alone in this terrible place, and, screaming wildly, she ran on, trying to overtake them, stumbling over loose pieces of coal, cutting her hands against sharp bits in the walls, going further and further from the main gallery, and all the time calling, "Mother! mother!"

Then came a low rumble; the passage seemed to shake above and below. A huge fragment of

coal and earth loosened and fell, half burying the child, and she knew nothing more.

Darkness was still thick about her when her eyes opened, but there was the sound of furious working with picks, and her father's voice, calling, "Annie! little Annie, are you there?"

Toddle sat up.

"I dess I'm dead, but I *know* I haven't gone to heaven," she said to herself; then, as her father's voice came again, remembered where she was, and answered loud, "Yes, papa; hully and get me out, quick!"

"Thank God!" somebody said; but Toddle, feeling sick and dizzy, leaned against the side of the passage, and did not speak again till a gleam of light came to her, and another and another. Then, as eager hands rolled away the last pieces of the fallen mass, her father's arms lifted her up and held her close. There was light enough now to have seen all she wished, for lanterns and candles had been brought in, and the gallery was crowded with men, all anxious to know if the child was living.

Hannah Helena had been met by Leander just as the blast came, and, frantic with fear, could not for some time tell where she had left little Annie. Then Leander had hurried back, to find only the fallen mass in the passage, and fearful the child had been crushed by its weight, had hardly presence of mind enough left to call the men together, and at once go to work with picks to remove it. Some one had carried the news to Mr. Carter, and so it happened that when Toddle opened her eyes from the long swoon, her father's voice was the first she heard.

Between coal-dust and the blood which had streamed from a deep cut on her head, Toddle was a frightful-looking child, and Hannah Helena, who stood waiting near the lane as they came up, did not dare take a second look; but, believing her dead, ran home and hid herself in the barn. Here, when almost night, her mother found her in the hay, crying miserably, and, hardly knowing what to say, sat down beside her. The report had gone through the neighborhood that Hannah Helena had taken little Annie Carter into the coal-works, and then run away and left her to be killed by a blast; and Mrs. Catly, divided between pity for her daughter, and shame that

she should be so spoken of, had at first determined to say nothing till Hannah Helena had at least said she was sorry. But the swollen eyes, and forlorn, tear-stained face, were more than she could bear; and taking the girl in her lap, she said, "Now, talk it right out, and tell mother how ever you came to do such a thing."

"Is she dead?" sobbed Hannah Helena.

"No; she's hurt, though, an' in bed, an' like to stay there awhile. Do you s'pose one o' them'll ever look at you again?"



"I don't care, I'm going to tell the whole now; it won't make things any worse, an' maybe I'll feel better. I've got her money! That she put in the bank, and Alice told you about."

"O land! O land!" moaned Mrs. Catly, throwing her apron over her head, and rocking back and forth. "That ever I should have a thief for a daughter!"

"I ain't a thief—I only took it to plague her. I was going to give it back Winthrop's birthday, maybe."

"Then come right along, and give it to her this very day; and take the best thing you've got, that she'll like, an' carry it too. And mind you say you're sorry."

"But I can't take it back. I want you to. I should go right through the floor. She'll hate me as long as she lives."

"No, she won't, if you speak the truth, an' don't cut up no more such capers. Now, come along."

Half an hour later, Toddle, sitting up in bed, her head bound up, and her little face very pale still, heard a bustle on the stairs, and in a moment Mrs. Catly came in, half leading, half pulling Hannah Helena, who, more ashamed than she had ever been before in her life, looked at no one, but, going up to the bed, laid before Toddle a painted plaster parrot, her chief treasure, and a folded bit of paper.

"I'm sorry I run away from you," she said,

"and there's your money out o' the bank. I didn't mean to keep it; I only did it to plague you."

Toddle felt too weak to be surprised at anything, and only looked a little reproachfully at Hannah Helena as she unfolded the paper, and saw again her lost money. Winthrop, though, could not keep still.

"I didn't think you'd be so mean, Hannah Helena," was all he said; but Hannah Helena cried afresh, and turned to go.

"Never mind," said Toddle, who could never bear to see any one in trouble. "You'll never do so again, will you?"

And Hannah Helena said, "No, I never will."

I think she kept her word.

Toddle was quite well by the fourteenth, and Winthrop had his birthday party under the trees. How Toddle spent her money, I may tell you at some other time; and till then you must wait.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

WHEN the first day of the summer school came, there were no happier children in the valley than Ida and Lolo. They had never been to school, and now they were going. With their little dinner baskets, and new First Readers in their hands, they set out with Lucky; and they frisked and danced around him, as they went down the path, and out at the gate. Charlie and the baby followed them to the road, and watched them till they were out of sight, beyond the big black cherry-tree at the top of the hill, and then turned back to the house.

All that day the bees and butterflies haunted grandma's lilacs, undisturbed; and the dandelions around the fountain had their show, and shut up at their leisure, without losing a head among them; but, long before sunset, Ida and Lolo came running through the gate, to tell their grandma and aunts about their first day at school. Ida thought she must make a story of it. "First," said she, "we all seated down."

"You mean, you sat down," said grandma.

"O yes! we sat down, and the teacher told us we must be good. She said, 'You don't want me to scold you, or whip you, do you?' and some of the boys said, 'No.' So she read a story in the Bible, about Peter."

"No, it was only in the 'Book of Peter,'" said Lolo.

"Then she wrote our names on a paper, and she told all our names, and we said, 'Present.' After that, she said, 'Get your books,' and we read, 'See — the — boy — and — his — dog — can — say — how — you — do — but — and — has — pet — cat — mat.'

"By and by it was recess, and the boys rushed out, and they hurrahed, and whistled, and kicked up their heels. One of the little boys was asleep, and she shook him, and put his hat on, and he went out. When the boys came in, she said, 'Now, girls, it is your turn to go.' So we went, and we ran, and shouted, and sung; and one of the girls said, 'Let's play "Pomp, pomp, pull away."' So we played that till the teacher called us in. At noon we ate our dinners, and the boys and girls played together. Then we had school again; and, after a while, she said all the presents, and told us we might go home. Then all the boys stamped, and whistled, and spanked their hats on their heads; and all the girls piled up in the corner after their things, and so we all rushed out, and came home."

"Dear, dear!" said grandma, "the hurraing, and stamping, and whistling, seem to have made

the deepest impression, so far; but I hope it will be different by and by. You must be good little girls."

"Yes, yes, we will," said Lolo. "I read with the boys, and didn't cry a bit."

"The teacher made us fold our arms up tight," said Ida.

"Suppose that was to keep us from wiggling," said Lolo. "Wiggling" was Lolo's great fault.

"Mary Bunny told us we should get a whipping, if we went to school," said Lolo; "but we gave the teacher some flowers, and she kissed us. That don't look much like a whipping, does it?"

"What kind of a play is 'Pomp, Pomp, pull away?'" asked Aunt Dorcas.

"O, they run, and run," said Ida, "and when they catch a girl, they say,

"One, two, three,
Good man for me.'"

"I know what I'll do," said Lolo. "I'll make a picture of it. Then you can see."

When the picture was finished, Aunt Dorcas asked, "What are those things round the sun?"

"Legs," said Lolo.

"But why does he have so many?" asked Aunt Dorcas.

"O," said Lolo, "you know he has to go all over the world, and he wants legs all round, so when one gets tired, he can use another."

The next day was just like the first, and the next, and the next; and so it went on, till it seemed to the little girls that they had always been to school, and were always going. But there were some troubles now and then. One day Lucky told Aunt Gitty that Lolo reached over carefully and took a lock of Mary Bunny's hair, and gave it a little twitch. Mary complained to the teacher, and Lolo had "a good talking to." While Lucky was telling this, Lolo turned her head away, and began to cry.

"Now, don't cry," said Ida; "Lucky mustn't tell such things."

"I know I'm mischievous," sobbed Lolo, "but I wish Lucky wouldn't always tell."

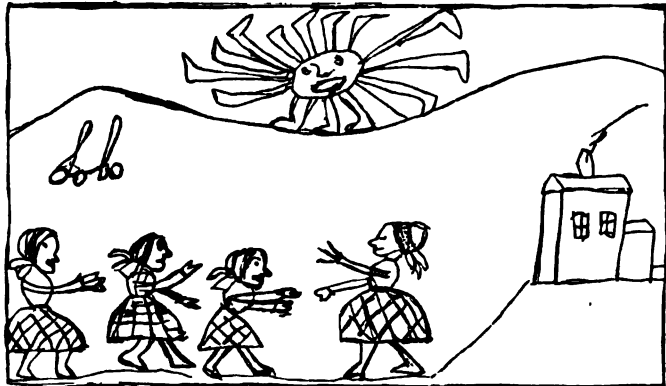
"No, no, I won't," said Lucky. "Don't cry: I've done worse things lots of times."

While their new, strange life was going on at school, it seemed like another place around their papa's home, and at grandma's. Charlie and the baby could make but little noise alone. Charlie might run with his little "wheelbarrel" loaded

with chips and weeds, and the baby could whirl round and round an apple-tree, singing, —

"Ring round rosy,
Bottle full of poey," —

and they might both spend quiet hours sifting sand, or gathering little cheeses from the mallows; but, after all, there was something lacking in their plays. Charlie followed his father wherever he could; and Alice, in spite of her fear of the horses in the orchard beside the road, took to running away to grandma's. One day she came hurrying in at the gate, and ran to grandma with her usual good news. "I've got a little



"Pomp, Pomp, pull away."

clean face, and a little clean apron." Then she followed Aunt Gitty into her garden, trotting about carefully in the paths.

"See the pretty blue flowers," she said. "Give me one."

Aunt Gitty looked all around for the blue flowers. Could Alice mean the heliotrope? "No, that one," said baby, putting her hand on a flaming peony. When she had one flower, she began to covet more. "O," said she, spreading out her hand over a bed of pansies, "give me some of these butterflies." There was a coop of chickens under a climbing rose, and Alice ran to look at them.

"See the chickens!" she cried. "They're baby chickens, isn't they? I've got some baby chickens too, at myself housey, I is."

Alice never wanted to stay long, so, very soon, she must go back to see her mamma; but she was more afraid to go home than to come away.

"O, the horses won't hurt you," said Aunt Gitty.

"No, no, they won't," echoed the baby, anxious to make herself brave. "Horses don't like to eat little girls, do they? They like to eat grass, don't they? They're shutted up, and they

can't get out of the fence, can they?" But, for all that, Aunt Gitty had to go home with her.

It was a happy time for Charlie and the baby when the children came home from school. "When Charlie and the baby see us coming at the top of the hill," said Lolo, "they'll clipper out there to meet us. They always ask us if

how much they had done, and how much they were going to do; and then again it was like the most of big folks' housekeeping, — all cooking and eating.

They told Aunt Dorcas how the little boys and girls at school played "house," at noon. They made houses of stones, set round in rings on the grass, and had sticks for cupboards, and chips and leaves for dishes. They had posy-pots made of buttercups and daisies, propped up between stones. In the barn, which was like the house, they made nests of grass, and had little boys to sit on them. When the little boys had sat long enough, they would take some stones which they had in their pockets, and put them in the nests, and then they'd run off, flapping their arms, and saying, 'Cut! cut! ca-da-a-t cut!' Then one of the girls would say she must hunt the eggs, and sometimes she would find as many as



"This is Ida and I, tetering, and the baby is coming through the gate. The sun has got the 'clipse [eclipse]. Don't you see? Ho has got some shears and clips."

we've got anything in our baskets. They think we've got some bread and butter, or cake. Sometimes we leave pieces on a purpose."

When the children were all at home, there was something going on, and everything seemed to have a new life. Even Lucky's fleet of ships, at the top of their pole on the hen-house, seemed to flutter their white sails, and go round faster. There was music in the air, — children calling to each other, and laughing as they scampered around the yard and orchard, with their long shadows keeping them company in the sunset. Sometimes Ida and Lolo, with a board balanced on the orchard-fence, "tetered" till the dusk came. How they sang as they flew up and down through the air. And afterward they played on the piazza, and looked at the moon and stars, and listened to the whip-poor-wills.

Saturdays were always holidays, and then the little girls played school, with Charlie and the baby for scholars; and they did not forget to practice housekeeping. They invented a great many ways to keep house. Sometimes house-keeping was just visiting each other with sick babies, which had to have Dr. Charlie sent for very often; and sometimes it was all talk about

thirteen, — stones, you know."

Ida and Lolo learned very fast at school, and would sometimes entertain their friends at home with scraps from their reading-lessons, like this: — "Charles — bring — out — your — goat — and — gig — and — give — us — a — ride." To



The Spelling-class.

the little girls, it seemed necessary to repeat this with a singing tone, and a strong accent on each word. Why not? If they only said it as they talked, who would know it was "reading out of a book?"

From the first day, the little girls found it a great pleasure to carry flowers to the teacher; and when the blue and white violets were gone

from the marshy places by the roadside, they begged flowers from their aunts' garden; and very soon other little children did the same. If Aunt Gitty, or Aunt Dorcas stepped into their garden after breakfast, to see what flowers had opened in the night, then all the children that could see them from their homes would come running, to get some flowers to carry to the teacher. And they must all have the same kind; so it was not safe to pick one, unless there were plenty more just like it. Big and bright flowers were the favorites, though pansies and sweet peas were much coveted. Still, it was never hard to please, for there were always enough gay verbenas and double hollyhocks. At first, Aunt Gitty asked Lolo where the teacher would put her flowers. "I don't know," said Lolo, "unless she puts them in her top-knot. There is a cup, — but we drink out of that."

But the little scholars soon provided the teacher with things to hold her flowers. She had at last a tea-cup, a tumbler, and a bottle. On the last day, so many flowers were given her, that even

these failed to hold them all, and it was necessary to keep up a judicious sprinkling on those outside.

The last day was a great day to the children, — a day in which they wore their best clothes, and the teacher played with them at noon, — a day in which, at the last moment, they kissed the teacher, and bade her good-by. Good luck go



School is out. The teacher is looking back.

with her! She made the first steps in learning pleasant to the little ones, and Ida and Lolo will always remember with delight their first summer at school.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER II.

It was settled after this that Effie should stay for the afternoon school; but she was to take her luncheon, at Mrs. Leonard's request, at her house, near the school, and to go there regularly with Maria and Rosa Leonard. Then she had promised always to go and come home from school with Mary Connor, and never to make any delays.

She complained of this arrangement to Annie. "If Mary Connor were only more interesting! I have all sorts of plans for going and coming from school, but she never will enter into them. Now, we might so easily every day, on our way to school, make believe we are knights going to the Crusades; but she will not understand it, or join in it. I have arranged it that she is Geoffrey of Godelbert, with the Red Hair; and I am Sir Launcelot, with the Chestnut Locks, and she is

my squire. And just as I have been telling her there is an ambush of fiery snakes on the other side, and we must be particular to avoid them, — just at that very moment she will cross into the midst of them!"

"I suppose, because the walking is better on the other side," suggested Annie.

"For that very reason!" exclaimed Effie, "and it breaks up the whole thing."

"I don't see why it need," said Annie; "if you are a knight setting out in search of adventures, the more obstacles there are in the way, the more exciting it all is. If Geoffrey of Godelbert insists upon going in among the fiery snakes, Sir Launcelot ought to be willing to follow."

"O! if you were Geoffrey of Godelbert," exclaimed Effie, "there might be some fun. But very likely Mary Connor will be saying over her

lessons, and getting the multiplication table into 13 times 13!"

"That wouldn't be bad practice for Sir Launcelot, methinks," said Annie.

"O, but Mary Connor is so dull!" declared Effie.

"I dare say," said Annie, "in the old days of knights, that the squires were often very dull, the Geoffreys and Godelberts, and it may have tried the Sir Launcelots to go round the world with them. But if Geoffrey of Godelbert were brave, and fought all the dragons they met, Sir Launcelot probably bore with his dullness. You might imagine Geoffrey of Godelbert saying, 'I do not like to wet my jerkins, which are of fresh russet leather; therefore, Sir Launcelot, if it do not displeasè your mightiness, I will cross yonder among the fiery snakes, whom I do not heed, and we will fight them unto the end'!"

"But she never does say anything of the sort," said Effie, "and she pays no attention to what I am saying, and can't even pronounce her own name!"

"I don't wonder at that," answered Annie; "why did you give her such a crack-jaw name as that? But she is as good a fighter as any Geoffrey. Did you know, Effie, she was talking of beginning to teach in school? and she already does teach her younger brothers and sisters! And what good bread she makes, and such pretty yellow pats of butter! If she won't talk with you about knights, you might get her to tell you how to make butter. I would rather do that than kill all the dragons I am likely to meet with!"

"O, she says she wouldn't have me about when she is making butter, for anything," exclaimed Effie. "She says, when you are making butter, you must not think of another thing; and I am always thinking of so many, the butter would never come!"

But unfortunately, after a while, even Mary Connor could not always come home with Effie. On certain days, she stayed to work on a sewing-machine, and was delayed an hour or more.

Annie then agreed to walk and meet Effie, and declared that she would be glad of the exercise. A tiresome time she often had, however. She sometimes walked nearly to the school-house before she found Effie, who had lingered for some reason best known to herself.

Frequently she would hear a shout from the side of the road, and she would look up, to find that Effie had climbed a steep hill-side, and she must wait, shivering in the autumn wind, till she

could come down. Sometimes she looked for her at the school in vain; and at last discovered she had gone home with Maria and Rosa Leonard, or Martha Sykes, or some other of the girls.

There had come a period of lovely weather in early September, when the sun seemed to be gathering all its warmth into the shortening days. It was greeted with delight, for the school-girls had planned a party in the woods, to a place where there were "heaps and heaps of blackberries," Martha Sykes said, and the Sykeses knew.

It was arranged to be on Saturday, and Annie was to go too; and she was to meet Effie and the rest of the girls after the morning's school, at the foot of the hill, and they were all to go together along the edge of the brook, through the fields. And they were to take their dinner, and have a picnic in the warm noon sun.

Some of the boys were to go too, and agreed to build a fire. There were Arthur Lee, and John Leonard, Maria's brother, and the Gordon boys, and Sam Parsons.

Annie arrived early at the place of meeting, and found some of the older girls there, — some of her own friends, who were always glad to have her join them. They sat down to wait, by the side of the road.

"Those little girls always keep us waiting," said one; "here we are, losing the best part of the day, because they will stop to fool over putting on their things at school."

"I suppose somebody has lost her India-rubber boots, and somebody else has hid them," said another. "We might as well give up going, as wait for that set of girls. Here come the Leonards." But the Leonards could give no account of Effie and the others. Florence Sykes, one of the older girls, thought it quite likely that Effie had gone with her younger sisters, half an hour before.

"You had better go without me," said Annie. "I will wait for Effie."

"We should not think of leaving you," said the others; and they all waited longer.

Annie had at last insisted that the others must set out, and she would go on up the hill to the school, and see what had become of Effie, when Gertrude Lee and Susie Parsons appeared running, and out of breath.

As soon as she could speak, Gertrude explained that Effie and some of the other girls had gone the other way, through the swamp.

"That is what I thought," said Florence Sykes. "Martha and Ann were trying to persuade the little girls to go that way. It is very much

shorter, but you are more likely to wet your feet; there is more than one swamp, and there's a ditch to cross. Let us start off."

"Are you quite sure that Effie has gone that way?" asked Annie of Gertrude.

"O yes," answered Gertrude, "and they wanted us to go with them; but we went back to ask our mothers, and they both of them said 'No!' very decidedly. They didn't like the swamp, and they wanted us to go with the older girls. And then we went back to tell Effie, and she had started off; and then we hurried so, for we were afraid you would be gone. We ran all the way."

"That's just like Effie!" exclaimed the others. "The little girls will have picked all the berries before we get there. Let's be off."

When the place was reached, sure enough there were Effie, and a party of the little girls, picking away at the berries, and looking as if they had been there an hour or two.

"O, we've been here a long time," they cried, "and it's splendid fun."

They were in a lonely, wild spot. Tangles of blackberry-vines clustered round high rocks, on a broad slope, that gave a wide view of hill and valley, if anybody had time to look at it. But nobody did. Some of the older girls fell to scolding the younger ones for keeping them waiting so long; but past troubles were soon forgotten in more active pleasures.

The boys had already begun to build a fire, which was their ideal of out-door happiness. Some went to ask for some ears 'of corn at a friendly farm-house in the neighborhood, and they came back laden with sweet potatoes besides, which it would be jolly to roast in the coals.

A fire-place was made on a smooth rock, and some of the party found pine-cones, that they flung into the coals when they were red-hot, and sticks of dry wood, that kept up the blaze. And they had to hurry about it all, too, for it was getting past noon, and they would all have to break up early, and leave the woods before the slanting sun had set.

They were very merry. It was a gay afternoon! the sunlight itself danced among the leaves, and the autumn crickets tried to join in the fun, and seemed to be livelier than usual in their chirpings. And there were a few bright leaves beginning to glow upon the trees, and a noisy brook, not far off, made such a din, that everybody had to scream very loud, and shout, in order to be heard. It was lucky it was all far away in the woods, or somebody would have been

stunned by the noise. As it was, the tall pines, and the feathery hemlocks, and the old oaks, appeared to enjoy it.

Certainly it was a most successful afternoon; the roasted corn and the sweet potatoes were perfect, and sent out such a savory smell, that summoned everybody to dinner before it was half ready. And there were plenty of berries, and plenty of fun; and they played all kinds of games, and the afternoon seemed quite too short. Some did nothing but pick berries, some rambled about, and some sat by the fire and talked. And the boys built such a great bonfire, that it might have been seen by the whole country about.

It was growing late, and the older girls were busy picking up the things, when Effie found herself alone, for a few minutes, behind some elder-bushes. She was giving the last touch to her full basket of berries, and had found some that were especially fine, to crown the whole. She was about to shout to some of the rest to come and share them, when she heard some voices on the other side of the bushes. She was ready to interrupt the talk, when the sound of her own name stayed her.

"The whole thing was exactly like Effie," exclaimed one. "She came near spoiling our afternoon's sport, keeping us waiting there, sitting on a log, till she should choose to appear."

"She's a selfish thing," said another, "and I don't see how Annie can bear with her as she does. She thinks of nobody but Effie Ashley."

Effie thought it high time to make her appearance, and began silently to clamber up the rock above them. She meant to drop down suddenly upon the girls, and frighten them well, for calling her such names. But she was stopped all at once, when the next sentence came to her ears.

"And her own mother dying, too!" exclaimed the first speaker. "She might at least think of her, if she can think of nobody else."

"How she does neglect her mother, indeed!" exclaimed the other, and the two girls passed on.

Effie remained fixed on the rock up which she had climbed, among the bushes. The last words to which she had listened, rung in her ears, — "Her own mother, dying too!" What did they mean? It couldn't be true. How cruel those girls were to talk in such a way! It never, never could be true, or somebody would have told her. She had half a mind to call to them to come back, and ask them what they meant; but how could she bear to say the words, those dreadful words?

She sat in a dreamy state, and did not observe

that the party below were gathering up the things to go. She did not listen to the calls of one to the other, but presently hid her face in her hands, and began to cry bitterly. In this state Annie found her.

"Why, Effie, what had become of you?" she exclaimed. "We have been looking for you everywhere. All the girls have started off, and Mary and I are left behind, hunting for you. But what is the matter? Your basket upset? Never mind that, I have got plenty of berries; and we can scrape these up, too, in a minute, if you prefer your own. Here's your hat, and a basket for you to carry, for we must all go home loaded. What an afternoon it has been! We all say we never had such a good time in our lives. Arthur Lee and Sam Parsons are going to help us home with our load."

Effie looked up into Annie's face in wonder. How could Annie talk in this lively way, if what those girls had said were true? She could not ask any questions then; there was Mary Connor in the way, as she always was, and Arthur Lee and Sam Parsons; they all helped pick up her berries, and then set off, and she followed on.

Annie wondered at Effie's silence, but she thought she must be very tired. Something must have vexed Effie; she tried to talk to her cheerfully, and make her join in the talk with Arthur, and Mary, and Sam.

Effie thought Mary Connor never was so tiresome and stupid as she was to-night. Why would she stop at the gate to talk? and why must Arthur Lee and Sam insist upon coming in at the gate, to help bring the baskets, and leave them on the step?

"You know all this, Effie," said Annie, "is for Mrs. Snow to make into jam and jelly. Won't it be nice?"

At last Mary Connor said good-by, and the boys were gone. Annie turned to open the door; Effie seized her by the skirts of her dress. "O, do stop a minute: I want to talk to you!" she exclaimed. "I want to ask you some questions. Sit down on the steps. O Annie, is it true? do tell me if it is true. O, it cannot be that mamma is dying!"

"O Effie, pray be still, — be quiet!" said Annie; "do not let mamma hear you! What can you mean? how can you ask such a question?"

"I believe that the girls made it all up," said Effie, breaking out into fresh tears. "Why should they say so?"

In a little while Annie got from Effie an account of all that had happened.

"O, can it be true," ended Effie, — "can it be true?"

"Mamma is very sick," answered Annie, seriously, "but O, I have not dared to think she will not get well. O no, indeed, Effie, I cannot believe it. And it was a cruel thing for those girls to say what is not true. It was cruel, indeed. But perhaps they know better than we. Perhaps the doctor has told them something that he has not told us. Perhaps everybody knows something that they do not tell us. O Effie, Effie, I wish you had never heard this." And Annie took Effie in her arms, and began to cry silently.

Effie was shocked and terrified. All the way home she had been in a sullen mood. Nobody had told her how ill mamma was, — how could she be expected to know it? Annie knew everything that was going on at home, and had never told her; and Annie could be gay and merry, in spite of it all. She had heard Annie laughing all the afternoon, more merrily than she had ever known her to laugh before. Why should the girls call *her* selfish? She had half a mind to say nothing to Annie about it, but to go to her own room and cry, all to herself.

But now she quite broke down. Annie was as unhappy as herself: Annie did not know more than she did. She slid her little hand into Annie's, and said, "O Annie, what shall we do?"

After a few minutes, Annie roused herself. "Dear Effie," she said, "we will try and think it is not so; at least, till we are told. For my part, I have thought, lately, that mamma was much better. She has been able to sit up longer at a time, and she has enjoyed these warm, sunny days. I know the doctor has spoken more hopefully; and I know, too, that he wants mamma to be kept quiet and cheerful, and that we must not excite or trouble her. So, Effie, we will try and remember only the happy part of the afternoon, to tell her. She will not be asleep now, and she will want to hear how we have enjoyed ourselves. So we must take in to her all the joy, and wipe off our tears, and try not to think of them, till we have seen the doctor, or somebody who knows."

Legation de ...

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Mr. BRADLEY ...

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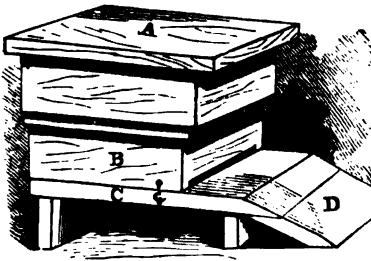
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Suppose it is now the latter part of April, or early part of May. You have prepared a good place. The next step is to get a hive of bees to begin with. A reliable apiarist will sell you a good hive of Italian bees, for about ten dollars. These you buy already settled in the hive, with a young queen of pure blood. Be sure the bees are numerous enough to fill at least four of the spaces between the movable combs. Perhaps you do not know what movable combs are; but reference to the pictures will make the matter clear.



A is the cover, beneath which are the six glass honey-boxes. A rests on cleats at the sides of the frame-box, B, and is not fastened in any way.

B is the box containing the honey-frames. It is fastened to the bottom-board, C, by hinges at the back, and hooks at the sides. The bees enter by a space running the whole length of the hive in front.

C is the bottom-board, so arranged, that the frame-box may be lifted on its hinges, and the hive cleaned.

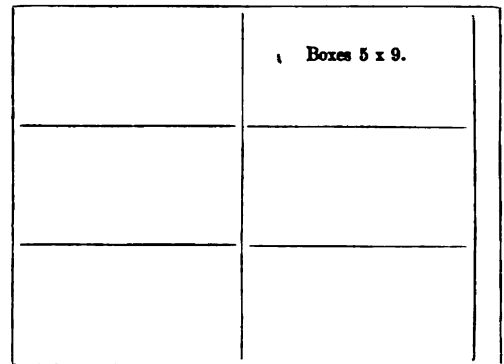
D is a board reaching to the ground, which enables heavily-laden bees to get into the hive easily.

Let us now go with Mr. Bradley, and examine a hive. He gives us what he calls a bee veil, and asks us to draw on our kid gloves. "Look first at the outside of the hive," he says. "You see that it appears to be simply one box on another. The bottom board rests upon a frame that is seven inches high at the back, and four inches from the ground, at the front part. This board projects four or five inches in front, and there is an opening of about half an inch all along the bottom of the box above this projection, by which the bees have access to the inside. I have two triangular pieces of wood of an inch in thickness, which, when laid upon this projection, with their longest sides toward the entrance, completely block it up. By turning these in other ways, I can leave a greater or lesser opening, and can thus control the bees, and protect the hive from storm or wind.

"When the number of bees in the hive is small, there is difficulty in their keeping warm, if the

entire entrance is open; but this is not the greatest of the troubles of weak swarms. If you watch the entrance of such a hive, you will see certain bees very nervously buzzing about it, peeping in at every imaginable crevice, and, apparently, using every effort to effect an entrance. You will notice others of a more demure behavior, evidently guarding the hive, and keeping the peeping Toms and prying Pauls from walking in. Every hive keeps a good guard at its entrance, — if it be numerous enough to keep warm, and spare any bees for picket duty, — because there are many robber bees, who are always on the alert, to steal what they can from unprotected hives. You see now another advantage of being able to make the entrance small, for it enables a weak hive to protect itself from intrusion, when it could otherwise not do so."

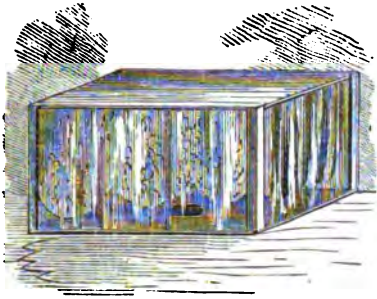
Mr. Bradley now pointed to a hook at the side of the bottom-board, and showed us that it, and the hinges at the back of the hive, held the lower box down, and at the same time enabled him to lift the hive up and clean the interior. This is a great convenience, for, during the winter, the bodies of dead bees, and other impurities, accumulate there, which need to be removed in the spring.



This figure represents the position of the glass honey-boxes, looking down upon them, when the cover A is removed. They do not fill the whole space, the frame-box being 19 inches by 15 inside, and the boxes 5 inches by 9 outside.

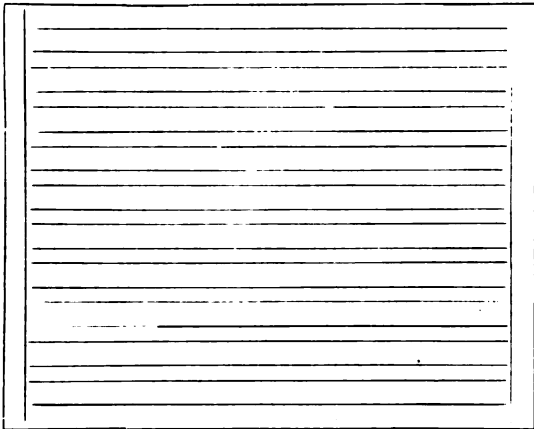
"You see," Mr. Bradley continued, lifting the upper box, — "you see that this rests upon cleats fastened to the sides of the lower box, an inch below its top. Thus, while the two fit very closely together, they are very easily taken apart." As this box was raised, we saw six honey-boxes, made, as represented in the engraving, of glass at the sides and ends, and of thin pine boards at the top and bottom, with little

corner posts, also of pine, into which the glass was set. We also noticed a round hole in the bottom board of each box, made for the bees to



One of the six glass honey-boxes.

creep up through to deposit honey in the bright comb, which we see through the glass sides.



This shows the ten honey-frames, looking down upon them after the six glass honey-boxes are removed. A thin board is laid between the tops of the frames and the bottoms of the boxes. It is pierced with six holes corresponding with those in the boxes, and is called the honey-board.

Here we stopped a few moments, for Mr. Bradley told us our next move would uncover the thousands of bees at work beneath, and that we should do well to guard ourselves from their stings. Two articles, he told us, were needed by novices for this purpose. The first is the bee veil, which any one may easily make. Get a yard of black bobbinet lace, or some other kind of netting. Run a narrow tape or cord through a hem on one edge, and then by sewing the ends of the yard of lace together, you have a sack open at top and bottom. Throw this over a broad-brim hat, draw the cord closely about the

crown, put the hat on your head, and tuck the lace under the collar of your dress, or coat. Take a piece of lighted spunk in your hands, and, with your kid gloves on, you may venture as far as you please among the hives. This spunk is an invaluable article, and is made of pieces of thoroughly dried rotten wood, of the maple, apple, or hickory-tree, cut into strips about an inch square, and as long as convenient. This will burn slowly without a flame, and the smoke may be directed into any part of the hive, by holding the lighted end near the point it is desired to affect, and blowing with the mouth. This smoke, Mr. Bradley says, will make the bees harmless for a time, acting upon them very much as a whip does upon a horse. The smoke startles the bee, and his first impulse when frightened is to fill himself with honey, and, like many other animals, he is pretty good-natured when his stomach is full. The spunk should be always ready, to be used as experience directs, which will be pretty often.

Gently now, for all our motions about the hive must be gentle and still; let us lift off the six glass boxes, and set them on a bench by our side. Beneath them we find a board with six round holes in it, corresponding with the holes in the bottoms of the boxes. This is called the honey-board, and we lay it off also. Now we have exposed the movable frames, which contain more combs and honey. There are ten of them, and as we look down upon them, they appear like ten slats, of an inch in width, resting by their ends upon the sunken ends of the lower box. We wish to examine one of these frames more closely. Let it be the third one. Mr. Bradley gently raises number one a trifle, and, having sent a puff of spunk smoke down the crevice, moves it as close to the side as possible, without



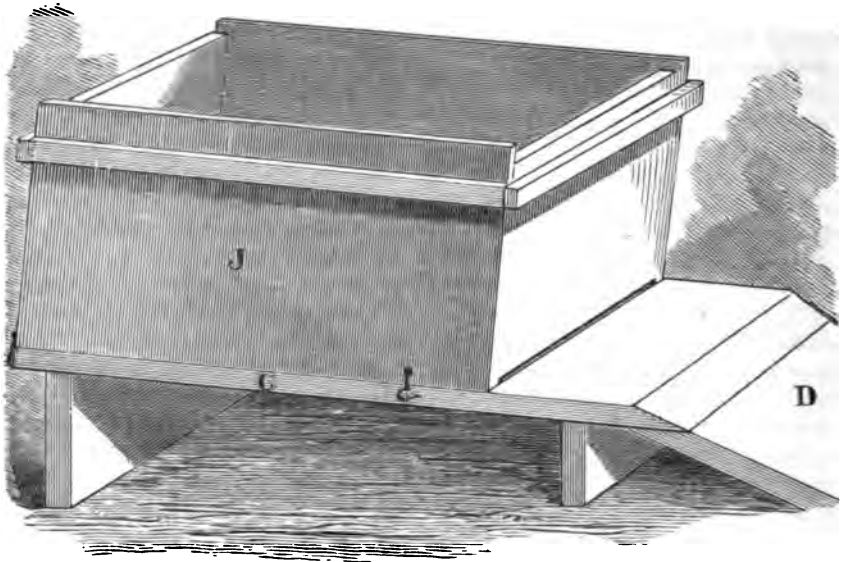
One of the ten honey-frames.

crushing the comb at all. Then he moves number two with equal gentleness, near to the first; and this done, there is considerable space about number three, and it is slowly raised out directly upward. We see now why it was necessary to move the first two frames. The comb is not of exactly equal thickness, and, besides, there are a

number of bees clustered upon it, which might otherwise have been crushed, or brushed off.

The frame is made, as we now see, of narrow pine strips, of which the upper one is the thickest, and is beveled on the under side. Unless this top strip, on which the comb is begun, were made with the V-shaped angle pointing downward, the bees might make the comb very irregularly. Sometimes they would make it directly across from one frame to another, which, by binding the whole together, would render it impossible to draw a single frame out, as we did just now. Even after making this bevel, to guide the bee, Mr. Bradley finds it necessary to incline the hive

at an angle of forty-five degrees, to make sure of their beginning the comb in a regular way. You see that in the picture the hive is higher at the back than it is in front; but when the bees first begin to make the comb, a block is placed under the back part, which raises it a great deal more. This is taken away after the comb is well started, but the hive must always be lower in front, in order that water may drain off, and that the dead bees, refuse, and foreign substances, may be readily carried out. You see in the picture a board is laid between the edge of the front platform and the ground. It often happens that heavily laden bees, coming home, are so exhausted as to



This figure represents the frame-box, showing the cleats at the sides: the side J and the opposite one are a little higher than the other two: a place is thus left for the frame to rest on.

alight just short of the platform, on the grass. In such cases, they are very likely to perish from cold and exposure, unless they have an easy way by which they are saved the exertion of using their tired wings to get to the front-door. Now we have seen the hive in all its parts. Is it not a simple contrivance?

If any of the readers of this paper get such a hive, and understand its parts, and so much of the nature of the bee as has been described, they will be interested to watch the little insects, and to study their habits more closely. You remember Francis Burnens, and Huber, who used his eyes. Think of the persistence of both of these men, and if you come to a place that demands

this trait of you, you may be encouraged by the example they have left. On one occasion Huber found it necessary to examine separately every bee in two hives. Think of a separate examination of 40,000 little bees, each one with a sharp sting; and then imagine Francis Burnens bending all his energies to the work for eleven days, hardly giving himself time to rest his strained eyes, to say nothing of his wearied body! When any bee-keeping girl or boy, who reads the "Riverside," has made such an examination of the bee as this, the editor will surely be glad to hear the result of the investigation. Mr. Bradley says you may study books if you please, and learn the theory as perfectly as possible, and of all books,

he would recommend you to get "Langstroth on the Honey-bee." But remember that any book will be useless, without practice.

In making studies, if you are looking for a profit in bee-keeping, the hive must never be jarred, nor unnecessarily disturbed, and all motions about it must be moderate. Mention has been made of a quiet location as desirable, and it is important also that children do not have access to the bee-yard. They have delight in poking sticks into the hive, to see how quickly the bees will rush out. Having no fear, they volunteer, on such occasions, before the draft, and at the cost of their lives, immediately attack the intruder. A little son of Mr. Bradley, named Ernest, once tried this experiment, and received a large number of stings before help was obtained. He would have been stung to death, if he had not been rescued. Even a strong man is as helpless, attacked by a few thousand bees, as Gulliver was, when pinned down by the little people of Lilliput. In such cases, kerosene oil, or spirits of hartshorn, may be applied to advantage externally, and strong doses of whiskey will do good, if applied internally. By exercising caution, however, one may generally escape being stung, for bees seldom sting, unless provoked.

Last month, you remember, we spoke of feeding bees with unbolted rye flour. It is also well to give them sweetened water in the spring. By doing this, the weaker hives are protected from the robbers which have been mentioned. If the bees are all fed, — strong, as well as weak hives, — the prowlers are kept busy at home, and will not attack their neighbors. The first natural

food that the bees in Berkshire get is from the flowers of the willow. Afterward, they make raids on the fruit-blossoms, and the white clover, and berry blossoms, from the last two of which the surplus honey is derived. In August they have the flowers of the buckwheat; and then, for some reason, the little fellows are very cross, and their stings are more venomous than at any other season. In September comes the golden-rod, about which Mary Lorimer told us in October, 1867, and of which there are many varieties in different parts of the country.

We have only time now to speak of two facts. The bee-keeper will find that the operations of the hive are carried on in the spirit of the tenth verse of the third chapter of Second Thessalonians. There appears to be no mercy in the disposition of a bee; and if one of the hive is sickly, or in the least maimed, so that he cannot work, he is immediately dragged out, and pitilessly left to perish of cold and hunger. The other fact is, that if any foreign substance gets into the hive, which cannot be removed, — like a pebble, or a miller, — the bees will cover it up with propolis, and thus hermetically sealed, it is, of course, harmless.

Mr. Bradley thinks you are now in a position to take care of your hive, to study the bees' habits, to learn how they swarm, how they are born and bred, how they make their combs and honey, and whether they will give you, the first year, so much as thirty pounds surplus, and a new swarm. He desires to say, in parting, "Keep yourself very neat and clean," for bees dislike slovenly people exceedingly.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a chilly June evening, a hundred years ago, when a long line of tired pack-horses came down a mountain gorge of the Alleghanies, in Western Pennsylvania, and stopped at a block-house. Tom's great-great-grandfather, Willy Lewis, was on the last horse, perched between two bags of alum salt. Naturally, when it comes to a great-great-grandfather, our Tom, or any other rational boy, thinks of the very ghost of Old Age itself, white-haired and rheumatic, in

the chimney-corner. But Willy was in reality a little chap of thirteen, who had not yet lost all of his first teeth; they were still quite black and uneven; if it had not been for that, he would have been as pretty as a girl, with his blue eyes and yellow hair.

So like a girl was he, indeed, that when they stopped at the low stone tavern, one of the men chucked him under the chin as he lifted him down, saying, "Hi, Miss Molly!" Willy shook him off contemptuously, and went to the door to

wait for his father. These traders were horribly coarse and insolent, he thought; he could not understand what pleasure his father, who was noted in Philadelphia as a scholar, and one of the most reserved of men, could have found in his daily talks with them through three long weeks of journeying, side by side, over the mountains.

Doctor Lewis was with Josh (one of the roughest of them) now, helping him unstrap the horses. "It's been a hard pull on you little man," said Josh, nodding to Willy. "I wonder you weren't afeard to bring him."

"It was just what he needed," said Doctor Lewis, quietly, but loud enough for Willy to hear. He did hear, and it made him more sullen. He did not choose that Josh should think he could gain anything from him, or his wilderness, or his mountain air. He had acted toward all the men as if he were a young prince who had dropped down among them, growing more angry every day when they jeered at the little airs and graces which his mamma and grandmother had thought so dainty.

When Doctor Lewis had proposed to leave Philadelphia, and take the long, perilous journey to the white settlements below Fort du Quesne, in search of his brother, who had emigrated there years before, the boy had been frantic with pleasure at the thought of going with him. There was the great wilderness, out of which came terrible rumors of Indians, and wolves, and elks, — and he going out into it, in search of adventure! There was no danger through which his courage and sense would not carry him victoriously, he was sure. He quite longed for some attack, so that he could show his father how he could plan for both of them. Willy, to do him justice, had been a hard scholar; he could read a little in Virgil, chatter French with a very fair accent, and dance a minuet to his mamma's satisfaction. He knew that she was anxious to take him back to England, to show off his accomplishments to his cousins there; so he had very little fear that, with all his knowledge, he could not make his way in the backwoods. Bold Sir Jack, with his sword of sharpness, and shoes of swiftness, was not so well armed as he, in his own opinion!

But that was three weeks ago. They had jogged on safely enough by day, and in the one attack made on the camp by wolves, he had been hidden among the pack-saddles by Josh, as though he were a baby. Worse than all, he was continually tired and hungry. Their provisions had given out, and they had to depend on the pork and dried corn which they bought at the one or

two mud-forts which they passed on their road. The nauseousness of "hog and hominy" was not a thing to call for heroism; yet it vexed Willy's soul within him. He thought of one miserable meal until the next. The truth was, his mamma had pampered him into a little dyspeptic, on prawlongs and postillas, the fashionable confections in those days.

While Willy was waiting, he slipped off the outer coat and leggings he wore. He wanted the people at the block-house to see his shirt with its laced ruffles, his silk hose, and tiny knee-buckles of brilliants, and his doublet of scarlet cloth buttoned with silver coins, and to understand he was something quite different from the traders with whom he had come. The half dozen men, gathered in from the cabins, stared a minute or two, and then resumed their whispering. There was a continual mutter of "Indians!" "Indians!" The traders from Philadelphia had not yet heard of the rising among the redskins along the Ohio border. The caravans of pack-horses that took six weeks to make their half-yearly journeys, did not carry news quite so swiftly as railroads or telegraphs do for us now. The men stood among their half unpacked bales, with scared, pale faces, listening to the backwoods-men's stories, wishing their barter was made, and they were safe back in Philadelphia. For this block-house and tavern were an intermediate station, you understand, to which these traders brought iron pots, pewter dishes, salt, seeds, and ammunition, to exchange for the cattle, dried meat, and furs, brought up by the settlers from their cabins in the wilderness. A party of these backwoodsmen were looked for that night.

"You'll not go back with them, out West?" said Josh to Doctor Lewis. "If the redskins are on the war-path, it's no place for the boy."

"I have no doubt these stories are overstated. We'll see what the men from the settlements say. I am not willing to turn back without having found my brother. Go in, William, go in," following him into the house, and watching him with an anxious look.

Willy would have liked to have poured out all his wrath and discontent with the whole journey, to his father; but boys a hundred years ago did not express their opinions, if they had any. Petted as he was, Willy never spoke, or sat down in his father's presence, without leave. He stood by the hearth, on which (though it was June) a big log of wood burned. The forests, which covered the whole country, kept out the sun, and the deep grass held the dank dews so, that there.

were few nights in summer in which a fire was not needed. Willy looked about him contemptuously at the plastered walls, the wooden table, with its delft cups and saucers. He hoped his uncle might come up with the settlers to-night. He knew that he was a great landholder: owned thousands of acres on the Ohio River shore, which was, he thought, the farthest limit of the known world. Willy imagined him a sort of prince among the people.

"My father talks to these men as if he were one of themselves," he thought. "But when Uncle Walter comes, they will understand who we are." For Willy's mamma never allowed him to forget his family, and that her brother was a baronet in Shropshire. "You were born to be a man, my son," she would say. "As for these poor creatures, without birth or education, they must do what they can."

There was a sudden noise outside; and Willy, hurrying to the window, saw a mingled crowd of mounted men, cattle, and dogs, in the yard, by the light of flaming torches. The caravan had arrived, the men were swearing, the dogs barking without the inclosure; the mountains towered, dark and solemn, in the night, and from out their silence came the far-off cry of the wolves. Doctor Lewis had just opened the door, when Josh met him, speaking quickly, "There is a Walter Lewis here, sir, and his son. Is it your brother?"

"Do not come out, Willy," said Doctor Lewis, huskily, following Josh, and went out. Willy had never seen his father so pale and excited. He had not seen his brother for twelve years. Willy himself was burning with impatience. He was glad he had worn his best suit, now that he was to meet this cousin, who was heir to such a royal estate.

In a few minutes the door opened, and a boy came in, followed by a big yellow dog. For a moment, Willy was not sure if it were a boy or an animal. His skin was a copper color, and his hair hung black and straight down his neck. He wore a loose short shirt made of deer-skin, belted round his waist, with a bullet-bag, and chunk of jerked venison sticking out of the breast. Instead of breeches like Willy, he wore moccasins made of deer-skin up as high as the knee, and a linen cloth a yard or two long passing under the belt before and behind, the flaps, which hung over, covered with scarlet trimming. A tomahawk and knife were thrust into his belt; his thighs, and part of the hips, were bare. He wore a deer-skin cap, into which was put (by

way of ornament) a fox's tail, and one or two bright scarlet feathers. This wild-looking creature walked up to Willy, and stood as straight and silent as an Indian, regarding him.

At last he nodded, and spoke. "My name is Jonathan Lewis," he said, "and you, I suppose, are my cousin. There is my father;" and at that moment Doctor Lewis came in, his hand resting on the shoulder of a tall man, to whom he was talking eagerly, and who was dressed and looked precisely like the wild boy, except that instead of the Indian breech cloth, he wore loose leggings of linsey.

"This is my boy, Walter," said Doctor Lewis, dragging Willy forward. The hunter took up Willy's white mite of a hand in his horny palm, and patted him on the head. "We'll make a man of him," he said, and went on talking apart to his brother. He did not show the excitement and pleasure at the meeting which Doctor Lewis did, though he felt as much. Men who live long in the silent mountains and fastnesses of the wilderness, become as dumb and reticent of emotion as they.

Meanwhile Willy tried to talk to his cousin, who, after all, might have a princely whim of dressing like a savage. "You do not come often to this wretched place," he said.

"I never was here before. This is the first house I ever saw, or that baby stuff," nodding to the delft ware on the table.

Did they, then, have dens in the ground, and tear raw flesh with their claws, like beasts? Willy drew back a little.

"Anyhow, I am glad to see you, Jonathan," bowing politely.

"Are you? You don't look it." The young savage laughed good-humoredly. "Call me Jont. Everybody does."

One of the men called to him, "You'd better come out, if you want to make a good bargain for your peltry, Jont. These men are going back to-morrow. They're skeered by the red-skins."

Willy followed him out into the big kitchen. Jont had some furs, which he soon sold. "I'll take a half bushel of salt," he said.

"They're not worth it."

"I'll throw in fifty acres of land, tomahawk claim. My father will make it good."

Willy stood by, astonished to see at how precious a value they held the salt. It was shaken by hand lightly into the measure, no one being allowed to cross the floor at the time, lest they might make it fall.

"How old are you?" he said to Jont, seeing how quiet and cool he was about his bargain.

"Twelve." Jont hesitated a little, and then added, reddening, "I'm counted as a fort soldier. I had a port-hole given me last winter."

"O!" This was all Greek to Willy. "There's the supper, I think."

He watched Jont closely at supper. He did not gnaw his food. He cut the smoking bear's meat with his clasp-knife, it is true, but was cleanly enough about it. He watched Willy furtively drink his coffee. "Medicine, hey?" with a nauseous grimace.

Willy smiled loftily; and turning his cup down, to show he had enough, crossed his spoon over it. Jont did the same, immediately. Nothing escaped his quick-glancing black eyes.

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CHAPTER II.

"I'd rather die, than live here," Willy used to cry every day, for a month after they reached Jont's home. But Jont said nothing. Doctor Lewis had gone with his brother to his hunting-camp, where he spent several months of the year alone. They were not coming back for some weeks. The boys were left quite alone with Mrs. Lewis, Jont's mother. Jont was a very quiet boy, but he had such a queer twinkle of fun in his eye that Willy was afraid of him.

One day they were seated in front of the cabin. It was only a log-hut, but it was wide and clean, with a floor of alternate red and white cedar strips. Hams of jerked venison hung over the chimney. Mrs. Lewis, a tall, sallow woman, with quick eyes, and a low, pleasant voice, like Jont's, sat at a loom, weaving. Jont was grinding corn between two stones, his tame bear-cub rolling about at his feet. The sun shone pleasantly. But the quiet was something terrible. When Willy stopped his chatter, the silence was like that of the land of the dead. The cabin was beside the river, on the edge of the great western forest, unbroken for a thousand miles. There were no singing-birds then in these woods, — they did not follow the white settlers for many years after that, — no ducks or chickens were cackling about the door; even the dog had learned, in hunting, the trick of silence, and stealthy motion, as though perpetually on the watch for a hidden foe. Now and then came a low from the solitary cow, or a buzzard flapped its heavy wing overhead, and passed out of sight, and then the stillness was unbroken again.

"What do you think of my noggins, Willy?" said Jont, glancing proudly at a row of prettily streaked wooden bowls, carved out of the knots of the ash-tree.

"It seems to me, making dishes and grinding corn, is queer education for a man," said Willy.

"I don't know," said Jont, humbly. "I can make very good shoes, too. What can you do, then?"

Willy hesitated. He thought of his Latin Grammar; but of what use would a jabber of nouns and verbs be, here in this awful solitude? Suppose he danced a minuet? His face grew red at the mere fancy of a little fellow capering about in the shadow of these gigantic trees. He began to recite some French poetry, to Jont's awe-struck admiration. Mrs. Lewis came to the door, and listened. Willy seldom remembered that she was an educated woman, because she wore a linesey dress, and moccasins.

"Very well remembered, Willy," she said, smoothing his hair. "But, after all, it is not what a man knows that makes him a man."

"What is it, then, aunt?"

She smiled quietly. "You will find that out for yourself. Go with Jont, to bring up the cow. Take the dog with you."

Willy walked angrily beside Jont. He and his accomplishments were held at slight value here, he saw; he had a mind to prove to them, once and for all, the difference between himself and them. They talked of the dangers of a backwoods life, — his knowledge and sense would make short work of such dangers. Besides, he did not believe there was anything to be afraid of, with a side look into the woods. Why must he go about in leading-strings, guided by Jont and the dog, as though he were a baby? He would take a walk into the woods alone, and now! There was nothing there but trees, after all. He thought, with keen delight, of the terror of his aunt and Jont, if they thought him lost. He owed them a grudge, and he meant to pay it.

Half way down to the river, he stopped. "I'll go back home, Jont. I'm going to take a nap."

"Take Bull with you."

"No."

"You'll go straight up the path, then, Willy?" said Jont, anxiously. "It's a queer habit you've got of sleeping in day-time, anyhow!"

Willy tossed his head, and marched up the path. He had no idea of taking a nap. Long ago his nurse had taught him how clever it was to trick people by a "white lie" or two, and he

had never forgotten the use of them. Jont watched him, starting to follow him, at last. "But no harm can come to him. There's mother in sight yet," he said, and turning, went for the cow. As soon as Willy saw that he had turned his back to him, he ran rapidly over a bald knob of grass to the pebbly shore of the river. Here he was safe from the rattlesnakes and copper-heads, which Jont killed sometimes in the woods. He ran along the bank, picking up the smooth yellow and pink pebbles, and storing them away in his pockets. There was no chance of losing his way, for all he had to do was to retrace his steps to the path leading from the cabin. Feeling perfectly safe, therefore, he unconsciously walked farther than he had at first intended.

The sun was hot, and the damp, sultry wind from the swamps made him drowsy. He sat down under the shadow of a great oak, that grew close to the water. Jont would think he was asleep in the cabin, and would not miss him for an hour or two. He would give them time for a thorough scare, he thought, chuckling ill-humoredly, and curling himself up on the dry, warm sand. They should see how able he was to take care of himself! Neither Latin, nor French, nor dancing, you see, will keep a boy from being silly or spiteful.

The broad river lapped the shore drowsily, not a breath of wind stirred the leaves above him. Willy's head fell heavier on the sand pillow. Up in the thick papaw bushes a pair of half-shut black eyes were watching him with the ferocity of a tiger, but not a breath, or the rustle of a twig, showed that any living thing but himself was near. He was thinking over his own merits and good breeding, as usual. How thankful he was it was Uncle Walter, and not his father, who had chosen to bury himself in this wilderness! He would have been grinding corn, like Jont, now, no doubt! Jont had one queer accomplishment, which puzzled Willy a good deal. He could load and fire a rifle, while running at full speed. He used to practice every day, for an hour or two, never failing to hit the mark. "There wasn't a man in the fort, last winter, who could do it," he had told Willy yesterday. Still he went on practicing, practicing.

"Jont holds on to a thing, just like a dog," muttered Willy, snappishly, raising his head. As he raised it, the glittering eyes came closer to him in the grass, and a long, stealthy body,

wound itself along; but there was not a sound. However, Willy did not rise: that was the last explosion of ill temper. His head dropped again, and his eyes closed, and in a moment he was asleep. The stealthy, fierce eyes never relaxed their hold on him. The sun shone warmly, the river went on with its monotonous, lulling ripple. A bright-eyed black and gray squirrel ran out on the bough above him, and peered curiously down at the scarlet doublet and little knee-buckles glittering in the sun. Still the dark body yonder lay motionless in the grass. Presently a bit of bark broke under the squirrel's paws, and fell on Willy's face. He stirred.

Then, with a noiseless, panther-like bound, the Indian reached him. Out of the neighboring grass came another. Their dress and paint would have been unknown even to Jont, if he had been there; they did not belong to the friendly tribe who sometimes came to the cabin, but to a nation who lived far toward the setting sun, where no white man had ever gone. They stooped over him without a word; but nodded, pointing significantly to his buckles, and silver-coin buttons. Poor Willy! If he had been willing to wear the suit of linsey his aunt gave him, they would hardly have thought him worth the taking.

They lifted him so gently that he did not waken. The taller of them carried him swiftly along the bank, to the other side of the bluff, where a light birch-bark canoe was fastened. In another moment they were skimming down the river. The rocking motion soothed him to a yet heavier sleep.

It was near dusk when he awoke. He lay at the bottom of the boat, which shot swiftly down the stream. The wooded hills on either side, — the sky, with its fleecy white clouds, overhead, were growing dim in the melancholy twilight. The silence about him was absolute. He yawned, and rubbed his eyes, thinking that he dreamed. Then he caught sight of the copper-colored men sitting straight and motionless in the boat, their bodies covered with green and yellow paint, and he sprang up with a shrill cry of terror. The Indians took no notice of him, even by a look; he could summon no one to his help. He might cry, and dash himself against the sides of the boat as he would. There were none to hear, except the wolves on the shore, and the black cormorants, that wheeled their slow flight through the darkening sky.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

XIX.

GOOSEBERRIES and strawberries,
 First are in season ;
 Mulberries and raspberries
 Follow in reason.
 Currants and cherries
 Come next in place ;
 Blueberries and blackberries

Keep up the race.
 Peaches and plums
 To these now succeed ;
 Melons and pears,
 Delicious indeed.
 Grapes of all kinds,
 In ripe clusters appear ;
 And apples and cranberries
 Last the rest of the year.



XX.

Come here, you grigs,
 Here's a show !
 Five baby pigs
 All in a row !
 They came last night,
 Brown, pink, and white,
 With tails curled tight,
 And eyes so bright.
 It is a treat
 To see them eat,
 And hear them squeak,
 A-week ! A-week !
 And O ! what fun
 To see them run !
 And then stop short,

With grunt and snort,
 Poking about
 With curious snout.
 No, Master Dick,
 Put down that stick !
 You must not dig
 A baby pig
 Under the rib,
 To make him squeal.
 How would you feel
 Should I do so
 To you, you know ?
 You must be kind,
 Or else you'll find
 You won't come here
 Again, my dear !

XXI.

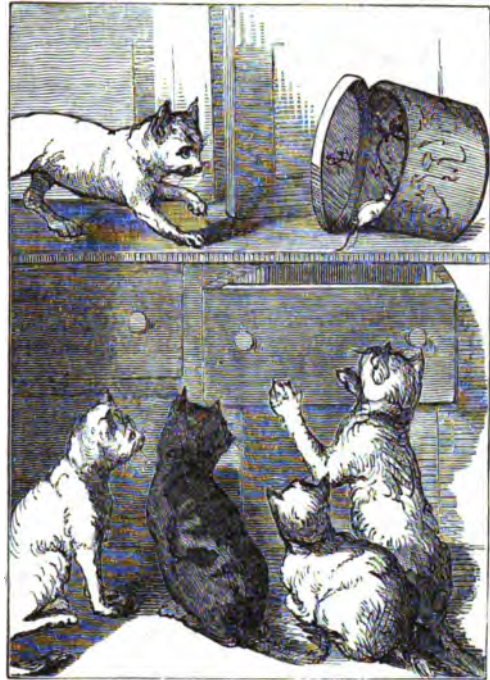
Whisky, frisky,
 Hippity hop!
 Up he goes
 To the tree top!
 Whirly, twirly,
 Round and round,
 Down he comes
 To the ground.
 Furly, curly,
 What a tail!



Tall as a feather,
 Broad as a sail!
 Where's his supper?
 In the shell;
 Snappy, cracky!
 Out it fell!
 Stir the fire,
 Put on the pot,
 Here's his supper
 Hissing hot!

XXII.

Mistress Mouse
 Built a house
 In mamma's best bonnet;
 All the cats
 Were catching rats,
 And didn't light upon it.



At last they found it,
 And around it
 Sat watching for the sinner;
 When, strange to say,
 She got away,
 And so they lost their dinner.

THE SETTLE.

CERTAINLY, see "The Settle," as the frontispiece says. The first thing you will find in it is the fable from Æsop, which Mr. Stephens illustrates,—

THE FIGHTING COCKS AND EAGLE.

Two cocks were fighting for the sovereignty of the dunghill: when one of them having got the better of the other, he that was vanquished hid himself for some time; but the victor, mounting an eminence, clapped his wings, and crowed out, "Victory!" An eagle, who was watching for his prey near the

place, saw him, and making a stoop, trussed him in his talons, and carried him off. The cock that had been beaten, perceiving this, soon quitted his hole, and shaking off all remembrance of his late disgrace, gallanted the hens with all the intrepidity imaginable.

Now, we propose giving up the Settle this month entirely to the children, who have the most right there; and here follow, to be guessed in order, enigmas, riddles, charades, and puzzles.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. We have a fine companion
Who is always gay and free,
The letters of whose name
And title count just 23.
The 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, is a 1, 19, 5, 7, 3,
Which is used to make the 9, 14, 20, 22,
A beverage our friend is quite fond of,
And drinks quite often, too.
9, 11, 2, 5, 8, is what we all depend on,
And called the "staff of life."
The 9, 19, 21, 3, 4, 15, is a liquid
That causes pain and strife;
The 13, 10, 9, 9, 10, 1, 2, is a vegetable
That is good made into 'krout,
Which our friend is also fond of,
And cannot do without.
The 7, 12, 20, 17, 19, 14, 21, 16,
Is a frozen compound,
That gives our friend delight
More than all else that can be found.
The 6, 7, 3, 2, is ever lovely to see, —
Above all, when filled with its fruit,
Which in October deliciously ripens,
And especially our friend's taste does suit.
The 16, 5, 11, 9, 13, 14, will rise above him,
When the ground is o'er his cold 12, 13, 21, 23,
After all these good things he has partaken,
And from the world and its cares he is free.
The whole is the name of a former Adjutant-Gen-
eral of Pennsylvania.
2. I am composed of twelve letters.
My 4, 11, 8, 2, 7, is a wild animal.
My 8, 11, 10, is a drink.
My 5, 9, 10, 2, bears a delicious fruit.
My 3, 4, 12, 8, is a graceful animal.
My 7, 12, 6, 10, visits us often in April.
My 1, 6, 10, 4, 2, 7, is what we often wish for in
summer.
My whole is the name of my native State.
3. My whole is the capital of one of the United
States, and is composed of ten letters.
My 1, 6, 3, 9, 2, 8, is a town in Michigan.
My 2, 9, 8, 5, 6, 3, is one of the U. S. A.
My 3, 6, 9, 8, is a part of the Thames.
My 4, 9, 2, 10, is a city of New York.
My 5, 9, 2, 4, 3, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 6, 4, 8, 5, 2, is a town in New York.
My 7, 2, 9, 1, 6, 3, is a city of Utah.
My 8, 1, 6, 9, 10, is a town in Mississippi.
My 9, 6, 1, 8, is a city of Italy.
My 10, 6, 3, 5, 8, is a town in Alabama.
4. I am composed of 19 letters.
My 7, 11, 14, 15, has no end.

My 3, 17, 18, 5, every carpenter must have.
My 16, 6, 10, 18, 9, the name of an ancient king.
My 4, 2, 7, 8, 12, we all sometimes are.
My 19, 17, 5, 1, a little girl's favorite plaything.
My whole is the name of the heroine of a nursery
tale.

5. I am composed of eight letters. My whole is
the name of a plant.
My 3, 4, 6, 5, makes stormy weather.
My 3, 7, 8, is a strong drink.
My 3, 7, 1, is a drinking-vessel.
My 1, 2, 3, 8, 4, 5, is a language.

X. Y. Z.

CHARADES.

1. You see me sometimes in the ear,
More often on the hand,
Or at the throat of lady fair,
In beauty rich I stand.

Take off my head, 'tis small and round,
And often eaten too;
And lo! a grandee now is found,
Who counts his peers but few.

Restore my head, cut off my tail,
And eat me as I am;
My pleasant juices will prevail
O'er plantain, date, or yam.

How long's my tail? More than a yard,
But not so long as two;
Cut off both head and tail, 'tis hard,
But I've a drum for you.

Now, what's my head? A shining eye;
A plural verb my tail.
Cut both right off, and there am I,
Indefinite, but hale.

2. In the darkness of night, as Ichabod Crane
Through the gloomy and thick forest rode,
He met with a ghost at the end of the lane,
Who gave him my *first*, and never again
Did Ichabod pass near that wood.

As swift as my *second* flies over the plain,
Poor Ichabod sped on his way;
Cold horror bedewed him; with might and with
main
He clung to his horse, nor slackened the rein,
Till he saw from his window a ray.

Alas for poor Ichabod! fondly he'd dared
To hope for the lovely Katrine;
But now in disgrace, nor from ridicule spared,
At best but resembling my *whole*, fate declared
That his rival should bear off his queen.

F. W. H.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

1. 'Twas here the patriot first assumed command,
What time oppression threatened all the land ;
And here in peace sits Learning throned in State,
The best and wisest in her courts await.
2. Flow on, fair stream ! pour all thy riches forth,
Till every valley of the South and North
Send out thy branches, that the land may know
What priceless treasures from such streamlet flow !

CROSS WORDS.

1. A godly man, so learned, wise, and witty,
That he believed in witches, more's the pity.
2. The Indian motto of a ten-year State,
Freely translated, meaneth, " Stranger, wait ! "
3. In vain, in vain for the third word I strive ;
You may express it by, one thousand, five !
4. A Buddhist priest, — O, would we had him here,
This golden Pactolus with us to share.
5. A name the church to Friar Bacon gave,
Before they called him heretic and knave.
6. Loyola's name, — and still a saintly sign,
The common name, too, — for the bean strychnine.



Proverb in Picture.

7. Tanners and dyers use me with success,
Three single letters will my eight express.
8. Four letters round the sum of human bliss,
Life, fame, health, honor ; barter all for this.
9. O faithful love ! Longfellow's tender rhyme
Records thy pilgrimage from clime to clime.
Now both acrostics welcome me, I pray,
And let with you live my little day.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN MAY NUMBER.

Charade. — Honeymoon. Charade with behead-

ings. — Score. Riddle. — Bass. Proverb in Picture. — All's not gold that glitters. Double Acrostic. — Foundation words — Old, new. Cross words — Onion, love, dew. Anagrammatic Enigmas. — 1. Eugene Murray Aaron. 2. Procrastination is the thief of time. Word Puzzles. — 1. Plague (ague). 2. Mail-carrier. 3. Often. 4. One with a good "Conductor." M. S. H.'s Riddles. — 1. Bard (lard, yard). 2. Cod (Sea, o, Dee). 3. Mimic. 4. Laundress. 5. e. 6. Cheat (heat, eat, at, teach, tea, chat, ache). 7. Hans Christian Andersen. 8. Schuyllkill.



Wednesday	1	Kentucky admitted into the Union, 1792.
Thursday	2	Battle of Boyne, 1690.
Friday	3	Treaty of Peace between United States and Trip-
Saturday	4	Battle of Magenta, 1859. [oli, 1805.
Sunday	5	An elephant broke loose in Rhode Island, 1854.
Monday	6	Patrick Henry died, 1799.
Tuesday	7	Mohammed died, 632.
Wednesday	8	Andrew Jackson died, 1845.
Thursday	9	George Stephenson born, 1781.
Friday	10	The Hermit of Niagara Falls drowned, 1831.
Saturday	11	Roger Bacon died, 1294.
Sunday	12	Attack on Hadley, 1676. See "Riverside Maga-
Monday	13	[zine," January, 1870.
Tuesday	14	Benedict Arnold died, 1801.
Wednesday	15	Washington appointed Commander-in-Chief, 1775.
Thursday	16	Butler, of Butler's "Analogy," died, 1752.
Friday	17	Battle of Bunker Hill, 1776.
Saturday	18	Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
Sunday	19	
Monday	20	Cornwallis evacuated Richmond, 1781.
Tuesday	21	John Smith died, 1631.
Wednesday	22	Bonaparte's second abdication, 1815.
Thursday	23	
Friday	24	Midsummer day.
Saturday	25	
Sunday	26	Oliver Cromwell inaugurated Lord Protector, 1657.
Monday	27	Rear Admiral Foote died, 1868.
Tuesday	28	Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.
Wednesday	29	Henry Clay died, 1852.
Thursday	30	My birthday, 1859. C. G. J.



JUNE.



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Hans Christian Andersen's story, "The Candles," is a special contribution to the "Riverside," and is published in this Magazine before it appears in Copenhagen.

The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XLIII. JULY, 1870.

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Another of Andersen's stories, "Great-Grandfather," will appear in the August number; the author of "The Shipwrecked Buttons" will have a story, "The Girl with Cannon Dresses;" Mr. Treat's paper on "The Voice," unavoidably omitted in this number, will also be given, as also another of "Father Gander's Rhymes," and a pretty poem, "Mousie," by Edith May, of Philadelphia.

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JACK OF THE MILL. — BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

[See page 332.]

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — JULY, 1870. — No. XLIII.

THE CANDLES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was a great Wax-light, that knew well enough what it was.

"I am born in wax, and moulded in a form," it said. "I give more light, and burn a longer time than any other light. My place is in the chandelier, or silver candlestick."

"That must be a charming life!" said the Tallow-candle. "I am only of tallow, — only a tallow dip; but then, I comfort myself, it is always better than to be a mere taper, that is dipped only two times: I am dipped eight times, to get a decent thickness. I'm satisfied. It would, to be sure, be finer and luckier still, to have been born in wax, and not in tallow; but one doesn't fix himself. They are put in great rooms, and in glass candlesticks. I live in the kitchen, — but that is a good place, too; they get up all the dishes in the house there."

"There is something that is more important than eating!" said the Wax-candle. "Good company, — to see them shine, and shine yourself. There is a ball here this evening. Now I and all my family are soon to be sent for."

Scarcely was this said, when all the Wax-lights were sent for, — but the Tallow-candle too. The mistress took it in her delicate hand, and carried it out into the kitchen; there stood a little boy with a basket that was full of potatoes, and a few apples were in it too. The good lady had given all these to the little poor boy.

"Here is a candle for you, my little friend," said she. "Your mother sits up and works far into the night, — she can use this."

The lady's little daughter stood by her; and

when she heard the words "far into night," she said, eagerly, "And I'm going to sit up till night, too! We're going to have a ball, and I'm to wear big red bows for it."

How her face shone! yes, that was happiness! no wax-light could shine like the child's eyes.

"That is a blessed thing to see," thought the Tallow-candle. "I shall never forget it, and certainly it seems to me there can be nothing more." And so the Candle was laid in the basket under the cover, and the boy took it away.

"Where am I going to now?" thought the Candle. "I shall be with poor folks, perhaps not once get a brass candlestick; but the Wax-light is stuck in silver, and sees the finest folks! What can there be more delightful than to be a light among fine folks? That's my lot, — tallow, not wax."

And so the Candle came to the poor people, — a widow with three children, in a little, low studded room, right over opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for what she gave!" said the mother; "it is a splendid candle, — it can burn till far into the night."

And the Candle was lighted.

"Pugh!" it said. "That was a horrid match she lighted me with. One hardly offers such a thing as that to a wax-light, over at the rich house."

There also the wax-lights were lighted, and shone out over the street. The carriages rumbled up to the rich house with the guests for the ball, dressed so finely; the music struck up.

"Now they're beginning over there," felt the

Tallow-candle, and thought of the little rich girl's bright face, that was brighter than all the wax-lights. "That sight I never shall see any more."

Then the smallest of the children in the poor house came — she was a little girl — and put her arms round her brother and sister's necks ;

she had something very important to tell, and must whisper it.

"We're going to have this evening, — just think of it, — we're going to have this evening warm potatoes!" and her face beamed with happiness. The Candle shone right at her, and saw a pleasure, a happiness, as great as was in the



rich house, where the little girl said, "We are going to have a ball this evening, and I shall wear some great red bows."

"Is it such a great thing to get warm potatoes?" thought the Candle. "Well, here is just the same joy among the little things!" and it

* In Danish popular talk to sneeze at a thing, is the same as to nod assent.

sneezed* at that, — that is, it sputtered, — and more than that no tallow-candle could do. The table was spread, the potatoes were eaten. O, how good they tasted! it was a real feast; and then each got an apple beside, and the smallest child sang the little verse, —

"Now thanks, dear Lord, I give to Thee,
That Thou again hast filled me. Amen."

"Was not that said prettily?" asked the little girl.

"You mustn't ask that, or say it," said the mother. "You should only thank the good God, who has filled you."

And the little children went to bed, gave a good-night kiss, and fell asleep right away; and the mother sat till far into the night, and sewed, to get a living for them and herself; and from the rich house the lights shone, and the music sounded. The stars twinkled over all the houses,

over the rich and over the poor, just as clear, just as kindly.

"That was in sooth a rare evening," thought the Tallow-candle. "Do you think the wax-lights had any better time, in their silver candle-sticks? that I'd like to know before I am burnt out!"

And it thought of the happy children's faces, the two alike happy, — the one lighted by wax-light, the other by tallow-candle.

Yes, that is the story.

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

III.

THE MAN ALL TATTERED AND TORN.

HANS did not need to be so economical in London as he had been in Bremen, when he first looked for a lodging there; and he established himself in a very good tavern, in what is called "the City," or the business part of London. On the next day after his arrival, he started out in quest of the gentleman to whom he had a letter of introduction, and with whom his business was to be transacted. This individual, named Mathews, lived in Lambeth, on the south side of the Thames, and Hans had some trouble in finding him. But at last he discovered the gentleman, who occupied the second floor of a house, which had once been large and fine, but which was now only large. Mr. Mathews appeared to be a bachelor, for, in the room where he was busily engaged in writing, was a small bed; and in a back room were some arrangements for cooking, and a table set with one plate and knife and fork. In this room some one — Hans could not see the person through the open door — was engaged in cooking something which smelled exceedingly like sausages. Mr. Mathews read the letter, looked at Hans, folded his arms, as he sat in a chair near a writing-table, and fell into a reverie. When Hans got tired of standing and watching Mr. Mathews, as his thoughts apparently wandered back to the days of his infancy, when sausages did not smell so strongly, and there was less dirt and more comfort around him, he spoke out, and said, "Well, sir, what are your commands?"

Mr. Mathews came back from his cradle, and

looked at Hans. "Are you really a German?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said Hans; "born in Neustadt, in Hanover."

"Well, you speak very good English. James!"

The last word of this sentence was spoken very loudly by Mr. Mathews, and in answer to the call, the person who had been cooking came into the front room. He was a man of about fifty years of age, and was evidently unmarried, for no woman would have allowed her husband to go about with his clothes hanging around him in the fragmentary condition in which those of Mr. James appeared, when a very few stitches, in the beginning of the decline of his habiliments, would have sensibly arrested their destruction. The third button of the man's coat was fastened in the top button-hole, on the other side. All the other buttons and button-holes were gone. He wore no vest, and what could be seen of his shirt was all in strips; his breeches were tied around his knees with a piece of cord, the buttons having departed; while one of his stockings, from having been pulled up too forcibly, had parted company with its foot just about the top of the shoe, and a broad strip of bare ankle rendered Mr. James's aspect very much that of a man who had had his stocking worn out by wearing a fetter.

"James!" said Mr. Mathews. "Take a look at this young man."

James did take a look at Hans, which proved to the latter that his appearance was not likely to be forgotten by this untidy individual.

"I don't want you to forget him, James," said Mr. Mathews, "for he is to come in whenever he calls. Now you can go on with the dinner."

James retired to his cooking, and Mr. Mathews informed Hans that he had better come the next day, — a little earlier than the present visit, — and be prepared to translate a letter. Then, as he began to look toward the ceiling again, as if in search of that delightful cradle of his youth, Hans bid him good-day, and departed.

The next day Hans came to Lambeth, and translated his first letter for Mr. Mathews. The instructions given him by Father Anselm were very simple, being nothing more than to translate into German the letters which Mr. Mathews should write in English to the priest, taking care, however, to strictly observe the following precautions. Whenever Mr. Mathews, who was (so said the priest) a very absent man, should use in any of his letters the word "war," Hans was to translate it as "rain;" whenever he wrote "king," Hans was to put the word down in German as "father." A ship was always to be called a cow, a soldier a sheep; and many other transformations of this kind were carefully learned, and recited by Hans during his journey from Bremen to Cuxhaven. Knowing his aptitude for exercises of the kind, and his remarkably good memory, Father Anselm was satisfied that Hans would use these terms as correctly as if they had been written down for him. These letters, when thus written, were to be signed by Hans in his own name, and would read very much like letters from a youth abroad to his master and friend at home. Why these epistles were to be written at all, and why this secrecy observed, Hans did not know. He was young and unsuspecting, and was too glad to make a trip to England, to worry his head about the reason why a king should be called a father, a soldier a sheep, or Mr. Mathews ought not to sign his own letters.

To describe the following month which Hans spent in London, would require a very large book. Active, inquisitive, and intelligent, and having but a very small part of his time occupied by his duties, — sometimes not going to Mr. Mathews's for days together, — he made a much better use of his time than ordinary travellers and sight-seers, and gloried in the delights of the lions of London, — commercial, architectural, amusing, instructive, and valueless; in its life, bustle, gaiety, and even its miseries, — all so different from anything he had ever known. Although not the London of to-day, it was the me-

ropolis of the civilized world, and Hans was happy.

Toward the end of this first month, Hans went several times to Lambeth without seeing Mr. Mathews, the gentleman who was on bad terms with needle and thread, always reporting him as "out." When this series of unfruitful visits had continued for about a week, Hans began to get anxious about his pecuniary condition, — for the money which Father Anselm had given him was nearly gone, and it was to Mr. Mathews that he was to apply for more. True, he had some funds of his own, which he had saved out of his earnings with the priest; but Hans had no desire to spend these on the account of his employer, — who had agreed to board and lodge him, and pay him a salary beside, while in his service. The man James took very little notice of Hans, and seldom said anything more than that Mr. Mathews was out, and he did not know when he would be back. But one day Hans declined to leave on the receipt of this intelligence. He asked very particularly if Mr. James had any idea where Mr. Mathews was; if he could tell him how to direct a note which should reach that gentleman, — wherever he might be called, on business or pleasure, — and if he (Mr. James) was authorized to do business for him. To this the tattered worthy replied that he had no power to do any business for Mr. Mathews, but that he was about to write to him, and that he would inclose a note from Hans, — if it was a proper note.

"I only want to ask him for some of the money due me," said Hans.

The man looked up from Mr. Mathews's table, where he was writing, and said, "O! is that all? Here is a piece of paper; write what you want, and I will send it."

So Hans wrote his request in a very few words, and, signing it, placed it by the side of Mr. James, — leaving it open, so that that careful person might see that there was nothing improper in it. Then he took his leave.

When, in a day or two, Hans called to see if there was an answer to this note, Mr. James was much more cordial and communicative than ever before. He invited Hans to sit down, and entered into conversation with him about his life, his family, and his intentions. When Hans had fully explained and described all that he knew about himself, his worthy, but tattered companion excused himself, and retired into the back room; and emerging thence, after a long absence, he invited Hans to share with him his bit of dinner.

As it was not probable that to toast a couple of sausages, and put some bread and beer upon the table, would require so long a time as that spent in the back room by Mr. James, Hans felt a little afraid that he had been occupied in making the sausages; but he was not squeamish, and enjoyed one of them with all the appetite of youth. After dinner they adjourned into the front room, and Mr. James lighted a pipe, and smoked for some time in silence. Hans would have left; but as it was a rainy day, he was as willing to spend an hour or two there as anywhere else. Directly Mr. James spoke. "I have been thinking," said he, "that it is useless for you to be kept in ignorance of Mr. Mathews's whereabouts and business; and whether I am betraying any trust or not, I feel warranted in telling you that the sooner you are out of this mess, the better."

"What mess?" asked Hans.

"Why, your connection with the man you call Father Anselm, Mr. Mathews, and the English war party."

"I've got nothing to do with the English war party," cried Hans, in astonishment.

"Yes you have," said Mr. James. "You are one of its secret agents, Mr. Mathews is another, — I suppose I am another. Those letters you write to Father Anselm (who he is, or what his connection with the German governments may be, I know not) are nothing but dispatches from England to Germany, detailing the state of public feeling here, and certain governmental transactions, which are supposed to be, and ought to be, kept secret. Although these communications are between the subjects of two friendly powers, they are illegal and dangerous. By taking part in them, you render yourself liable to serious damage, both in this country, and from the hands of the new rulers of Holland, the Republicans and the French, who are anxious to intercept these messages, which, it is known, are continually passing between England and Germany. The Dutch ship which chased you, was, no doubt, sent in quest of the vessel in which you sailed, in consequence of information given by some one, that an agent of this Father Anselm — whom I judge to be a man of some notoriety — was to embark thereon. You had nothing, to be sure; but it was probably suspected that you carried important papers. As for Mr. Mathews, I think that there is little to be hoped or feared from him. He is so deeply in debt that he has been obliged to go into the country; and when he will return, I am sure I do not know."

"But what am I to do?" asked Hans. "I

have only a small sum of money of my own, and that is not enough to take me back to Germany. If I write to Father Anselm, he, perhaps, will send me some."

"If you write, I doubt his ever receiving your letter; for Mr. Mathews has had doubts as to the safety of the last two or three you wrote for him. But you might try."

"It will be some time before I hear, in any case," said Hans.

"Yes," replied Mr. James; "and as it does not do to put off acting for ourselves until we find that no one will act for us, I recommend you to get a situation of some sort as soon as you can. This is a better country for a youth who understands both English and German, than your own. You might get a position as clerk in some mercantile house, if you made application and exhibited your ability. At all events, here you are in England, deserted by your employers, and you will have to do something for yourself. If I were a young man, like you, with education and ability, I would get on in London, I think."

"But you are not very old," said Hans, "and I think you must have a good education, judging from what I have seen of your business here. I know you can speak several languages. Why do you not get on?"

"Well," said Mr. James, "I let many opportunities slip by in my youth, and others have come to me too late. As for the languages, — I do not understand them as you do. I can speak several modern tongues, but I cannot write them grammatically, or teach them. I merely picked them up, and owe all my proficiency in them to the practice I have had. You could teach all you know. I could not. Don't you see the difference?"

Hans admitted the fact, and set about availing himself of this advice. That evening he wrote to Father Anselm, and the next day he went into several of the business streets of the city, and applied at such commercial establishments as he thought might need his services. But he received the same answer at all of these places, where his application received any attention and he was allowed to state or prove his abilities. They all had no doubt that he might make a very good corresponding clerk, — for anybody who wanted one, — but testimonials of character and references, were indispensable prerequisites. As a means of economy, — for the boy's private funds were now nearly exhausted, — Mr. James proposed that Hans should come and lodge with him, and share in whatever Mr. Mathews's larder

contained. As Hans thought that if Mr. Mathews would not pay him, the least he could do would be to feed and lodge him for a time, he consented to the arrangement. But in a week or two all his money (although carefully expended) was gone, and Mr. Mathews's larder was entirely exhausted. Mr. James was kind enough, but could do little more for Hans. He had a place, he said, where he could get an occasional meal for nothing, but he could not take any one else there. So he advised Hans to try and get some jobs at which he might make a little money, but on no account to sell his clothes, which were very good. "For," said this ragged philosopher, "if your clothes are gone, you cannot earn money enough to buy more; and without decent garments, you can get no decent place. This I know."

Hans agreed to this reasoning, and on the first day of his itinerant labor he got three horses to hold. This brought him in enough to buy a plentiful supply of bread and beer for supper for both, that night. The breakfast next morning was provided by Mr. James in some mysterious way, — certainly not by selling his clothes. So things went on for a few days, during which time a good or sufficient meal was not known in the establishment of this singular couple of house-keepers. All this while Hans did not relax his efforts to obtain regular employment of some kind, and by the advice of his friend, Mr. James, he translated his name into English, so that his German nationality might interfere as little as possible with the prejudices of possible English employers. So he called himself John Steiner; and so I will call him, as long as I continue to write in English.

One day, as John was standing in front of a club-house, hoping for a job of horse-holding, a gentleman rode up; and on John's presenting himself, he dismounted, and gave him the bridle. In an hour or more, the gentleman reappeared from the house, and John, who had been carefully walking the animal up and down, was thoroughly glad to see him. The gentleman gave John a sixpence, and prepared to mount. But while he was drawing on his gloves, he eyed the youth quite closely. "It seems to me," said he, "that a young fellow of your age and appearance might get something better to do than to hold horses."

"I wish it seemed so to me," said John.

"Have you tried to get something better?" asked the gentleman.

John then explained to him how hard he had tried. The gentleman, who had now mounted,

said, "I have given you a sixpence for holding my horse, and I will now give you a piece of advice — worth five pounds, at least — for nothing. Whatever else you do, stop holding horses. No man who sees you in such a position, will employ you as a clerk, and you do not know who may see you."

"I am very glad of your sixpence," said John, "and I am sure I earned it; but as for your advice, I do not think it is worth as much as you think."

John now walked away to spend his sixpence, for he was quite hungry; and the gentleman, who seemed amused by this answer, walked his horse by the sidewalk, and asked John why he thought his advice was not worth five pounds.

"Because," said John, "it would not buy me the smallest piece of bread. I should starve, if I followed it; and that I shall never do, as long as people will pay me for holding their horses."

"You're an independent fellow," said the gentleman, laughing, "and if you do not like my advice, you need not take it." And he rode away.

This scene John related that evening, and Mr. James told him that there was a great deal of truth in what the gentleman had said, for such menial occupations were, in the eyes of many, as injurious to a person's reputation as crimes would be. But, for all this, John could do no better; and he held, in the next week, a good many horses, — among which, on several occasions, was that of the gentleman who had offered him the good advice, but who now gave him nothing but sixpences. After this, John got into the good graces of a victualler, who sometimes gave him baskets of meat and vegetables to carry to his customers. One evening, as he was staggering under a load of cabbages, potatoes, and beef, which he was taking to the house of one of his employer's patrons, he met the gentleman of the advice. "Heilo!" said the latter, reining up. "Here you are, eh? I have missed you from the club-house for several days, and to-day had to give my horse to a boy, who got lamp-black, or soot, or something, all over the bridle. What are you at now? Is this a permanent business?"

"No," said John, putting down the basket to rest. "I only get jobs."

The gentleman looked at him for a moment. "Look here!" said he. "How would you like a situation to ride a horse?"

"To ride a horse?" said John.

"Yes; did you ever ride one?"

John replied that he had often ridden horses at

home, and that he was very willing to take any situation which would support him. Upon this, the gentleman wrote an address upon a leaf from his memorandum-book, and told John to be there at eleven the next morning.

"Who shall I inquire for?" asked John.

"Nobody," said the gentleman. "You'll know me when you see me, won't you?"

"O yes!" said sturdy John; "but I think it is always better to know the name of a person one is looking for.

The gentleman smiled. "Ask for Mr. Nichols, then," said he, and he rode away.

At the appointed time, John repaired to the place where he was to meet Mr. Nichols, and found it to be a great stable, or horse-market. In the centre was a long, wide yard, where men were rubbing down and exercising horses; on one side was a long row of stables, and on the other a riding-school, and offices. John inquired for Mr. Nichols; but no one could tell him anything about him, except that he was not connected with that place. When, however, he met the master of the establishment coming out of his private room, he was informed that Mr. Nichols was a customer of the place, and that he was expected there that day, — but no one could tell at what hour he would come. John had a long, dull time waiting for his unpunctual patron, who did not make his appearance until one o'clock; and then John saw him with "the master," as everybody called him, crossing the yard toward the stables; and he ran up to him, expecting some sort of an apology for being kept so long waiting. When Mr. Nichols saw him, he remarked, "O! you are here, are you?"

And turning to the master, he said, "This is a boy whom I think of engaging to ride Skittles into Lincolnshire."

"Can he ride?" asked the master.

"He says he can," answered Mr. Nichols, "but we can soon determine that. Let somebody bring Skittles out."

Accordingly, a boy led out into the yard a tall, long-backed bay horse, spirited and easy in his movements, and shining as brightly as a pair of newly blackened boots. This was Skittles, a hunter that Mr. Nichols had just bought, to take

into Lincolnshire, where he had been invited to spend the hunting season with a friend. After having been led up and down for a few times, the horse was saddled and bridled, and John was desired to mount him. This he was perfectly willing to do, but there were three things which troubled him. These were the saddle and the stirrups. Although he had been familiar with horses from very early boyhood, his riding had always been of the bare-back order. So, when



the master told him to shorten the stirrup-straps, he readily perceived what was to be done, but he did not know how much shortening would be proper. Consequently, he took in but a hole or two, and then mounted from a horse-block. He immediately started the hunter around the yard at a moderate trot, and endeavored to rest his feet on the tread of the stirrups. But they would not reach by an inch or two, and the stirrups dangled about uselessly. He felt conscious that he was being laughed at, but he determined to show that stirrups were not at all necessary in

riding; and so he put Skittles into a canter, and, with his toes making efforts to touch the stirrups, to keep them from striking the horse and himself as they swung about, he went half round the yard. At the uppermost end a boy rode a big horse suddenly out of a stable door, and there had like to have been a collision. Skittles gave a sudden swerve, and off went John, as clean as a whistle. He did not hurt himself, however, and he brought the horse up all standing, for he did not let go of the bridle. Red with shame and mortification for a moment, and then white with determination, he did not heed the shouts of Mr. Nichols and the master, who were now running toward him; but throwing the stirrups over Skittles's back, he put both hands upon the saddle-bow, and vaulted into his seat, in the same way that he used to mount the wooden horse at Neustadt. Then curling his legs under the hunter in the manner in which he was accustomed to embrace the big horses of his fatherland, he put Skittles into a sweeping gallop around the yard. Mr. Nichols and the master ceased their shouting, and stood watching him. He now had his horse well in hand, and although his performances were not exactly according to the rules of the *ménage*, still he proved to the lookers-on that he could both sit, guide, and manage a horse very well, provided he was not bothered by stirrups,—the saddle he seemed able to endure. When he rode up to Mr. Nichols, he said, —

“I should not have fallen off, if it had not been

for these things. I am not used to stirrups, and I do not like them.”

“Well,” said Mr. Nichols, “we will excuse your falling off, in consideration of your getting on again so well. When you learn to use stirrups, you will make a good rider.”

John did not seem to think that it was at all necessary that he should acquire this knowledge, but Mr. Nichols assured him that he would not engage any one to ride his horses who rode without stirrups. Accordingly, it was agreed that the master of the stables should allow John to come there for a day or two and practice riding with stirrups. The master suggested the employment of a boy who understood this matter, but Mr. Nichols said, “No, — I am sure this boy will soon learn a trifle like that; and he is a respectable looking fellow, and I like respectable servants. Besides that, he has an air of sense, and I like sensible servants.”

So John took his lessons, and soon learned to ride with stirrups; and then Mr. Nichols took him into his service, promising to give him his board, and a small weekly sum, while in his employ, and money enough to bring him back to London, if his services were not required during Mr. Nichols's country visit. John was sorry to take leave of Mr. James, — and as the latter assured him that there was no doubt but that he could maintain himself in Mr. Mathews's apartments for a month or two more, John promised to come back to him as soon as he returned to London.

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

JOHN PAUL JONES AND THE “BON HOMME RICHARD.”

LIFE on a ship's deck calls into action peculiar qualities. The successful seaman must possess not only experience, but a natural turn for the details of his profession, which is so very different from any other calling, that knowledge and skill in other matters are of little avail at sea. And as with the individual, so is it with nations. Some people show much more talent in the building and sailing of ships, than other races of equal spirit. The English, Dutch, Swedes, Norwegians, and Greeks, have far surpassed all other nations

of Europe in this line, although other maritime people have occasionally produced navigators of extraordinary daring and success. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the control of the seas was, for a while, about evenly contested by the English and Dutch; but, after Cromwell's time, the navies of England obtained the supremacy of the seas, and her naval history became increasingly brilliant with a host of heroes, reaching its highest glory with the immortal name and matchless achievements of Nelson, who fell at

Trafalgar, on the deck of his flag-ship, the *Victory*, at the moment of winning the greatest battle ever fought on the sea.

But when her American Colonies revolted, the sailors of Great Britain found that beyond the ocean a race of hardy tars was springing up along the storm-beaten shores of Cape Cod and Cape Ann, men whose native courage and skill had been well seasoned on the fisheries of the Grand Banks, and in the bold privateers of the French wars, and were now prepared to grapple with the English ships in a manner to which they were unaccustomed at the hands of their bravest foes. The feeble condition of the Colonies effectually prevented them from equipping armaments at all proportioned to the valor of their seamen; but swarms of enterprising privateers roamed the seas, and inflicted vast injury on the English commerce; and the few men-of-war that were built and sent to sea during that long war, were handled with a success that struck the world with surprise.

The fame of celebrated naval heroes is often connected with the name of some favorite vessel, in which they have gained their greatest triumphs. A ship more nearly resembles "a thing of life" than any other human production; a captain loves his vessel with proud affection, and it is both natural and proper that the name of a successful commander should ever be associated with the noble craft that contributed to his glory. In this way the name of John Paul Jones, the most adventurous naval hero of the Revolution, always suggests the name of the *Bon Homme Richard*, in which he won the most remarkable naval combat of that war. Jones was the son of a gardener, on the shores of the Frith of Solway, in Scotland. At twelve the lad was apprenticed to a ship-master, visiting in this way the coast of America. The failure of his master released Jones from the indentures of apprentice, and he soon after was employed on a slaver. The death of the officers left the vessel in his charge, and from this time he always went to sea with a command. A gross injustice which he received in the West Indies from the English authorities, embittered the high-spirited young captain, and he abandoned his native land and citizenship, and settled in Virginia. The breaking out of the Revolutionary War gave him a vent for his energies, and Congress commissioned him as captain, in the *Alfred*, sloop-of-war. After several changes, he received command of the *Ranger*, carrying eighteen guns, and in her made a cruise along the coast of England that was long

remembered with terror by the unfortunate dwellers on the shores which he visited with sudden and destructive descents. The character of this celebrated cruise is portrayed with much spirit in Cooper's "Pilot,"—in some respects the finest sea novel ever written.

After the French entered into alliance with the Colonies, an expedition was planned which was to scour the coasts of Great Britain, and retaliate on her sea-ports the injuries inflicted by her marine on the sea-board of the United States. The squadron consisted of five vessels, of which the *Alliance* was by far the ablest, having been constructed at Salisbury, on the Merrimac, expressly as a war ship; while the *Bon Homme Richard*, so named after Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard," out of compliment to the American sage,—he being, at the time, resident envoy in France,—was a clumsy old Indiaman, of antique build, having the towering, galleried stern, common in the early part of the century. Her size enabled them to pierce her with a lower tier of ports, causing her to resemble a ship of the line, although the guns of this tier could only be used in smooth water. The command of this fleet was given to John Paul Jones, the fittest man who could have been found for such a predatory cruise; for to his daring and skill was added ample knowledge of the coasts to be ravaged. He made the *Bon Homme Richard* his flag-ship, but the peculiar instructions given him, and the insubordination of Captain Landais, the Frenchman who commanded the *Alliance*, in a great measure hampered the movements of the expedition; and, beyond the capture of merchantmen, and the prodigious alarm caused along the enemy's coasts, the results achieved were not equal to what had reasonably been expected of the fleet. After forming several projects which would have done the English much mischief, if executed, but which the disobedience and inefficiency of the other commanders rendered useless, Jones was at last able to terminate his otherwise unsuccessful cruise, by an engagement which gave lasting renown to his memory, and to the fame of our navy.

When he was off Flamborough Head, with the *Alliance* and *Pallas* in company, a fleet of more than forty sail of merchantmen hove in sight, stretching for the Straits of Dover, on a bow-line (that is, with a side wind), convoyed by two ships of war, which proved to be the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*. Commodore Jones immediately signaled his captains to form in chase, and crowded all sail on the *Richard*. The

convoy, in alarm, scattered to leeward, or ran under the land, while the *Serapis* and her consort stood boldly out to meet the three American ships. But the *Alliance*, after leading the chase for a while, was hauled off by Captain Landais, either from cowardice or treachery, and took no part in the battle, until near its close, when, as we shall see, she did more harm than good.

After hovering to no purpose around the two chief combatants a short time, and finding that on account of the position in which they were he could be of no avail in helping the *Serapis*, Captain Piercy, of the *Countess of Scarborough*, drew off his vessel and closed with the *Pallas*, to which he surrendered, after a spirited resistance of an hour. While this side scene was being enacted, the two principals in this ocean drama were stripping for the fight, and closing in a death grapple.

The *Serapis* was a frigate, mounting twenty guns each on her upper and lower decks, and ten guns on the quarter-deck and fore-castle,—an armament of fifty guns; and she was manned with a full and well trained crew of three hundred and twenty souls, under the command of Captain Pearson. The *Bon Homme Richard* mounted forty-two guns, and mustered a crew, including marines, of three hundred and eighty men; but of these some sixty were absent in prizes, so that she had in action a number equal to that of the crew of the *Serapis*, with a smaller armament; and as an additional disadvantage, she had a hundred English prisoners in the hold, to keep from rising and helping the enemy. Fortunately, Commodore Jones had for his first lieutenant Mr. Dale, a young American, possessed of superior seamanship and courage; without his aid, the combat might have had a different issue.

Her royals set, the boatswain's shrill whistle piping lively in the waist, and the drum beating to quarters, the *Bon Homme Richard* gradually neared the *Serapis*. It was now nightfall, only a light wind blowing; but the rising of the moon soon made it easier to discern the dusky masses slowly and majestically gliding toward each other over the glassy deep. At half-past seven, the *Richard* being to windward, she was hailed by the *Serapis*; and immediately after, both ships delivered their broadsides together, the terrific discharge casting a lurid gleam over the waters, and echoing far away on the still night. But out of the six guns in the lower tier on that side, on which Commodore Jones had relied chiefly, two exploded, blowing up the deck above, and killing and wounding a frightful number. In

consequence, the gunners entirely forsook that deck, and thus the broadside of the *Richard* was at once reduced to a number much less than that of the *Serapis*. The light sails aloft having been taken in, the *Richard* backed her topsails, and poured in several broadsides, after which she filled her sails again, and forged ahead of the enemy, while the *Serapis* luffed, and stood across the *Richard's* quarter, both ships, during these manœuvres, firing furiously. Captain Pearson tried to cross the *Richard's* bow, to rake her, but the evolution being unskillfully done, the two ships fell foul of each other, and the English then expected the Americans would board them; but the ships shifted their position, and made this impossible. During a lull in the cannonading, Captain Pearson cried, "Have you struck your colors?" Commodore Jones replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

The vessels were now separated by the action of the wind and tide, and they hovered about each other, like two adroit boxers before closing, and giving the home thrusts; but as it was evident that the superior speed and metal of the *Serapis* must eventually win, if she were allowed to keep her distance, and hull the *Richard* with her well-aimed shot, Commodore Jones tacked with the intention of laying his ship across the enemy's hawse. The wind being light, the shock of the collision was slight; but the momentum was sufficient, with the pressure on the after sails of the *Serapis*, to swing her around, with her bowsprit over the quarter-deck of the *Richard*. Commodore Jones immediately lashed it to his mizzen-rigging, and the two antagonists thus lay alongside each other, the stern of one to the bow of the other. Captain Pearson ordered an anchor to be dropped, hoping that if the *Serapis* were fast moored, the *Richard* would drift away from her; but, kept by additional lashings, she held on to the foe with the grip of despair, and in this deadly embrace the battle was fought out to its end. An attempt was now made to board the American ship, which was repulsed. The vessels were so near, that, in loading the lower-deck guns, the rammers were often thrust into the ports of the opposite ship.

The discharges from the heavy guns of the *Serapis* were now so terrific, as to drive the people of the *Richard* from her main-deck, and beat in the timbers there; so that after the first broadsides at close quarters, it is probable that a large proportion of the shot from the lower tier passed right through into the sea, without encountering any obstacle. The crew of the *Rich-*

ard were now chiefly gathered on her upper deck, and in the tops and rigging, where they produced a very sensible effect on the enemy, driving the people of the *Serapis* in turn under cover on their lower decks. Had it not been for this circumstance, the combat must have been early decided in the enemy's favor. The men in the *Richard's* rigging gradually crept out to the end of the yard-arms, which were directly over the upper decks of the *Serapis*, and dropped hand grenades below. One of these missiles fell on a row of cartridges on her main-deck, where they exploded, killing and wounding sixty men in a twinkling. An immediate result of this advantage was the lessening of the enemy's fire. So greatly did it discourage them, that they would soon have struck, if at this juncture the *Alliance* had not hove up under the bow of the *Richard*, and poured in a raking broadside, which she kept up as she sailed around her, notwithstanding that many voices hailed the *Alliance*, to inform her of the terrible mistake she was making. This manœuvre was repeated again before the *Alliance* hauled off. As the *Serapis* was painted yellow, and the American ship was black-sided, and the moon was shining full on the combatants, preventing the possibility of an error, Captain Landais remains charged with the blackest treachery, — a charge from which he was never cleared, and for which he was immediately dismissed the service in disgrace.

This inopportune circumstance, besides raising the drooping spirits of the English, resulted in much mischief to the *Richard*. In addition to other injuries received, so soon as the *Alliance* sheered off, it was found that the *Richard* had sprung a leak badly, — this after she had caught fire in several places, which had been put down with great difficulty. As if this were not enough to quench the ardor of Commodore Jones and his heroic crew, the master-at-arms, in the confusion of the moment, and supposing the ship about to sink, released the hundred English prisoners confined below, in order to save their lives. One of them instantly crept through a port into the *Serapis*, and informed her captain of the desperate state of affairs on board the *Richard*, and that she must inevitably surrender very shortly. And in fact, the gunner, missing Commodore Jones and Mr. Dale in the darkness, they being busy controlling the released prisoners, rushed on the quarter-deck, and finding the flagstaff shot down, called out that the vessel had struck. Encouraged by these circumstances, Captain Pearson called away his boarders, but they were re-

pulsed in the act of mounting the sides of the *Richard*; and Mr. Dale (her invaluable first lieutenant) now marshaled the prisoners at the pumps, by their aid keeping the sinking vessel afloat.

The firing now ceased for a while, in order that the flames, which threatened to destroy both ships, might be got under. The *Serapis* caught fire twelve times, and the *Richard* was, in fact, burning from the outset! The Englishmen being driven under cover by the firing from the tops of the *Richard*, now plied their guns with slackened zeal, and three hours and a half after the first gun was fired, the colors of the *Serapis* were hauled down by Captain Pearson himself, his men refusing to expose themselves on the upper deck, although Captain Pearson had remained without flinching at his post on the quarter-deck, unprotected from the balls of the sharpshooters. He was immediately taken on board the *Richard*, and a sufficient crew having been detailed to take charge of the prize, under command of Mr. Dale, the lashings which connected the two ships were cut, and the *Richard* drifted away.

The battle was over, the victory had been won, but how dearly bought! Out of three hundred and twenty men with whom Commodore Jones went into action, one hundred and fifty were killed and wounded; and the casualties on the *Serapis* were not less. About half of the number engaged in the two ships fell in the battle, — a proportion very unusual in a sea-fight, and very rare in a land engagement. If the lower batteries of the English had not driven the Americans to their upper deck, and the fire of the latter forced the former to cover below, the results would have been still more bloody, and the conflict would have been much less protracted.

The *Bon Homme Richard*, the tough old sea veteran, who had immortalized her name in this terrible naval duel, was not destined to survive the wounds received, to sweep the seas again under her redoubtable captain, and win new victories for the young Republic. The flames and the leaks gained all night; till morning her crew fought with these cruel foes. An examination at daylight displayed her after-timbers beaten in, the stanchions that supported her upper decks carried away, her rudder shot off from the stern-post, and other mortal injuries, which showed that she never would make a port again. The wounded and the prisoners were removed at once to the other ships, the weather fortunately continuing fine; about ten, of the following day, la-

boring heavily, the old ship gave a long roll, and sank by the bows, and that was the last of the *Bon Homme Richard*, — built originally for trade, but emerging from homely and obscure toil in mature age, like Cromwell, and, like him, destined to win a deathless renown in a service that came unsought, and for which, until tried, she seemed unfitted.

The *Serapis*, having sustained much less injury, had jury-masts put up in place of her

main and mizzen-masts, which fell when separated from the interlocking spars of the *Richard*, and with her consort, the *Countess of Scarborough*, was taken into the Texel to refit. The sensation produced in Europe by this battle was very great. Although he occupied higher positions after that event, the fame of John Paul Jones rests most securely on the victory he won under the colors of the Continental Congress, in the frigate *Bon Homme Richard*.

EACH TO ITS OWN.

“ I love my love, and my love loves me.”

I.

BUMBLE-BEE, Bumble-bee! bumping the clover.

What is the charm that bewitches your head?

Hate you that flower, or are you its lover?

“ O, I'm its lover,” the Bumble-bee said.

Treat it, then, gently, I pray you, Sir Bee;

Be not so bluff, with your blows and your kicks!

“ Think you this blossom,” he answered to me,

“ Likes me the less for my Bumble-bee tricks?”

“ I know the good nectar it holds in its heart,

Shut close from the reach of the Humming-bird's bill,

In each little tube hid, so nicely apart;

I find it! I find it! I drink it at will!

“ My queen of the flowers! I sing it my song;

I give it the best that is given to me;

My treasure of treasures, the blossoms among!

Its lover forever, forever I'll be.”

II.

“ Bumble - bee, Bumble-bee, where are you flown?”

This murmur rose soft to my ear as I stood, —

“ Your song it is still, and my heart's all alone!

Will you never come back from that deep, dreary wood?

“ I'll hide the good nectar, alone, all the day;

Shall humming-birds have it? O no, no, no, no!

I'll shed fragrance all round, while my lover's away,

And waft it to him, when the soft breezes blow.

“ I wish I were pretty! I wish I were fair

As the fairest of blossoms that Bumble-bee knows!

But if Bumble-bee loves me, then why should I care?

I am glad I'm not Lily, nor Pansy, nor Rose.”

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER III.

EFFIE had a very easy way of making friends. Her sister Annie, who was more constant and more fastidious in her loves, complained that Effie “ could make a bosom friend in an afternoon.” Now she was with one set of friends, and now with another. She could make herself loved easily, when she chose; but was apt to

break away, when she found she could not have things as she pleased.

There were her “ regular girls,” as she called them herself, meaning those of her own age, and in the same class with her at school. Gertrude Lee was one of these, and Effie liked to play with her, and go to her house, best of all. She complained that Gertrude was “ dreadful good;”

but somehow she felt there was something true in Gertrude's friendship, and that just because she was unselfish, and never cared to have her own way, she was the very pleasantest of all the girls to be with. Then she had the most perfect baby-house Effie had ever seen, — dolls of all ages and sizes, — from the Paris doll with its sunshade and bronze boots, to the old headless pet, that could be flung in a corner in one minute, or hugged and kissed the next. To be sure, now and then came an incursion of the three little boys; but Gertrude had such a way of not minding them, and petting them as she would her dolls, and taking care of them, that it was wonderful how little mischief they did.

There were the Leonards, whom everybody liked, — Maria and Rosa; they had the most "splendid" apple orchard behind their house. There was one tree in it, where there were at least five natural seats on the crooks in the branches, and you could step into them as easily as up the steps of a carriage; there was no fear of breaking your neck, or tearing your gown, in getting up or down. Susie Parsons was a nice little girl in the same class. She always looked as if she came out of a band-box, — that was the only trouble with her. But she was as fond of fun as any of the other girls, and was as light as a feather; so she could jump from a tree or a fence, and come down to the ground with only a little flutter like a bird, and no danger of hurting herself or her dress. All these girls lived near each other, Effie being the only one that was far away; but they were very fond of going out to visit Effie at the farm. There they found a "truly" barn, as Effie called it. It was not a mere shed for a horse and carriage; but it had its two broad doorways always open, with its swing in the middle. It had rows of swallows' nests along the rafters, and such a time as the swallows had always before sunset, in the summer, swinging in and out, and in great circles above the barn. At the end of the summer they went off to the storks and the oranges, Effie said. She had meant to get acquainted with one of the old swallows, who perhaps had met with a stork, — one of the real Hans Andersen storks. "For you know," said Effie, one day, explaining it all to Maria Leonard, "you know we don't have any storks here, like those in German stories, and in the pictures, who travel to the south, and come back in the spring, and build their nests on the roofs. But we have swallows, — and we might use them for storks, and send messages to the Mud Princess, and to Hans Andersen's storks.

The only trouble is, they all look so much alike that I can't pick out one, and their nests are so high up; but if I only knew just the day they were going, I might tie a note to one of their legs, and see what would come of it."

"You would have to write it in Egyptian," said Rosa Leonard, "if the princesses there are to read it."

"It would do in German," suggested Gertrude, "for the German storks, of course, would know that language."

"I could write it in Egyptian as easy as I could in German," answered Effie, nothing daunted; "and it is likely travelled storks would understand almost any language. But we might try it in a great many languages. Annie knows German, and Miss Tilden knows French; and there's Mr. Graves, that teaches in the boys' school, — he looks old enough to know any language. We might ask him to write an Egyptian note."

Maria Leonard thought it was all ridiculous, and she was quite certain there was no Egyptian language, — indeed, she was pretty sure they talked Arabic there; but the rest thought it would be very good fun to have the notes written in as many languages as they could hunt up, and "something would turn out from it."

"Why, yes," said Effie; "you know there are French planters in some of the southern islands; and suppose one of the swallows should have his nest — his winter nest — in a Frenchman's barn, and one of the notes would worry him, tied on his leg, and he would drop it; and there would come along the little French girl, and it should happen to be the French note, and she should happen to pick it up. And think what fun it would be, next spring, if we should find a French answer to the note, lying on the barn floor. And we would get Miss Tilden to read it to us."

"I could read some words of it," said Maria Leonard, "if there weren't any verbs; I have not got to the verbs."

"I mean to climb up to all the nests next spring," said Effie, "even if we have to borrow a ladder, and see if I can't find an answer in some of the nests."

But the notes never were written, neither the Egyptian, Arabic, nor German; for, before anybody had time to think, the swallows were gone. How deserted the barn seemed! No fluttering outside the eaves, no little heads peering out of the holes in the nests! There were the hens left, to be sure; and the speckled hen still built her nest way up on the rafters, — such a splen-

did place to climb to. And all the girls could reach it, even Maria Leonard, who was the clumsiest of all.

The lawful inmates of the barn were great pets, too, among the girls. Dear old Whitenose was never tired of the clover the children brought him, and had quite a relish for the lumps of sugar to which Effie treated him, when he stood by the gate waiting, sometimes, when her mother was going to drive. And there were old Dapple and frisky young Spicer. And the great, quiet yoke of oxen, who turned their large heads solemnly to look at Effie, as she danced round them.

"I do believe they are not as solemn as they look," she maintained, "and they would be glad to frisk too, if they had not such heavy bodies, poor things. I do think they ought to have more than four legs to carry themselves about upon; and such loads as they have to drag along, besides themselves."

Each of the cows had a history, and Effie ought to know it well, for she had so often been with them to the pasture, and back: in the early summer mornings, when there was time before school; and in the long days, when it was so pleasant, before the evening set in. All these were the delights of the farm, when Effie's friends came to see her there.

And after the tearful talk on the door-steps with Annie, of which we told in the last chapter, Effie often brought her companions home to play with her. She found that her mother liked this best; she felt easier to know that Effie was at home; and she liked to hear the merry voices, and to see the gay faces. For, after that sad talk on the door-steps, Annie and Effie had grown more encouraged about their mother's health. She seemed much stronger and better, — she was able to sit up nearly all day, and had been to drive in some of the soft, warm, sunny noons. The doctor, too, spoke very cheerfully about her, and said if she went on as well, he should not be afraid of the winter for her.

The impression of the shock she had received that day, and the idea that her dear mamma might indeed be so very sick, — that perhaps, as the girls had said, she might even be dying, — this impression lingered with Effie for some time. It made her want to be with her mother more than ever before. How she liked to help her at breakfast time, how she liked to look over the eggs with Mrs. Snow, who carefully had the dates written on the shells, so that she might know which were the freshest. — and these were for Effie's mother. And her eagerness to do

something for her mother made her more careful, instead of careless, as before. She came in as quickly, and danced round the room as much as she used to; but, somehow, the door did not slam, and the medicine-bottles did not tumble off the table, as much as before.

Effie's "regular" girls liked to go in with her, and see her mother. How quiet they all were then, and yet what pleasant times they had! Mrs. Ashley talked to them, and Effie was very funny, and Gertrude had little odd things to tell of the pranks of her three little brothers, and Susie Parsons admired to see the lovely flowers Mrs. Ashley always had in her room, and Maria Leonard tasted her grapes, and Rosa Leonard always looked pleased.

Then they could spend hours together in the barn. Such romances as went on there! Susie Parsons was usually the lady fair, who was imprisoned, and must be released; though she sometimes objected to being put in the manger for the subterranean prison, when Whitenose was in his stall. She did not mind it when he was not there, and sat patiently looking through the bars, till her knight should come and deliver her. When Effie had her own way, she was "the knight" herself. But it was a favorite part, and she often was obliged to yield to the others, though she secretly thought it suited her better than any of the rest, for she was much more daring, and Annie had read to Effie a great deal from "Ivanhoe," — a book that told much about such things, — so that she "ought to know."

There were many side amusements. Mr. Snow asked them to help him pick his apples, and took them once or twice into the woods on his ox-cart; and they helped him in clearing up his fields, and gathered stalks for his bonfires, and flung in an ear of corn now and then, to be roasted. Or they all went with Effie and Egbert, after the cows; or they stayed to watch the milking.

These were placid, happy days, — but they did not last. As it grew colder, Mrs. Ashley was not as well. Her drives were given up, and she was more shut up in her room, and she must be kept very quiet. The other girls were afraid to come out to the farm, lest their noise should disturb Mrs. Ashley. Annie was too busy to be much with Effie, or to arrange what she should do each day. It was in these days that Effie fell more into the company of the "Irregulars," — this was the name that Annie had given to the younger set with whom Effie was fond of playing. They were much younger than Effie, and she liked them, because with them she could play all the time, —

all the leisure time they had out of school. The other girls liked to stop and rest for a while, — were willing to sit and sew, or read with their mothers; or they preferred quieter games than Effie did, such as they could play in the house.

But the "Irregulars" were ready for any prank, no matter how near school-time, no matter how late in the day; and they were delighted to have Effie join them, and lead them in their sports. With their waterproofs and their India-rubber boots, they defied all weathers. There was no fence too high for them to climb, no brook too deep for them to wade, no apple-tree too scraggy for them to venture. They were a tempting set for Effie, for she could take the lead with them, and they admired her way of inventing games.

Mary Porter was the oldest of this set, — she was nearly Effie's age, — but she was so backward about her lessons that she was always found with the younger class. It was only Miss Tilden's forbearance that kept her in school at all, for she had always been a trial to all her teachers. Indeed, it was Miss Tilden's kindness that allowed any of these little girls in the school. They were "irregular" in all their ways, coming to school late, staying away when they pleased, or when they persuaded their mothers to keep them away. Miss Tilden consented to have Mary Porter in the school, because her mother and father urged it so much; and sometimes she fancied Mary was improving, and knew that she did better with her, than at any other school. She was willing the little Sykeses should come, because their older sister, Florence, was one of the best scholars in the older class, and it was more convenient to have the sisters go to school together. She could not resist the two little twins, the Carneys, for they were often the best behaved of the children, when they were not led away by the others; and Miss Tilden had some rooms in Mrs. Carney's house.

Effie was thrown back upon the Irregular set, in consequence of a quarrel she had with her own "regular" girls. It was one Saturday afternoon, when they had the whole afternoon for fun. Effie had dined at the Leonards', and after dinner the whole party had a great run in the orchard. But they came into the house, all breathless, to rest for a while. The clouds were gathering, the winds whistling, and it was growing very cold.

"Let's have a cozy time in the house," suggested Maria Leonard. "I half promised mamma I would finish my apron this afternoon. Suppose we all sit down, while I am sewing, and play, 'What's my thought like?' or something."

"O yes," said Gertrude; "and do let me help you sew. Has not Rose got an apron to be finished?"

"Let us have a 'bee,'" said Susie Parsons.

"I dare say your mother has plenty of work that we can do," said Gertrude; "do ask her."

"O, she has her basket full of work all the



time!" exclaimed Rose; "and some dear little work, — some aprons for Jessie, no bigger than a doll's apron."

"Do let us have them," said Gertrude; "and can't we surprise your mother by getting some of her work done?"

"I'll run and see," said Rose. And she came back with the intelligence that her mother was out, but there was the basket, with the work all fitted in it, — such work as they could do, — little white aprons to be hemmed.

Effie looked on in dismay. "If there's anything I hate," she exclaimed, at last, "it's sewing."

"But this is not common sewing," said Susie Parsons. "It's a 'bee,' — a surprise 'bee,' for Mrs. Leonard."

"I don't like bees," said Effie. "I much prefer butterflies."

"But we will play games at the same time," said Gertrude, — "some in-door game, since we can't play in the cold. And you can choose what game you like."

"What I choose," said Effie, "is to go over to the Sykes's barn, and have a real romp. It is not as good a barn as ours, and all fluffy with dust; but we could have a jolly time there. And the Sykes girls are up to any fun."

"I wouldn't go near the Sykes girls for anything," said Susie Parsons, — "even to go into their barn."

"You are so very dainty," said Effie: "the Sykeses are good enough."

"You may go," said Maria Leonard, "for I sha'n't be able to give you any sewing; I can't raise thimbles enough. Gertrude can wear mine, and Rose will wear her own; and here is this little one we got for Tot, will just do for Susie. And I can wear this old one of mother's, with some paper wound round my finger. But Effie will have to go without, or borrow of the neighbors."

"Don't let us have Effie sew," put in Gertrude, quickly; "she shall be our entertainer, and think up the games for us. We will all be the bees, and she shall be the butterfly come to visit us."

Effie was half-fascinated by this plan, and began to invent a game, bringing in her favorite chivalry, and her knights and ladies.

"O! I am tired to death of all that chivalry business," interrupted Maria Leonard, — "it all seems so childish. Do let us play a real game."

"I don't know what you mean by calling chivalry childish!" exclaimed Effie, quite indignant, "when there are books full, and books full that tell about it. You should see the rows of shelves that mamma has, full of Scott's novels, and nothing but chivalry in them."

"I have seen books enough," said Maria Leonard, indignant in her turn. "I am not such an ignoramus as you wish to suppose. Susie, I think you ought to use a little finer thread for that hem."

"Let us play the new game of 'Buried Cities,'" said Gertrude; "don't you know what

fun we had over it, when we took tea with Susie? Effie, you can learn it in a minute."

"There's something that I don't choose to do," exclaimed Effie; "and that is, to learn things, and to sew things, on Saturday afternoons, which are holidays. If I have to dig, dig, all the week, I have a right to some fun on Saturdays."

"I don't think we 'dig' much on week-days," said Rose.

"And I'm sure this is fun," said Susie Parsons; "or it would be, if you wouldn't stand quarreling there any longer."

"I'll go as soon as you please," said Effie, running for her hat and coat. "I am for the Sykes's barn, and am ready that any should follow, who does not want to be sitting sewing all the afternoon, as if it were school."

"We have promised mamma," said Maria Leonard, "that we will not go to the Sykes's barn without leave."

"I don't care," said Effie. "I haven't promised anybody," and she went off, slamming the door after her.

"I know mamma would not like to have us go," said Rosa; "there are the great Sykes boys, always so rude. She don't object so much to the girls."

"I mean to go over and bring Effie back," said Gertrude, folding up her work; "it is too cold to play in the barn, even, and I don't believe her mother would like it."

"I wouldn't take any trouble about it," said Maria. "We can do better without her; Effie is always wanting her own way. I think she's a selfish pi—"

"O stop, Maria," interrupted Gertrude; "don't go on so. You know we all like to have Effie play with us, and her way is apt to be an amusing way, so why shouldn't we let her have it?"

I wonder if little girls ever observe how much grander it is to be willing to let others have their own way, as Gertrude did, than to be always fussing over their own little wishes. Gertrude was quite as fond of other people's ways as of her own; and the end of it was, that the girls were always consulting her, and asking her opinion, just because she was always generous.

Gertrude found Effie at the top of the swing-rope, in the Sykes's barn.

"O Effie!" exclaimed Gertrude, "don't you remember Mr. Snow said that it never was safe to climb up there, even with the swing in your barn, — and I don't believe this rope is firm."

"I don't care," said Effie, sliding down the

rope. "I suppose you have come to persuade me back, — but suppose we go to your house, instead."

"O no, Effie, I am interested in the sewing," said Gertrude; "and so will you be, if you will only come. Maria will be willing to have you do anything, I know."

"I don't want to have anything to do with Maria Leonard," exclaimed Effie; "she's a selfish pi—"

"O, stop," said Gertrude, interrupting her; "you know you are really fond of Maria, and she likes you. There's no need of a quarrel."

But Effie was not to be persuaded, and Gertrude returned without her.

It was a rainy day on Monday, but Effie turned up at the school-house quite early. She met Martha Sykes, who took her directly to the yard, behind the school. "It won't be time for school these ten minutes," she said, "and there's such a lovely gutter in the yard. Ann and I are making a dam, and are going to draw off the water for a mill-pond at the side."

Effie joined in the fun, and found it so entertaining that she and the others came in late for school, and were a little muddy besides. It had been such a stormy Sunday, that Effie had not been to church, and had not seen Gertrude since she parted from her on Saturday afternoon. As soon as recess began, Gertrude ran to Effie. "O Effie, we wanted you so much, Saturday!" she exclaimed; "we had such a nice time. John Leonard came in, and Lucy, and we played 'Cumjecum,' and we finished up two little aprons, and Mrs. Leonard was so surprised."

"She never found it out till evening," said Susie. "When she went to clear up her work-basket for Sunday, there were the two little aprons, all done, — and she was so pleased and surprised."

"And we tried them on," said Gertrude, "and they fitted Jessie perfectly."

"It's a great deal better fun than working for dolls," said Susie, — "their arms are so stiff, and you can't stand them up."

Effie was really interested in the account of the surprise, and glad to get back to the company of her Regulars; so she graciously invited them

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out to the water-works, for Martha Sykes came hurrying to say that the water was over the dam already, and they must build it higher. But Gertrude objected to the mud, and Maria Leonard was less careful in her words, so that Effie broke away from her in indignation. "I'm going in for it now," she said, half to herself, and half aloud; "those girls are quite too poky to play with; they are not going to catch me for their sewing bees, — I am not going to sew for Mrs. Leonard, if I can't sew for myself. And there was Gertrude looking at me in her beseeching way. I know she saw the black and blue spot on the side of my eyes, that I got when the swing-rope broke, Saturday: but I wouldn't confess to her. And I don't care, — I am in for it, and I may as well keep in."

And into the mud Effie went with the Sykeses and the Carneys, and Mary Porter at the head. And Miss Tilden was sadly disturbed by Effie's coming in late, and bringing with her the troop of little girls.

And so it went on for some weeks. Effie declared she was having a splendid time, when Annie asked her about her doings. Annie was sadly worried and anxious about her mother, in these days. She told Effie her fears, and tried to make her share her anxiety, and sympathize with her trouble; but Effie was always too hurried and busy to stop and listen to her. She remembered that her terror, before, had come from a false alarm, and she didn't mean to be so disturbed again. Of course mamma could not go out in such cold and stormy weather, and she would have to be shut up through the winter. And she did not see what pleasure she could give her mother, by merely going in to look at her; and if she could not bear noise, Effie thought she had much better keep out of the house as much as possible. "For you know," said Effie, "these boots of mine will squeak, whatever I do, and there are so many noises that I can't possibly help."

Annie had not time to argue the question. She could only be glad that Effie looked well and happy, and some day when her mother should be well enough, she would talk with her about Effie, and ask what had better be done.



BORN IN A BIRD'S-NEST.

"PIRRA wit, pirra, pirra wee! see how I swing on the bough! The green leaves on this old oak-tree have not long been shining in the sunlight, and these fresh spring breezes, blowing through the forest, are bringing life to the tiny tendrils and blossoms that will soon grow in the wood. When my three little eggs are clipped, summer will be here, and my wee birdies and I will fly through the air, and rejoice together."

Thus chirped a small brown bird, who had once been a fairy, in the days long ago. But there were no more beautiful young princesses to comfort, for the kings and queens of earth had grown so wise that they no longer built castles of iron and steel for their charming daughters, but filled their time so entirely with education and the conduct of life, that, alas! alas! the fairies were forgotten. The clever tutors made a stronger protection for the little princesses than the towers of steel had ever done; and the electric machines had given the poor fairies such a shock, that they had flown off, in shuddering crowds, to Fairy-land, and were seen no more.

"But I have been so happy here in the world," said Imagina, a fairy whose wings seemed to shine with silver dew, "perhaps the tiny children may not be too wise to love to listen to me."

But when she came in the morning to whisper to the children, they were all busy with the multiplication-table; and even when the youngest boys were playing with their blocks, she found them building steam-engines and stables. Everything must be useful, — which showed how much the world had improved!

"I will fly away," said Imagina, "from old Europe, and go to the new land, far across the sea, where, if there are no princes and princesses, there are merry little hearts that may learn to love me."

So she changed herself into a "Mother Cary's Chicken," and followed a splendid ship over the ocean. Oh! how the children on the vessel laughed to see her dip her pretty wings into the waves, and they threw crumbs of their sea-biscuit overboard, in hopes of seeing the little bird pick them up.

One day Imagina flew on board of the ship, and nestled in the arms of a child of three years old. As long as she held the bird, what lovely sights the baby saw! Over the side of the vessel she gazed, and saw the sea-green palaces under the waves. The setting sun threw its gol-

den light down through the water, and the child saw the graceful water fairies dancing among the shells, and holding up strings of pearls, and bright red pieces of coral for her to see. But as she stretched out her hands to take them, off flew Imagina, and the baby saw no more.

After many days the little sea-bird reached the foreign shore; but she had been so happy as a Mother Cary's Chicken that she thought she would try bird life a little longer. So she twittered from the tree in the shape of a small brown forest bird, "Pirra, pirra wit," built herself a pretty nest, and in it laid the three white eggs, of which she was so justly proud.

Now Imagina found that it would not do to use her wings too freely; and as she rested on her nest, so happily and contentedly, resolved that she would never again be a fairy. All day she thought of her birdies, — how she would teach them to fly, and hear them chirp; and she settled down into such a respectable, commonplace bird, that none of her feathered neighbors in the wood ever suspected her of being different from themselves. They all sang together when the sun rose; and late at night, this little brown bird would trill, until Imagina thought her life in the woods more delightful than even in the days when she had lent her glass slippers to Cinderella, or showed Jack the way to the Ogre's castle, at the head of the Bean-stalk.

For the bird was the same fairy that had helped all the beautiful princesses of old; but if Imagina is neglected or forgotten, she flies away, never more to return; and if ever she is *despised*, one does not even hear of her! She was perfectly happy on her own little nest, waiting for the wee birdies! She cared nothing for the world, and, to tell the truth, the world cared just as little for her.

One morning Imagina had flown off her nest, to the top of the tree where she lived, and sat swinging backward and forward on the very highest twig, when she heard a great rustling, and all the birds seemed singing to one another, "What can be the matter? nothing of this kind has ever happened before in our forest! What strange kind of young ones are these, in the little brown bird's nest?"

Down flew Imagina as swiftly as her wings would carry her, and looked into the nest she had left a few moments before. Two little curly heads peeped out at her, — and just as she hov-

ered at the edge, the third shell chipped, and two merry black eyes glanced from a fairy's face! No birds were to be seen, but three pretty fairies sat in the nest, their little arms stretched out to the bird flying above them, and three pairs of tiny rainbow wings were waiting to be unfolded.

They sat resting against the sides of the nest that Imagina had lined so prettily, and were so small, that there was plenty of room for the mother bird, under whose wing the fairy beings soon fell asleep.

"What shall I do?" said Imagina to herself. "These forest-born fairies will not have the same powers that our ancient race possess in Fairyland, and yet I foresee that they will not long remain in this nest of mine. They are pretty little Fancies! will there be room for them in the world, or must they remain hidden forever beneath the wing of their mother, Imagina?"

Now the three Fancies awoke, and stirred in the nest; and Imagina, remembering that she must be a practical character, began to consider what she could get for their breakfast. She knew that the darlings could never eat worms, like the bird-babies in the neighboring nests, and yet Fancies could not live upon dew-drops, like real fairies. So Imagina said, "Wait, my little darlings, until I fly to the farm-house near, and bring you something good to eat."

So they curled themselves up in the nest again, and Imagina asked a woodpecker, who happened to be tapping at the oak-tree, if he would be kind enough to watch that the Fancies should not take flight while she was away. She need not have felt afraid, for none of them could fly just yet, except upon the strong wings of their mother, Imagina.

At the farm-house, near by the forest, lived little Annie, a busy child, who had hardly time, in the long summer days, for all the pleasures that were crowded into them. She must see the cows milked, and the chickens fed, the sheep counted, and the old horse brought to the door for her father, the farmer. Many a pleasant ride had Annie taken, as her father held her in front of him, when he rode around his farm: and if he waited long in any field, Annie would slip down from the saddle, and find treasures innumerable beneath the large nut-trees, that grew so thickly in almost every field. For Farmer Clarke was a pioneer, and his handsome and thriving farm had been originally part of the great forest where the birds lived. His wife had begged for many a stately tree that had been marked for destruction; and although Mr. Clarke was a good far-

mer, with no nonsense about him, he had spared them for the sake of his good and pretty wife. So Annie found plenty of acorn tea-cups, chestnut burrs, and long pine-cones, to play with, while her father was giving orders to his men. But on the morning when the bird-fairies were born, the farmer and his old horse waited in vain for Annie. For a large box had come the night before for Mrs. Clarke, having been sent from a great city, near the sea, where Annie's mother had lived before she followed Farmer Clarke to the Far West. Wonderful things had been found, — pictures, books, and pretty dresses for Annie; and a small, round, white box full of beautiful sugar-plums. Annie sat on the floor in the midst of these splendid things, not noticing that a little brown bird had hopped in at the window, and with its head on one side, was looking at the box of sugar-plums very much as Annie had done when they were first discovered.

"Ah!" said Imagina, for she was the brown bird, "if I were not afraid of Annie's pussy-cat, how glad I should be to fly off with one of those sugared almonds, which would make such a nice breakfast for my darlings!" As she spoke, Pussy rolled over, stretched out her paws, knocked over the box, and Annie's sugar-plums were scattered to the four corners of the room. In the confusion of picking them off the carpet, Imagina seized one in her bill, and flew off merrily to feed the little Fancies in the bird's-nest.

The bird dropped the nice white sugar-plum into the middle of the nest, and broke it with her bill for the three fairy Fancies. They held out their dainty little hands to the bird, and smiled prettily as they enjoyed their breakfast.

"Now they must have something to drink," said the mother, and away she flew again. The gray squirrel, at the foot of the tree, had been eating his breakfast too, and empty nut-shells lay plentifully around. Imagina took one in her bill, and flew to the dairy, where Annie's mother had set the pans of milk, to gather the thick, rich cream, of which she would churn golden butter. But what did Imagina care for that? She flew round and round the dairy, and being a very clever bird, contrived to fill her nut-shell with cream for her three babies. It was pretty to see the Fancies drinking in turn from the squirrel's cup, while their mother rested on the nearest branch, and sang a joyful song.

After their good breakfast, the bird attended to her housekeeping, — that is to say, she turned all the chipped egg-shells out of the nest, and let the nut-shell fall over the side. The squir-

rel, who was passing at the time, looked up as the shell fell on his nose, and wondered at the three little curly heads that peeped over the edge of the nest.

"I must run up and see," said he, "what my new neighbors are like."

So he jumped along from bough to bough, until his sparkling black eyes could see into the bird's-nest. Two little Fancies had fallen asleep, but the eldest stood up in the nest, holding carefully by the edge, and the squirrel felt that he had never seen anything so lovely. She nodded merrily to him, and he thought, "When she is older, I must coax her down to my home." Poor old stupid fellow! to think that he could induce a bright-winged Fancy to hide in the hollow of a tree!

Imagina, having finished her song, flew back to her nest; and finding only one of her darlings awake, determined that she should fly abroad with her, and see something of the world. So the tiny hands were clasped around the neck of the bird, and Imagina flew off with her little one on her back.

Meanwhile, Annie had come to play in the wood. She came directly under the tree where the bird lived, and sat down to build a house with the nuts scattered around, and to plant a pretty flower-garden, made of moss and the wild flowers that grew in the wood. She had brought her box of sugar-plums with her, and the Fancies (who had again awakened) saw the same good things below, on which they had made their first breakfast.

"Let us try to fly down, and frolic with that little girl," said one. "I am sure Annie will be glad to have merry Fancies to play with her."

So they unfolded their shining wings, and stepped upon the edge of the nest. One flutter of excitement as they tried their wings for the first time, and hand in hand they flew together to the foot of the tree. At first Annie thought she saw two brilliant butterflies, and started up to catch them. She was delighted, however, to see that they were fairies, who had come to visit her. They danced on the wild flowers that Annie had gathered, and immediately they seemed more fra-

grant than before. The Fancies showed Annie how to twine the flowers into beautiful wreaths, and flew before her to the spots where she could gather the ripest red wintergreen berries. Together they peeped into the squirrel's home; and Annie, who had never seen anything before but a pile of nuts, was shown how neatly everything was arranged for housekeeping, and how happy the squirrel would be during the long winter in his cozy home. The Fancies did not take much notice of the busy ants, and the hard-working bees; but were delighted with an ugly little frog, who seemed to have nothing to do but to enjoy himself. But he took such extraordinary leaps, and winked so cunningly at the Fancies and Annie, that they thought him a most charming playfellow.

When the time came for Annie to go home, her companions could not bear to part from her. "Let us make our home with this curly-headed little girl," said the sisters, "and then not only will she enjoy her childhood more, but if we never leave her, her life will be beautiful and happy. Perhaps some day she will find that cherishing bright Fancies will not make her less good and useful in the world, and we are sure that we cannot ourselves be happier than living with a merry little child."

So they flew home with Annie, played with her every day, and each night flew around her pillow, and gave her pretty dreams.

Meanwhile Imagina had returned, and was not surprised to find the little ones flown. As the first-born was now almost too large for the nest (for Fancies grow rapidly), they flew away again together. The nest is now deserted,—two lovely Fancies live in Annie's pleasant home, and another flies abroad upon the wings of the fairy bird. And wherever Imagina and her daughter fly, the world seems happier, for all parents then think their own children the handsomest and best. Fancy whispers to them that never were little ones so good and so pretty, so clever and talented; and the wonderful bird sings a bewitching song of the happy time that is always coming, when all will be bright and glorious.



A BEE HUNT ON THE PRAIRIE.

II.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

THE next day was Saturday. The children talked a great deal about the bees, and wished the evening would come. Mr. Lape had Shakespeare among his books, and he read them the description of the hive in "King Henry V." and told them much of the habits of bees. After supper Mr. Jones and his two boys appeared in their large wagon, and while they waited for the schoolmaster, the children talked to Mr. Jones. John told him about the description of the hive, and read it to him. The old borderer scratched his head lustily as John read, twice asking him to read parts of it over, and when he had finished, he said,—

"That's mighty perty, but the man wot wrote it didn't know as much of bees as a woodsman does. I'm not for sotting a female above a man, but they have no king at all; they have a queen."

The schoolmaster now came in sight. Mr. Lape put a cask in the wagon, the children tumbled in, and they were off.

"You folks in the settlements do not know how well off you are," said Mr. Jones, tapping the cask on which he sat, "having somethin' to hold your plunder. Why when we were out for three year, the only thing we had that would hold was marm's wash-tub, that I made out of a barl and chinked between the staves."

Hattie reminded him of his promise to tell them about the Indians.

"Wall, ther's not much to tell; you see they didn't trouble us any, only they were thievish and cunnin.' If White Head and me chanced to kill a bar or a deer, and couldn't take it home, and hung the flesh up to dry or cached the skin, and they found it, they were sure to take it off. If we came across a swarm of bees in a tree, and blazed it, and they found it arter we had left, they paid no attention to our mark at all, but stripped it clean, and when we went for it ther wa'n't none ther. Now you see it's the law of the woods, that what a man comes on first is his, and if he puts his mark on it, he has as much right to it as if he had paid the money down, and for another party to take it is stealin.' No true hunter would tuck a thing another had blazed.

"White Head and me went in couples like.

My cabin was his home when he wanted it to be. Sometimes he wouldn't be anigh it for weeks at a time, and he never slept in-doors unless the weather was uncommon ugly. One day in the fall he come along, and he says, 'Lad,' says he, 'there's a nice bee settlement in them trees by the Fawn's Leap,—sweetnin' for marm and the little ones all winter. I think we'd best be about gittin' it, for though I've blazed it, the red-skins have such a sweet tooth in their heads, I am a little afeard they may fall foul of it, for I kinder think the Red Fox suspicioned me, for I seed him skulkin' not fur off arter I had left ther. I'se not paid him yet for robbin' my cache, and if he plays me a trick this time, I bound I'll be even with him.'

"As I was tellin' you, we had nothin' to put anything in. Marm, she had let me have her tub to salt down some meat for winter, and had did her washin' at the creek. I had sawed up some logs, and kind of dug out some wooden bowls, but now we were put to it, and I couldn't think of lettin' the honey slip. So I told White Head I would go to Jim Fraiser's and see if I could get a barl. When I got to Jim's, I found Red Fox had been ahead of me. Jim begun to tell me of his antics, and how he had drunk so much whiskey he was most blind, and tuck Jim's big dog for his pony, and how he tried to git on his back, and tumbled off and rolled over, and the dog would have tore him to pieces only he was chained.

"I got it out of Jim that he had been barterin' some beaver skins and honey. Then I knew he'd found the bee settlement, and I managed to git sight of the skins, and sure enough, they were White Head's skins that had been stolen from his cache,—had his mark on 'em. I said nothin' but talked Jim out of lettin' me have a barl, and with it made for home.

"White Head was hoppin' when I told him, but we went to the 'Fawn's Leap' to see what the sneaking Fox had done. When we got there sure enough the honey was gone.

"It's tuck lately, lad,' says White Head, 'or the bees wouldn't be makin' such a fuss. I reckon he went to Jim's with part on it to git "fire-water;" he'll come back to-day for the rest.'

"The bees were buzzin' round mad. Two or three on 'em stung me, and while I was stampin' about with the pain I saw a little dribble of honey on the arth. I followed it off into the bushes wher it went zigzag like. 'Here's his trail,' I called to White Head.

"'He's not fur off,' he sed, and we kept arter it, now seein' a drap on the arth, now on the leaves of the low scrubs, and then a great dab agin a tree. 'We'll be up to him shortly; he's so drunk he can't navigate: see, here he banged agin this oak.' White Head pointed to a patch of the sweet a-runniu' down the trunk. 'Whatever he's got the plunder in it leaks.'

"A few yards further and the trail tuck us into a thicket; and ther, layin' on his back, dead drunk, with his empty whiskey jug on one side him, and a big buffalo sack full of honey on 'tother, was Red Fox.

"'You sneakin' thief,' said White Head, givin' him a kick. 'You take the honey, lad; see how it's dribblin' out, and I'll take care of him.'

"'What are you goin' to do with him?' I asked.

"'Guv him over to the bees; they'll punish him enough,' he answered.

"Ther was plenty on 'em round ther', I thought. I know'd they followed pretty sharp arter me when I shouldered the sack, and kept me a-slappin' my face right smart. I looked behind and saw White Head a-draggin' Red Fox by one leg, and he was no ways tender of him, nuther. Every now and then, as the Ingen's head would bump agin a tree or his hair get tangled in the bushes, and White Head would guv a jerk to git it loose, the Fox would mutter and kind of half rouse up.

"Presently we got to the bee tree. I kept aside a little. Most on um was still in confusion like, sum a-travellin' up and down the tree, and sum had collected upon the drops on the arth, and looked like black patches. White Head dragged the Ingen close up to the hole in the tree, which was right down nigh to the arth, turned him over on his face, dropped his jug alongside, and cum off.

"'They'll sting him to death,' says I.

"'No,' says he, 'they'll puni-h him right smart, and larn him a lesson. I turned him on his face so they can't git in his eyes.'

"Soon as I got to the cabin, I emptied the sack into the barl. 'Now, lad, berry it,' said White Head. 'I don't want him to suspicion you; he might trouble marm when you warn't here, and this is my fight. I'll take the buffalo and drap it in the woods somewher.'

"I dug a hole in the corner of the cabin and put the barl in it, and kivered it up so natural like, not even an Ingen could find it.

"It was more than a week before I seed the Fox agin; then I met him in the woods, and he looked as if he had had the small-pox, but he sed nuthin' to me. He made straight for my cabin though, and asked marm for something to eat when he found I warn't there. She guv it to him, and sed he peered everywher with his eyes while he sot eatin'. White Head couldn't help a-condolin' with him when he saw him, and asked him how he liked bees, but he was a kind of afraid of the old hunter. The Ingens have a great respect for a man who gits ahead on 'em."

"I think White Head was very cruel," said Hattie, as the old man paused.

"Wall, I don't know," — scratching his head. "It warn't doin' as the preachers tell us to do, but a man has to look out for himself in the woods. Here we are," as they came in sight of a large island on the prairie. "The bees are preparin' for sleep, I reckon."

"It's a long hour yet to dusk," said Mr. Lape; "we had supper early. The moon is full; it won't be dark to-night."

"Now come, step about lively and git together a smart chance of leaves and brush. I see smoke-weed over ther," said Mr. Jones to his boys.

The place was a wooded oasis in the prairie, with many trees upon it, and running through it was a small creek a yard or more wide, which seemed a natural drain for the sloughs with which the island was surrounded. The children busied themselves getting together the leaves, the schoolmaster assisting them.

"Do the bees live upon the juice they suck from flowers?" Hattie asked him.

"No, the old bees live upon honey, but the young ones feed on bee-bread."

"Bee-bread! I never heard of it before."

"It is called bee-bread. It is the pollen of flowers, a bitter substance which settles upon the hairs with which the bodies of these insects are covered."

"Is it true what Mr. Jones told us, that the bees follow the white man?"

"So it is said. Some years ago I heard hunters from the Rocky Mountains say that there were no bees in that region, but they were slowly travelling in that direction. The trappers, wher they are found, bait their bear traps with honey-comb. If a bee-hunter comes across a solitary bee in the woods or on the prairie, he

will watch it and track it to its hive, although it may be miles away. His performances in this respect are wonderful. Having a keen eye, and knowing that the insect always flies in a straight line, he seldom fails to reach its store-house. I heard of a party once, who were out, and were half starved for something to eat, when one of their number chanced to see several bees on some bushes. He succeeded in catching one of them, and fastened a large piece of wild cotton to it and let it loose, then he followed, and it was not long before they all had a delicious meal."

Mr. Jones was heard calling for the "smoke stuff," and they hastened back with their loads.

Active preparations were made to secure the prize, the fire was made, then the casks and buckets were taken from the wagon, and it was driven to a distance and the horses securely tied, that they might be out of the way of being stung.

The girls were advised to take seats in the wagon and stay there, but they objected, as they wished to see all that was going on. The schoolmaster wet his pocket-handkerchief, and tied it over his face, in such a way that he could see and breathe, and showed the girls how to do the same. Mr. Jones laughed at these precautions.

One of the bee-trees was hollow almost the whole length of the trunk, and had a large opening near the roots. At this opening they placed the leaves, sticks, and dried grass, and set the whole on fire. Seizing their axes, Mr. Lape and Mr. Jones began cutting away at the tree, while the schoolmaster plied the fire with the fuel the children brought. Soon there was a terrible buzzing, and the bees began to pour out, but the chopping went on. With his face close to the ground the "master" raked up the leaves; the smoke was so dense the children could not see what the men were doing.

"Whew," and Mr. Lape and Mr. Jones threw down their axes, and running out beyond the smoke, dropped on the ground. After a few minutes breathing the fresh air, they began to ply them again.

Schaffer now arrived on horseback and took Mr. Lape's axe, while he went to assist in keeping up the smoke, for, as Mr. Jones said, "the bees were getting purty lively." Almost blinded and nearly choked, they still kept at work, only occasionally running out from the cloud.

The bees were thick about and hummed angrily, but seemed blinded and bewildered. The

children were approaching with their loads, when Mr. Lape shouted, "Keep back, keep back," at the same time waving his hand to them. The girls dropped their burdens and turned to run. Just then, Leo, who had been poking in the smoke, dashed forward, shaking his head and flapping his huge ears from side to side, pursued by a detachment of maddened bees. In endeavoring to distance his pursuers, he rushed blindly against Alice, and threw her down. They rolled over together, Leo striking out wildly at his enemies, and Alice receiving the blows intended for them.

Hurt by the dog and stung by the bees, she began to cry. Mr. Lape went to her assistance, and covered the stings with soft mud from the creek, then bade both the girls remain in the wagon where he placed them.

Leo still lay where he had fallen, tossing from side to side, and giving little sharp barks, while he fought the air with his paws, making frantic efforts to rub his nose in the moist earth. For a quarter of an hour the chopping went on uninterruptedly.

Swarming from their hive and seeking refuge from the smoke, the bees got in the neighborhood of Schaffer's horse, which he had tied near where they were at work. For some time the animal had been restive, and now began to rear and prance. Fearing he would break loose, Schaffer dropped his axe and went to the horse's head, throwing off his coat and opening his shirt as he did so, for he was overheated. As the bees became more infuriated in their attacks, the pony jerked and kicked violently, and Schaffer begun also to suffer from them, exposed as he was to their darts. He held stoutly to the bridle, but the animal would jerk up his head, one moment bringing him to his toes, and almost taking him off his feet, and then as suddenly letting him down with a bounce, when Schaffer would take breath and slap his breast or other part of his body, on which the foe had settled; the next instant the horse would shake his mane, and kick out, and in the second of rest which followed, Schaffer would dance first on one foot, then on the other, slapping the while, and muttering in German. The two girls, who were watching the contest, almost hurt themselves laughing.

Presently Mr. Jones's voice was heard, "Clear the way! the tree is coming." This was followed by a crash, at the sound of which the horse broke loose and galloped off. Schaffer gathered himself up from the ground where he was thrown,

and made for the creek, where they could hear him splashing in the water.

As the tree fell, Mr. Jones, Mr. Lape, and the schoolmaster ran out from the smoke and rested a few moments. Then Mr. Jones called, "Bring the wedges." The cloud of smoke was increased, and the girls could hear them driving the wedges in to split the tree. Soon buckets and barrels were in requisition, and the golden honey gladdened their eyes.

It had taken so much more time than they supposed it would to cut down this tree, it was determined to leave the other for another season.

The barrels were filled and put in the wagon, the tools collected, and in high spirits they left for home, after calling Schaffer again and again, but receiving no answer. The moon was full, and there was not a shadow to be seen on the prairie.

"We have all been wounded in the battle with the bees," said the schoolmaster, looking at the mud-smearred faces and hands.

"I can't see any fun in bee hunting," said Alice querulously.

"You don't see fun in anything," was John's retort.



"I don't think Mr. Schaffer thought there was much fun in it," said Hattie.

They laughed heartily. "It was no joke to him," said Mr. Jones, pausing for breath; "the bees had got between his shirt and skin." They laughed and sang, and Mr. Jones told stories of border life, and they could scarce believe they were there, when they saw the house and barns.

Long years after, when Hattie was married, and Mr. Lape was a Senator in Congress, and the schoolmaster an eminent lawyer, the three met in an elegant drawing-room at an evening party, recalled this bee hunt, and laughed heartily over the recollection of Schaffer's troubles and Mr. Jones's stories, which they were not likely soon to forget.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE CHILD.

BY M. ANGIER ALDEN.

NEAR the cliff's gray edge the light-house child
Lay, and looked down at the sea growing wild ;

Watched the wild sea-birds, whose dissonant cry
Startled the gloom of the sea and the sky.

Raptured, she listened, — no shadow of fear
Clouding her soul at the lullaby drear,

And laughed in her glee when the scattering
spray
Thrown from the sea, fell cold where she lay.

White as the sea-foam, her own little bed
Waited the touch of her bright, truant head.

Nobody knew that out in the night,
She welcomed the kiss of the gleaming sea-sprite.

Only the light from the beacon on high
Kept watch on her face, like a vigilant eye.

Fearless she lingered, unheeding the roar
Of the waves, as they mightily rushed to the
shore, —

The cold, eager sea, that crept near and more
near,
Still crooning the while its lullaby drear :

Chaining her senses with weirdest of charms,
Till it bore her away in its pitiless arms.

With a shudder, the storm, as it swept o'er the
main,
Cried out to the sea to restore her again.

It could not, — for mermaids, in petulant play,
Had rifled the sea of its ill-gotten prey.

They carried her down fathoms deep to their
cave,
That was builded of corals and shells 'neath the
wave ;

Gleaming and glistening with jewels and ore,
Spoils from the ships that would sail never-
more.

There, 'midst the shells and the wild sea-weed
bloom,
They laid her to rest in the Ocean's cold tomb,

And chanted a requiem, each sobbing sea-shell
Mournfully sounding its sorrowful knell.

Then turning, they left her, and laughing in
play,
Glided with sinuous motion away.

No human eye o'er the little one wept :
Each loving heart soon to mourn for her, slept.

Only the eye of the beacon gleamed red,
As down through the deep it gazed on the dead.

A FROLIC.

BY E. JOHNSON.

THERE had been a great commotion all the morning, several guests were visiting at the house, and they and all the neighbors were going in the afternoon to the glen. So a ham was boiled, cake and sandwiches were made, cold tea was put up in bottles, lemons and sugar were packed for lemonade, pails of ice were stowed under the seats of the carryall, and all sorts of things were done in preparation for the picnic. Little Tom was rather neglected in the confusion,

and enjoyed himself greatly, as neglected children always do. Perhaps time would have been saved by appointing five or six people to watch him and do nothing else, for the mischief he accomplished in that one morning of liberty was wonderful. In the first place, he "cleaned house" by dipping a wet cloth in the earth in a flower-pot, and rubbing it over the new, light-colored paper in the dining-room. Then he went to the kitchen, where a fire was burning in the large

brick oven, and seizing a moment when Nancy's back was turned, he threw in stick after stick of wood until the oven was crammed full. "Well," said Nancy, as she picked the burning wood out, stick by stick, "of all the children I ever did see!" Then he rummaged about in the shed and found a bag of guano. He thought it was ginger, and the idea struck him that if he mixed it with the flour, all the bread would be ginger-bread in future, so he dragged it along, and succeeded in pouring it into the flour-barrel, and was found stirring it in with a stick. He meant no harm, and was very much grieved when he found that his conduct was considered very wrong. He had been promised that he should go out to see the carriages, which were to assemble at the Judge's door, in order to set out together, and as Susie found him very dirty



when she came home from school, she undertook to make him nice; so she washed him, and curled his hair, and dressed him entirely in white; then she left him a few minutes on the front door-steps, telling him to watch for the carriages. While she was away Tom found a hoe and dug a large hole in his mother's flower-bed, and when Susie came back she found him sitting in this hole, and busily trying to bury himself. She had just time to brush some of the dirt off his white dress and yellow curls, when the carriages began to arrive, and in a few minutes the party had started, and left Susie and her two best friends gazing mournfully after them.

The girls came slowly back into the yard, and sat down on the door-steps. Each told what her mother had carried as a contribution to the picnic, and for a little while each found comfort, in the secret thought, that *her* mother's things were the nicest of all, though they were too

polite to mention this idea. But it is a very dismal thing to be left behind by a pleasure party, and the little girls felt very sad. "They might just as well have taken us," said Dora; "school does not keep this afternoon, and we have nothing to do. I don't see why they didn't take us."

"There wasn't room," said Mabel; "all the horses and carriages have gone, and they are all full of grown up people."

"Our old brown farm horse is at home," said Susie, "but there would not be anybody to drive us."

"Poh," said Dora, "I can drive as well as anybody; let's go now."

"Eben would harness for us, I know," said Susie, "but Hannah's gone, and I promised mother that I would take care of Tom all the afternoon."

"Never mind," said Dora, "we'll take him with us."

"But," said Mabel, thoughtfully, "do you suppose our mothers will like to have us go without leave?"

"Of course they will," said Dora, promptly; "they would have taken us, I know, only there wasn't room enough, and they never thought of the old brown horse."

This animal did not belong to the family, but was a stupid, rough-looking, old nag, hired for some extra work which was being done on the farm. Eben felt that the girls could take it without danger of being run away with, but no vehicle fit for use had been left behind. However, the girls were not easily discouraged, and declared themselves perfectly satisfied with an old farm wagon without any seat, and with a large hole in the bottom. Then an old, worn-out harness was hunted up, and Eben tied it together with rope to make it safe. So they set off. One of the girls knelt in front to drive, and the others sat on the bottom, and kept Tom from falling through the hole. They were delighted with their equipage, and thought it much better fun than a proper horse and chaise. At all events, the horse could not complain of the wagon, or the wagon of the harness, for they all looked very much alike. The drive was a long one, and the girls found it rather warm as they had not thought of parasols; but they enjoyed themselves highly, and laughed and chattered all the way. They stopped once or twice to inquire about the road, but at last arrived safely at the place where the horses of the first party had been left. Here they found several drivers

with the carriages; these men laughed a good deal at the queer equipage, but agreed to take care of it, and drive it with the others to the head of the glen, where they were to meet the party in about an hour. So the girls walked along by the side of the brook, till the banks grew so steep that they could not walk on them, and could only get along by stepping from stone to stone in the brook itself. Soon they came to cascades, and found that the only way to pass them was by climbing up the almost perpendicular rocks over which the water fell. It was considered impossible for ladies to go through the glen without a great deal of assistance from gentlemen, but the girls, in their short dresses, scrambled over the rocks like so many squirrels, and managed to pass Tom from hand to hand so that he was not wet. As they went deeper into the glen, the great beauty and solitude of the place made even the little girls feel rather quiet, and they left off chattering long before they came to the party they were seeking. At last they found them seated round a deep, clear, little basin of water, at the foot of the highest waterfall they had yet seen. You may imagine the shouts of surprise with which the girls were greeted by their friends, who supposed them at home ten miles away. They had never thought that they were doing wrong, but as soon as they caught their mothers' eyes, they saw that their exploit was not approved, and suddenly became conscious of their disorderly appearance, with their draggled dresses and hair blown about by the wind. A conviction came upon each, that she would probably be reproved as soon as she was alone with her family. This was very sad to Susie, for a scolding was a dreadful thing to her; while easy, good-natured, indifferent Dora took praise and blame very much alike. However, the girls were greeted with applause from all of the party, not nearly enough related to them to be mortified, and Tom received unlimited petting from every one. The provisions were unpacking, and all were quite ready for them, after their long ride, and scramble through the brook. They all remained an hour or two, enjoying the lovely spot, and then slowly took

their way up the glen, climbing the sides of several new cascades, each more beautiful than the other, and coming out of the glen at last just as the sun was setting. They found the carriages waiting, and the equipage which had brought the girls, was greeted with peals of laughter, as one after another of the party caught sight of it. Tom's mother took him into the carriage with her, and wrapped him in a shawl which she had fortunately brought, and the girls returned as they came. The old brown nag could not be made to keep pace with the other horses, so one of the carriages remained behind the others to keep the girls company. It was quite dark when they got home, and in



the hurry of the late tea, Susie's mother forgot the well-deserved reproof, and let us hope that for once the other mothers were also forgetful. While putting Tom to bed, however, the mother talked to him about his morning's mischief, and tried to make him understand its naughtiness. He seemed very penitent, and agreed readily to pray to be made better, so he folded his little hands and said very earnestly: "O God, mother wants you to make me a better boy, — that's what mother wants; and, dear God, I want to go to the glen again, — that's what I want."



PICTURES FROM FROISSART.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE

(Continued.)

IX.

TROUBLES WITH THE SCOTS. — MARRIAGE OF EDWARD III. WITH THE LADY PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT.

WHILE the weak-minded Edward II. was still in prison, and not long after the prince, his son, had been crowned, and declared King of England in his stead, the Scottish monarch, Robert Bruce, thinking he would have but a boy to deal with, and hearing, moreover, that the English barons were not on good terms with each other, seized this opportunity of sending a defiance to young Edward, coolly informing him that his design was to enter the realm of England, and to burn it as far as he had done before, at the time of the battle of Stirling. It was about Easter, in the year 1327, that this defiance came; whereupon, having first ordered its publication throughout his own kingdom, Edward sent certain messengers over seas to Sir John de Hainault, begging him to come again to his help, with as many of the Brabanters and Hollanders as he could collect, and appointing to meet him at the city of York, on the approaching Ascension Day.

Sir John, brave and faithful as ever, immediately set about organizing another army. By promises and persuasions he succeeded in so doing, and, in due time, embarking with his cavalry from Wissant, he crossed over safely to Dover, whence, without halting, he continued his march to York.

There he found the king, the queen-mother, and a number of native lords and barons, assembled with their followers. Day by day, men-at-arms and archers kept pouring in, so that soon the English host amounted to upward of 40,000 men!

Military movements were much slower in that age than in ours; so, as there seemed to be no especial cause for moving at once, the king, in order to entertain his foreign allies, held a great court at the house of the Black Friars, where he and the queen lodged in separate compartments.

Just after a magnificent feast, graced by the presence of all the noblest and most beautiful ladies of the land, and while the latter were impatiently expecting the hour of the ball, or a longer

continuance of the feast, news arrived of a dangerous affray between the Hainaulters and the English archers, who had both been stationed in the suburbs. This luckless quarrel disturbed the merry-making, and forced the greater part of the knights to hasten to their quarters. Peace, however, could not be made until many on either side had been wounded or killed. At last the archers were discomfited and put to flight.

It is supposed that the affray was occasioned by the friends of the Spencers and the Earl of Arundel, in revenge for their having been executed through the advice of Sir John de Hainault.

For three weeks or a month more the army remained inactive; but then, everything being in perfect readiness, the king and all his barons marched out of the city, and encamped six leagues from it. Sir John de Hainault and his retinue accompanied them. Thence, in a few days, they proceeded to Durham, on the borders of Northumberland; but not the slightest hint reached them as to the position or movements of the Scots, except that it appeared certain they had secretly forded *somewhere* the small river Tyne.

These Scots were at that period more hardy, active, and inured to irregular warfare than their English enemies. They could march four-and-twenty miles without halting, being well mounted, — the knights upon strong bay horses, and the common soldiers on wiry, sure-footed ponies, that climbed the hills like goats. They dispensed with carriages, and had no food but flesh half sodden, no drink but muddy river water. Under the flap of his saddle each man bore a plate of metal, and a tiny bag of oatmeal. If the sodden flesh disagreed with him, he would fix the plate over a fire, mingle his oatmeal with water, and when the plate was heated, put some of the paste upon it, and make a thin cake like a cracknel, which he ate to warm his stomach. Such simple habits — followed even by the major portion of the lords — made them wonderfully hardy and alert. No wonder, therefore, that on this occasion, as upon so many others, the Scots army, commanded by the Earl of Moray, and Sir James Douglas, two celebrated captains, managed easily to deceive their foes. They passed around them

in every possible direction; now far to the rear, now on either flank, and again out of striking distance in front, harrying the country as they went, burning "barn and byre," and driving the cattle off in huge droves.

At length the English came in sight of the smoke of the Scotch fires, and advanced in immense force to engage them. It was daybreak of a misty morning when, with great banners displayed, with horses curveting, and trumpets sounding the charge, they advanced to destroy the marauders; but, just in proportion as they pressed forward, the enemy warily retreated, leading them toward bogs, pools, and morasses, over which the Scotch gallows would skim safely, like wild ducks, whilst the unwieldy English steeds stuck fast, or blundered frantically!

And so, time after time, the English were balked of their vengeance, and tempted fruitlessly onward, among deserts and mountains. Nevertheless, the Scots army *did* halt at last; but their forces were so cunningly posted along the further banks of the river *Weare*, that the English dared not assault them. In this dilemma King Edward sent his heralds to make an offer of retiring on the morrow, if the Scots would pass the river, and fight him fairly on the plain; or if the Scots refused, that they would do the same.

But Moray and the Douglas answered scornfully, that they would do neither the one nor the other; that the king and his barons saw that they were in his kingdom, and had burnt and pillaged, wherever they had passed; and that if it displeased the king, why he might come and amend it, for *there* they intended to tarry, as long as it suited their purpose!

Such an impudent response infuriated the English; but they could only send over a few detached companies of horse and foot during the next two or three days, who skirmished with the foe, neither party gaining any decided advantage.

On the *fourth* day, in the morning, the English looked for the Scots, but saw none of them. They had decamped secretly at midnight. Scouts dispatched after them, found that they had posted themselves on ground yet stronger than the other. Doggedly the English pursued, and tried, vainly as ever, to surprise or dislodge their alert antagonists. A fortnight passed, at the end of which the two armies remained in the same relative positions. Only one incident of any importance occurred during this period. One night Sir James Douglas took with him two hundred men-at-arms, at midnight crossed the river, and fell

upon the English, valiantly shouting, "Douglas forever! Ye shall die, ye thieves of England!" He and his comrades killed more than three hundred; and the daring lord even galloped up to King Edward's tent, and cut some of its cords, again shouting his war-cry of "Douglas! Douglas forever." His retreat was effected with trifling loss.

Very soon after, the Scots disappeared again, silently and secretly, according to their custom. *Now* it was discovered, however, that they had left in earnest. Further pursuit was useless, and so the main body of the English army fell back upon Durham, whence they marched toward York. There the native forces and the Hainaulters were alike disbanded; the latter returning with good pay, and many rich gifts, to their own land.

Thus terminated an unsuccessful, and somewhat inglorious expedition!

Shortly afterward, the members of King Edward's council sent a bishop, two knights bannerets (who were gentlemen of great power, because of their landed possessions and serfs), and two clerks, to Sir John de Hainault, to beg of him to be the means that the young king, their lord, should marry: and that the Count of Hainault and Holland would send over one of his daughters, for he would love her more dearly on his account, than any other lady! Ah, cunning King Edward! He doubtless remembered that fair and stately Philippa, whose beauty had so fascinated his eyes, and moved his heart, when, but an errant prince, he had visited Hainault with his mother! The council, therefore, had been urged by him to dispatch these commissioners to his loyal friend, Sir John. As for the latter, he took the messengers to Valenciennes, where his brother entertained them sumptuously.

The count, when their request was made known, said that he felt greatly honored thereby, and that his consent would not be delayed, if only the Pope and Holy Church at Rome were agreeable to the demand.

What had the Pope and Church to do with this matter, you may ask? The truth was, that King Edward and Philippa were connected in the *third* degree, for their two mothers were cousins-german, being the issue of two brothers; and persons thus related could not marry without a dispensation, or special church license. In *this* case it was readily procured. The Pope and Cardinals' College, being somehow in a lovely and loving humor, gave their consent to the royal union with touching amiability. So the

commissioners hastened back to Valenciennes ; the Lady Philippa gathered together dresses and an equipage suited to her rank, was married by virtue of what was called a "procuration" from the King of England, and then sailed for Dover with all her suite. Her uncle, Sir John, conducted her to London, where she was crowned amid feasting, rejoicings, and tournaments, that lasted for *three weeks*.

X.

DEATH OF KING ROBERT BRUCE. — HIS STRANGE COMMISSION GIVEN TO SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

We are now about to tell you of one of the most romantic incidents of which history hath any record : it is connected with the death of the great King Robert Bruce, of Scotland, — Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, the deliverer of his country from the despotism of the *second* Edward, and all his life through the dangerous, determined foe of England. For hundreds of years poetry and legend have celebrated the event we are now to describe ; painters have chosen it as the theme of their noblest pictures ; and as long, we suppose, as our language and civilization last, it will continue in some degree to move the hearts and fancies of men, especially hearts that are generous and faucies that are warm.

After the last great raid of the Scots, a truce was agreed upon between the rulers of England and Scotland, for the space of three years. During this truce it happened that Robert Bruce, who had now waxed old, was attacked by a mortal disease, which the leeches pronounced to be *leprosy*. Feeling that his end was nigh, he called together all the chiefs and barons in whom he most confided, and commanded them, upon their loyalty, to preserve the entire kingdom for his son David, and to crown him king when he was of proper age.

And then he called to him Sir James Douglas, and said to him, in presence of the others : " My dear friend, Sir James, you know that I have had much ado to support the rights of my crown, and have suffered many troubles. At the time that I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-fulfillment whereof oppresses me with care. I vowed that if I could finish my wars in such manner, that I might have quiet in mine own realm, I would go and fight against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith. To this point my heart hath always leaned ; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my life-time, and this last expedition hath lasted so long, followed

by this heavy sickness, that, verily, since my body cannot accomplish what my heart desires, *I will send my heart in the stead of my body, to fulfill my vow !* And as I do not know any one knight so gallant, or better formed to complete my intentions than yourself, I entreat that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour ; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success, — and I shall die more contented ! But it must be executed as follows, listen : —

" I will that as soon as ever I shall be dead, you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed ; you will also take as much money from my treasury as may seem sufficient for your journey, and for the needs of the comrades in your train ; you will then deposit your charge at the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since *my body cannot go there*. Be not sparing of expense, — provide yourself with such company, and such things as may be suitable to your rank ; and wherever you pass, let it be known that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas, by his last command, since his body cannot go thither."

And when the dying king had thus spoken, all present began to bewail themselves, and to weep bitterly. For a little space, Lord James, like the rest, was too deeply affected to answer ; for it must have been a solemn sight, and a pitiful, to behold him who had been so great a monarch and conqueror, subdued now by a loathsome malady, and so nigh to death !

But having commanded his voice, the Lord Douglas replied : " Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honor you do me, and for the dear treasure with which you intrust me ; and I will most earnestly do all that you command me, with the utmost loyalty in my power ; never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such high distinction !"

And the king answered : " Gallant knight, I thank you ; you promise it me, then ?"

" Assuredly, sire, most willingly," said the knight. He then gave the promise solemnly, upon his knighthood.

The king cried out, as in a rapture : " Thanks be to God ! for I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most valiant knight of my kingdom will perform that for me which I am unable to do for myself."

Not long after this memorable conversation and agreement, the grand old King Robert Bruce breathed his last, upon a dreary day in the November of 1329. Immediately, his *heart* was embalmed, whilst his body was buried in the monastery of Dunfermline.

Early in the ensuing spring, Sir James Douglas, having made provision of everything proper for his expedition, embarked at the port of Montrose, and sailed directly for Sluys, in Flanders, in order to learn whether any were going beyond seas to Jerusalem, that he might join companies.

He remained there twelve days, and would not set his foot ashore, but stayed the whole time aboard, where he kept a superb table, with continued music of trumpets, drums, and hautboys. His company embraced one knight banneret, and seven others of the most renowned knights in Scotland, without counting the inferiors of his household. His plate was of gold and silver, curiously carven, and consisted of a vast number and variety of cups, bottles, porringers, basins, pots, and barrels. He had likewise twenty-six young esquires, of the best blood of Scotland, to wait upon him; and every man of noble rank, who came to visit him, was served with two sorts of wine, and two sorts of spices.

At length, while yet sojourning at Sluys, he heard that Alphonso, King of Spain, was waging war against the Saracens, of Granada. Sir James reflected that if he went thither, he would certainly be employing his time and means according to his late king's wishes; and when he should have finished there, he could proceed to Palestine, to complete that with which he was charged.

He sailed, therefore, for Spain; landed at Valencia, and went straight to the army of the Spanish king, which was then near the Saracens, on the frontier.

It happened, soon after Sir James's arrival, that Alphonso issued forth into the fields, to make his approaches still nearer the enemy; the King of Granada did the same, and each king readily distinguishing the other's banners, they both began to set their armies in battle array. Lord James placed himself and his company on

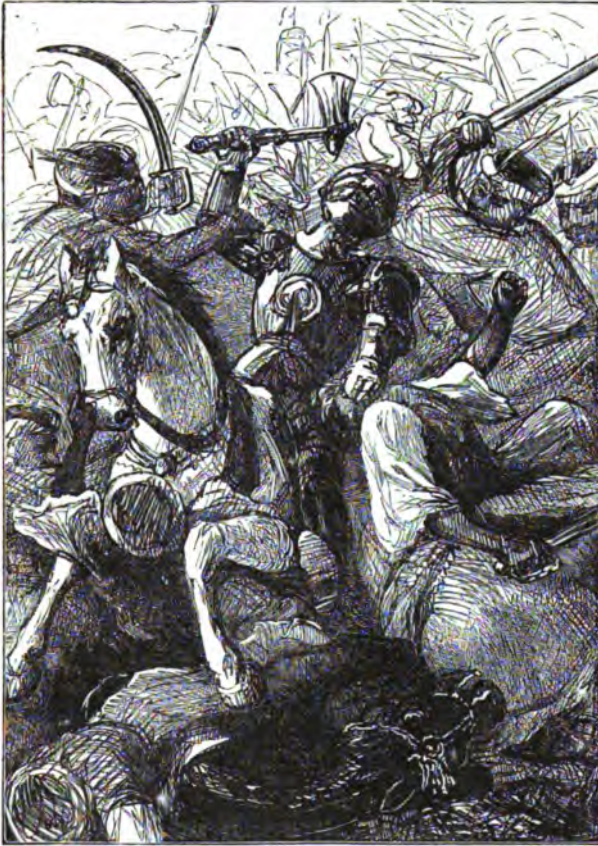
one flank, to make a more powerful effort.

When he saw that the battalions on each side were fully arranged, he imagined they were about to begin the conflict; and as he always determined to be foremost on such gallant occasions, he and his companions struck spurs into their horses, and every knight shouting his special battle-cry, they charged furiously into the very midst of the Saracen forces.

Taking the sacred casket from his neck, which contained the heart of the Bruce, Sir James hurled it before him, crying, "*Now pass thou onward, as thou*

wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die!" * Amazed at such headlong valor, the heathen at first turned and fled; but, observing that the small band of Scottish knights was unsupported by the Spaniards, the fugitives rallied, and, overwhelmed by numbers, Douglas, after the performance of unavailing prodigies of courage and

* The details of the battle in which Douglas was killed, the incident of the Casket, etc., are not related by Froissart, — but Lord Hailes has supplied them in his *Annals of Scotland, Anno 1330*; and to have omitted them in a series of anecdotes and narratives like these, would have been inexcusable.



strength, was, with the greater part of his splendid company, stricken down and slain.

One of his friends, Sir William Keith, who had been accidentally detained from this fatal fight, found the body of Douglas on the field, together with the casket, and reverently and mournfully bore them back to Scotland.

The heart of Bruce was deposited in Melrose Abbey, and the remains of the "good Sir James," — as many styled him, — were interred in the sepulchre of his gallant fathers.

The old Scotch poet, Barbour, draws the following portrait of the Douglas: —

"In visage was he some deal gray,
And had black hair, as I heard say;
And then, of limbe was he well made,
With bonnés great and shoulders braid (*broad*);
His body well ymade, and lenzie (*like*),
As they that saw him said to me;
When he was blythé, he was lovelie,
And meek and sweet in companie;
But who in battel might him see,
Another countenance had he;
And in his speech he lipt some deal,
But that set him right wonder well."

GOING BERRYING.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

ONE pleasant afternoon Aunt Gitty sat reading at the top of the hill that overlooked the meadow, when she heard voices behind her; and looking around, she saw two little bareheaded children creeping through a hole in the orchard-fence. It was Charlie and the baby. Their faces were both radiant, as Charlie led the baby along to Aunt Gitty.

"We're going to get some strawberries and some sours," said Charlie.

Baby held out a flower of blue-eyed grass. "See what I find in the orchard," she said.

Charlie began to look around. "O, see here," he cried; "lots of sours for you, baby." Alice stooped down and picked the sorrel, saying, "Good sours, nice sours."

"You stay here, baby," said Charlie, "and I'll find you some strawberries;" and he went down the hill-side a little way, and soon came back with a strawberry for the baby.

"O, see this crawberry what Charlie find," she said, running with it to Aunt Gitty.

"Here, baby, here's a posy for you, too," cried Charlie, bringing a red clover-blossom. Then he wandered about on the steep hill-side, and finally came back with five or six berries. Alice stood on the tufted edge of the bank, with the wind blowing her dress and flaxen hair back, as Charlie reached up from below, and dropped the berries into her apron. Soon Lolo came through the fence, looking for the children. When she saw that Charlie was finding berries, she began to hunt for them too, and in a few minutes brought a big one to show Aunt Gitty, and she had as many as a dozen or more in her apron.

"Now, baby," said Lolo, "you stay with Aunt

Gitty, and I'll go and get a cup." So away she went through the fence; and when she came back, Lucky and Ida were with her. "I left my berries at home," said Lolo. "Mamma said she would give them to the baby, with some cream and sugar on them."

After the large children had gone down on the hill-side, baby wanted to go too; but she was afraid to go straight down. She said, "I'll fall off." So Aunt Gitty showed her where she could go down the road that slanted across the hill-side to the meadow below. Down this broad way baby trotted till she came to a place in the bank, which was like a waterfall of clean sand. She stopped suddenly, and spread out her hands. "O, good dirt!" she cried. Surely it was a most desirable place to play in. By and by she came back to Aunt Gitty, and the other children wandered a long way off. After Alice had picked sorrel, and clover-heads, and daisies awhile, she asked, "Where are the shillens? I want a drink."

"Why don't you go to the house?" Aunt Gitty asked, for the house was only a little way beyond the orchard fence. Baby looked all round. "I can't see it," she said. She was lost within a few steps of her home. Aunt Gitty offered to show her the way, but she insisted on going to grandma's, which was in sight.

Going along, she sang gayly, —

"Old King Co-ul,
Merry old so-ul."

"That's what the shillens say," she explained, at the end of her song. She became very boastful, and said, "I've got a chimney on my house, I is." And when they passed the red calf, she bragged

some more. "Our little calf got sho-uk," she said, singing it out in the most self-satisfied way. Aunt Gitty could not boast of having a calf choked, but she had a new brood of chickens to show the baby, as they went through the garden. There were more than a dozen of them, and they were very pretty. Some had black wing-tips, and a black spot on the top of their heads.

When Alice was in the house, and had drunk some water, she said, "Now, I want some jinny-bread." While she was eating it, the other children came in to show their berries. They each had nearly a gill of berries, that were at least half-ripe. Then Ida and Lolo took the baby home with them, but Lucky and Charlie went out beside the wood-house, and worked on their ore separator. After a while, Charlie came running into the kitchen, eager to find somebody to go and see how finely their machine worked. Nobody was there but the new "hired girl." Charlie had not learned her name yet, but he must get somebody, and that quickly,—so he said to her, "Hired Girl,—Mr. Hired Girl, don't you want to see our stompers go?" "Mr. Hired Girl" was much pleased and flattered, but she begged to be excused: so Charlie had to go further.

When the raspberries ripened, they were very plenty, but not many grew near the children's home. There was a good place for them across the pond, in "the chopping," a notch cut in the old woods, a few years before; but to get there, one must go a long way round by the bridge, below the dam, and that made it too far for the children to walk. Luckily, when the berries were at their best, the pond was drawn off in order to repair the dam; and as the river was low at midsummer, it was easy to wade through it in swift places. So one day, when Ida came into grand-ma's, Aunt Gitty said, "Don't you and Lolo want to go berrying with me, across the pond?"

"O yes," cried Ida, and she ran to find Lolo. "Come, we're going berrying with Aunt Gitty," she said.

"O, g-oo-d, good!" spelled Lolo.

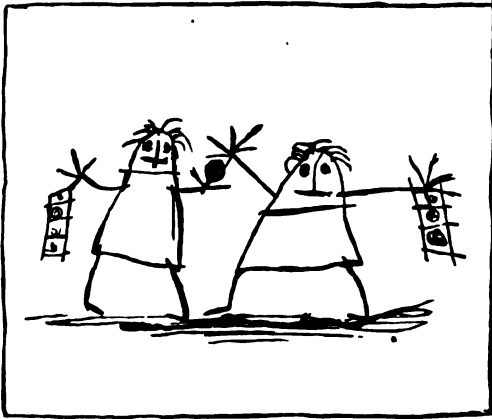
In a few minutes there was a merry jingling of tin pails and picking dishes, as they went

down the path to the big gate, with Billy biting Aunt Gitty's feet, and barking, to show his delight. They went through the gate into the pond meadow, and down through the clover and corn-field, past the fringe of choke-cherries, loaded with fruit, and at last came to the border of rich marsh plants by the pond. A sweet scent rose from the fragrant clines, as they waded through a deep tangle of them, all in bloom, and came out on the sandy bottom of the pond. Only a narrow stream ran swiftly in the pebbly bed it



had dug for itself in the sand, since the pond was drawn off. On the edge of the stream they sat down on the clean sand, and pulled off their shoes and stockings, and waded in. The water was only a few inches deep, but was so cold, and ran so swiftly, that the passage was quite exciting, and was by no means a noiseless one. A little trout, darting past them, went aground, and had a hard struggle to get free. When he did, he was gone like a flash of light. On the other shore they put on their shoes and stockings, and went up the path. Beside it they found their first berries,—black and red raspberries, and "thimble-berries, or Scotch-caps. Up the hill, next the wood, the berries were more plenty, but the tangle of brush and briers over rocks and

fallen trees, made it hard to go about. Lolo fell and spilled half her berries; but she made the best of it, and picked them up with the others' help. Aunt Gitty, who a few moments after



Charlie's picture of himself and the baby berrying. He is giving her a berry, and they have their baskets full.

tumbled into a deep hole, hidden by the brush, admonished Lolo to be very careful, — and Lolo was, for she only fell two or three times more; but she kept her berries from spilling each time, and was very proud of it. Each time she would say, "There! I didn't spill my berries; you won't see me spilling my berries again, you be sure."

Across the logs and stumps, great masses of the mountain fringe, loaded with pink flowers, were looped and festooned. Lolo was charmed, and called to Ida, "O Ida, just look! Isn't it just as pretty as it can be?" They asked to see each other's berries every few minutes, and wondered over them; and when not near enough to see, they would call to each other.

"I've got four thimble-berries," Lolo would shout.

"I've got six," Ida would call back again. They were astonished because Aunt Gitty had more berries than they, when she gave the best bushes to them. Ida found a marvelous great berry, and kept it on the top, where it could be seen.

"Aunt Gitty," cried Lolo across a brush-heap, "don't you want to see Ida's berry, her big whunker-berry?"

When they were tired enough to go home, the

little girls each had about a quart of berries, — "enough for tea," they said, and "wouldn't papa and mamma, and Charlie and the baby, be glad?"

They waded the river in a new place, and walked down on the dry bed of the pond, round the bend by the big boom, till they came in sight of the dam. They looked down in the deepest pools, and Aunt Gitty wondered where the great mud eels had gone. "O, there's one," cried Ida, pointing to a sucker idly turning up its shining side by a rock. Men were at work on the dam, and children were playing where yesterday the water would have been twice their height over their heads. Some were climbing upon the pier in the middle of the pond, and Lina (a pretty deaf and dumb girl) was paddling a boat around on a pool of water, and calling, with sharp, yet musical cries, to the children on the rocks.

Ida and Lolo and Aunt Gitty went up the bank, and when they were beyond the corn-field in the clover, they saw the houses about the grist-mill.

"O there," cried Lolo, "we're most home; I can see Mr. H-o-g Hodge's house."

Back of the nursery they climbed into the or-



This is Aunt Gitty picking berries, and I'm falling off a log and spilling my berries. Ida, she is 'stonished. The sun has got his wife with him. She's a star. See the bows on her hair.

chard. In the middle of it, Lolo was sure she could climb a tree which leaned over very much. She walked up the trunk a little way, and grasped at the great limbs above. It was not so very easy, so she gave it up; but said, "If I tried, I could climb it like a chick-muck."

"A chip-muck," said Ida, correcting her.

"O yes, a chip-muck," said Lolo.

When they reached home, everybody looked at the children's berries, and thought they had done well. They had enough for tea, and for "turnovers," to carry to school beside.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE Indians landed before nightfall. In the extremity of his terror, Willy remembered that on the eastern side of the river were the white settlements; if they brought him there, there was a chance (though but slight) that he might be seen and rescued. On the western side the whites never ventured, except to hunt, or to make tomahawk claims.

They landed on the western side, setting the canoe adrift. Willy, finding that his shrieks and prayers did him no good, threw himself down in a dogged lump on the shore, and refused to move. But they held him of as little account as if he had been a bush of the wild cotton on which he lay. Picking him up with one hand, one of them stripped off his clothes, holding up the bright cloth to the other with a satisfied grunt, and threw him a piece of dirty blanket to wrap around his bare body. Then they put him before them, and drove him into the thicket, pricking him with the sharp point of their knives if he lagged behind.

For hours and hours, through the dark forest the march went on. Far overhead he could see the twinkle of a star now and then in the dark blue; but ordinarily the foliage of the gigantic trees was so dense, that he stumbled on in darkness. At intervals came the far-off howl of a wolf, or the ill-boding whoop of a frightened owl; sometimes, too, he heard a strange, stifled, half human shriek, at which the hunters halted, as if to go in pursuit, and then hurried on. It was a panther, — but Willy thought it the cry of other prisoners than himself. He was old enough to remember the stories he had heard of the War of 1763, just two years ago, of the atrocities committed on the Indians by "the Paxton Boys," and their revenge. Their prisoners since then, he knew, were burned at the stake.

For an hour or two he went on before them, his legs dripping with blood, torn by the burrs and underbrush. He walked so steadily and silently, that I think the boy had lost the full consciousness of where he was, in the extremity of his terror. Suddenly, all strength and sense left him, in a moment. He dropped, and lay at their feet as lifeless as a block. One of the Indians picked him up and slung him over his shoulder, and they kept steadily on their march.

Broad daylight was shining when Willy opened

his eyes again. They were in the heart of the forest. On an open space between the trees a low fire was burning, in front of which hung a square piece of flesh, cooking. In a few moments one of the Indians took it down and divided it with his companion, cutting off a chunk when he saw Willy watching him, and throwing it to him as if he had been a dog. Willy ate it ravenously.

Boys, nowadays, talk of Indians as if they actually had been the "red devils" which the settlers then called them; and when one reads of their torture of the whites, — their burning and scalping, — it seems as if we were forced to think it. But then, after all, they knew the pale-faces precisely as we would know a strange wild beast that comes among us. They judged them solely by their actions. When the whites were friendly and kind, they treated them hospitably, and met them more than half-way, as in the case of the Moravians and Quakers. But when they not only robbed them of their land, and murdered them in cold blood, as had been done at Lancaster the year before Willy was taken prisoner, the Indians tried to rid themselves of the pestilent intruder by scalping and burning him. Yet, when one watches a mule-driver now on the streets, or boys in a cock-pit, or remembers that, in our own Christian war, the savagest methods were defended as the speediest and most effectual, one doubts whether human nature was not the same a hundred years ago, and the red-skins only our brothers, after all.

Willy lay on the ground without moving, all day. Sometimes he cried for his father, or for Jont, but generally he sobbed and wept like a baby. "It's my own fault," he muttered again and again. For a wonder, he was honest enough to see it was his vanity and ill-temper that were to blame. If Jont had been taken too, he would have been tough, and strong, and able to defend himself. Willy was as full of aches and pains in his tender flesh as an infant would have been. "They've made a girl of me," he said, "keeping me in-doors." But when night came on, he forgot all such thoughts. As long as daylight had lasted, he felt, somehow, as if help was near. But now he gave up utterly. Just before nightfall, the camp was visited by about twenty Indians, who apparently belonged to the same tribe

as his captors. They looked at and punched him with great satisfaction, and then went on, leaving him with the two who had taken him, who (he guessed by their signs) were to follow with him in the morning. How was help to come to him? His father and uncle were a week's journey distant, and the one or two white settlers near the cabin would not dare to pursue so formidable a number. To-morrow he would join the remainder of the tribe, and then — Willy lay staring into the dark woods, seeing nothing but the stake and bloody pile.

The Indians had piled up the fire, and stretched themselves for the night, with their feet toward it. Suddenly they raised their heads; out from far in the thicket came the half-whine, half-cry of a panther, — the next moment it was close at hand. They got up, took their guns, and hurried into the forest. Willy did not stir. If the panther had been before him, he would hardly have moved. But the next instant he sprang to his feet, and would have cried out if a hand had not been clapped over his mouth, and dragged him down. "Be quiet, Willy, or I can do nothing for you."

"O Jont, Jont!" He clung to Jont's hand as if it were pulling him out of the grave.

"Haud me that whiskey bottle, yonder. Quick! they're coming."

Willy could reach it where it lay, on the buffalo skins. Jont took it, thrust a handful of powdered leaves into it, shook it violently, and motioned to Willy to put it back again.

"Let us go! O, let us go!" sobbed Willy. "They're hunting the panther."

"There was no panther. It was I. Be still."

"They're going to burn me! Take me away, Jont. Don't leave me."

Jont forced him down. "Now look here, boy," in a short, sharp whisper. "I came to save you. If you go on this way, they'll burn us both. Will you do what I say?"

It was as if Jont had dragged him up face to face with death. Willy's sobs suddenly stopped. "Yes, I will," he said quietly.

"Lie down there, then, and keep dead still. When it's time, I'll come for you." He disappeared, crawling like a snake in the bush. Willy lay down, and shut his eyes. In a moment the Indians came back, muttering to each other. Before they lay down again, they both took a long pull at the whiskey bottle, one of them making a grimace as he put it down, and looking curiously into it. The glass was thick, however, and he was drowsy, and they were both soon asleep. As

soon as they began to snore, Jont touched Willy on the arm.

"Hush-h! Snake yourself through the grass."

"I can't." Willy walked on, crushing the twigs with every step, thinking, even at that terrible minute, that his inexpertness and ignorance would surely be the cause of his death at last. There were so many things he did not know! One of the Indians stirred.

"This won't do," thought Jont. He got up, threw Willy over his shoulders as if he had been a sack of corn, and stole on, stealthy as a cat.

"Faster, Jont. O, faster! They'll burn me!" Jont gave his legs a clinch that made him very glad to hold his tongue. When they were a few yards distant, he went on with swift, loping strides. The moon had risen, and glimmered down on them; a dark, shaggy figure rose from the path, and joined them. "Good Bull!" muttered Jont. The dog wagged his tail, but made no sound. He and his master moved as noiselessly as two ghosts. Jont set Willy down at last.

"Now you must walk. Why, where are your shoes? I must go back for them. You can't go barefooted."

Willy held him. "I can. O, I can! Let us go on. Don't lose time."

"It will save it in the end." Jont was quiet and cool, as if they were taking a walk for pleasure. In a moment he was gone. It seemed hours to Willy before he came back. He carried a pair of moccasins. "These were all I could get," lacing them on Willy. "Now let's see what stuff is in your legs."

"Are they coming?" as they hurried on.

"They won't come very fast, after that dose," chuckling.

"Was it poison?" drawing suddenly away from him.

"No, child. But it will make them horribly sick. I had time to plan it. I got on your trail at last, this morning. Bull and I were hid in the bushes beside you, all day."

Jont seemed to have time to think of everything. He kept Willy up to the same steady, swift pace, all night, when he flagged, taking him up and carrying him, — though that, of course, could only last for a little way. Sturdy as he was, Jont was only a child. Twice they struck a stream, and both times they got in, dog and all, and waded back, coming out on the other side, above where they entered.

"What are you doing, Jont?"

"Throwing them off the trail. They can't scent us in the water."

"They couldn't smell *me*, anyhow."

Jont laughed. The boys' spirits were rising, so long a time now had passed without pursuit. Willy scarcely felt his sore bones and aching legs. Day began to dawn. The sky first darkened, and then grew gray.

"One hour more, and we will reach the river," cried Jont, "and then we are safe." But the next moment he lifted his hand, and stood still as one of the tree-trunks about him, listening. The color had left his face.

"They are on our trail. They are not a hundred feet behind us!" The next instant he dragged Willy into a wet swamp at one side, and crouched low with him under the weeds and grass. Bull followed without bidding.

They held their breath. In a moment more the Indians passed. They paused, — stopped; the trail was lost in the wet earth. The lives of the boys hung in that moment's balance. Then — the Indians hurried on. Before they were out of sight, Jont motioned to Willy and the dog, and struck the path again.

"Where are you going?"

"After them," said Jont, with a grim chuckle. "They can't follow us, if we're behind, can they?"

The boy was famous for his expedients, in the old annals of the settlers. Twice before they reached the river, he practiced this, — the Indians doubling on them. By means of this he gained time, struck across the wilderness due east, and finally gained the bank of the broad, swift current.

"There is no time to make a raft," he said. "The ford is a mile below. We'll try to reach it." But Willy noticed that he looked pale and unhopeful, as he had not done before.

They were within a few rods of the ford, when they heard the Indians behind them. Again Jont dragged Willy into shelter. His thoughts seemed to come to him, prompt, ready, and cool as a man's. "Listen to me. We can't both hide here. I'll go out in sight, and take them up stream. When they are following me, do you go down and cross the ford. That is Wheeling Fort on the other side. You're safe there."

Willy was not altogether selfish. "But you, Jont?"

Jont gave a sort of gulp. "O, I'm a match for two red-skins. If I'm not — Well, good-by, Willy. Go with him, Bull."

For the first time, Bull growled, and marched angrily to his master's side.

"Bull!" Jont motioned to the dog, and he

obeyed him. "Poor old fellow," he muttered. "If I shouldn't get over the river, Willy, tell mother" — But there he stopped short. Then he looked at his rifle, cocked it, and suddenly breaking cover, ran like a deer up the long, yellow, pebbly bank of the river. The next moment there was a wild whoop, as the Indians caught sight of him. They followed in hot pursuit. Willy, forgetful of his own danger, came out to watch them. Jont's pace slackened, — they gained on him, faster, faster. Suddenly he turned and fired; and the foremost Indian, struck below the knee, staggered and fell. Seeing Jont's gun discharged, the other gave a yell of triumph, and ran with great leaps, like an animal, close to him. Jont never slackened in his pace, but —

"He's loading as he runs!" shrieked Willy. "O Bull! he's loading as he runs!"

The next instant Jont turned, firing as he turned, and then leaped into the river. The Indian fell. Willy ran with the dog down to the ford. When he reached the other shore, he saw that one of the Indians had staggered to his feet, and was watching the chance to aim at Jont when he rose for breath to the surface.

It came at last. There was a blinding flash, and the boy sank. The water reddened with his blood. Willy ran in. He did not think of himself now. Perhaps he would never think of himself so much again. When he was shoulder deep, he met Jont paddling faintly, and tried to help drag him ashore.

"You're a good fellow, Willy; — a real good fellow. Did I kill them?"

"No," — dragging him up on the bank.

"I'm glad I didn't. I don't want — bloody hands," and then his head dropped on the sand; and Bull, with a whine, came and licked his wounded side.

The people at the fort were very kind to the boys. They nursed, and dosed, and fed them, — and, above all, made heroes of them. The story of their escape is told in that country to this day. It was a week before they were able to go home to the cabin, with Doctor Lewis, and Jont's father and mother, who were all at the fort. That was a happy evening when they gathered about the fire for the first time. Willy had just eaten a hearty supper. He was always hungry now, and busy, and full of life and fun.

"Jont will make a man of you soon, Willy," said his father.

"Not such a man as he is," said Willy, under his breath.

A SWARM OF BEES.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

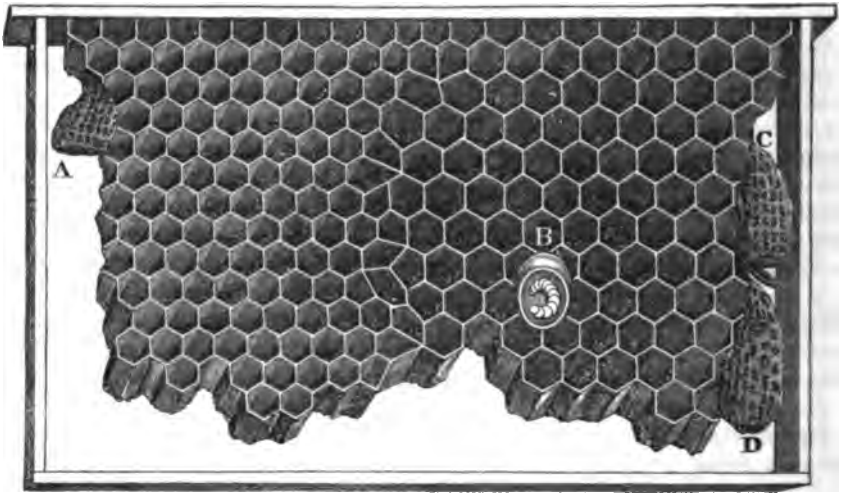
We left our bees last month well settled in the hive, and ready to work. By June their numbers will be so increased, and the hive so crowded, that it will be necessary for a swarm to be sent off. Many of our readers are familiar with the great excitement, when bees swarmed from the old-fashioned hives. The cry, "The bees are swarming!" was the signal for beating pans and kettles, ringing dinner-bells, and even blowing the old shells that sometimes lay in the farmer's best parlor.

Swarming is one of the most interesting events in the bee-keeper's experience now, but all the noisy demonstrations on his part are done away, if he be not behind the age.

We have seen that every swarm must have a queen, and only one. Before swarming, the bees are directed by instinct to make provision for a new queen, for the old one goes out with the new col-

ony. Queens are raised by feeding worker larvæ with stimulating food, and by providing them more spacious apartments than those of the ordinary bees. The royal cells have the appearance of long lumps of wax hanging downward from the comb. In the upper part of these are the little worms, or larvæ, which are to become queens, lying in a mass of whitish, albuminous jelly.

Here is a picture of a frame, upon the comb in which are several royal cells. Among the smaller cells also there is a queen cell, marked B, which has been made by gnawing away the walls of several of the six-sided cells. When completed, this will be covered over with wax, so that we could not see the undeveloped larvæ as we do in the picture. This worm is no larger than about an eighth of an inch of the pointed end of a pin.



A, Queen cell. B, another (see text). C, Queen cell, representing the cap or lid as it often appears just after the young queen has hatched. D, a perfect queen cell.

There are good reasons for building several royal cells at once. Two or more swarms may be sent out, each of which will need a queen; and besides, some of them might die before hatching. In either case, there would be a deficiency of queens, and, without a ruler, the hive would be in a state of anarchy. If the season be a favorable one for swarming, the bees will set guards over the extra cells, because instinct would lead the first queen hatched to destroy every im-

mature queen. How wonderful the provision that insures one queen, and only one, for every swarm!

Between the hours of ten and one, of some bright, warm day in the early summer, we shall find our hive the centre of an unusual excitement. Examination will prove that it prevails inside of the hive, as well as in the air about it. A few bees are seen flying out of, and around the hive, and then darting into it again, in a frantic

and most unnatural manner, — at least, we think it unnatural, for it is the first demonstration of the sort we have noticed. We may have seen the bees gayly exercising themselves about their home often on sunny afternoons, but something marks the present phenomenon as different from that. By degrees the agitation grows contagious, and the buzzing crowd increases constantly, in numbers as well as in activity.

Some fly a little way, and alight, — then more fly out, and hover about the hive in a state of apparent uncertainty, — until at last the idea has penetrated the whole swarm that moving day has come. Now old bees fairly pour out of the hive, — and young bees, too, in shoals, — many so young that they cannot fly, and drop down in the grass to die. About half the swarm is out, and here comes the queen, heavily burdened with eggs, and almost unable to fly. Majestically she stalks forth, all her subjects kindly, and with the utmost assiduity, looking out for her safety. Now the air is black with the great number flying about us. Some are darting quite too familiarly about our heads, perhaps wishing to intimate that we have no business to interfere; or do they mean to suggest that we have forgotten our bee-veils, and have not lighted our spunk. Cautiously retreating, let us put on our light armor, and then we may return to the animated scene in a better condition for action.

We understood the bees intended to go to the woods, but on our return we find them fast alighting on a branch of one of our little apple-trees. They have two reasons for this. They have not yet decided where to go, and now send out scouts to find a desirable home. This is one reason; and the other is, that they all wish to have a fair and even start, and they could not all come out of the hive together, because the passage was so small.

They are piled upon one another most curiously; and now that they are so grouped, the queen comes, among the last. She is often supposed to be first, and the leader, but we see she is one of the last. She alights on a neighboring leaf, and then crawling toward the cluster, disappears in the crowd. See how the little branch bends down! The bees would fill a peck measure, and weigh about six pounds.

The new and immense family so suddenly thrown upon our care, must now be put inside a hive. How shall it be done? We should have one in readiness for this emergency, some days in advance. It should be just as we described it last month, but with no honey-boxes on it. Set

this beneath the tree, with a cloth two or three feet square spread before it, to keep the bees' out of the grass or dust, and to help them get to the entrance. Now, turn to the swarm.

Every bee, before leaving the old hive, has filled himself with honey, and we may consider the swarm pretty good-natured; but it will be well to use our spunk-smoke upon them, to be sure we have them quite manageable. Holding the spunk directly under the swarm, we let the smoke rise into the group just a moment. Having taken off the top of the hive, and the honey-board, we now take a handful of bees from the cluster, deposit them directly on the top of the frames, cover them with the honey-board, and put the top of the hive in its place again. If the novice prefer, he may use a dipper instead of his hand, in scooping up the bees.

Now, take another handful or two, and deposit them at the entrance. The two parties will soon communicate, and will probably congratulate each other upon the grand opportunity to go to house-keeping, afforded in the capacious hive. We may now return to the loaded branch, gently shake the remainder of the swarm into a large tin pan, and pour them all down at the entrance of the hive, just as if they were kernels of corn, or grains of barley. They will immediately rush for the entrance, — reminding you of the rush for seats, when Dickens was to read at Steinway Hall, — or of the old times, when Jenny Lind used to sing to our fathers at Castle Garden. They cannot all enter at once, and you may help them, when the passage is crowded, by stirring them up with a soft brush, or a chicken-wing. Soon the queen will be seen with her long legs, rushing headlong over her subjects; and so soon as she is within, there is no need of our help, for the others will surely follow. When nearly all have entered, we may gently carry the hive to a shady spot, where it is to remain for the season. Some stragglers may not be able to find where we have placed it; but no matter, — for they will return to the parent stock, to replenish its exhausted numbers. Bees have a remarkable local faculty; and if their hive be removed but a short distance, they will linger about the old spot in thousands, when they return from gathering honey, and many will lose their lives because they cannot find their home. After swarming, however, not one bee will leave the new location, to return to the parent stock.

Let us now go back to the old hive. The frames have a very deserted appearance, for not only is the swarm gone, but most of the other

bees are out getting honey. There are only a few scattered bees on the combs, which are filled with honey, brood, and young bees. In a few moments we see scores of little, perfectly formed bees, breaking the doors, and emerging from their prison cells. Thousands will thus come forth every day, and in a week the hive will appear (to a casual observer) to contain nearly as many as it had before the swarm left, and all operations will be found to progress as if nothing had happened. There are, however, important points of difference between the condition after and before swarming.

The old queen left with the colony, and some of the larvæ of which we spoke as having been previously prepared for this emergency, must now be developed. This is immediately attended to, and provision is made also to give queens to future swarms, for there may be several more.

If the season be favorable, we may expect a second swarm in about ten days after the first issued, so quickly is the hive refilled! In this there may be several queens, — Mr. Bradley says he has sometimes counted eight, — but when the swarm is hived, all will be destroyed except one. If we desire only one swarm more, we must open the old hive, and destroy all the queen cells but one, six days after the first swarm issued. If the bees only design to have one, they will attend to this business for us; and the first queen hatched, will go to each other royal cell, and destroy every undeveloped queen. If, however, the bees do design to have other swarms, they will set guards over the royal cells, to protect them from the murderous instincts of their sovereign.

About the first part of June, in this climate, the honey-boxes should be placed on the old hive, and on the first new swarm, about a week after hiving.

Though bees will not leave their new home to return to the old hive, it sometimes happens that they will decamp for parts unknown, within a few days after they have issued. An accident of this sort once occurred in Mr. Bradley's well-managed family. In this case the bees began to work, as if entirely contented, — they built comb, gathered honey, and laid eggs. On the third day they were in great commotion. They soon poured out of the hive in great numbers, and it was evident that they intended to leave in a body. Still, supposing they would cluster on a neighboring tree, Mr. Bradley left them a few moments. When he returned, they were gone, — had started for the woods, — foolishly preferring a hollow tree

to the elegant movable-comb hive arranged so ingeniously for their comfort.

When bees set out for the woods, they go slowly at first, in order that the stragglers may not be left behind. Their march may be likened to that of the children of Israel in the wilderness. This moderation gave Mr. Bradley an opportunity to search for his lost tribe, and he soon found it. But one might almost as well try to "dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes," as to attempt to stop twenty thousand bees on their march for freedom. Bee-keepers have several ways to attempt this, but none that are sure to prove successful. One of them is to throw dirt into the swarm, to confuse it, and to cause the bees to alight. In this case all efforts were vain, and Mr. Bradley followed the runaways for half a mile, their increasing speed permitting him only to keep them in sight, but not to get very near them. Much to his astonishment, the bees finally clustered on the cornice of a two-story house, which they entered through a small hole. With a long ladder he climbed to the place, but the last straggler had entered, and he could only hear them buzzing away back under the garret floor.

The family in the house was almost as greatly excited as the Romans were, when Alaric poured his hosts of barbarians upon their great city, and almost as helpless. The garret was full of bees, but where was the main body of the colony? It was difficult to say, for scouts were crawling from every crack and hole. By taking up one of the boards of the floor, the swarm was at last found, but so far away that Mr. Bradley could only get them out by reaching the whole length of his arm, and taking about a half-pint of them at a time. Thus he secured the greater part, put them in a box, and carried them home under his arm. Once back in the hive, they appeared as joyful as a lost child returned to the comforts of home, and to the caresses of a loving mother. They proved one of the best swarms in the apiary, showing what good results come from hunting prodigals, and treating them kindly.

We have now considered the mode of procedure, in cases of natural swarming; but suppose we have not time to watch the hive, or do not wish to await the movements of the bees, how can we cause them to swarm when it is convenient to us? Mr. Bradley says that by taking advantage of the instincts of the bee, and by arranging affairs in such a way as to leave them no alternative, we may cause them to swarm when we wish them to do so.

Select a pleasant day, when they are apparently ready to swarm soon; and having taken off the top of the hive, the boxes, and the honey-board, look for the queen among the clusters on the frames. If she be an Italian, we shall very readily find her. Then take the frame, with all the other bees also that are clustered on it, and carefully place it in another hive. This leaves a vacant space among the frames, which must be filled. If we put another in the old place, the bees would fill it with drone comb, which we do not want. We will therefore close up the space by moving the remaining frames close together, and put the empty frame in the outer space. The next step is to put the old hive in a new position, and the new hive in the place occupied by the old one. Thus we take advantage of the local instinct of the bees; for when those from the old hive go out to gather honey, they will return filled to the new one. Notwithstanding the deserted appearance of the place, they will be content to remain, because the presence of the old queen, and the cluster of their friends, will make them feel at home. There will be enough additions, in this way, to make a swarm of the common size, and it will work just as well as if it had been natural.

Meantime the old swarm will begin to feed from two to twenty new queens. In about eight days their cells will be all capped over, and you may save them for future use, if you choose. In order to do this, you will need some miniature hives. They are made just like the larger ones, but only five inches square inside, with three little frames to hang in them, and with no boxes for surplus honey. The tops should be movable, but the bottoms fastened. The entrance must be only one inch long, for we have already learned that if there are few bees in a hive, the entrance must be small. Now fit a piece of old honey into one of our little frames, and a piece of empty comb into another. Fill the third with comb full of maturing bees, from the hive which has the queen cells, or from some other. Cut out a square inch of comb with a royal cell attached, and fit it nicely in its natural position into the frame containing the maturing brood. This is a delicate operation, for the extremely sensitive wings of the young queen may be injured by rough usage. Carefully executed, however, there is little danger. Now, take a frame that has a cluster of bees on it, from the hive from which you have taken the brood cells, and, holding it over the miniature hive, with a feather gently brush nearly a half-pint of bees into it. Then

the miniature hive must be closed in such a way as to give the bees air, but so that they cannot escape, and kept in a cellar until sunset of the third day. If the hive is filled on Wednesday, it must be kept in the cellar until Friday, and then placed in position in the apiary. If you have a number of these, they should be distributed in a natural way, and not arranged in any formal manner. Nearly all will remain in the miniature hive, will hatch the queen you have given them, and proceed with the other operations exactly as in a large hive.

Suppose, however, that instead of wishing to keep the queen in a miniature hive, Mr. Bradley desired to send her to New York, or to Riverside, — how could that be done? He says he should send her by mail, just as if she were only a newspaper. If we had time, we might spend it very pleasantly, talking about the singular contents of the mail-bags. Last April the Editor told us something about it, but he did not mention bees.

We shall imagine that the Editor is keeping bees, and that his queen has died, or is lost. He writes to Mr. Bradley, asking him to send him a new queen. We must understand that if a strange queen be introduced to a hive, the others will probably kill her immediately. There is a peculiar scent about the bees of each swarm, and a new queen must be very carefully introduced. Mr. Bradley will accomplish this in the following manner. He takes a piece of wire gauze, three inches square, having about eight strands to the inch. This he rolls into the form of a cylinder. He then prepares two round plugs of pine, of about an inch diameter. He bores a hollow in one end of each of these, and fills it with a piece of sponge saturated with honey. One of these plugs is immediately inserted in the gauze cylinder, and secured. Then the queen, and a few bees for company, are put inside, and the other plug inserted and secured.

Mr. Bradley then seals the cage up in paper, addresses it, puts on the requisite stamps, and having pierced a hole in the side, to give the bees air, drops it into the post-office. Upon receiving this curious parcel, the Editor would take the papers off, and lay the cage on the frames of his queenless hive, for twenty-four hours. The bees would probably buzz about the cage a good deal, and we can very easily imagine them holding an indignation meeting, and passing resolutions of sympathy for the prisoners. When the twenty-four hours had expired, the queen would be of very much the same scent as the other bees of

the hive. Still it would be best not to admit her too suddenly to her new subjects. The Editor must first take out one of the plugs, and stop the end with a piece of honey-comb. Now the bees begin to dig the queen out, and before much time has elapsed, they have her entirely free. Having obtained her in this manner, they will allow her to reign with undisputed sway. In like manner, if Mr. Bradley had desired to retain the queen, in view of a future demand, he might have kept her in one of his own queenless hives, caged up as long as necessary.

It is a mystery to some how Mr. Bradley has learned so much about bees, and their doings inside the hive, when it is evidently impossible to look into it without taking it apart, and thereby disturbing the swarm. It is well, for the credit of our story, to explain that he has some small hives for these purposes, made of glass, and that with care he can make the bees work in daylight.

If any reader of the "Riverside" desires to

study the habits of bees accurately, he may do it by means of one of these observing hives. Make a hive only large enough to contain a single frame of the larger size. Let the sides be of glass, and the ends (top and bottom) of pine. Into this put a frame containing brood, honey, and bees. Keep it in a cellar until sunset of the third day. Then, if you choose, you may place it in your sitting-room on a bracket by the window, where it may be screened from the direct rays of the sun. There should be an entrance from the open air, which may be by a tube running under the sash; and there should be an opening on the opposite side, covered by wire gauze, in order to allow of perfect ventilation.

Thus you may examine every operation of the hive, while the bees will have no chance to get at you, — a great desideratum with some, — and thus you may see how the eggs are laid, the young reared, the queens developed, the honey deposited, the comb made, and how many other marvelous operations are carried on.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

XXIII.

"CHERRIES are ripe! Cherries are ripe!"
I heard a little bird cry.



Cherries are ripe! cherries are ripe!
Now we can have cherry-pie!
Flour and water, sweet butter and lard,
Mix in a paste, and roll it out hard,

Roll it out hard, and roll it out thin;
Lay the red cherries and sugar within.
Open the oven,
Put it in quick!
And when it is baked,
Give a big piece to Dick,
Because he has been a good boy.

XXIV.

A great Cuckoo
Saucily flew
Into the new
And beautiful house
Of a tiny Titmouse.

"O dear!" said she,
"Do you not see
This house for three
Is much too small?
And you're so tall!"

"O, but for you
And me, 'twill do,"
Said the Cuckoo.
"Tis far too nice
For mere Titmice."

Now Titmouse came,
As fierce as flame,
To help his dame.
Said he, "You loût,
You'd best clear out!"

But the Cuckoo
Answered, "Pooh, pooh!
A fig for you!
You talk too loud, —
You'll bring a crowd.

"Your pretty dame
Will bear the blame.
I'll say I came
At her request
Into your nest.

"She sang so sweet,
She looked so neat,
She did entreat —
Then all will cry,
'O fie! O fie!'"

Dame Titmouse heard:
"O, wicked bird,"
She cried, "your word
Meets no belief;
You are a thief!"

But Mr. T.
Felt how 'twould be;
Unwillingly
Said, "We had best
Give up the nest."

Away they flew,
While the Cuckoo
Cried, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"
The wood around
Rang with the sound.

But as he sat,
Jolly and fat,
A great Tom-cat
Him, careless, saw;
And with swift paw

And crushing bite,
Destroyed him quite.
And serve him right!
So poor Titmouse
Got back his house.

XXV.

Robin he,
On a tree,
Saw ripe cherries — one, two, three.

"Tweet, tweet," said he,
"Those for me,
Are just the very things, you see!"

Now he knew,
As he flew,
That his wife would like some too.

But I've heard,
The greedy bird
Never said to her a word.

Devoured them quite,
Nor left a mite,
And went home very late at night!

XXVI.

Rain, rain,
Here again,
Rattling on the window-pane.

Please to stop;
Every drop
Helps to make more mud and slop.



Here we stay
All the day,
In the house, and try to play.

When you're done,
We can run
Out of doors, and have some fun.

XXVII.

Helter-skelter over the grass,
 While the butter-cups bend to let them pass,
 The grasshoppers, all the livelong day,
 At hide and go-seek, and leap-frog, play.
 Up hops limber-legs after his brother,
 Over the heads of one another,
 Away they spring, and each one goes
 Skipping about on the tips of his toes.
 Here with a jump, and there with a fling,
 Keeping time to the song that the crickets
 sing.

Creek, creek, creekity cree,
 Helter-skelter, nimblety knee.
 Our long-legged cousins
 Leap so high,
 They'll catch in the clouds
 That go sailing by !

Helter-skelter, nimblety knee,
 Creek, creek, creekity cree.

Creek, creek, creekity cree,
 Helter-skelter, nimblety knee.
 Here is the fiddler,
 Where is his fee?
 Hunt in the clover,
 And bring what you see.
 Helter-skelter, nimblety knee,
 Creek, creek, creekity cree.

Creek, creek, creekity cree,
 Helter-skelter, nimblety knee.
 Never give up the game,
 It is such jolly fun
 To go frisking about
 In the heat of the sun !
 Helter-skelter, nimblety knee,
 Creek, creek, creekity cree.

JACK OF THE MILL.

THERE is a capital story-book by William Howitt, called "The Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill, — commonly called Lord Othmill,"* which every wide-awake boy would like. It tells of life in England during the persecution of the Lollards, and relates the adventures of a country lad named Jack, who got into more scrapes, and got out of them more ingeniously than could be told in less space than the book itself. He grew up bold and manly, and did good service in a good cause. The book tells in a lively fashion a great deal of the romantic life of the times, both in England and on the Continent.

Our frontispiece, by Mr. Darley, illustrates one of the incidents in the book. Jack, who was a sturdy little fellow, had come to an inn; and entering, was set upon with questions by some rough fellows, who were on no good business in the country. They got angry at his answers, and, moreover, professed to believe that he was some secret agent, carrying important dispatches; so, finally, they informed him that willy-nilly he must be searched by them.

"Mine host," said Jack, "will you suffer such things to be done under your roof? I'm under your protection, and I expect you to protect me.

* Harper and Brothers, Publishers: New York. Price 25 cents.

I'm nothing that these gentlemen suspect me of, and as an honest lad I scorn to be searched."

The host shook his head, and said, "These honest men won't hurt you if you be reasonable, and it's not in my power to prevent them doing their pleasure."

"Then," said Jack, starting up, and drawing his hanger, "the first man that touches me, let him take care of this."

The fellows laughed, all rose up together, pushing their seats away behind them, and said, "Well done, little cock! That's a brave stomach, however. But see! for one little cheese-toaster of thine, here are half a dozen spits."

They drew their swords and advanced, to hem in Jack as they would hem in a sheep or a colt.

"Be reasonable, my cock o' the woods," said they coaxingly; "be reasonable now," added they, laughing and still approaching.

"What a bully boy it would be, though," said one, "if he were but as big as his heart is!"

Jack, without waiting further, sprang upon the table on which he had supped, at another spring he was on the shelf over the great wide chimney-piece, and flourishing his sword, said, "Gentlemen, there is more in me than you think of; you had better desist."

They stood a moment with open mouths and staring eyes, astonished at this agility; but again bursting with laughter, said, — "What a young

monkey of a Jack-pudding! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Why, thou'st escaped from thy master, the merry-andrew! A smith, indeed! But come there, Hop-o'-my-thumb, or we shall find means to reach thee!"

All of them now reached upward with their swords toward him; but these not being long enough, one ran and brought a long pike, and poked at him, crying, "Dost yield?"

"Never!" cried Jack, cutting the pike asunder with a stroke of his sword. "Never! and in token of it, take that — and that — and that!" and with these words he flung down the heavy smoothing-irons, which were ranged up there by the hostess. So unexpected was this assault, that not a missile but took effect. One iron struck mine host in the centre of his capacious chest, and felled him of a heap against his great table. The second struck one of the fellows on his right shoulder, and his sword went jingling out of his hand to the floor. The third took effect full on the cheek of another, and marked him for life. He reeled away to the wall, and clapping his hands before his face, groaned aloud. The rest, astonished and enraged at this outburst, swore desperate vengeance; and mounting on tables and chairs, struck with fury at Jack, who, still out of their reach, now plied his missiles with incessant activity. Irons, weights, candlesticks, flew down about the heads of his assailants in a shower which did not miss those against whom it was directed. A huge cleaver and various iron stew-pans, that hung within reach, followed without loss of time. On a corner cupboard near, stood a massy jar full of salt, to keep

it dry. Jack sprung upon the cupboard, hoisted the jar in both hands, and dismissing it on his foes with all his might, it fell on the back of a chair, and carried it and the man who stood in it down together. Reeling against his fellows, there was a general tumble and confusion. The host, who had now recovered his breath sufficiently from the blow on his chest, seeing the destruction that was going on, cried out, "Stop, stop, thou young devil! stop, — enough! I'll engage for these honest men!" But Jack, who had the moment before espied a glorious advantage, was too eager to heed him. He had leaped back to his former position on the mantel-piece, and cutting the two front strings of a huge bacon-rack which hung from the ceiling, down went, on the falling and stumbling foes, bacon, hams, sticks, and several large cheeses, which had been laid there to dry, in a horrible chaos.

The host, who saw it coming, clapped his hands to his ears, and rushed out of the house. The rest of the assailants, overwhelmed by this ponderous descent of commodities, that fall more agreeably into hungry stomachs in suitable doses than in the wholesale upon heads, lay sprawling and stunned about the floor. Without waiting for their resurrection, Jack leaped down from his elevated station, stepped over chairs and tables and prostrate bodies, and made the best of his way to his room. Here he determined to barricade himself for the night, if possible; and, if not, to make his escape out of a window.

How he got away then, one must read the book to see.

THE SETTLE.

It is pleasant to see another of Andersen's winning stories in our Magazine, and to be assured that the good old man, so far off in Denmark, is thinking of us, and writing his stories for children whom he has never seen, and never will see. Since the story came, two others have been sent by him, and now we may expect, month by month, to see one of his new fancies, written at Sorö under the apple-trees, or at Basnoes by the sea-side, for Andersen has many hospitable friends who welcome him to their houses; and when he comes back from his winter wanderings in Spain, and Italy, and France, he finds doors open wide to receive him in Denmark; we may be sure that he is equally at home with the little girl who was to wear bows at the party, and with the one who was to have hot potatoes for supper.

Another welcome visitor has returned. You remember E. Johnson, who told the pretty stories of "The Judge's Pets?" — real pets of a real Judge. If you read "The Frolic" in this number, you will find some old friends, and for the next three months we are to have more stories of the "Judge's Pets."

It is vacation time now with many children, and even I, the Magazine Man, expect to put the warehouse in order, and run away for a few days now and then into the country. I shall look for you, perched in apple-trees, or playing on the beach, — playing croquet too, and going berrying. I believe I never go by a window where a little girl or boy is reading, but I look curiously to see if they are not possibly reading the "Riverside;" for I read it and like it, and want others to enjoy it with me. I

know of one little boy who cannot play about as most children can, but to whom a kind friend sends the "Riverside." Do you know, he feels quite intimate with Stannie and Dickon, those little rogues in "Little-Folk Songs." I have a thought: many of us get the Magazine without much trouble; we can afford to buy it: now, after we have read a number, let us think if there is not some child, who only once in a while has warm potatoes for supper, and would enjoy the "Riverside" even more; then we can lend or give it ours. I mean to do it: what do you say?

Let us now see what the pigeon-hole — where I keep the riddles — contains.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

My *whole* "the foremost of the lovely train,"

Doth come; while of my *first* there's many a trace.

My *second* visits us in every rain,

And in my *whole* may find a resting-place.

CROSS WORDS.

1. The heads of Scottish maidens I adorn,
But *here*, perchance, would meet with Fashion's scorn.
2. The refrain of the "Old Clock on the Stair,"
And to the strongest hearts I strike despair.
3. In Venezuela do I make my bed:
Look on your maps, — you'll see 'tis as I said.
4. They were quietly sleeping, — the day's work was done, —
What was that made each waken, and spring to his gun?
Through the dim woods there echoed that terrible cry, —
" 'Tis the Indians, — the Indians! We will conquer, or die!"

M. S. H.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. My *whole* is extensively used in every house, and is composed of five letters.
My 1, 3, 5, is a kind of a ditch.
My 1, 2, 5, is a nickname.
My 1, 3, 4, 5, is found in the table of Wine Measure.
My 5, 3, 1, is the name of a dog.
My 2, 4, 5, is an insect.
My 1, 2, 4, is sometimes a utensil for cooking.
My 4, 2, 5, is a nickname.
My 5, 2, 4, is caused from the effects of the sun and the wind.
2. I am composed of nine letters.
My 9, 7, 4, 6, 8, is a range of mountains in Asia.
My 9, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 6, is a country in Europe.
My 6, 5, 1, 7, is a sea in my 1, 3, 8, 9.
My 1, 6, 5, is a river of Switzerland.

My 2, 5, 9, 7, is a river in my 5, 2, 3, 8, 1.

My *whole* is the name of an island in Oceanica.

3. My *whole* is a city in one of the Southern States, and is composed of ten letters.

My 9, 2, 3, is not old.

My 6, 2, 8, 1, is not very fat.

My 2, 8, 5, is a fixture of the head.

My 8, 1, 10, 3, 2, 5, is what is expected when a question is asked.

My 6, 7, 8, 5, is the name of a king in one of Shakespeare's plays.

My 2, 8, 5, 6, is an English title.

My 1, 7, 8, 5, is not far.

My 6, 8, 3, 10, is what this country is governed by.

A. F. A.

4. I am composed of twenty letters.

My 16, 20, 18, 11, 4, 7, 20, is a group of islands in the Atlantic.

My 10, 1, 15, 15, 7, 20, 7, 4, 1, is a division of Africa.

My 3, 11, 9, 17, 12, 11, 19, is a river in Siberia.

My 13, 11, 2, 8, 7, 20, 16, 4, 13, did much to beautify Babylon.

My 6, 1, 7, 19, 13, is a city in France.

My *whole* built one of the "Seven Wonders of the World."

BESTIE.

5. I am composed of ten letters.

My 1, 4, 2, 3, is a delicious fruit.

My 7, 8, 9, 4, is a beautiful flower.

My 3, 4, 6, 5, is to cut grain.

My 10 is an article.

My 9, 8, 6, 5, is what you wash with.

My *whole* is the name of a distinguished singer.

X. Y. Z.

CHARADES.

1. My *second* stands by the furnace hot,
His face lit up by the fires blazing;
Swinging with ease the ponderous bar
I scarce can lift, — it is amazing!
Swinging them cheerily up and down,
This iron bar and this mass all glowing;
Forward and back on the narrow plank
He walks while swinging, puffing, blowing.
He turns away from the furnace hot,
And wipes the gathering drops from his brow;
My *first* completed lies cool and clear,
And my *whole* so weary can rest him now.
2. The maiden sat by the willow-tree,
Sat all unheeding of my *first*;
The young man knelt, — "Have mercy!" quoth he,
"Or the heart in my *second* will burst."
Slowly she raised her eyes from my *whole*,
Cold and distinct the harsh words fell:
"Pray depart, good youth; don't bother me:
I wish to read; do go, — farewell!"

A. B.



Proverb in Picture.

ADJECTIVES COMPARED.

POSITIVE.	COMPARATIVE.	SUPERLATIVE.
Decisive	An ancient navigator	Do you know ?
Fond of flowers	Beloved of Germans	What Paul fought with.
On the water	An unpleasant sound	At dinner-time.
An Irish drink	Unprofitable in farming	Not enough of a good thing.
An important personage	Rage	Chilled.
A town	An unhappy monarch	Small.
Depart	On the battle-field	At midnight.
A color	A rough customer	In dress-making.
Reward for labor	A fruit	False jewels.
A letter	To be inhaled	English for speed.
Very dry	Very swift	Very fast.
A road	Tea-dishes	A desert.
To balance	A town	Small with fashionable ladies.
At the throat	Tiresome	A foolish remark.
A company	At the centre	Near the sea.
In the garden	With the frost	On the battle-field.

A. B.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JUNE NUMBER.

Anagrammatic Enigmas. — 1. Gen. David Barclay McCreary. 2. West Virginia. 3. Montgomery. 4. Little Red Riding Hood. 5. Geranium. *Charades.* — 1. Pearl. 2. Scare-crow. *Double Acrostic*

Charade. — Foundation Words — Cambridge, Riverside. *Cross Words.* — Cotton Mather, Alki (By and by, motto of Washington Territory), M V, Bonze, Roger, Ignatius, divi-divi, gold, Evangeline. *Proverb in Picture.* — A small spark may make a mighty flame.



Friday . . .	1	Battle of Gettysburg begun, 1863.	
Saturday . .	2	Hendrick Hudson caught his first cod, 1609.	
Sunday . .	3	Battle of Marston Moor, 1644.	[1776
Monday . . .	4	Fourth of July. Declaration of Independence,	
Tuesday . . .	5	Battle of Chippewa, 1814.	
Wednesday	6	Chief Justice Marshall died, 1835.	
Thursday . .	7		[1776.
Friday . . .	8	Declaration of Independence publicly proclaimed,	
Saturday . .	9	Defeat of Braddock, 1755.	
Sunday . .	10	Columbus born, 1447.	
Monday . . .	11	John Quincy Adams born, 1767.	
Tuesday . . .	12	Daguerre died at Paris, 1851.	
Wednesday	13		[1836.
Thursday . .	14	Isabella James died in Jamaica, 110 years old,	
Friday . . .	15		
Saturday . .	16	Capture of Stony Point, 1779.	
Sunday . .	17		
Monday . . .	18	John Paul Jones died, 1792. [See Article.]	
Tuesday . . .	19		
Wednesday	20		[died, 1796.
Thursday . .	21	First battle of Bull Run, 1861. Robert Burns	
Friday . . .	22	Garibaldi born, 1807.	
Saturday . .	23		
Sunday . .	24		
Monday . . .	25	English captured Fort Niagara, 1759.	
Tuesday . . .	26	Robert Fulton born, 1765.	
Wednesday	27	Atlantic Cable laid, 1866.	
Thursday . .	28	Pompey died in Delaware, aged 190, 1804.	
Friday . . .	29		
Saturday . .	30	William Penn died, 1718.	
Sunday . .	31	Loyola died, 1556.	



JULY.

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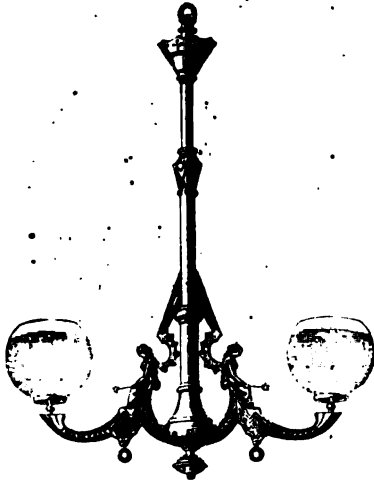
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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XLIV. AUGUST, 1870.

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Another of Andersen's stories, "The Most Extraordinary Thing," will be given in the next number; and a sea-breeze will blow across the Magazine, as one will see on opening it.

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MIDSUMMER EVE. BY JOHN LA FARGE.

[See p. 380.]

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — AUGUST, 1870. — No. XLIV.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER was so lovable, wise, and good! We all looked up to great-grandfather. He used to be called, as far back as I can remember, "Father's-father," and also "Mother's-father;" but when brother Frederick's little son came into the family, he was promoted, and got the title of "Great-grandfather." He could not expect to get any higher!

He was very fond of us all, but our times he did not seem fond of. "Old times were good times," he used to say; "quiet and steady-going they were; in these days there is such a hurrying and turning upside-down of everything. The young people lay down the law, and speak of the kings, even, as if they were their equals. Any good-for-nothing fellow can dip a rag in rotten water, and wring it out over the head of an honorable man!"

Great-grandfather would get quite angry and red in the face, when he talked of these things; but very soon he would smile his kind, genial smile, and say, "Well, well! I may be mistaken; I belong to the old times, and can't quite get a foot-hold in the new! May God lead and guide us aright!"

When great-grandfather got to talking of old times, it seemed to me that I was living in them, so clearly did I see it all. Then I fancied myself driving along in a gilt coach, with fine liveried servants standing on the step behind; I saw the guilds move their signs, and march in procession, with banners, and with music at their head; I was present at the merry Christmas feasts, where games of forfeit were being played,

and where the players were dressed in fancy dress and mask. It is true that in those old times cruel and dreadful things used to happen, such as torture, and rack, and bloodshed; but all these horrors had something stirring about them that fascinated me. I used to fancy how it was when the Danish lords gave the peasants their liberty, and when the Crown Prince of Denmark abolished the slave-trade.

It was famous to hear great-grandfather tell of all this, and to hear him speak of his youth. But I think the times before that, even, were the very best of all, — so strong and great!

"It was a rude time!" said brother Frederick; "thank God we are well out of it!" And he used to say this right out to great-grandfather: that was very improper, I know, but I had great respect for Frederick all the same. He was my oldest brother, and he said he was old enough to be my father, — but then he said so many odd things. He had graduated with honors, and was so bright and clever at his work in father's office, that father intended to take him into partnership soon. He was the one, of us all, that great-grandfather talked most to; but they did not get on well, and always fell to arguing; they did not understand each other, those two, — and never would, said the family; but, small as I was, I soon saw that neither of them could do without the other. Great-grandfather used to listen with the brightest look in his eyes, when Frederick read aloud about the progress in science, or new discoveries of natural laws, and of all the other wonders of our age.

"The human race grows cleverer, but not better," great-grandfather used to say; "they take pains to contrive the most dreadful and hurtful weapons, wherewith to kill and maim each other."

"So much the sooner will the war be over," Frederick would reply; "then one need not wait seven years for the blessings of peace. The world is full-blooded, and needs a blood-letting from time to time — that is a necessity."

One day Frederick told him of something that had really happened in a small country, and in our age. The mayor's clock — the large clock on the City Hall — marked the time for the city, and for all its inhabitants. The clock did not go very well, but that did not matter, nor prevent everybody from being guided by it. Then by and by railways were built in that country, and clocks are always connected with the railways in other countries, — so that one must be very sure of the time, and know it very exactly, or else there will be collisions. At the railway station they had a sun-regulated clock that was perfectly reliable and exact, — but not so the mayor's, — and now everybody went by the railway clock.

I laughed, and thought it was a funny story, but great-grandfather did not laugh; he grew very serious.

"There is a deep meaning in what you have been telling me," he said, "and I understand the thought that prompted you to tell it to me. There is a moral in that clock-work; it makes me think of another clock, — my parents' plain, old-fashioned Barnholm clock, with the leaden weights. It was the time-measurer for their lives, and for my childhood. I dare say it did not go very correctly, but it did go, and we used to look at the hour-hand, and believed in it, and never thought about the wheels inside. The government machinery was like that old clock; in those days everybody had faith in it, and only looked at the hour-hand. Now the government machinery is like a clock in a glass case, so that one can look right into the machinery, and see the wheels turning and whizzing: one gets quite anxious, sometimes, as to what will become of that spring, or that wheel! And then I think how will it be possible for all this to keep time? and I miss my childish faith in the faultlessness of the old clock. That is the weakness of these times!"

And then great-grandfather would talk till he got quite angry. He and Frederick did not agree well, and yet they could not bear to be separated, — "just like the old times and the new."

They both felt this when Frederick was to start on his journey, — far away, to America. It was on business for the firm, that he had to go. A sad parting it was for great-grandfather, and a long, long journey, — quite across an immense ocean, and to another part of the globe.

"You shall have a letter from me every fortnight," said Frederick, "and, quicker than by any letter, you will hear of me by means of the telegraph. The days will be like hours, and the hours like minutes!"

Through the telegraph came a greeting from Frederick, from England, when he was going on board the steamer. Sooner than by letter — even if the quick-sailing clouds had been postmen — came news from America, where Frederick had gone on shore but a few hours since.

"What a glorious, divine thought this is, that is given us in this age," said great-grandfather; "it is a real blessing for the human race."

"And it was in our country," I said, "that that law of nature was first understood and expressed. Frederick told me so!"

"Yes," said great-grandfather, and kissed me; "and I have looked into the two kind eyes that were the first to see this wonderful law of nature, — they were child's eyes, like yours, — and I have pressed his hand!" and then he kissed me again.

More than a month had passed, when a letter from Frederick brought us the news that he was engaged to a beautiful and lovable young girl, whom he was sure the whole family would be delighted with. He sent her photograph, too, and we all looked at it just so with our eyes, and then with a magnifying-glass; for this is the beauty of those pictures, — that not only can they bear the closest inspection by the sharpest magnifying-glass, but that then, and not till then, you get the full likeness. This is what no painter has been able to do, not even the greatest in old times.

"If only that discovery had been made earlier in my time," said great-grandfather, "then we might now have seen, face to face, the world's greatest and best men! How good and gentle this young girl looks," and he gazed long at her through the glass. "Now I know her face, I shall recognize her at once, when she comes in at the door." But that had very nearly never come to pass; luckily, we at home did not hear of the danger till it had past.

The young couple reached England pleasantly and safely, and from there they meant to go by steamer to Copenhagen. They were in sight of

land,—the Danish coast, and the white, sandy downs of the west coast of Jutland. There was a heavy sea, that threatened to dash the ship on the shore, and no life-boat could get out to them. Then came the night, dark and dismal; but in the midst of the darkness came a bright blazing rocket from the shore, and shot out far over the

ship that was aground. The rocket carried a rope, that fell down on the ship; and thus the connection between those on shore and those at sea was established. And soon, through the heavy, rolling sea, the saving-car was being drawn slowly toward the shore: and in it was a young and lovely woman, alive and well; and



wonderfully happy was she when her young husband stood by her side on the firm, sandy beach. All on board were saved, and that before it was quite day.

We were sound asleep here in Copenhagen, thinking neither of sorrow nor danger. When we were all assembled for breakfast came a rumor, caused by a telegram, of the wreck of an English steamer on the west coast. We all grew

heart-sore and anxious; but within the hour came a telegram from the dear ones, who were saved,—Frederick and his young wife,—who would soon be with us.

All cried; I cried too, and great-grandfather cried, and folded his hands, and—I am sure of it—blessed the present age.

That day great-grandfather gave two hundred rix-dollars toward erecting the monument to

Hans Christian Örsted. When Frederick came home with his young wife, and heard of it, he said: "That was right, great-grandfather! Now I'll read for you what Örsted wrote, many, many years ago, about old times and new times!"

"I suppose he was of your opinion," said great-grandfather.

"Yes, that you may be sure of," said Frederick; "and so are you, for you have given something to his monument!"

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IV.

THE MAIDEN ALL FORLOREN.

So John rode Skittles into Lincolnshire. But he did not perform this feat in a day. The distance was at least one hundred miles, and Mr. Nichols intended making a very leisurely journey of it. They rode along in an easy, comfortable manner, Mr. Nichols generally in front, John and Skittles next, and the servant-man (Thompson) on a stout horse, pretty well loaded with baggage, brought up the rear. If there was no other reason for going slowly, Thompson's horse would have been a very good one. But Mr. Nichols had no idea of taking his new hunter to the scene of his expected triumphs in an exhausted condition; and for fear, perhaps, that he might be tempted to make too frequent trials of the horse's speed, should he find himself on Skittles's back, he did not mount him at all during the whole journey. Sometimes Mr. Nichols would talk a little with John, but he generally rode in advance, wrapped in his own thoughts, and, as the night approached, in a light cloak. As Thompson was by no means such company as John had been used to, or cared about, our young friend had quite a quiet time of it. But he was not by any means annoyed at this, and the journey was exceedingly pleasant to him. The scenery, the people he met, the little towns they passed through, the inns at which they stopped to dine or to spend the night, — everything that he saw, was novel and delightful. The air, too, was more like that to which he had been accustomed on the banks of the Leine, and the hills around Steinhuder lake, than any he had breathed for the past two years; and that in itself was enough to make him feel as gay as a kitten.

The morning of the third day of the trip was particularly fine. As they left the little village

where they had spent the night, Mr. Nichols (for the first time during the journey) met a gentleman with whom he was acquainted; and telling John and Thompson to ride on slowly, he stopped to have a chat with him. Skittles was in high good-humor, and although John restrained his temper as much as possible, he got on faster than either his master or his rider intended. But as for Thompson's horse, his night's rest had apparently made him stiff, and he went slower than usual. The consequence of this was that John was soon a considerable distance ahead of the rest of the small party. The road over which he was now riding wound along by a thick wood; and on the opposite side there stretched for miles a wide expanse of rolling land, apparently a common, or sheep-pasture. As John gazed over this succession of gentle slopes, he was filled with a desire to give Skittles the reins, and take a splendid run over the smooth turf. He thought he would be willing to give Mr. Nichols a half-week's pay for a half-hour's dash at the full speed of his horse. But as he was well aware that a proposition of the kind would be very apt to result in his employer's engagement, at the next village, of a boy who had no such wild proclivities, he wisely concluded to think no more of such an extravagant bargain. Just as he had come to this conclusion, two travellers rode out of a little lane in the woods, and the three riders had like to have come in collision. Reining up, the travellers inquired of John where he was going, and why he did not keep a better look-out; and then they fell to admiring his horse. Upon being informed in regard to the ownership of the animal, one of them announced that he knew Mr. Nichols, and they passed on, expressing the hope that they might meet him. When these gentlemen had left him, John halted

for a few minutes, that his companions might catch up with him; and chancing to look up the little lane, he saw upon the ground a spur which one of the travellers had probably dropped. John dismounted and picked it up, and then rode back a little way, to see if he could see its owner. But the two men were out of sight. Then, while waiting for Mr. Nichols (for he did not think he was called upon to tire his master's horse, to ride after strangers, who were hurrying away so rapidly), he strapped the spur upon his left foot. Now he felt, more than ever, like a dash over the commons. But he restrained himself; and finding it difficult to keep Skittles still, he rode on again, but very slowly. Soon he heard the galloping of horses behind him, and turning, saw it was the two travellers returning at full speed. He stopped, and leaned over to unbuckle the spur, that he might give it to them; but before he had time to do so, they had ridden up against him, one of them had seized Skittles's bridle, and the other ordered John to instantly dismount. As John (astonished at this demand) did not obey, the man who had made it gave him a push which nearly unhorsed him. In a moment he became aware that these men intended to steal his horse. Without pausing to reflect any longer upon the subject, he straightened himself in the saddle, shouted to Skittles, and plunged the spur in the animal's flank. The spirited horse, already frightened at the sudden *rencontre*, gave one mad plunge forward, burst away from the man who was holding him, and was across the road and on the common in an instant. And now John had the run he longed for. Both men gave chase, and away went the three as fast as their horses' legs could drive them. Rushing over the turf at a mad gallop, John shouting, and plying his spur, and the two men urging their horses to their highest speed, the scene was as exciting as the wildest rider could have desired; but John would now have given two weeks' pay to have been slowly trotting in safety along the road. But the chase was not a long one; no ordinary horses could hold out against the blood and muscle of Skittles, and John soon left his pursuers a good distance behind him. Bounding over a ditch that he did not perceive until he was nearly upon it, John turned his horse to the left, and rode along in the direction of the village, hoping soon to catch a sight of Mr. Nichols and Thompson. However, he saw nothing of them. But he did very distinctly see that the two travellers, or the two horse-thieves, were riding back also, and

keeping at but a short distance from the ditch. As he did not desire to ride further into this common, he concluded he must cross the ditch again, and dash into the main-road before the thieves reached him. When he reached the ditch, he found that it was much wider, and the water deeper than it was above. However, there was nothing to be done but to get over, and rush away, before these scoundrels could catch up with him. So, with a loud cry, he spurred Skittles at the ditch. The horse made a grand spring into the air, came down heavily on the edge of the opposite bank, and with his hind-legs endeavored to push himself up on solid ground. But the foothold was too treacherous, — the bank gave way, and Skittles slipped back into the ditch. John now sprang from his back, scrambled up on the bank, and pulling vigorously with the bridle, got the horse safely up. Just at this minute the two men were upon him. He had not time to mount: one of the men lifted his riding-whip to knock him down, and John saw that escape was impossible. Dextrously avoiding the heavy butt-end of the descending whip, he dropped Skittles's bridle, gave him a kick in the ribs, and away went the gallant hunter at headlong speed. "Anyhow!" shouted John, "you sha'n't get the horse!"

But they had got *him*. Mad with disappointment (for they knew that it was of no use to pursue the fleet-footed Skittles), they vented their rage on John, and struck him several times with their whips, cursing and swearing at him immoderately. Directly one of them perceived the spur on John's foot. "O ho!" he cried, "you little thief! Stolen my spur! Well, sir, you shall pay for this!"

"Stolen your spur, you robber!" cried John. "I have done nothing of the kind."

But all his assertions and explanations were of no avail. After considerable loud talking and abuse, during which John had much trouble in avoiding the constantly wielded whips, the men seized John, and tied his arms behind him with a strap. Then they put a piece of rope around his wrists, each of them took hold of an end of it, and putting their horses to a trot, they made him run between them. He could not, however, keep up with them long, and before they had gone far he fell down. Then they perceived that they must either walk their horses or kill the boy, and they went more slowly. But they did not go toward the high-road; keeping along the ditch, they soon struck into a road or lane, which led them (after scrambling over a low hedge) in

a direction almost at right angles to the highway. After a mile or so, this lane became quite narrow, and bordered by high trees; and they had not gone very far into this portion of it, before they met a farm-wagon, drawn by two heavy horses. A laborer rode one of the horses, and in the wagon was a man who appeared to be a farmer. At the sight of the two riders leading a boy bound between them, the farmer called out to his man to stop; and when the two men came up with John, he asked them what all this meant.

"It's a young thief we're taking to prison," said one of them; and they attempted to ride by the wagon. But this was difficult on account of both riders being obliged to pass on the same side, and the consequent delay gave John time to cry out to the farmer, "Help me, sir! These men are robbers themselves. I am no thief, and they know it."

At this the farmer jumped out of the tail of his wagon, and stood before the horse of the nearest rider. "Thief or no thief," said he, "you have no right to lead him along that way. He looks ready to drop down. Why don't you take him up behind one of you? What did he steal, and where are you taking him?"

"He stole my spur," said one of the men, "and we are taking him to Ramsdale, to be committed for the theft. He can get up behind me, if he's tired."

"I stole no spur," cried John. "These men tried to steal my horse. Stop them, sir, if you please. They are horse-thieves."

"That's very likely," said one of the men, laughing. "As for the spur, we have proof positive, for he has it on now."

The farmer looked at John's feet, but saw no spur. John looked himself, with a like result.

"No," said he, "it has dropped off."

Sure enough, the spur, which had a defective buckle, had become unfastened during John's foot-travel, and was gone.

"Anyway, he admits he had it," said the man who had lost it.

"Of course I do," said John; "but you know very well that I found it."

The men were now moving off, when the farmer again stopped them, and asked where all this took place. They told him; and he then said that in that case they had no right to take the boy to Ramsdale, some five or six miles away, for Sir Humphrey Barker was the magistrate for this parish, and before him they should produce their prisoner. The men then said they were strangers in that part of the country, and thought

that the nearest magistrate was to be found at Ramsdale, and inquired where Sir Humphrey lived. On being told that the entrance to his estate was about a half mile behind them, in the direction in which the farmer was going, they hesitated for a moment or two, and then declared that they must take their prisoner to Ramsdale, for they were on an important journey, and had no time to turn back.

"You may go there if you please," said the farmer, getting very red in the face, "but you sha'n't take this boy there, when the proper magistrate can be reached in ten minutes."

"Let him stay here, then!" cried the owner of the spur; and, dropping the rope, both men rode away as fast as their horses would carry them.

"Did you ever see those men before?" asked the farmer of his man.

"Never in my life, sir," said the man.

"Then," cried the farmer, "I believe they told the truth when they said they were strangers; but as for the rest of their story, I believe it's all a lie."

John firmly supported this opinion, and gave a detailed account of his disasters.

"I believe you," said the farmer. "I thought you were honest from the minute you owned up to having lost the spur. It would have been just as easy to have said you never had it. As for those men, all they wanted was to get you away where you could set no one on their track. A magistrate indeed!"

John now got into the wagon, and they all moved on.

"What are you going to do now?" said the farmer. "You can never catch up to your master on foot."

"Of course I cannot," said John; "but it's not likely he'll keep on after he misses me, and finds I have not passed the taverns and inns ahead. He'll be back again before long, I'm sure; and if I can get to the high-road, I shall keep on it until I see him, or hear something from him."

"Very good," said the farmer; "and if you get over the fence just down here, and go over the fields, you will come to a lane which will lead you to the highway much sooner than will this one."

So, when they reached the spot referred to, John got out, took a grateful leave of the farmer, and started across the fields.

He soon came to the lane of which the farmer had told him, and he hurried through it, hoping

soon to reach the high-road. Turning a little curve, he suddenly came upon a maiden all forlorn. She was indeed very forlorn. She was sitting upon the top of a high gate-post, and was crying piteously. But the moment she saw John, she stopped short in her weeping, and cried out, — “Quick! Jump up on the other post!”

Now John could see no reason for his mounting a tall gate-post; but the manner of the girl was so earnest and excited, that he thought it better to obey first, and inquire afterwards; and so he jumped up on the fence, and was on the gate-post in a twinkling. But he was not there an instant too soon, for a great bull-dog, with a piece of chain dangling from his heavy collar, sprang at his heels just as he had drawn them out of reach.

“He’s been watching me here for more than half an hour,” said the little maiden, who was beginning to sob again (for which she was excusable, being only about thirteen years old), “and I was expecting every minute I should fall off. But your post is the worst, for the top is broken. Mine’s flat.”

In answer to John’s inquiries, the little maid informed him that she was passing here with a basket of bread and meat for old Nurse Taylor, and that the dog — it was Farmer Peter’s big bull — had dashed at her, and if it had not been for the bread and meat, which fell out of the basket when she jumped away from him, she believed he would have torn her into shreds. But while he was eating the meat, she climbed up the post, and tore her clothes dreadfully in doing it.

“And I couldn’t get down on either side, you know,” said she, “because the gate is open. I pity the next person who comes along, for there are no more posts.”

John laughed at this, and then said it would never do to sit there all day.

“But what will you do?” said the little maiden.

“If we could shut the gate,” replied John, “while the dog’s inside, we could then get down and go away.”

No objection was urged to this plan, even by the dog, who sat directly in the gateway, turning his red eyes first on one of his prisoners, and

then on the other, as he lolled his great tongue out of his mouth, — but the trouble was to do it. However, John concluded to try.

“Would you mind,” said he to his companion, “making believe that you were going to get down? If the dog will come over there, perhaps I can shut the gate.”

The maiden replied that she didn’t mind making believe a little; and she did so, — a very lit-



tle indeed, — just putting her foot down a few inches further than it was before. But the movement was enough for the dog, who immediately sprang up at her. Then John reached down his foot until it touched the top of the gate, which was hinged to his post, and tried to pull it shut. But it was very hard to do it; and he had moved it but a short distance, when the dog looked around, saw his leg hanging down, and made a dash at him, which pushed the gate still wider open, and made John draw up his foot with a jerk, which had like to have tumbled him off the post. This attempt was a total failure, and the

little maiden was beginning to look more forlorn than ever, when John thought of a new plan. Above his head were the outermost branches of a large tree, and, carefully standing upon his post, he caught hold of a long twig, and pulled it down to him. Then he cut it off as high up as he could, and sitting down again, trimmed it so that a stiff hook was left on the largest end. Then, requesting the young girl to make another motion to get down, which was followed by the same attention as before on the part of the dog, John hooked the twig on the centre upright of the gate, pulled it slowly in, and, without disturbing the dog in his attempts on the girl, closed the gate so far that with a jerk he latched it.

"Hurrah!" cried John. "Now let's get down."

"But if I get on the fence, he can reach me," said the girl.

"Well then, wait," cried John; and rising to his feet, he sprang lightly to the ground, and going to the other post, he told Miss Forlornity to stand up and jump, and he would catch her. The young lady for some time objected to this, but at last, seeing there was no other way to get down, she jumped, John caught her, and she landed safely on the ground. Leaving the raging bull-dog, who tried in vain to leap the high fence, they walked on together, and on the way John related his troubles. The young lady thereupon told him her name, which was Betty Miller, and where she lived, which was at the Stone-post Farm; and then, plump in the road, they met Mr. Nichols, who, not finding John and his horse anywhere on the high-road, had been scouring the by-ways.

I am sorry to say that this gentleman, when he saw John without the horse, cursed and swore in a dreadful manner, and it was some time before John could be heard in explanation. And then Mr. Nichols did not believe him, and abused him again. So the little maiden spoke up. "Do you think," said she, "that if he was bad enough to steal or lose your horse, that he would come back to find you?"

Mr. Nichols turned toward her in surprise. "What is he to you?" said he.

"Nothing, except that he kept Farmer Peter's dog from killing me, for I should have fallen off the post if he hadn't come up."

"The post?" said Mr. Nichols. "What's all that to me? He had a great deal better have been bringing me my horse."

"O, bother your horse!" cried the indignant Betty. "He'll come to his stable as soon as it's dark."

"Humph!" said Mr. Nichols. "His stable is in London, you little goose. But come along, sir, we can't be wasting time here."

So Mr. Nichols started off, with John walking by his side, and Betty Miller went home to the Stone-post Farm. John felt very badly on account of Mr. Nichols's opinion of him, and that gentleman seemed willing to listen to no explanations, — all he wanted was his horse, for which John was to answer, if it was not soon found. When they got back to the little village where they had passed the previous night, they went to the inn, and John was put under the charge of Thompson, who had also returned there, while Mr. Nichols took measures to find his valuable hunter. From Thompson John learned that the reason of the delay in the morning had been the breaking of his saddle-girth, soon after leaving the village, and the consequent upsetting of all the baggage, — an accident which obliged both Mr. Nichols and himself to return to the village, each carrying a part of the baggage on their horses. By the close of the afternoon, Mr. Nichols had sent a man down the road toward London, another in the direction they intended travelling, and two more to scour the country lanes to the east of the village, and find out if such a horse had been anywhere seen. He had just dispatched a man to ride round among the farms to the southwest, and make inquiries there, when the ostler put his head in the door of the little parlor, and said, "Please zur, your 'os is come 'ome."

Sure enough, when vivid suggestions of evening oats came over the mind of Skittles (who had been grazing in the commons all day, — chased several times, but never caught), the sagacious beast came back to the last place where those oats had been given him, and was now in the stable, ready for his supper.

After this, John's story of course obtained ready belief, and Mr. Nichols told him he was sorry he had suspected him of unfair dealings, but warned him to be very careful to keep close company with himself hereafter.

"As for that little girl," said Mr. Nichols, "I owe her something, for she was the only person who told me where I would find my horse, — although, to be sure, I never thought of these stables. If she were here, I would make her a present."

"I will take it to her," said John, quite eagerly.

"Very well," said Mr. Nichols; "give her this," and he handed two half-crowns to John. But John had to help about the horses, and when

his work was done it was too late to go to the Stone-post Farm, which was distant almost a couple of miles from the village. But he knew he would have plenty of time to go in the morning, for Mr. Nichols was a late riser, and never got off on his daily rides before nine or ten o'clock. So, early in the morning, John inquired the nearest way to the farm, and started off. As he entered the farm-yard, the first person he saw was Miss Betty herself. She looked very differently from the forlorn little body of yesterday, for she was dressed neatly and cleanly, with a little red shawl on, as the morning was cool — and in her hand she carried a basket. When she saw John she seemed very glad, but a little surprised; but when he greeted her, and told her how the horse had been found, she clapped her hands, and said she knew that he would come home, — of course, when a horse was only lost a little while, he always came home, — an assertion which would be a very comfortable one to thousands of horse-owners, could they only see cause to believe it. When John offered her the money, she refused to take it. She wanted none of that man's money — not she. However, after they had talked the matter over, she agreed to

take it and give it to Nurse Taylor. Then John asked her if she was going to milk, and she said, O no, she never milked; but if she did, she should bring a bucket, not a basket. No, she was going to feed the poultry, "and here they are, coming," said she. Sure enough, the two were soon surrounded by chickens, and turkeys, and ducks, and geese, all clamorous for their morning meal; and when Betty had thrown a few handfuls of corn among them, John said he would be obliged to go, although he would gladly have stayed while Betty gave to her fowls the whole contents of the great barn behind them. So they shook hands, and John went away to the village, while Betty kept on throwing corn to the chickens and geese. Now Betty's mother came out. "Who was that boy?" asked she.

When Betty had told her all she knew, and shown her the two half-crowns, her mother said, "I want no strange boys coming around here. Give me the money, and I will see that it is properly spent for Nurse Taylor. If you give it to her, it will all go for tobacco and tea."

So Betty wished her mother hadn't come out just then, but she went on feeding the fowls all the same.

MOUSIE.

BY EDITH MAY.

TWAS after tea-time. All the curtains closed
Kept out the bitter wind; a blazing fire
Reddened the ceiling, and the lamp burned soft
Under its painted shade. "Papa," said Mary,
"Tell me a story; quick, 'tis almost bed-time."
'Twas almost bed-time. Overhead they heard
Mamma, who, rocking in the nursery chair,
Sang "Bo-peep" to her baby. When 'twas laid
Still in its crib, came Mary's time to follow.
"A story," said her father, — "no, I've none.
I've told you all my stories ten times over."
"Ah, try to think, papa; just try," said Mary.
"Not a real story, maybe, — something true, —
Something that happened to you long ago, —
Just some kind of a story." — "Well, I'll try,"
Papa said, thinking. "But what noise is that?
Hush! there behind the wainscot?" — "'Tis my
mouse,"
Said Mary, — "mine, papa; I'm trying to tame it.
I put dry crusts, and little bits of cheese,

Close to its hole, and it comes out to nibble.
It has such bright eyes, and the longest tail."
"Your mouse," her father said, "has made me
think
Of a true story." — "Ah, papa, begin
Quick as you can."

"Just twenty years ago
I left my father's house, to study law
In this great city. I was quite a boy;
My hair curled close as yours, and was as brown."
"You had no gray hairs then, papa."

"Not one.
Well! I had been accustomed all my life
To the fresh, open fields; and when I left
My gun and rod behind, and came to dwell
Among these bricks, where I had scarce a friend
To take me by the hand, my heart grew heavy;
My pencil was my best companion then.
My greatest pleasure was to sit alone,
And sketch the lovely scenes I well remembered.

"I read law every morning — dry, dry law.
But when the sun had reached a certain spot
On my green table, I would put aside
My ponderous law-books, open my portfolio,
And sketch an hour or so."

"But, dear papa,
How came my mouse to make you think of
that?"

"Have patience, and I'll tell you. One bright
morning,

While I was sketching busily, I chanced
To look down on the carpet, — and beside me,
Upon a square of green that it had chosen
To be its breakfast parlor, sat a mouse,
A tiny mouse, that when I stooped to look,
Scampered into its hole."

"Just so, papa,
My mouse does always."

"Well, it came next day,
And came the next, and next, and every day
Came nearer, watching with its twinkling eyes,
And starting when I moved, — until, one morn-
ing,

My pencil dropped from my careless fingers,
Fell, and rolled after it."

"Ah now, papa,
You've frightened it away."

"It scampered off
Fast enough to its hole, and came no more
For several days. I thought my little mouse
Was gone forever; and no doubt its friends,
Elderly, prudent mice, who kept at home,
Advised it to remain there, too. However,
My little mouse was willful, and ere long
I saw it peeping from its hole. I strewed
Crumbs on the carpet, and it ventured forth,
To my great joy. Not many mornings after,
It walked straight to my foot, — its breakfast
over, —

And stood there, pondering. Now, my shoes had
just
Been blacked and brushed, and shone like inky
mirrors.

'Vain little mouse!' I thought; but little mouse
Leapt o'er my shoe, and running up my leg,
Sprang on the table. There, beside my paper,
Quiet it sat, and watched with glittering eyes
My pencil, as I sketched; and every day,
Just at the hour I put my law-books by,
And took my drawing out, my little friend
Came forth, and — seated in the sunny spot
On my green table — admired. 'Twas a mouse
Of taste, who no doubt in his time had gnawed
Many a picture-book. I have a mouse
Now, that sits, rainy days, beside my elbow,

And watches when I draw. It has bright eyes,
And very quiet ways."

"'Tis I, papa, —
I am your little mouse. But please go on, —
Tell me about this other. Now mamma
Is rocking very slowly, and I know
The baby's 'most asleep. Be quick, papa."

"All through the winter came my little mouse,
And learned to love me. It would eat the crumbs
Out of my hand, and drink from out the cup
I washed my brushes in, and try to show,
In twenty ways, its love and confidence.
But winter passed, — and when in spring the
leaves

Came out upon the trees, and little birds
(Hung beneath windows, in their wire cages)
Sang sweet and loud, I longed with all my heart
For the green, pleasant country. And beside,
The Easter holidays had now begun,
And I was — idle. Just then came a friend
To take me home with him to fish and shoot.
How my heart bounded when I said, 'I start
'To-morrow morning.' Then I thought of Mousie!

"Ah well! I set a bowl upon my table,
Full of clear water, and a piece of cheese,
Biscuits, and bread; then locked my chamber
door,

And went down-stairs a little sad and pensive.
'Poor little mouse!' I thought, 'you'll miss your
friend.

The sunny spot, where you must sit alone,
Will not be warm or bright, — the meal, un-
shared,
Will not content you!'

"I was gone a fortnight, —
A fortnight full of pleasure. At the Woodlands
We rode, and fished, and walked; and on the
lake
Passed hours in the light sail-boat. Still, I
thought
Of my small friend, and wondered if it missed
me.

"'Twas afternoon when I reached home again,
My visit over. On the road, I thought
Only of Mousie; and was half amused,
And half ashamed, that I should be so eager
To meet my tiny friend again. The coach
Stopped at the office-door. I ran up-stairs,
And hastened to my chambers. 'Little mouse.'
I thought, 'tis not your hour, and till to-mor-
row
I shall not see you.'

"I unlocked my door.
On my green table, in its wonted place,
There sat my little mouse! I sprang toward
it!
It did not move! The cheese, the bread, the
water, —

All stood untouched. My little mouse had died, —
Died of a broken heart!"

"O now, papa,
How can you say so? Was it really dead,
Or are you trying to tease me?"

"Really dead!"

THE LION OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY LAWRENCE SHANNY.

THOSE who have seen only the dingy specimens of our menageries, can have but a contemptuous opinion of this really magnificent beast. In the great forests of the north, he grows to a size rivaling that of the lion and the tiger. From seven to ten feet from the tip of the tail to the nose, is the common length of a full-grown panther.

A lady, one of a party who ascended a mountain, had the curiosity to measure several of the many tracks that dotted the banks of a stream along which they travelled. The cushion on the bottom of the foot was four inches across; and her hand with the fingers spread just covered the whole foot, with the tips of her fingers touching the claw-marks at the toe. That would make a very fair standard by which to estimate the creature's size, and we may set him down as a very formidable beast indeed. Not so tall or so heavy as a lioness, but far more active and mischievous in proportion.

That they are plenty enough among the Adirondacks, I have no doubt; but as it is a roving beast, and the female lives alone with her young till they are partly grown, it is not unlikely that they seem more abundant than they really are. Still, to those who know their habits, a stealthy track here and there is proof of an unpleasant neighbor.

They have a cattish propensity for prowling. I have seen their signs in some unusual places. On the Dial (a rocky elevation on the southern extremity of Dix's Peak, — one of the most singular mountains in the State, and now known to be the highest by some two hundred feet), I found traces of a panther's presence.

What called the creature there? It is a wind-swept pile of rocks, in whose crevices pine-trees grow five inches in height, where the Greenland sandwort blooms, and Alpine shrubs are dwarfed to the smallest size. On both sides of its long, narrow ridge, precipitous walls seem to forbid

the presence of any animal less agile than a cat. It is true that it overlooks the most secluded and magnificent primeval forests, that extend toward the west as far as the eye can reach, — forests that are seamed as thickly with well-worn deer-paths as are our peaceful pastures with the tracks of sheep. I saw moose-tracks in the wet moss along the mountain slopes, and the golden-rod peculiar to the region seems to be a favorite food of the deer. Mile after mile I travelled in these deer-paths (always the easiest, and freest from underbrush), and I noticed that the many fallen tree-trunks had more or less claw-marks upon them, — signs that bears and panthers followed them too.

Still, as the panther is an exceedingly shy and wary beast, one may travel in these regions for a month, and not see or hear one of them. I have camped where panther signs were abundant, and the only defense of our party of five (two of whom were ladies) was a fire and two hand-hatchets, which proved amply sufficient.

Occasionally the panther makes a raid upon the farmers' stock, in fields or wooded pastures. In one case, a child of eight years, going for the cattle in the afternoon, met them coming home along the highway, in evident fright; but as one (a two-year-old heifer) was missing, she went on to look for it. Not fifty rods further, she found it lying dead in the middle of a shallow stream in an open pasture, still warm and bleeding. Evidently the child had scared the panther from its prey.

A case is well authenticated, in which a cow was killed, and dragged into the lower crotch of a tree, by a pair of these creatures. A gentleman told me that some years ago one passed across his farm in the night, screaming like a demon. He measured its leaps, and found that it cleared over twenty feet at a bound. An amusing sequel to this incident soon followed. The men at work in a forge near by, heard one

night a panther screaming on the hills. The little hamlet was aroused. Guns were fired, horns blown, and drums beaten, to scare the monster away. But in the pauses of the din was heard that long-drawn, fearful cry, only to be drowned by a more deafening uproar. Again and again they paused, with hair on end, to listen, and the cry came clear and terrible, — till one man turned a white face to his comrades: "My God, it is a woman! and she says, 'We want help.'" Sure enough, it was a woman! and a party going up a hilly road with lanterns, found her sitting on the edge of a bank, over which her tipsy husband had driven his horses, which lay in a heap at the bottom of the ravine. Strangely enough, nobody was hurt, — not even the precious whiskey bottle was broken.

A gentleman hunting grouse along the foothills of an Adirondack mountain found, just at nightfall, in the edge of the woods, a large pile of leaves. Poking into it with his rifle, he found a newly killed sheep, still warm. As it was too dark to see distinctly, he was obliged to leave it. Going back by daylight, he found the bones picked clean. A panther, or bear with young, would do that.

A man, for some years a guide among the Adirondacks, told me that he had, when still hunting deer over a light fall of snow, doubled upon his own track, to find that a pair of large panthers had been still hunting him for miles, — not

an agreeable situation, when we remember that the panther climbs trees like a cat, and is as fond of an ambush as an Indian.

Sometimes a panther will follow a man, screaming fearfully as it leaps along at his side. Some cases of this kind I have known; but in one at least it was next day discovered that the creature had just killed and eaten the whole of a fox, and was not, therefore, in a ferocious mood.

Hunters sometimes find where several panthers have dined off a deer, and then indulged in a kitten-like game of romps. Occasionally one appears in an old field, watching for some small game (marmots perhaps), who does not appear to be at all shy, but shows to intruders a wicked set of teeth, accompanied by a growl that (like its purr) is not at all an agreeable sound.

A well-trained dog will follow a panther to its lair. But if the animal knows itself to be pursued, it goes in another direction, making long detours, and sometimes keeping up the chase for days, till at last dogs and hunters are thrown off the track entirely. A panther's claws — large, terribly hooked, and of a clear, semi-transparent yellow — were once the most valued ornaments of an Indian chief, — a badge of distinction that could only be gained by the strongest and bravest of their hunters; for, in order to wear them, he had first to kill the beast to which they belonged, — a sort of St. George and the Dragon contest to the red man.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GHOST.

ON a Saturday morning in the pleasant month of June, Beverly Moreland took his gun and rode over to Berkeley to take a squirrel-hunt with Frank. He found his friend all alert, and waiting for him. Lucy Belmeade had by this time become reconciled to the guns, and took quite an interest in the hunting, especially as it brought Beverly over to Berkeley every Saturday, in and out of season; for, being further from town, and nearer the mountains, game of all kinds was more plentiful there than in the vicinity of Norbourne. Lucy, with her artistic taste, had made Frank a handsome game-bag, with the

figure of a pheasant embroidered on the cover, and she was now engaged on one for Beverly, adorned with the head of a noble antlered stag, in commemoration (as she flatteringly declared) of his prowess in the mountains. Now Lucy had finished Frank's in less than a fortnight; but whether the stag's head was more difficult to embroider, or whether she took more pains with the work, we cannot say, but she had had it in hand for more than two months, and it was not quite finished yet.

As Beverly rode up, Frank shouted, "Hillo, you're just in time. The game bag is finished at last."

"Hush, Frank — you know it isn't!" exclaimed Lucy, as her cheeks flushed, and her

eyes sparkled with pleasure. "It will be done certainly next Saturday."

"Yes," said Frank, quizzically. "It has been 'next Saturday' for the last two months. I believe she just keeps it on hand to talk over."

"Well, I'm sure," replied Beverly, with a gallant bow, "the longer she works upon it, the more valuable it will be, and entirely too handsome to carry June squirrels in."

"See," said Lucy, mischievously pointing to Frank's bag, "how it is stained and frayed already, — not with the game he has brought home in it, but with the bread and butter, ham and pickle, he has carried out."

The boys laughed merrily, and started off, boastfully assuring the little lady that when they returned in the afternoon, they would not bring empty game-bags to laugh at.



"Come on," said Frank: "the woods are alive with young squirrels, and we will get the old General's dog Snap, who is death on all sorts of small game."

Beyond the barn and stables, in the direction of the Ruined Church, they stopped at the cabin, beside whose humble door sat a venerable negro, basking in the June sun, like a terrapin on a log.

Uncle Billy (or the General, as he was usually called) was a reminiscence of the former proprietors of the Berkeley estate; and when the land was sold, he was already too old to move, and was (in consequence) permitted to remain in his

cabin, enjoying his patch, and all his ancient perquisites, undisturbed. These he seemed to claim rather as vested rights than as favors; and notwithstanding the unvarying indulgence with which he was treated, he never quite forgave Mr. Belmeade for pulling down Old Master's great house and putting up a new-fangled place in its stead; and while too well-bred to give open expression to his contempt for the new régime, he was continually maundering over the superiority of old times, and drawing invidious comparisons between them and the present. Fully imbued with the ideas and sentiments of his day and generation,

which dated back to the era of our colonial vassalage, Uncle Billy was decidedly aristocratic in his pretensions, and looked down upon all who had come in since his day, as parvenus, and "no 'count folks."

This pride was doubtless partly owing to a consciousness of superior wisdom and experience, matured during his long and honorable pilgrimage, — a wisdom which, like that of the ancients, was uttered in epigrammatic sentences of universal applicability. And when any one mischievously took the pains to show Uncle Billy some modern improvement, which threw the good old times in the shade, he would yield the palm with a shrug of resignation, exclaiming, "Well, de laus! de longer I lives, de older I gits! What is de land comin' to?"

But Uncle Billy's pretensions to greatness were founded on a firmer basis than that of his reputation for wisdom. He could boast of a personal acquaintance with General Washington in his youth, and never lost an opportunity to tell the story of an interview in which he had received the honor of knighthood from his illustrious acquaintance. It appears that while engaged in surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax, "Mass' George" (as Billy called him) had sojourned for some time in the house of "Old Master."

"Mass' George was a proper tall young man, — ye mind he wasn't no general then, but he looked mightily as ef he was a gwine to be one, — for he was a monstrous proper young gent'man, and could kick like a hoss. Well, you see, in dem days dey used to wear short breeches and high top-boots, and young Massa Washington was out all day a-wadin' through swamps and splashin' through mud, and come home every night wid his boots wet and muddy, clean to de tops. And I bein' de most neatest and smartest waiter on de plantation, I used to clean dem boots, — polish 'em up 'til dey shined, — for gent'men in dem days was mighty pertickler 'bout dere boots and dere shirt-ruffles, and dere powdered hair, much more den in dese days. Nowadays dey don't 'pear to care much how dey goes.

"Well, I was foolish in dem days, and forgit sometimes, like most young niggers; and so one night dere was a corn-huskin' over to old General Moreland's, — fader to dis present Colonel, young master's grandfader, — werry 'spectable family was de Morelands. So dat evenin' I fotch Mass' George's boots early, and polish 'em up quick, kase I bein' young, and no sense, had a mind to go to dat huskin'. And bein' full of wani-ties, I alips on Mass' George's high boots, jes' to

see how dey would fit; and for bad luck dey fitted mighty slick, — only pinched jest a little. So, says I, dese boots sets off Billy's legs 'mazin' well, and ef I dast, what a figure I mought cut 'mong dem gals at de huskin'! and wid dat I concludes to borrow master's ridin' hoss, — as I used to do 'most any night, and which master knowed very well, but he didn't let on, — so I tuck de hoss, and rides over to de huskin' in dem boots, — proud, mind ye, as ef I had been a gent'man myself.

"Well, I had a fine time, you may believe; and 'twixt eatin', drinkin', and dancin', I bein' young and foolish, and got no sense, 'stead of git-tin' home 'fore day, as I 'lowed to do, bless you I didn't git home till clare sun up. So I puts up master's hoss quick, and hurry down to de kitchen, thinkin' to get dem boots polished up, and dat critter rubbed down, afore white folks was a stirrin'. But in dem days folks was livelier den in dese days; and bless you, honies, fust man I see was Mass' Washington comiu' down in his buckskin slippers.

"'Billy,' says he, 'wha's my boots?'

"I was standin' in dem afore his eyes, and so scared, I 'most turned white. 'Ready in a minute,' says I. 'I'll shine 'em up quick.' Jest den his eyes fell on de boots, and me a shakin' in 'em, muddy to de tops, and busted out at de toes wid dancin'.

"'Why, you black rogue, you warin my boots yourself.' And his face got red as a gobbler's, and he reared and pitched, and gimme sich a kick! Dat was no grasshopper ginme dat kick, — 'peared more like a wicious fo'-year-old colt. Nowadays young men can't kick dat way, — dey no 'count, — he hoist me clean out dem boots wid dat one kick. Pshaw! from dat day I always knowed Mass' George was gwine to be of some account; and so he was, as you young masters can read in de books."

And having delivered his story, old Billy would get up and hobble around, limping as if he still felt the distinguished honor in his bones; and then receiving the expected quarter in hand, would return thanks, with the remark that "dis new money wasn't as heavy as shillin's he used to git wid de king's head on 'em."

As it was impossible to obtain Snap until they had heard the story, the boys listened with enforced patience, paid their quarter, and then broke for the woods. All morning they hunted faithfully with their assistant, Snap, but without the least success. The dog treed several times, but the trees were high, and the holes numerous, and

not a squirrel did they get sight of. Toward midday their high hopes had well-nigh perished, and with discouragement came both fatigue and hunger. So they sat down beside a little brook that trickled through the rocks and ferns, and took out their lunch for consolation, Snap showing by the eagerness with which he lapped up the water, and snatched at the morsels thrown to him, that he fully sympathized with the young hunters.

"What sorry figures we will show, going home without any game!" said Frank.

"After all my bragging, too," replied Beverly. "Indeed, Frank, if we don't get something, I won't return with you at all. I will sneak all the way round to Norbourne, tired as I am, rather than encounter Lucy's ridicule."

"Pshaw, boy, don't talk in that way! I don't care for Lucy's jokes, and your reputation is too well established since you killed the deer."

"Well, we need not despair yet. We lost the cool of the morning getting ready, and listening to the General's story, that we've heard fifty times before. But let us wait until toward evening, when the squirrels come out for their suppers, and we'll have a chance of filling our bags, after all."

Soothed with this hope, the hunters finished their lunch, and stretching themselves on the cool carpet of moss and ferns, were soon sound asleep.

How long they slept, or might have slept, no one can tell; but the sun was already declining when they were aroused by Snap's barking. When quite awake, they perceived the dog dancing around the base of a tree not more than fifty paces distant.

Running rapidly to the spot, they saw, to their great delight, that there were several squirrels jumping about among the limbs. Bang — bang — bang — bang! went their four barrels in quick succession. Two squirrels dropped dead; a third hung desperately by a twig, which he had caught in falling, but showed by his convulsive movements that he must drop in a few minutes.

"There are more yet!" exclaimed Beverly, rushing to save the fallen game from Snap's officious jaws. "Load up, Frank!"

While both boys were busy reloading, the third squirrel dropped, and was secured, while two others, which remained in the tree untouched, were making hurried reconnaissances of every limb which promised a hope of escape. One at length hazarded a desperate leap, and barely caught by the outer branch of an adjacent tree. While he

hung, coiling up among the leaves, and endeavoring to secure his footing on the solid limb, both hunters let fly at him simultaneously, and he dropped stone dead.

"Hurrah!" shouted Frank. "Now this is sport, indeed. Where's the other? let's bag them all."

"There he goes, there he goes, jumping from tree to tree, and making for his hole, like a race-horse." And away went boys and dog, making the woods ring with their noise.

To save Frank's embroidered pheasant from being saturated with blood, the four squirrels were strung by the hind legs on a forked twig; and the boys, highly elated by their sudden success, pursued the hunt with renewed energy.

As Frank had said, the approach of evening had brought the squirrels out to get their suppers, and the woods seemed to be alive with them. Shot after shot they had, missing frequently in their haste, but all the while adding one and another to their string, until it was so heavy that it became quite burdensome to carry.

"I've missed three shots in succession," exclaimed Beverly, with vexation. "It's shameful, — I believe my gun's foul, and won't shoot straight."

"I'll tell you, Bevy," replied Frank. "It's because it's so dark, you can't see. Look, the sun is quite down, and it's four or five miles to Berkeley, — and besides, it's lucky we have no more game to carry."

"Ten squirrels!" exclaimed Beverly, counting the bushy tails that hung down. "Aha, Miss Lucy, you won't laugh at us this evening."

So, having called in Snap, and instructed him that the hunt was concluded, they took the path that led homeward, carrying the bunch of game alternately, and chatting with great complacency of their unexpected success. Meanwhile the light had died out on the western horizon, and they trudged along the blind path by the light of the horned moon, which grew dimmer and more uncertain as a warm mist rose up from the river, and spread over the land.

"Frank, how far do you think we have to go yet?"

"Indeed," said Frank, "it can't be far, — and won't supper be jolly?"

As the excitement of their sport subsided, and a sense of exhaustion crept over the young hunters, the woodland path which they were following seemed to grow more and more lonely. Frank, who was ahead, carrying the game, suddenly stopped with an exclamation, as if half terrified.

"What's the matter?" asked Beverly, earnestly.

"Look there!" said Frank, shivering. Beverly looked, — and immediately before them, in dark relief against the sky, rose the gray, solemn walls of the Ruined Church.

Beverly endeavored to stiffen himself against the benumbing awe which crept over him, and he replied, with an assumption of interest, "How romantic it looks, Frank!"

"It looks romantic enough in day-time, but coming upon it unexpectedly at night, in this way, it shocked me more than I like to acknowledge."

"Why, to tell the truth," answered Beverly, "I would rather have walked five miles round, tired as I am; but for bold hunters and knights-errant, it won't do to turn aside for an old church-yard. What would Lucy say?"

"Sure enough — we should never hear the last of it, if she found out we were frightened. Come on."

And the boys continued to follow the path, which led through the overgrown cemetery, and under the weird shadow of the ruined wall. As they walked, the conversation which they had endeavored to keep up, seemed to be choked by their fluttering hearts, — for even Snap, scenting the distant cabins or shunning the ill-omened place, had deserted them. As they passed from under the shadow of the church, Beverly's eyes were fixed upon a broken grave-stone, which glimmered white amidst the rank, waving grass beside the path; and just as Frank passed it, he saw a skinny arm reach out and snatch at his leg. His impulse was to reject the apparition as a trick of fancy; but at the same instant Frank shrieked with terror, and dropping both gun and game, fled wildly down the road.

Scarcely less frightened, Beverly followed at full speed. The distance between the old church and the plantation houses was made with breathless rapidity. They were at length brought up by the high fence inclosing the negro quarter; and there — in sight of the lights from the windows, and the familiar voices of the dogs — they looked in each other's faces, and partially recovered from their panic.

"Did you see anything, Bevy?" asked Frank, as if almost afraid to hear his answer.

"Yes! Did you feel something catch your leg?"

"Yes," said Frank, "something did certainly touch my leg, which sent an icy chill all through me; and I saw it draw back behind that old grave-stone."

For some moments Beverly remained silent and bewildered. At length he said, solemnly, — "Frank, I never had the slightest faith in ghosts or preternatural apparitions; but, as I am here living, I saw a skeleton hand reach out and grab your leg. I saw it distinctly, — even the bony fingers, and the moonlight glistening on the bare knuckles. Can such things be?"

The boys both shuddered, and were again silent. At length Frank asked what they should do.

"That's what I've been thinking about," replied Beverly, in an irresolute tone.

At this moment, one of the negroes passing, exclaimed, "Hi, young masters, ye's late gittin' home from huntin'. Wha's all de game?"

"That's it!" said Beverly, passionately. — "that's what they will all ask, — and we'll be laughing-stocks for the rest of our lives. We must go back, for I promised Lucy" —

"Yes, yes," said Frank, "*must* is the word, — there's no getting around it. I would ask one of the 'men' to go with us, but papa isn't rich enough to bribe one of our negroes to go near that place after sunset; he's going to build his corn-crib up there, for safety."

Summoning all the courage in their natures, reinforced by dread of ridicule, and not without a leaven of anger, the boys at length started back to the haunted ruin, doggedly determined to recover their game and equipments at whatever hazard.

"Why do you leave your gun?" asked Frank, as he saw his companion place his double-barrel in a fence corner.

"If what we saw was a ghost," replied Beverly, "the gun will be of no use, certainly. If it was only an optical delusion, still less use; and besides, to tell the whole truth, the gun is empty, and I lost the ramrod as I ran."

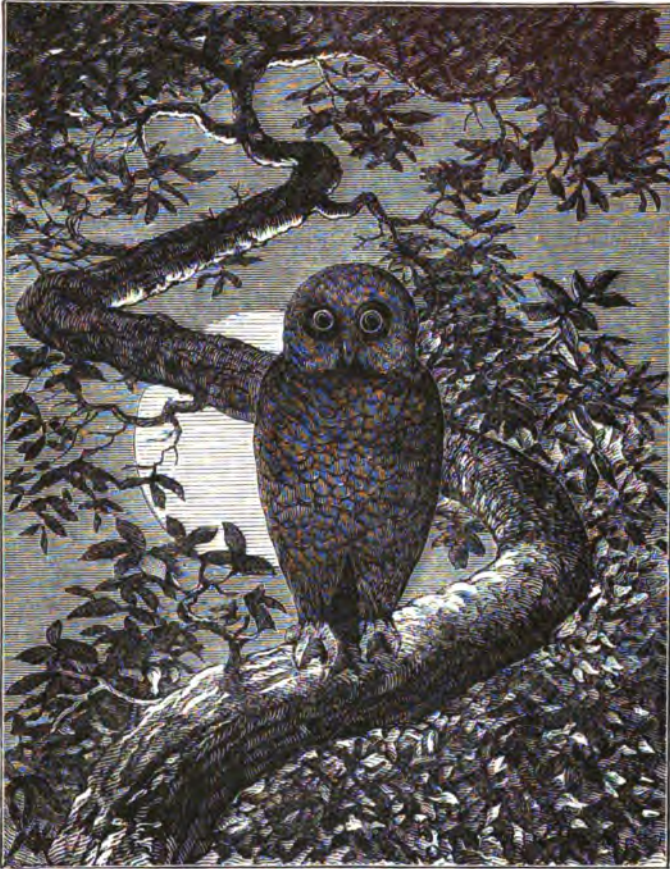
Secretly gratified to find that all the disgraces of their panic had not fallen to his share, Frank laughed at the accumulation of reasons for not taking the gun, remarking at the same time that in laying aside his useless weapon, Beverly had furnished himself with a stout stick.

"I don't know why I picked it up," said Beverly, "but, somehow, I always feel braver when I have something in my hand."

At this suggestion, Frank also got a stick, — not so much to cudgel the ghosts as to support his courage. Thus armed, they pushed resolutely forward, endeavoring as they went to keep their blood warm and their hearts stout by cheerful conversation.

All the other birds in the wood
 (Toowit toohoo, toowit toohoo !)
 Make sweet music and do some good,
 But the owl has nothing to do.

Nothing to do but catch his prey,
 And hoot toohoo, toowit toohoo !
 And think about nothing, and sleep all day,
 Hoo hoo hoo, toohoo !



Like a lazy old monk in a gray old cowl,
 He chants all night toowit toohoo !
 How would you like to be an owl,
 And hoot toowit toohoo ?

**ABOUT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND OTHER QUEER
 CREATURES.**

DID you ever, did you ever see the Hippopotamus?
 He's a whopper, I can tell you, — not a rat,
 and not a mouse ;
 Bigger than the biggest bullock, fatter than the
 fattest pig,
 I don't think you ever saw a creature that was
 half as big.

Fat and oily as a walrus, — hairless, heavy,
 smooth, and round,
 Rolled up in the burning sunshine, there he lies
 upon the ground.
 Now he opes his fishy eyes, so sluggish, indolent,
 and mild ;
 Now he closes them to sleep, and looks as harm-
 less as a child.
 You might stick him, you might prick him, you
 could not awake his wrath ;
 Now he rises like a mountain, and goes in to
 take his bath.
 What a washing, what a swashing, plunging deep
 into his tank !
 Under water he has floundered, over head and
 ears has sank.

Is he drowned, the oily monster? Only cooling
his fat sides,
Dreaming of his home in Egypt, where the Nile
rolls in its tides.
How he lifts his head enormous, swashing round
so lazily,
Rolling over like a porpoise, or a drifting hulk at
sea!
How he rises, dripping, shining! Now he'll
dry himself, I hope.
There he stands like a huge porker, seen through
a long telescope.
Was there ever such an odd and clumsy-looking
quadruped?
Ever such a fleshy hillock, such a pudding, such
a bed?
Such a giant trunk of leather, such a huge great
hammer-head?
Such a ton of India rubber laid into a vat to
soak?
Nature makes queer creatures often. One would
think she loved to joke.

There's the Chimpanzee, for instance, — sort of
pun upon a man;
Every monkey is a satire, a half-finished, comic
plan.
Every owl and every buzzard ridicules the king
of birds,
Every donkey is a horse-laugh. Parrots mimic
human words.

Nature has her mocking humors, — quips, and
jests, and wreathed smiles:
Sends the Nautilus with sails a-tacking round
Canary Isles;
Strews fantastic floating jellies through her
dreary leagues of brine;
On the sea-shells writes her music, mystical, line
under line;
Sets the garden-spiders weaving letters in their
cobwebs thin;
Browns her dainty fungus flapjacks in the forests
dark and green;
Nests of pretty kissing pigeons in the columbines
she groups;
Furnishes all flouncy flowers with their crino-
lines and hoops;
In the shady garden arbors hangs her floral
Dutchman's-pipe, —
So, for all her quaint, queer humors, you will find
an answering type.
Were she always stiff and serious, should we love
her half as much?
Now and then she sets us laughing, meets us with
a tickling touch;
Like a jolly nurse, who sometimes, tired of her
serious cares,
Romps and rollicks with her children, and their
gayer moments shares.
Thanks, dear Mother Nature, for the lessons of
your graver law!
Thanks, too, for the funny pictures children love
to see you draw!

THE VOICE.

BY C. R. TREAT.

IF the young readers of the "Riverside" ever stretched a blade of grass between their thumbs and blew upon it, holding it close to their lips, they have heard a sound which is made precisely as the Voice is. Perhaps, to be accurate, I ought to say that all sounds are made as the Voice is, — for sound, you must know, is a certain vibration, or wave-like motion of the air, which is caused by something with which the air is in contact. This something may be the delicate leaves of the Pine, which softly sigh in the summer breeze, or the stout arms of the Oak, which wrestle with the winter wind, and hurl it howling away, or the reeds of the organ, which give to us the rich harmony of music. But, whatever it be, it is first made to vibrate itself, and then it makes the

air about it vibrate, as a quiet pool is rippled with tiny waves by the fall of a leaf or stone. Indeed, you may, if you please, think of sound as waves of air beating against your ears, just as waves of water beat upon the shore. There is only this difference between them, — that waves of water come as single waves, while waves of air are heard as a group of waves. Thus each wave of water in its turn rears its crest, breaks, and flows back again; and so a wave of air may do, and then you feel it as you feel your breath when you blow upon your hand. But waves of air are felt by the ear, are heard as sound, only when they follow one another as rapidly as sixteen in every second, which is the lowest sound we can hear. As the air-waves come more rap-

idly, the sound becomes higher in pitch, till we can scarcely hear the shrill, tiny sound made by the vibration of thirty-eight thousand waves in every second. Between these extremes of possible sound, the Human Voice occupies a middle place. It has no sounds as low or as high as the organ or piano have.

Let us now return to the blade of grass, with which we began our study of sound. I said that the sound produced by the blade of grass, was produced precisely as the Voice is. This is true, not merely because all sounds are made alike, but because the blade of grass, and the human organ of speech, are both "wind instruments." They belong with the organ, trumpet, fife, and flute, — not with the violin and piano, which are "string instruments." In order to make the trumpet sound its notes, you must *blow* through it, while you *strike* the wires of the piano in order to play upon that. The Human Voice is produced by *blowing*, as you blow through a whistle or upon the blade of grass.

I wish I could bring all my young readers to the room in which I am writing, for I could then show them something which would make the whole matter very plain. As I cannot show this to you, I shall have to describe it. What I should show you, if you were here, is a small glass tube, large enough for you to put your thumb into, and about six inches long. Over one end I have tied a piece of thin India rubber. Then, with a sharp knife, I have cut a little slit in the India rubber. Now, if I put my mouth to the covered end, or to the other, — it doesn't matter which, — and blow through the tube, a sound, something like a baby's cry, will be heard. If you can get a tube, and tie a piece of India rubber over one end, and cut it as I have described, you will understand better what I am going to say than the description alone will help you to do. Notice carefully how the sound is produced. As I blow through the tube, the air is forced out of the little opening in the rubber. The opening is not large enough to let the air pass easily through, therefore the air continually pushes against the India rubber; and as this is elastic, it yields a little to the pressure, then springs back, then yields again, and springs back again. Thus, far more rapidly than I can describe, the edges of the little slit are quivering, and causing the air (as it passes through) to quiver, — which is the motion of the air *felt by our ears as sound*.

If you understand what I have been describing, it will be very easy to understand how the

Voice is produced. That which you call your *throat* is a tube about as large and as long as the tube through which I blew. Its length and size you can easily measure, if you put your hand to your own throat, or examine the throat of some one else. You will see that the tube of the throat extends from the back part of the mouth to the base of the neck, where you lose sight of it. It then divides into two tubes, each of which also divides, and continues to divide, until (like the roots of a tree) it has sent a tiny tube to every part of the lungs, which fill the space within the chest, on either side of the heart. The drawing that accompanies this will make my meaning plain. The lungs, into which these tubes enter, you may consider to be mere reservoirs of air, which can be filled and emptied as occasion may require, precisely as the bellows of an organ is filled and emptied. The lungs have a much more important office than this, since the air which we breathe sustains our life. In ordinary breathing some pressure must be applied, to

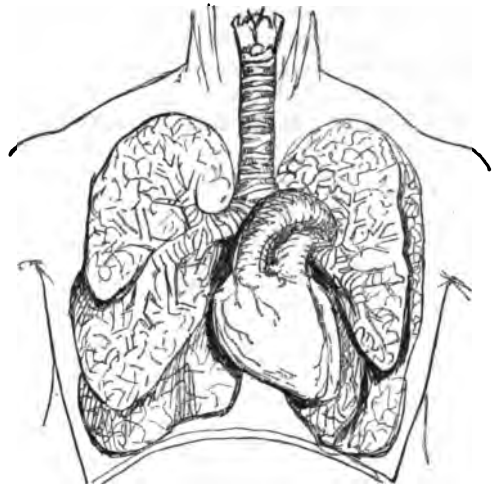


Figure 1. Diaphragm.

empty the lungs as rapidly and regularly as the body requires; for if you try to breathe much more slowly than you are accustomed to, you will probably find that you cannot do so without pain, and danger of suffocation. Nature has arranged for a regular supply of air just as often as it is needed, and it is not wise to interfere with her methods.

Let me describe the process of breathing. Suppose the lungs to be empty. — that is, as empty as they ever are, — about one fifth or one fourth part empty. How shall they be filled? Plainly, they won't fill themselves. Open your

mouth, and see if they will. If you wished to fill a bladder, you would put your mouth to the opening and blow into it. But you could fill it, if you chose, in another way, which is the way in which the lungs are filled. You could push the sides of the bladder apart from within, or pull the sides apart from without; and as fast as you enlarged the space within the bladder, the air would enter and fill it. It is in this way that the lungs are filled. The space within them is enlarged, and then through the nostrils or (as is the bad habit of some) through the mouth the air pours in. The air, you know, is a most persistent intruder, pushing its way wherever it can, — and very fortunate this is for us. As it is exceedingly important, for many reasons, that you should know how the space within the lungs is enlarged, please attend closely to the explanation of the process.

The lungs have no power to enlarge themselves. They are very light, and full of tiny chambers, — more like a delicate sponge than anything else. They have so little substance, that if you held an empty one in your closed hand, it would scarcely fill it; and yet it fills nearly half the chest, when it is distended with air and blood. The bladder, you will bear in mind, was pulled open to make room for the air.

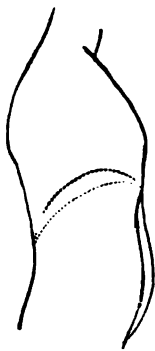


Figure 2.

In the same way, the lungs are pulled open. In figure 1 you will see that the lungs are attached to the sides of the chamber in which they are placed. They are also attached to the Diaphragm beneath. In figure 2 you will notice a line, curving upward, drawn midway across the body; and under that another line, which is nearly straight. These two lines are two positions of the Diaphragm, which in figure 1 you saw as it would look if the body were cut in two across the front, and which in figure 2 you see as if the body

were cut across the side. You may as well make the acquaintance of this Diaphragm, for it is quite as important a member of your household as the Heart or the Stomach.

The Diaphragm is a broad, circular muscle, which divides the body into two parts, as a floor divides the upper and lower story of a house. Indeed, the body, from the shoulders to the hips, is very much like a two-story house. The upper story is occupied by the lungs and heart, and the lower story by the stomach, and the other organs of digestion. Thus, the Diaphragm is the "floor" of the upper chamber, and the "ceiling" of the lower chamber. Imagine a circular room with a dome-shaped ceiling, and you will have before your mind a good representation of the lower story of the "house you live in." Then add to this that the "ceiling" can lower itself, and you will understand how the space within the lungs is enlarged. For the lungs are attached to the Diaphragm, and when that goes down, they must go with it. They cannot grow smaller about the sides, as a bladder would, if you pulled its ends apart, since the sides of the lungs are attached to the unyielding ribs. Therefore, when they are pulled down with the Diaphragm, the space within them is made larger.

But this is only half the machinery of breathing. The lungs are also to be emptied, — and this is done by the pressure of the "side-walls" of the lower chamber, which are broad, strong muscles, like the Diaphragm. The "ceiling" and the "walls" work together in a very simple way. When you draw in a breath, the "ceiling" presses downward to the dotted line in figure 2, and the "walls," yielding, bulge out to the dotted line in front. When the breath is poured out, the "walls" press inward, and push the "ceiling" up again. It is just as if you held a bladder nearly full of air in your hands, one hand at the top, the other upon the side, the bottom resting upon a table, perhaps. Then, if you press down upon the top, the sides will bulge out, and there will be more space above the bladder than there was before; if you press upon the sides, the top will be raised.

Now, I will show how this long explanation applies to the process of Voice-making. In the first part of this article we learned that the Voice was a vibration, or wave-like motion of the air, and that the Voice was produced as the musical sounds of the organ are. The lungs contain air; the Diaphragm pressing downward, makes room for more air to enter; the waist-muscles, pressing upward, push the air out again. You

have learned that this is the way in which we breathe, and it is only necessary to add that the air is poured out for Voice-making in the same way. The only difference is that these muscles must now be ready for any degree of sudden or strong exertion. Try a simple experiment. Put your hand upon the front of the body, a little below the breast-bone. As you breathe, there is a regular, gentle movement in and out. As you speak, also, in easy conversation without haste or excitement, the movement is much the same. Change your mode of speech to a quick, sharp utterance, however, and you will feel the muscles under your hand snap like whip-cords. These muscles should be taut like a bow-string, tense like a drum-head, springing like steel; and so they are in healthy men and children, and dogs and monkeys. But in men who seldom speak louder than the conversational tone, who see little of out-door life; in children who always move about in a staid, prim way, — who need reproof for talking too loud or too much, who never shout, scream, jump, or romp; and in most civilized women, who bind these very muscles with whalebone and iron, as a cooper hoops his barrels, who treat their bodies as if they were wood or stone, — in all these, the muscles of the waist are sure to be flabby, like leather. They still hold the body together; they still serve as the walls of a house, to protect the interior; but that which they should also do, to promote deep, thorough, healthy breathing, — to furnish air for vigorous, effective speech, — this they almost utterly fail of doing. If you will look at some of these weak men, or quiet children, or fashionable women, who do not use the great muscles of the waist, you will see something that is very curious. For their bodies, being compelled to abandon the better method, have contrived another way of doing the work. You will see that their chests rise and fall, as they breathe or speak, with a very perceptible motion. *This is wrong. The right way to breathe, is from the bottom of the lungs, — not from the top.* This you may always know, by a simple rule. *If the chest rise and fall, breathing is from the top of the lungs, and is not thorough; if the waist expand and contract, breathing is deep and thorough.* This rule applies to Voice-making also. If you would speak with vigor, without exhaustion, you must expel the air by contracting the waist.

Let me now describe the process by which the air is made into Voice. In the throat, near its mouth, there are two folds of skin, — one on each side, — which, when they are not in use, project

a little from the side to which they are attached, as you will see in figure 3. The folds of skin

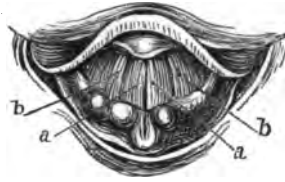


Figure 3. Mouth of the throat when open.
Vocal Ligaments.

are called Vocal Ligaments, because each contains a delicate ligament, or cord, like the string of a violin. If you compare this position with their position in figure 4, you will see that these little folds of skin can make the passage, through which the air must pass, as narrow as the slit which I cut in the India rubber. Really the whole story is told when I tell you that the air is forced upward from the lungs, and out through the narrow opening of figure 4. It is a familiar thing to blow through a whistle or upon a blade of grass. It ought to be equally easy to understand how the more familiar process of using your Voice is carried on, as you have seen the throat as it looks when the Voice is produced. If we could take out somebody's throat, and draw the Vocal Ligaments together, as in figure 4, we could, by blowing through it, produce the same sound as is made when the throat is in its place. We could use it just as we used the glass tube and India rubber.

Perhaps you do not understand how we can know that the throat looks like these two drawings. You may be inclined to doubt that it is possible to see around a corner; and having looked into your own throat, or somebody's else, you may be ready to pronounce it impossible to see what is evidently so far below the lowest visible point in the back part of the mouth. Your objection is a reasonable one, but it can easily be disposed of. Suppose a playmate is hiding from you. You cannot see him, because there is something between you and him. But if you can place a mirror at one side, between your position and his, you can see him as plainly as if there were nothing to hide him.

It is so with the throat. There is a simple instrument, with a long name — the Laryngoscope, — (which is merely a little mirror) by means of which the mouth of the throat can be seen, and all its movements studied. By using this instrument, we learn the action of the Vocal Ligaments. When the Voice is produced, they are

seen to take the position of figure 4. When the breath is held, so that none escapes, these shut

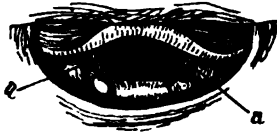


Figure 4. The throat when voice is produced.
a. Vocal Ligaments.

the passage completely, like two little doors. When the breath passes freely in and out, these are neatly tucked up at the sides, leaving the passage wide open. You may have thought that your mouth was an open tube, that stood always ready to admit the air, as often as you wished to breathe. But you are really dependent upon these Vocal Ligaments for your life, because if the doors fail to open with every breath, the air cannot enter, and you will die. The upper part of the throat, into which you look in figures 3 and 4, is more than the end of a tube. It is a

little three-cornered chamber, which you may call the vestibule. Into this the little doors open. Outside of these, or rather, above these, there is a sort of outer door, which you can see in the drawings as a curved line along the upper side. This is called the Epiglottis, and its use is to shut the throat tight when food or drink are passing by, on the way to the stomach.

Thus, in a rambling way, I have told the story of The Voice. When I began, it seemed a very easy thing to do; but I have been studying about the Voice so long, and have so many things that I might say about it, that it was really hard to know just what it was best to say. Although "breathing" is not "speaking," I could not forbear saying a good deal about that, since it is of the utmost importance that you now begin, while you are young, to breathe properly. For the sake of your Voice, also, learn to use the *muscles of the waist*. I have not said very much about the proper mode of using the Voice, because I shall give you some practical advice about that in the next number of the "Riverside."

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALL.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a new block of brick dwelling-houses almost opposite the school, and a broad brick sidewalk extending for quite a distance along the street. Here the school-girls were fond of carrying their hoops in the muddy weather, or they collected there in recess, for games best known to themselves.

One day Effie and a party of the irregulars stopped round a coal-hole in the middle of the sidewalk, and stood watching the men, who were taking in the coal, and pouring it down into the coal-bin.

"Do you suppose you could go down through that hole, if you tried?" asked Martha Sykes.

"O, it is too small for one of us," replied Mary Porter; "we should be stuck there, like a chimney-sweep in a chimney — in a book, you know, they always are."

"There's plenty of room for me," said Effie, who felt herself equal to anything; "I could go down and up again."

"O no, you couldn't, — it is half full of coal," objected one of the others: "there is not room."

"O, do go!" cried the little Carneys.

"Well, I will show you," said Effie. "I'll tell you what I will do, — I will go down into the house, and through the cellar, and up through the hole, before you have time to count twenty."

"O, don't go," remonstrated Mary Porter; "the people won't like to have you coming through the house!"

"I don't care!" said Effie; "I shall be so quick about it, they won't have time to think."

"I suppose you don't mind blacking your clothes from top to toe," was the warning; but Effie did not stop to hear it."

She was in the house, and had made her way into the coal-box in a few minutes, and her bright laughing face was soon seen emerging from the coal-bin; but her way out was not so easy as she had fancied. Her feet slipped back on the slanting hill of coal, and she had to use her hands to crawl out upon. The coal-men, who had been waiting for another cart, smoking their pipes on the edge of the sidewalk, now came up to see what was the matter, with many exclamations when they found what had hap-

pened; but they didn't venture to offer their blackened hands, though Effie's were fast becoming quite as black.

Effie herself was beginning to be ashamed of her position, when, to crown her disgust at herself, she heard a kindly voice asking what was the matter.

"What! one of the girls fallen into one of these places? I always have been afraid of some accident; they are most dangerous holes for anybody to tumble into!"

It was the voice of Alice Lee, Gertrude's older sister; and already her little hand, with its neatly fitting glove, was offered, to help Effie out.

"O, she went in herself!" exclaimed the girls; "she wanted to show us she could climb up through the coal-hole; she will be out in a minute, if you only give her time."

And Effie was out without Alice's help, — "Miss Alice," the girls all called her, — for she was much admired by all the school-girls — by Effie's friends especially. They had for her that admiration that young girls are wont to feel for girls a little older than themselves, who have grown to be the "young-ladies" they are hoping to become, before long.

Alice Lee was indeed exceedingly pretty, and attractive in every way! The girls often stood by to see her pass, and would admire everything that she wore. She had always such exquisitely fitting gloves to match her dress, such neat boots, such a feather in her hat; but her face, and her pleasant smile, were the loveliest of all. She had kind words for the younger girls; and though these words were not rare, they were always treasured up as something precious, something to be proud of.

"Miss Alice kissed me to-day!" Rosa Leonard would say.

"What! really true?" another would ask.

"Yes, I met her out in the meadows, and she walked home with me, and kissed me at the door."

That very day one of the Sykeses had been boasting that Miss Alice had promised to come to her house to teach her to crochet, the first rainy afternoon. She could not spare one of the bright days.

So now it was a special mortification to Effie to be detected by Miss Alice, — of all people in the world, — in crawling out of a coal-hole. She did not venture to touch the dainty little hand; she did not wonder that Miss Alice turned away from her, and hurried out of the crowd.

Effie looked down at her own blackened dress,

at her coal-stained hands; the girls were all hurrying in to school, for recess was over, and she must stop and wash herself, and make herself fit to go in to school; anyway, she must be late.

She was vexed, thoroughly vexed with herself. To be seen by Miss Alice in such a plight, was too hard. If it had only been an accident, Miss Alice would not have turned away. Miss Alice had said she had always been afraid such an accident would happen, and then she would not have minded her soiled dress, and her smutty face, and would have helped her out. But, O dear, there was a difference! She had got herself into the scrape. She never had thought of any consequences, nor of what would come of the adventure; she had only thought of the fun of the thing.

Effie did come in late to school; this was no novelty, nowadays. She was never ready to come in when the other girls were. Miss Tilden had tried many ways of punishing her, without effect. She did not mind a few extra marks, or being at the foot of the class. She received it all with an "I don't care," and a toss of the head. Miss Tilden now kept her half an hour after school, as punishment for her tardiness; and this was a punishment indeed. She had to go and find Mary Connor to walk home with, and the days were now so short, there were no afternoons left to play in. She was more than usually sullen about it to-day. Poor Miss Tilden must stay with her after the school hours were over, and, tired as she was, busied herself over some lists of the scholars, while Effie was made to study a neglected lesson.

At last the tiresome half-hour was over! Effie shut up her books, and slammed down the cover of her desk, and was hurrying away for her hat, when Miss Tilden called her back.

"I want to talk to you a little," said Miss Tilden.

Effie stood by her side, determined not to listen to anything Miss Tilden had to say, and resolutely looked at the window-pane, and tried to watch a battle between a spider and two flies.

"I have been wondering, Effie," said Miss Tilden, "when you were going to begin to grow up, and to be something more than a child."

"I'm not a young lady," interrupted Effie, "and I don't want to be such a goose."

"Nobody would mistake you for one now," said weary Miss Tilden, "but even a little child can be kind to its teacher, and mother, and sister. I want to remind you that in being late at school, you are unkind not only to me, but to

your mother, and to Annie, who, I dare say, is looking for you, and is anxious about you."

"You needn't have kept me," said Effie, roughly.

"I might have spared myself the trouble," said Miss Tilden; "and I must tell you, Effie, that I really cannot spare the time to stay with you; and I want to ask you what I shall do about it. I think I shall have to give up the little children in my school, unless they will be more obedient; but indeed, Effie, you give me more trouble than all the younger class. If your mother had been well, I should have asked her before now to take you away from the school. And now I must think of my own mother. It is necessary for me to get back to her as soon as possible, and I must not give the time that I am forced to give you after school every day."

"You needn't keep me," repeated Effie.

"I can find no other punishment," said Miss Tilden; "you come so late, that you not only interrupt the school, but you cannot recite with the rest, and have not the time to learn your lesson properly. I have tried putting you into the younger class, but you know that the trouble is the same; your lesson there is never ready with the rest, — I have to attend to it separately, and I have no time for it in the school hours."

Miss Tilden stopped awhile, but Effie said nothing, and she went on, — "I find that Mary Connor wants to teach a class of young girls, and it is settled that the Carneys and the Sykeses shall go to her; and I think of going to see your mother" —

Effie broke away from Miss Tilden. "I never will consent to that!" she exclaimed. "I never will be taught by Mary Connor, if I go to no school at all."

Miss Tilden tried to pacify her. "Effie, I should be willing to give you one more trial" —

But Effie interrupted her. "I should like to go home," she said, as she snatched her hat and coat. "I will ask mamma myself."

Mary Connor had come to the door for Effie, and Miss Tilden was forced to let her go. Effie refused to speak to Mary, and plodded along sullenly behind her.

This was an insult indeed, if Mary Connor, not a year older than herself, were to be set to teaching her, — that was something too hateful to be borne. But if Effie had only stopped to listen to Miss Tilden, she would have found that the plan was not so very insulting, after all. Mary Connor, although she was not much older than Effie, Gertrude, and the others, had always

been the most steady and punctual of all, and in consequence she was farther advanced in her studies. For the last year, she had been quite beyond them. Her mother had a large family to support, and Mary was the oldest of all, and she was very eager to begin to teach — to begin to be able to earn something. She had always been in the habit of turning her hand to everything that came along. Besides making excellent bread, and the best of butter, she could work all the different kinds of sewing-machines in the place, — the button-hole machine, knitting-machine, and all. But she enjoyed her studies the most, and Miss Tilden had been glad to help her, in school and out of school, and sometimes in the evenings, though she did her best to prevent Mary from working too hard.

Miss Tilden had been much oppressed lately with the care of the younger class, with Effie at their head. She had just decided that she would put the younger girls in a room adjoining hers, and she had proposed to Mary Connor to teach them, and take care of them. Mary was fully qualified to do this, as she was a thoroughly steady girl, and was used to the care of young children; and the parents of the children had given their consent willingly. The children were to be in school only three hours, and to leave at recess, and this would leave Mary Connor time for her recitations to Miss Tilden with the older class, later in the morning. She was confident that she should be able to prepare her own lessons in the evening, or out of school hours, "or even in the mornings, while the little girls are studying." But Miss Tilden shook her head at this suggestion; she did not have much faith in the little girls' studying.

But the most troublesome question was, "What should be done with Effie?" It seemed a disgrace, indeed, to class her entirely with the little girls; but then she ranked herself with them, and was of more trouble than all the others. Miss Tilden then planned a final appeal to Effie. She would give her another chance of taking her place with the girls of her own age, with the alternative of being sent into the other room to Mary Connor, if she failed to come to school in season, and was not willing to keep her place with her class.

But Effie broke away from Miss Tilden in such a hurry, and so rudely, that there was no opportunity for any explanations. Miss Tilden turned away to her labors at home. Mary Connor did not understand what the difficulty was, and now and then looked round, with a word for

Effie; but she was received every time with a rude rebuff, and both walked on through the mud at a quick pace, Mary leading the way. Effie's mind was indeed in a sea of indignation. She was angry with Miss Tilden for classing her with the little girls, — for saying that she should speak to her mother about her. She was "mad" with Mary Connor, not a year older than she was, but walking in front of her, all so grand, with the idea of teaching her, — her, Effie, who could get above Mary Connor in the class, any day, if she chose. Yea, Effie was boiling with rage, but at bottom of it all was disgust, actual disgust at herself. Usually Effie had some fine excuses for herself; she had a great opinion of her own powers. She fancied she could do anything that she pleased. She could be at the head of the class — if she chose. She could make bread as well as Mary Connor — if she only tried. But she did not care to make bread. If she were late at school, it was because something was in the way; things happened to her that did not happen to the other girls. There was always some admirable reason for her failures. But to-night she was heavy with thought about herself. Do all that she could, she found herself recalling a little smile of disdain on Alice Lee's face, as she turned away from helping her out of the coal that morning. She never should forget that little curl at the end of Miss Alice's lip, — no, never. It cut her more deeply than all the words that had ever been said to her. Now she knew just what Miss Alice thought of her, — now she should never venture to speak to her again. Some words of Miss Tilden's came back, too. Miss Tilden had said no one would ever mistake her for a young lady now; and she fancied Miss Tilden had measured her from head to foot, and had seen every grimy spot of coal-dust, and her ill-washed face and hands.

Effie had a distinct love of little-girlhood, and had always declared she hated young ladies, Miss Alice alone excepted. Yet in the bottom of her heart she had an idea that she should some day burst out into a full-blown young lady, as elegant as Miss Alice, as beautiful, and as much admired. But now, how near was she to that, plodding along through the mud, and Mary Connor, not much older than herself, in front, all ready to step into the ranks of a teacher, while she herself was to be disgraced, and degraded into a class of children! And she thought of what people would say, and what would Gertrude think; but there was Miss Alice's smile, — her smile of scorn, to top the whole!

She bade Mary Connor good-by grimly at her gate. "Sha'n't I walk along with you?" asked Mary, hesitatingly. "It is pretty dark, and it looks black under the bushes."

"No, I thank you!" answered Effie, in a gruff tone. "You needn't begin to orler me round now; you will have plenty of it, before you have done. Shall you put me into spelling, or try me with a-b ab, first?"

"O Effie, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mary. "I cau't tell what is the matter with you to-night. I wish you would stop, and tell me what has happened to you."

But Effie broke away. "I suppose she thinks I look like a chimney-sweep. What will mamma say to me?" And she hurried through the gate.

She meant to go in to her mother, and tell her all about it. She would tell her that she hated herself; yes, she would confess that she despised herself for her rudeness to Miss Tilden and to Mary Connor, and she would acknowledge that she was selfish herself every day of her life. But she hated everybody else, — she hated Mary Connor, and Miss Tilden, and everybody, — all the girls, great and small; and, O dear, what would mamma do with her?

She lingered a minute on the steps, and heard voices in her mother's room. Somebody was there, talking. It was always so; she never had a chance to talk to her mother; no wonder she was no better than she was, when she had nobody to take her side, nobody to give any time to her. She went back to go round the house, and clamber in at her own window. It was a high climb, and difficult, for now it was dark; but she was familiar with the way, as it was her favorite manner of getting in and out of her room, when she didn't care to go through her mother's.

By the time she was in her little dark room, she was in a flood of tears, and she flung herself down on the floor by her mother's door, to listen, and wait till those hateful people should be gone. Suddenly she fancied she heard a well-known voice. Was it possible? Could it be Uncle George, — her dear Uncle George! When he last wrote, he said he could not come before the winter. But what was he saying as she laid her hand upon the lock, to open the door?

"No, I do not see how you can take Effie with you to Florida, — from all your accounts, she is quite too unmanageable."

Effie stopped to listen to the first words, with her heart beating. Mamma was to go away to Florida, and she was to be left behind! Uncle

George was interrupted in the midst of his sentence by a strange and sudden apparition,—a muddy little girl in a water-proof cloak, with tears streaming down her blackened cheeks and a most sorrowful countenance.

"Is this my Effie!" he exclaimed, as he took her in his arms, while he could not help laughing at the disconsolate sight. "Is this my little Effie? and we were all wondering what had become of you; and I was all ready to go in search of you. And here you have been through all sorts of dangers, and have waded through stony brooks, and have stormed inaccessible mud castles."

"O Uncle George!" Effie broke out, "I am hateful, and everybody is hateful, and everybody hates me. And mamma is going to Florida, and the oranges, and I am to stay behind, and everybody is to leave me, and Mary Connor is to teach me!"

This time Uncle George checked his desire to laugh. He saw that there was a real trouble, and that Mrs. Ashley was excited, too, by Effie's distress. "You see, George," she said, "I cannot go away. How could I leave Effie? and I could not think to take her with me!"

"Effie, do you not see you are disturbing your mother?" said Uncle George, wiping her eyes. "O Effie, can you never learn to be more considerate? What are all these tears about? This is a pretty reception to give an uncle who has come a long journey to see you. Let us have a bright face to-night, and to-morrow we will have a long explanation. I think there must have been something terrible going on to-day; but we will not ask about it now. I have been promised a supper whenever you should get home, and suppose you go and inquire about it."

It had been a "terrible" day, thought Effie, as she left the room. There was the long-ago scene of the coal-hole, and the tedious school, and Miss Tilden's lecture, and the dreary walk home, and mamma's pale face, and that dreadful terror, of her going away,—away to Florida. Could Uncle George's coming make amends for all? Uncle George always did make her so happy; but could he do everything? She used to think so; but now—how would it be now? She did not dare to think, and yet Effie's thoughts kept coming.

HOW BEES ARE BORN AND BRED.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

In the observing hive which we put up last month, we noticed that there was but one perfectly formed female among a host of drones, and we learned in May that in a natural swarm there are five hundred of these males. The disparity of numbers will constantly grow greater, for, while there is only one queen, the drones will be hatching out every day, unless something is done to stop their increase.

This large number of males is provided only that the queen may be sure to find one for her special mate. In the "Riverside" for May, 1868, the editor told us that the queen's mysterious nuptials are consummated in the open air, and at a considerable distance from the earth. Now, when she flies out, it is very important that she meet one of the drones, which it would not be certain she should, if there were not a great many of them. She only needs one, but he is the sire of all the bees of which the queen becomes the mother during her whole life.

But there must be wax and comb before eggs

can be laid, or honey deposited. Francis Huber, to whom we have to refer so often, was the first to tell the world how their manufacture is carried on. The books say that wax bears an analogy to the "sebaceous secretion of the integument," and if you will look into a dictionary for the meaning of these barbarous words, you will be better able to understand what wax resembles. It is difficult to describe the process of its manufacture clearly. With the help of Huber, and Mr. Bradley, let us try.

Wax is formed beneath the scales on the under side of the bee's abdomen. Mr. Bradley caught a bee for me to show these scales. Taking out his sting, and holding him by the head, he gently raised them one after another; and any one who knows how to catch a bee without being stung, may make the same examination. On the opposite page is a cut showing a bee's abdomen greatly magnified, in which the scales are plainly seen, with the little sheets of wax issuing from beneath them.

After taking a supply of honey (for wax is made from honey), the bees suspend themselves one to another, the claws of the fore-legs of the lower ones being attached to those on the hinder legs of the upper ones, giving the exterior layer of the cluster so formed the appearance of a curtain. It is a series of festoons crossing each other in all directions. For about twenty-four hours the bees remain immovable, during which time the wax may be seen accumulating. The clusters are then broken up, and the bees will be noticed running round, and to and fro, in a crazy manner, wagging the abdomen until the sheets of wax drop off. These are seized by attendants, who work them over thoroughly with their jaws and tongues until they become white, ductile, and tenacious, and fit to form comb. Besides all the labor the bees expend in making wax, it is expensive, because fifteen pounds of honey are necessary to make one pound of it, and the careful bee-keeper will therefore never waste the smallest particle of clean comb.



Bee's Abdomen.

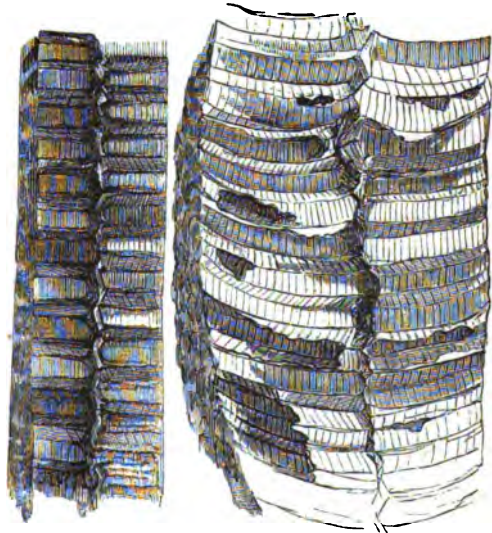
We spoke of the neatness of the bees, in our first paper of this series, and we shall find that before any other operation is begun in a new hive, they will clean house. Every particle of dirt is carried out, and if there be slivers on the rough portions of the hive, the bees bite or gnaw them off, before beginning to build comb. This, again, requires so much time and labor, that it becomes economical for the apiarist to furnish the swarm with a clean and tight hive.

When our swarm was on the tree, we noticed that it was spherical in form. There is a reason for everything the bees do, and there is an excellent one for their assuming this shape. A certain degree of warmth is necessary to the proper performance of the work in the hive, as well as to the comfort of the insects. In all their operations, therefore, they crowd together. When building comb, they first make a small piece of about the size of an old-fashioned silver dollar. Then, at a distance of an inch and a half from the centre of that piece, they begin a second comb, working all the while on the first. They next start a third comb at the same distance on the other side of the first, and it is easy to see that as the three continue to increase downward, the bees are working in the limits of an irregular sphere.

Each of these combs consists of a double set of cells, the bottoms of which are applied to each

other, forming a partition between them. The cells are hexagonal, or six-sided, which is the shape best adapted to economize both wax and space. The bottom of the cell is not flat, but of six triangular faces, which are accurately joined to those of the cells opening on the opposite side of the comb, and give great additional strength to the structure.

The cells are not all of the same size. Those in which the drones are hatched, measure one fourth of an inch across the mouth; and those in which the workers are hatched, are only one fifth of an inch in diameter. These cells are in the frames in the lower part of the hive, and are mainly devoted to breeding. The comb in the boxes is only made to store honey in, and differs in two respects. The cells are larger, because it is more economical to store honey in large cells than in small. They are deeper, for the same reason. While the breeding-comb is only one inch thick, this is sometimes as thick as three inches, making the cells an inch and a half deep. Suppose we cut directly through one of each of these combs. We find that the cells of the frame comb are built horizontally, while those in the box comb are a little higher at the mouth than at the bottom. How do you suppose the little bee learned that the honey would run out of the cell if it was level? Here is a cut, showing a section of each sort of comb.



Breeding-comb.

Comb for storing honey.

The ten frames will contain two pounds of comb, which the bees will make in about ten days. After it is made, they would fill it with honey in about three days, though both opera-

tions are in reality carried on at the same time. If we can furnish the comb, it will save much time, encourage the bees, and be greatly to our profit. No one has yet made artificial comb, but in the course of his experience the apiarist will accumulate old comb, which, if it be clean, he may put into hives intended for new swarms. Mr. Bradley has a mixture of equal parts of rosin and beeswax, with which he makes the old comb adhere to the frames. It is also profitable to give the bees the same encouragement in the honey boxes. Very small pieces of the nicest honeycomb should be stuck right side up on the top board of the boxes, before they are placed on the hive. If we had a hive containing a number of bees just capable of filling six boxes with honey, and should give them six boxes, with a small piece of comb in five, and none in the remaining one, the five would be filled, and the one left empty. After losing that amount of honey, we should probably the next time put a piece of comb in each of our boxes.

When the comb is ready, the queen begins to lay her eggs. She examines each cell, to see if the workers have prepared it for her, and finding all right, she turns about, backs into the cell until she reaches the bottom, deposits an egg, and walks to the next cell. She will repeat this performance three times in a minute, as Mr. Bradley has seen her do, and if there be enough cells, will lay from two to four thousand eggs in a day! There are fourteen hundred and forty minutes in a day, for bees work steadily through the night, — in fact, it is as dark as night all day in the hive. What would be the result, if hens laid eggs in such a surprising manner?

If you watch the queen, you may see her lay an egg in the worker comb, and another in the drone comb immediately. There is no difference in the way it is done, but one of the eggs will surely hatch a drone and the other a worker! Do you know how it happens? Does it *happen* at all? Is it not one of the mysteries which the All-Wise Maker of bees has seen fit to allow to continue unsolved, for the astonishment of men? But it is no more wonderful than some of the other facts we have already learned about bees.

After laying the eggs, her majesty pays no more attention to them. Suppose she has laid in three kinds of cells. In sixteen days the young queens will be mature, and ready to come forth. In twenty-one days the workers will follow, and in twenty-four days the lazy drones will bring up the rear, by being the last ones out of the cell.

But what has happened during the three weeks since the worker egg was laid? We are told that the egg is hatched six days after it is laid, and a little worm or larva appears in the bottom of the cell. For a few days this larva is carefully fed by the young worker bees. Here



Cell and larva magnified.

is a picture, showing the bottom of the cell, and the larva greatly magnified. The cell is then capped over by the workers, and the larva occupies the next thirty-six hours in spinning a cocoon, or silken envelope, with which he completely covers himself. In three days more he changes into a nymph, or chrysalis, and continues to develop, until he is able to gnaw away the slight porous film with which his cell is covered, and comes forth a perfect bee. The scene is quite lively when the little fellows are coming out in various quarters of the same comb, at the same time.

For the first few days he appears to have no duties except to learn the use of his legs, wings, and other parts. Then he is made to nurse the larvæ which are hatched but not capped over, and to feed also the young bees that are just emerging from the cells. At the end of a week he is allowed to go out of the hive for exercise; and when, at the advanced age of three weeks, he is robust and hearty, he is sent out to gather honey, and thereafter is obliged to work night and day during the harvest seasons, until he drops down in the harness.

Bees are able to get a load of honey in about a half-hour, and eight loads are a good day's work. Of course honey cannot be gathered at night, and it cannot be gathered all day at all seasons. Willow-blossoms produce honey all day, apple-blossoms and buckwheat-flowers only in the morning, the white-clover only in the middle of the day, and the blackberry and raspberry flowers all day, except early in the morning. Though the early bird is proverbially said to get the worm, the early bee, in blackberry time, does not get the honey. Though honey cannot be gathered at all hours, the bee is always busy, for there are many operations to be carried on inside of the hive, some of which we have seen.

The troublesome drones now demand attention again, for all the while the workers have been so busy, the lazy wretches have been doing nothing but eat, eat, eat!

Suppose Mr. Bradley had a thousand in each of his hives, and they would soon increase to that number, that would give him a hundred thousand to support. There would be five full swarms which, instead of producing, would be using up the product of five working swarms. The algebraists tell us that the difference between plus five and minus five, is plus ten. His loss, therefore, would be the product of ten hives, or from three hundred to a thousand pounds of honey!

This is a great evil, but it is very easily obviated. Raise no drones, is the rule. This is accomplished by simply cutting out the drone comb early in the spring, when all the combs are empty. The space in the frames is filled up with worker comb. There need be no fear, in Mr. Bradley's apiary, that the queen will find no mate; for there are so many hives together, under his apple-trees, that a few drones will be far from none of them.

There is a good effect of keeping bees, which

Mr. Bradley thinks worthy of mention. We have seen that their habits are very regular, and their attention to business very strict. They apparently know that their business in the world is to gather honey, and they will do it, no matter how much they may be discouraged. Rob them of their comb, or take away their honey, and you will only make them work the harder to repair the damage. They never get discouraged, and give up, but persevere, and work until the last moment. He says that when he is tempted to give up a difficult work, he walks out among the hundred hives, and thoughts of the persistence of the bees reassure him.

If any of the readers of the "Riverside" wish to be quite sure that Alonzo Bradley is a real man, they will do well to visit his apiary, which is easily found; and if they are not able to do that, they may read an account of it in the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, on pages 314-320.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

XXVIII.

As Dickon ran out
Of the gate, with a shout,
He saw a poor toad
In the midst of the road;
"O!" cries Master Dick,
"I'll get a big stick,
And kill you all dead
With a blow on the head!"
"Naughty boy!" said his nurse,
"Why, what could be worse?
He is having some fun,
Sitting there, in the sun.
What harm can he do
To me, or to you?
And then, if you kill
Him, his brothers will fill
Your room in the night,
And you'll have a fine fright."
"Indeed, I don't care!"
Said Dick. — "Yes, but hear,
Ere you can cry stop!
On your bed they will hop,
And they'll sit there in rows;
Each, to wipe his poor nose,

Will carry a leaf
For a silk-handkerchief.
There, with many a groan,
They will weep and bemoan



Their poor brother, the toad,
You killed on the road;
And there they will stay
Till the dawn of the day,
And all night they will keep
You from having sweet sleep."
Dick's blue eyes flashed bright,

While he cried with delight, —
 "I'd take my new gun,
 And shoot every one;
 They'd very soon see
 They couldn't scare me."
 The toad, shocked this to hear,
 Hopped off in great fear,
 And told all his folk
 That, without any joke,
 A monster, called boy,
 Meant all toads to destroy.
 So, in grief and dismay,
 That very same day
 They moved over the hill,
 And are living there still.



xxix.

Dickon went to the brook, with a pin for a hook,
 To catch a fried whale for his supper;
 When some slippery eels, they tripped up his
 heels, —
 In he fell with great splashing and splutter.

The wheelbarrow ran with rattle and bang,
 And the shovel and rake followed after;
 An old fat frog living under a log,
 Sat holding his sides with laughter.

A big black toad hopped into the road,
 And bawled like a chimney-sweeper;
 And the hen ran out, and around, and about,
 Crying, "Eggs will be sold no cheaper!"

xxx.

Two little wrens have built their nest
 In the old tree by the door,
 And there they've hatched a thriving brood,
 And on them set great store.

The noisy, busy, saucy things
 Are scolding all the day,

And every one that passes by,
 They try to drive away.



When the red-cheeked baker-boy comes in
 With his basket full of bread,
 They rave as if they'd like to peck
 The eyes out of his head.

Ah, here he comes, and they begin:
 "Go away, you hateful boy;
 You know you've come to steal our nest,
 And our children to destroy.

"We do not like your looks at all;
 Your face is much too fat;
 You've got a ragged jacket on,
 And a dirty, torn old hat."

The baker boy looks up and laughs,
 For kind he is, and good;
 "I would not hurt your nest," he says,
 "Or any of your brood."

And whistling, off he goes. The wrens
 Bluster with pride and glee;
 "Chip, chip," they chatter, "we're the birds;
 He's afraid of us, you see.

Then round they whisk, and back again,
 To feed their nestlings small,
 And teach them that of bravest birds
 The wren exceeds them all.

HOW RAILROADS ARE MADE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE EQUIPMENT.

WHEN the railroad is built, with all its viaducts, bridges, culverts, tunnels, and stations complete, and the track is all laid, ready for the running of the trains, there is still a vast outlay required for the *equipment* of it, as it is called. If any one were to be asked in what this equipment consisted, he might, if speaking without much reflection, say, of the locomotive and cars of course, as if that would be all.

But the number of items included in the equipment of a first-class railroad is very great, and involves the expenditure of large sums of money. There are locomotives of different kinds, and a great number of them required: some very powerful to draw long trains, and made immensely heavy, so that their weight may press the wheels down upon the rails with force sufficient to enable them to maintain their hold when drawing so heavy a load; and smaller ones for ordinary work, and others still smaller and lighter for rapid running with a single passenger, to transmit intelligence, or orders, in case of emergency.

Then a great many different kinds of cars are required too: passenger cars of various classes and styles, and box cars for ordinary freight; and platform cars, or *flats*, as they sometimes call them, for timber, stone, rails, and other such things as cannot be conveniently put into box cars, and do not need to be protected from the weather; and cattle cars, in the form of pens, for the transportation of cattle and horses, and snow-ploughs, and flange engines; and finally hand-cars, — worked by men seated in them and turning a crank, — for the purpose of sending laborers back and forth along the line to make repairs. There must be, moreover, a large supply of tools at all the stations, for the men who make repairs when required, and keep the track in order. The stations too must be supplied with sets of signals of various kinds, and account books, and office furniture, and presses to print, and stamping machines to stamp the tickets, and trucks for moving baggage and freight to and fro upon the platform, and a thousand other things which, though so essential that the absence of any one of them at the time and place at which it was required might produce great confusion and delay, are yet in themselves so apparently insignif-

icant that it is a wonder that the managers can think of them all. Then last but not least, there are the vast machine shops, for repairing the locomotives and cars. These must be fitted up with immense lathes, and planing engines, and boring engines, and other "tools," as they are called, required for the work on heavy machinery, as well as the necessary means for making iron and brass castings.

In a word, the equipment of a railroad, after the construction of it is completed, is a very great and expensive part of the preparation.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

The great central object, however, around which all these things cluster, and upon the action of which they all wait and depend, is of course the locomotive; and to give the reader some clear, correct, and scientific ideas of the philosophy of the locomotive, will be the chief purpose of this article.

The heart of the locomotive is the cylinder; and the soul of it — in other words, the vivifying principle which imparts to it all its life and power — is what?

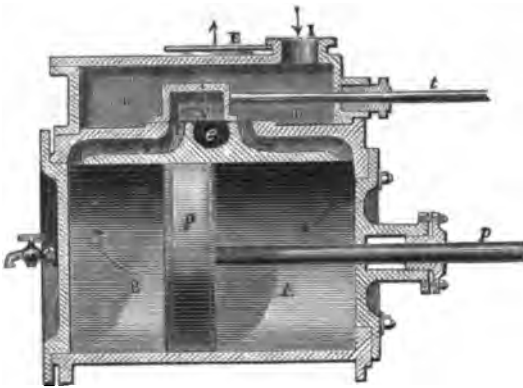
Many persons would at once reply *steam*. But this is a mistake. It is not from the steam, but from *the heat* developed by the combustion of the wood or coal, that the engine really derives its power. The steam is only the medium, or instrument, by which the force derived from the heat is conveyed from the furnace where it is generated, to the movable parts of the machinery.

Although the locomotive, as it appears to us when we see it standing on the track at a station, seems very complicated, this complication consists chiefly in the subordinate and subsidiary parts, for the essential things on which its action and its power depend are really very simple and very easily understood.

THE CYLINDER AND PISTON.

This will be made clear by the engraving which represents what is called a *section* of a cylinder, and of a piston within it, — that is, a representation of the appearance which it would present if we suppose it cut in two, from end to end, so as to show its interior construction.

The cylinder is formed of brass or other metal, and is made very thick and strong. The interior surface is turned perfectly true, and is highly polished, so that the piston may slide to and fro in it with the least possible friction. The piston, *P*, is made to fit it exactly, so that it can move to and fro with great facility and yet without breakage. The ends of the cylinder are made flat and square, as are also the two sides of the piston, so that the piston may fit closely, first at one end and then at the other, as it is pushed to and fro at the successive strokes, by the force of the steam. The round rod, *p*, which is fastened at one end to the piston, and passes out through the head of the cylinder, is called the piston-rod, and the outer end of it is connected with the crank on the axle of the driving-wheels. It is



The Cylinder and Piston. Fig. 1.

easy to be seen from this, that if the piston can be driven to and fro within the cylinder with great force, while the outer end is connected with the crank in the proper way, the pushing and pulling of the outer end of the rod can easily be made to turn the crank, and so make the wheels go round.

And now let us see by what means the piston is thus to move to and fro with the necessary force. It is done simply by admitting the steam first on one side of it and then on the other. It is easy to be seen by the engraving how this is effected.

THE SLIDING VALVE.

You see above the cylinder the interior of a square chamber, marked *a a*, with a large pipe coming down into it at *I*. This pipe comes from the boiler, and brings steam at full pressure into the chamber. You must imagine the pipe and the chamber *a a* to be filled with steam, very hot, and exerting a very great expansive

force, so that if the walls of the chamber and the sides of the tube were not formed of metal and made very thick and strong, they would instantly be burst asunder. But they are very strong, and there is no escape for the steam except down through the left hand passage in Fig. 1, as the arrows show, into the left hand part of the cylinder marked *A*. Here it presses against the piston and forces it along toward the right hand end of the cylinder; and so pushes the crank on the axle which is connected with the outer end of the piston-rod *p*.

As soon, however, as the piston reaches the end of the cylinder, and can go no farther, the motion would stop, and the parts remain immovable, — the pressure of the steam continuing in full force on the left hand face of the piston, — were it not for a contrivance by which the steam is shut off from that side, and admitted to the other, just before it reaches the end of the stroke. This is effected by means of the valve *t* at the top of the cylinder. This valve consists of a sliding box with a long handle *t*. There are sides and ends, and a top to this box; but it is open at the bottom.

You will see now that as it stands in Fig. 1. it leaves the left hand passage from the steam chamber into the cylinder *open*, so that the steam can go in on that side and push the piston toward the right; while at the same time the steam that is on the right side of the piston can go up through the valve, by the right hand passage, *i*, and pass down into the escape pipe *e*, which carries it off into the chimney.

But when this sliding valve has been pushed by the handle *t* into the position shown in Fig. 2, it shuts off the steam from entering any more on the left hand side, and allows what is already there to escape into the chimney through *e*, while at the same time it opens a passage for the steam into the right side, as shown by the arrows; and this steam, pressing, by its vast expansive force, upon the right side of the piston, forces it back toward the left. As soon as it reaches the end of the cylinder on that side, the valve is drawn forward again, and the steam is let off from the right side and admitted at the left, and so on. Thus so long as the valve is kept sliding to and fro, at the right moments, — which it requires only a small force to effect, — the piston is made to move to and fro with very great force, and by means of the proper mechanism connecting the piston-rod *p*, with the crank on the axle of the driving-wheels, the wheels are made to revolve with great rapidity, carrying forward the heavy

locomotive on the rails, and drawing along after it the long train of cars.

But how is it that this valve is made to slide to and fro in this manner in just the right time to produce this shifting of the current of steam, from one side to the other of the piston? It is done by the piston-rod itself, which is so connected with the rod *t* by proper mechanism, that when the piston is near one end of its course, and at exactly the right moment, it pushes the valve into its new position, sparing a little of its force for this purpose. It is as if with one hand it slipped the valve back and then forward, so as to change the course of the steam, while with the other it turned a massive and heavy crank by which it pulled the train along the line; only the hand with which it thus shifts the valve is very light and small, and the force which it exercises by means of it is very slight, compared with the tremendous energy which it expends in turning the great driving-wheels, and impelling them forward with so much speed on their course, notwithstanding all the holding back of the immense train dragging behind, with its hundreds of passengers, or its tons upon tons of blocks of stone, or bars of iron, or boxes and bales of heavy merchandise.

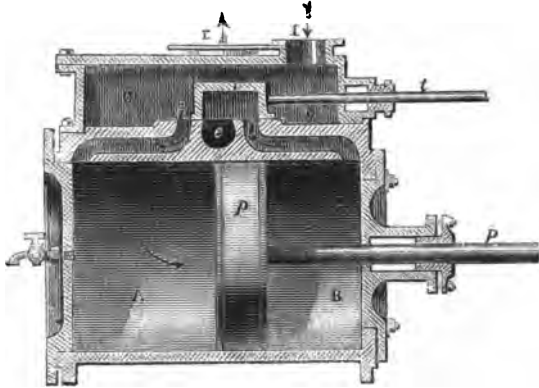
Every time that the sliding valve above described shifts its position so as to admit the steam into one end of the cylinder, and allow of the escape of it from the other end into the chimney, the escaping steam bursts out with a certain violence, and, with its well known sound of *choo! choo!* throwing up a puff of vapor at each issue from the top of the chimney. These explosions or puffs are very distinct at first, when the engine is started, for the movement of the piston to and fro takes place then at a moderate rate, and the successive impulses can be readily distinguished by the ear. As the train however moves on, and gradually acquires speed, these movements succeed each other with greater and greater rapidity, until at length they run together and blend into a continuous sound; but this is soon lost in the overpowering noise made by the wheels of the locomotive and the train, as they thunder along their way.

VARIOUS MODES OF CONSTRUCTION.

In different locomotives the arrangements of the parts, and the character of the valve apparatus by which the steam is admitted, alternately, to the different ends of the cylinder, so as to act first on one side and then on the other of the piston, vary very greatly. But the principle is,

in all, the same as shown above. As to the other parts of the machinery, — the mechanism by which the piston-rod is made to turn the wheels, and by which it is also made to work the valve apparatus, — you can usually trace them pretty distinctly by looking at any locomotive as it stands on the rails at a station.

In doing this, the first thing to be looked for is the cylinder; and when you see it, and consider that it is within this little space that the steam does all its work of carrying forward the whole ponderous train, you will be surprised to



The Cylinder and Piston. Fig. 2.

see how small it is. You will know it at once by the piston-rod which issues from one end of it, and which, when the engine is in motion, moves in and out alternately, as the piston is driven to and fro within by the expansive force of the steam.

You will see, too, very easily, by tracing the connection of the piston-rod with the mechanism at the outer end of it, how it operates, by its pushing and pulling, to make the two great driving-wheels, as they are called, go round. It acts directly, you will see, only on one of the driving-wheels; but the two are connected together by a strong iron bar passing from one to the other, — the ends of the bar being fastened at a little distance from the centres of the wheels, in such a manner that when one is driven round by the working of the piston-rod, the other must revolve too.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF THE POWER.

In the above description we use language as it is ordinarily employed in attributing the force by which the piston is driven to the steam; and it is very well to use the language in this way, provided that we distinctly understand that the steam is, after all, only the vehicle through which

the expansive force of *the heat* is brought to act upon the piston, and that the real source of all the power is the *coal*, the combustion of which produces the heat. We can speak of the power of steam, just as we might speak of the power of a crowbar in lifting a heavy stone. But neither the steam nor the crowbar can exert any force, except *what is imparted* to them, — that of the crowbar, from the muscular strength of the man who wields it; and that of the steam, from the expansive force which the *heat* imparts to it.

Thus there is a long chain of causes and effects involved in the action of a locomotive engine, which chain ends with the moving of the train, and begins not with the steam, but with the *force stored in the wood or coal*, and brought into action in the process of combustion. The train is impelled along the rails by the revolving of the driving - wheels. The driving - wheels are turned by mechanism connected with the piston-rod. The piston-rod is moved to and fro by the piston. The piston is driven by the expansion of the volumes of steam. The steam is made to expand by the force of the heat, which force is in some mysterious way pent up in the wood or the coal, until the process of combustion sets it free. Here the series of sequences pass out of the sphere of the action of man, for he finds the wood and coal as they are, with all their latent force inherent in them, waiting for him to call it forth and use it. But we may carry our inquiries farther, and ask how came this force in the wood or coal. The answer is that it came from the heat of the sun, when the wood, or the mass of ancient vegetation from which the coal was formed, were growing. Here, however, we must stop; for our next inquiry would naturally be, from what source is derived the enormous store of force from which the sun draws his apparently inexhaustible supplies; and this question we cannot yet answer. The scientific world have long been engaged, and are still earnestly engaged in investigations and discussions in relation to this question, without, however, having yet arrived at any decisive result.

Thus the real reservoir of the power of the locomotive is in the store of wood or coal in the tenders. The wood, where wood is used, furnishes force derived from the sun a few years ago, when the trees were growing in a forest, or on the hill-sides near the line. The coal, on the other hand, where coal is used, contains a supply of the same force which was drawn from the same source ages and ages ago, and which has since lain stored up among the strata of the

earth, in readiness for the use of man, when his wants should require it.

The tender follows close after the engine, and is arranged so as to have all the middle portion devoted to the fuel, with a receptacle all around for the water. There is a funnel-shaped opening in the rear part of this receptacle, which is perforated with numerous small holes, — thus acting as a strainer, to prevent anything entering with the water which might choke up the pipes or valves of the machinery.

THE CARS.

Two very different systems are adopted in this country and in Europe, in respect to cars. In Europe, each car, or carriage (as they are called there), and even each compartment of the same car, is entirely separated from those adjoining it, so that it is not possible to pass from one to the other, except along the outside.

Then again the train is divided into different classes of cars, corresponding to the different classes and grades of people, so distinctly recognized in European countries. The arrangements in all, and especially in England, are made on the principle of separation and seclusion, — the miscellaneous mixing of people in public resorts being always there thought to be an evil to be guarded against by every possible means.

In this country we have an arrangement somewhat analogous to the European first-class carriages, — so far, at least, as to provide superior accommodations for those who are willing to pay a supplementary price — in the palace cars, and drawing-room cars now introduced upon different lines. The Pullman company now even provide what are called hotel cars, on many lines at the West, in which the most comfortable and elegant repasts can be enjoyed by the party of travelers, while they are still continuing their journey without interruption.

It is true that bed-room, drawing-room, and dining - room accommodations in the cars are much more necessary in this country, where there are so many continuous journeys to be taken, extending for thousands of miles, and requiring many days and nights of uninterrupted progress to accomplish them, than they are in England, on an island so limited in extent, that the longest continuous journey often taken, — namely, that from Edinburgh to London, — requires less than a day.

On the Continent the case is different. There continuous journeys are often of very considerable length, and something like the American

system is likely to be gradually introduced. The progress of such improvements is, however, sensibly impeded by monarchical and aristocratic reluctance to imitate anything that comes from America.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

The first locomotive steam-engine — that is, the first engine capable of moving itself from place to place on land, — was made, it is said, in France, by a mechanic named Cugnot, in 1769. His machine rested on three wheels of the ordinary construction, one being provided with short steel projections, or cogs, to enable it to take hold of the ground. The boiler was of the form of an enormous tea-kettle. The experiment was entirely successful, — so far at least as the locomotive power developed by it was concerned. The ponderous vehicle went forward with such force, in fact, that the engineer, it is said, lost control of it, and it came into collision with, and demolished a portion of the wall surrounding the inclosure in which the trial was made.

Men had not then conceived of the idea of rails for such an engine to run upon; and so, however successful an invention might be in making his engine move, his invention would lead to no practical result, for the reason that prevents all contrivances for steam carriages on common roads from being useful. This reason is that steam cannot, for any purpose, be worked profitably on a small scale. Its work must be on a great scale, to

make it "pay." Consequently, whenever there is load enough requiring transportation, to make it worth while to employ steam for the conveyance



Interior of a Pullman Car.

of it, it will also be cheaper to lay an iron track for the engine to run upon.

JOHNNY'S BOOTS: A TRUE STORY.

BY E. PRENTISS.

A LITTLE timid, shoeless boy
Plodded along the way
That led through fields, and led through woods,
To Sunday-school one day.

There rows of happy children sat,
And heard the story sweet,
How once in boyhood's simple guise
Christ walked with human feet.

Amid the rest, our hero heard
The tale his teacher taught;
But listened with divided mind, —
Listened with air distraught.

For of the little rows of feet
That hung from benches there,
All were in buttoned boots arrayed,
And his alone were bare.

He tried to keep them out of sight,
 And blushed with fear and shame
 When questioned whence he came, and why,
 And asked his age and name.

But when the week came round again,
 The shoeless little feet
 Brought Johnny with contented face,
 And helped him climb his seat.

Grave, earnest words the teacher spoke,
 On sacred aim intent,
 But on the children's faces saw
 Nothing but merriment.

While little hands and smiling eyes
 Said, "Teacher, do look there, —
 Just look at Johnny's feet, and see
 How soiled and black they are!"

"Dear Johnny," said the teacher, while
 She found it hard to speak
 Without a smile, "do wash your feet
 Before you come next week."

Poor Johnny! Disappointed tears
 Came rushing to his eyes;
 He looked at his bare feet with shame
 And sorrowful surprise.

"Why, them was clean!" he cried, "but as
 I came to school to-day,
 I saw a lot of walnut-trees
 Growing along the way,

And one I climbed, — with green nuts,
 And with some juicy roots
 I stained 'em, till I thought you'd all
 Think I'd got buttoned boots!"

Now smiles gave way to laughter loud,
 It spread from seat to seat,
 Till every child had looked at John, —
 Looked at his shoeless feet.

But thoughtless mirth gave way before
 The accents of surprise,
 With which the teacher bade them look
 At Johnny's weeping eyes.

And drew the grieved and frightened child
 Within a kind embrace,
 And wiped, with tender hand, the tears
 From off his burning face.

Ah, Johnny! you need paint no more
 Your feet with nuts and roots,
 For He who was a boy like you
 Will give you buttoned boots!

MIDSUMMER EVE.

[See the *Frontispiece* by John La Farge.]

A GOOD many of our customs and festival days have a pretty hard time of it when transplanted to this country from England. For instance, May Day with its flowers and May-pole, its out-of-door merriment and welcome of the summer, is apt to be a shivery sort of day if observed in the North, and some anxious people have tried to make the first of June into a May day, but that is not easy. What would one call Midsummer Day here? By the calendar the 31st of July or the 1st of August surely, and that would not be far wrong, though perhaps we are nearer the middle of the hot season about the middle of July. But in Europe Midsummer Day is made to correspond with the festival of the Church which is called the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, and occurs on the 24th of June.

Around the double character of Midsummer Eve and St. John's Eve many singular customs

have grown up, Pagan and Christian so blended that we can hardly tell what the exact origin was. It had something to do with a memorial of St. John the Baptist, no doubt, that a great deal was made of boughs of trees which people gathered in the night and hung over their doors, as if to recall the image of the herald of Christianity who lived in the wilderness. Then the notion of the exact middle of the year led people into fancying all manner of strange change coming over the world and over their lives; as if they had climbed with the sun to the top of a high hill and were now to go down the other side. There were a good many superstitions about death and about marriage. Parties of young men and women would go out at night in search of various plants, — such as St. John's wort, rue, vervain, all of which they imagined to have some magical properties, and likely especially

to help them in getting married. The peasant girl in our picture is one who has strayed away from the rest in the moonlight and is plucking one of the flowers. She will carry it home with her, and very possibly lay it under her pillow; then her dreams will come true, and the young man whom she sees in her sleep will come and marry her. This young man, may be, was in the party she has left, and is holding a plate under a fern, patiently waiting to catch the seeds should they chance to fall: then if he gets any they will, he thinks, render him invisible and he can go and come and watch the maiden without himself being seen. All this sounds to you rather silly!

Well, did you ever think that many of these customs which we laugh at really tell us one thing: that people everywhere and always have felt that there was something in the world besides what they see and hear? As they become wiser and learn what God has told them in His word, and tells them now by His Spirit, they see that there are indeed a great multitude of real things which God has made to be about us that we do not see and hear; and that He himself draws near and speaks to us. Is not that more wonderful and better worth knowing than that we should be able only to speak with our lips and hear with our ears?

THE SETTLE.

HERE is a charade which I cannot guess, and some of the best guessers I know cannot guess; and I *guess* that if any boy or girl guesses this guess, he or she shall be entitled to a book worth a dollar and a half, for I think that the answer is worth it. I would have given a dollar and a half once to get it out of my head by means of the answer. Let me say, however, that if the answer is *tea-cup*, nobody deserves the book, least of all the person who made the charade; and all guessers are hereby warned that *tea-cup* will not be counted.

CHARADE.

Torn from its home by cruel hands,
My *first* a slave before you stands;
Yet nobly giving good for ill,
It strong or weak obeys your will.
My *second* in tales of mythic lore
The goddess Hebe to great Jove bore,
And oftentimes 'tis gently borne
From where my *first* is rudely torn;
Of varied color, shape, and size,
Without my *first* is little prized.
My *whole* is worth its weight in gold,
It's freely given, never sold;
Stored with all things rare and choice,
Wins ardent praise from every voice.

No prize except the consciousness of a well-spent hour, will be given to the guessers of the riddles that follow.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

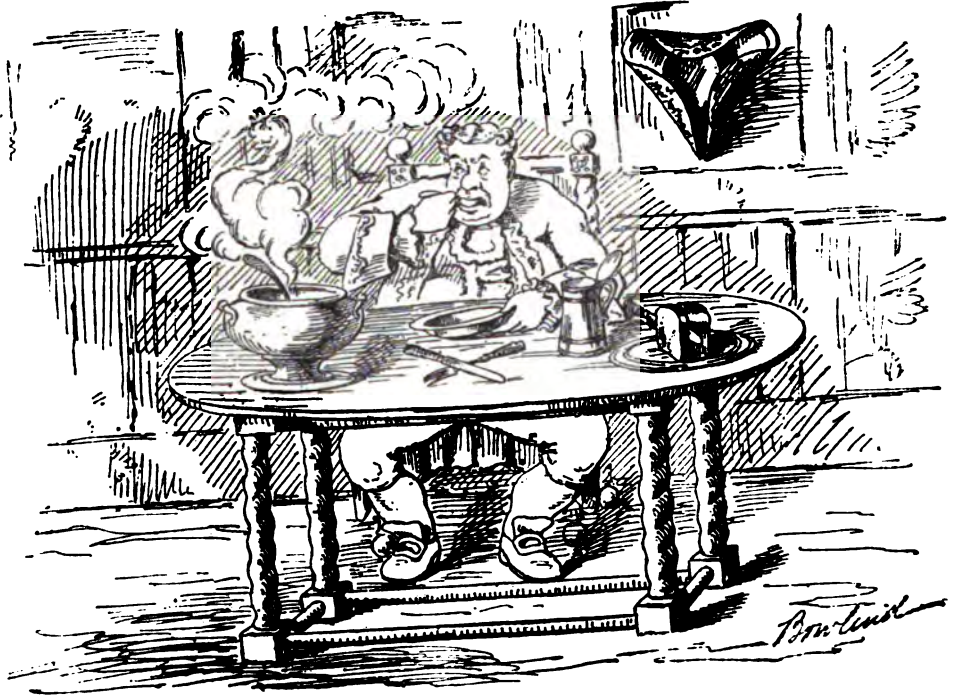
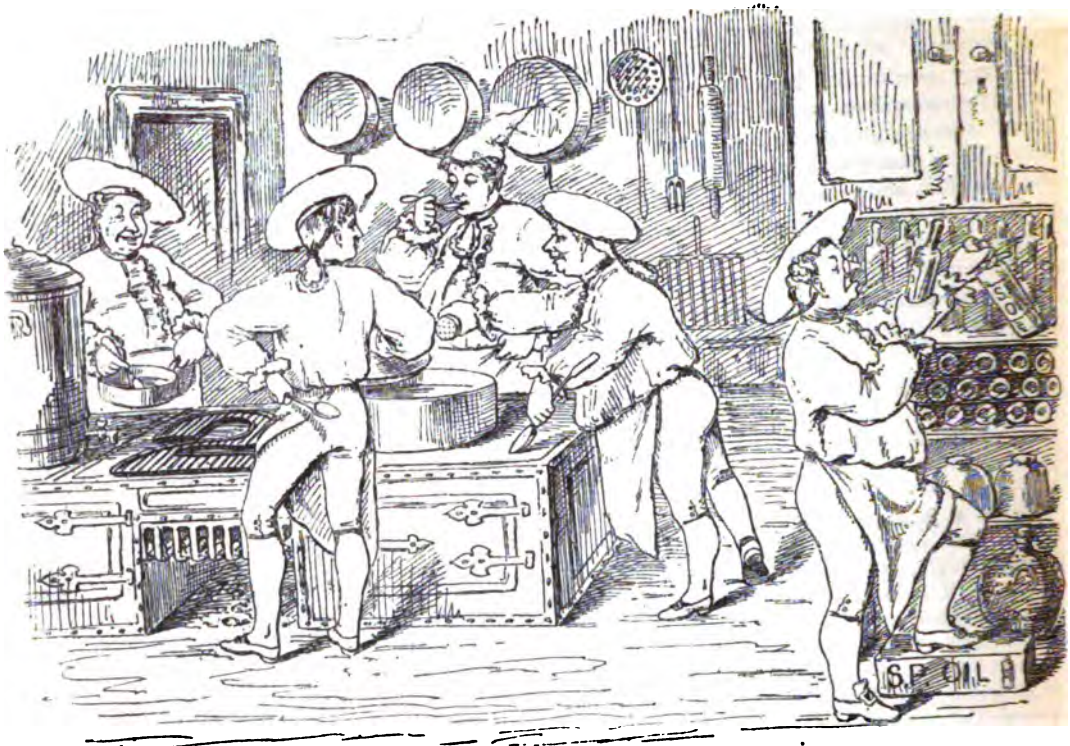
When a small boy, of these I fondly thought,
Made of fresh gingerbread, for sixpence bought;
Now grown a man, on thee I fondly muse,
My own, my only — How I fear to lose
Thee, lady fair, because thy father proud
Of sixpences desires such a crowd.

1. I sit alone, of thee I dream,
Of thee, my whole, my all indeed;
My *first*'s a most appropriate theme,
Since absence fate for me decreed.
2. I only say my life is dreary,
Because the coming man delays;
Of waiting I am very weary,
Yet still the lazy fellow stays,
And I am plunged deep in my second,
And wander in life's darkest ways.
3. O sweetest satirist and kindest critic,
Let me turn from my idle, empty themes,
To read thy essays, to admire thy spirit,
To live once more among thy pleasant dreams.
4. Over your head
My depths are spread,
And I can send you sleepy to bed.
5. This the time of anxious care
For pretty maidens sweet and fair,
Lest it should a failure prove,
And liking should not turn to love.

F. LEIGH.

GERMAN RIDDLES.

1. How many peas go to a bushel?
2. Which burns longer, a wax or a sperm candle?
3. If you see it, you let it be; if you don't see it, you pick it up.
4. Five holes in a hole.
5. What fish travels without its head?
6. A little thing lies on the floor, which a baby can lift, but hundreds of horses cannot draw up?
7. I went to the wood to get it, I sat down and sought it, but not finding it, I carried it home in my hand.



Proverb in Picture.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 9, 3, 4, 11, is a bird.

My 8, 7, 13, is an animal.

My 2, 15, 4, is a number.

My 9, 10, 15, 5, 4, 3, is one of the seasons.

My 1, 2, 13, 6, 10, 4, is a girl's name.

My 12, 14, 11, is a relation.

My 1, 2, 9, is not high.

My whole is my name.

2. I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 12, 9, 6, 10, 2, is a musical instrument.

My 1, 11, 6, 4, 5, is what boys like to do.

My 12, 2, 13, 14, is used in fishing.

My 8, 2, 12, is a pretty toy.

My 12, 2, 12, 14, is the head of the Roman Church.

My 7, 9, 3, 14, is a number.

My 5, 6, 3, is a troublesome insect.

My 11, 7, 9, 2, 3, is a disagreeable vegetable.

My 4, 2, 6, 12, is useful in making one's toilet.

My 5, 6, 3, is used in making leather.

My 12, 6, 8, is a nickname.

My 14, 6, 5, is what we have to do to live.

My 13, 6, 7, 14, is a narrow street.

My whole is one of the large cities of the world.

OLIVER.

SPHINX'S PUZZLES.

1. How many feet have forty sheep, the shepherd, and his dog ?

2. What goes through the water, over the bridge, and on the stones, with its head downwards ?

3. A headless man had a letter to write,
It was read by one who had lost his sight ;
The dumb repeated it word for word,
And he that was deaf both listened and heard.

4. Cut off my head and I am singular,
Cut off my tail and I am plural,
Cut off head and tail and I am nothing.

A LATIN SERMON.

ra,	ra,	ra,
	es,	
	et in	
ram,	ram,	ram,
	i i	

6. Here is the famous riddle, for the solution of which £50 was offered. The prize has never yet been claimed. It was written by Miss Stewart.

The noblest object in the world of art,
The brightest gem that Nature can impart,
The point essential in a lawyer's case,
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow ;
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize that merit never yet has won,

The miser's treasure, and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition, and the parson's dues.

Now if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters quickly will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

7. Take an apple in each hand : extend your arms, and put both apples in one hand without bringing your hands together.

8. Three jealous husbands and three jealous wives come to a stream. There is a small boat that will only hold two. How did the party cross, so as never to leave one man with another one's wife without her husband ?

9. Two men having an eight gallon, a five gallon, and a three gallon measure, wish to divide equally eight gallons of beer. How did they manage ?

10. Fifteen Turks, with fifteen Christian prisoners, were on board a ship. A great storm arising, it was agreed that half the crew should be thrown overboard. They all stood in a circle, and every nin h man was taken, until fifteen were thrown out. The Turks arranged it so that every ninth man was a Christian. How did they stand ?

11. Two travellers, one having five loaves and the other three, sat down at a desert oasis to take their noonday meal. Just as they were commencing, a third presented himself and begged for a share of the food. His request was granted ; and after enjoying a pleasant hour, he arose, and left eight pieces of gold to pay for his share. How did the two travellers divide the money ?

12. How can you plant nineteen trees in five rows, five in each row ?

13. Write down four sixes, so as to make 67.

14. A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks, the number being distinctly marked on the box. The fellow stole three, but managed (without altering the mark) to make the number of ducks correspond with the mark outside. How did he do it ?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JULY NUMBER.

Double Acrostic Charade. — Foundation Words — Snow, Drop. Cross Words — Snood, never, Orinoco, whoop. *Anagrammatic Enigmas.* — 1. Paint. 2. Australia. 3. New Orleans 4. Amyit, Princess of Media. 5. Parepa-Rosa. *Charades.* — 1. Glass Blower. 2. Riverside. *Proverb in Picture.* — An ill cook must have her claver. *Adjectives Compared.* — No, noah, know'st ; bee, beer, beast : row, roar, roast ; tay, tear, taste ; I, ice, iced ; Lee, Lear, least ; go, gore, ghost ; bay, bear, baste ; pay, pear, paste ; a, air, 'aste ; hay, hair, haste ; way, ware, waste ; weigh, ware, waist ; bow, bore, boast ; co, core, coast ; hoe, hoar, host.



Monday . .	1	Queen Anne died, 1714.	
Tuesday . .	2		
Wednesday	3	Columbus sailed from Palos, 1492.	
Thursday .	4	Calais surrendered to Edward III., 1347.	
Friday . . .	5		
Saturday . .	6	Prince Alfred of England born, 1844.	
Sunday . .	7	Battle of Thermopylae, 480 B. C.	
Monday . . .	8		[1842.
Tuesday . .	9	Ashburton Treaty concluded at Washington,	
Wednesday	10	Battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., 1862.	
Thursday .	11		
Friday . . .	12	William Blake, Visionary, died, 1828.	
Saturday . .	13		[1248.
Sunday . .	14	The still unfinished Cologne Cathedral begun,	
Monday . . .	15	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771.	
Tuesday . .	16	First message over Atlantic Cable, 1860.	
Wednesday	17	Frederick the Great died, 1786.	[Va., 1587.
Thursday .	18	First English child born in America, Roanoke,	
Friday . . .	19		
Saturday . .	20		
Sunday . .	21	Hartford Charter Oak blown down, 1856.	
Monday . . .	22	Yacht <i>America</i> champion of the world, 1851.	
Tuesday . .	23	Commodore Perry died, 1820.	
Wednesday	24	Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572.	
Thursday .	25	Commodore Preble died, 1807.	
Friday . . .	26		
Saturday . .	27		
Sunday . .	28	Hudson discovered Delaware Bay, 1609.	
Monday . . .	29		
Tuesday . .	30	Second battle of Bull Run, 1862.	
Wednesday	31	John Bunyan died, 1688.	



AUGUST.



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N° 9

1870

THE
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MAGAZINE
 FOR YOUNG
 PEOPLE.

SEPTEMBER

PUBLISHED BY
HURD AND HOUGHTON

New York

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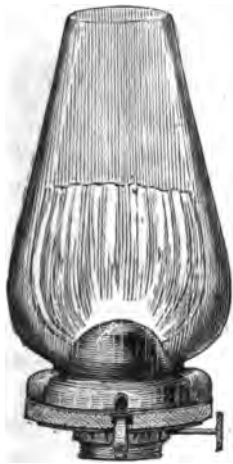


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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XLV. SEPTEMBER, 1870.

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The October number will have an interesting collection of Danish legends contributed by Hans Andersen. The frontispiece will be one of Mr. Stephens's animal pictures. "How to Use the Voice" will complete the account begun by C. R. Treat, and there will be a sailor's narrative of a voyage "Round the Horn."

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OUTWARD BOUND.
BY R. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — SEPTEMBER, 1870. — No. XLV.



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE one who could do the most extraordinary thing should have the king's daughter and the half of his kingdom.

The young men, yes, the old ones too, strained all their wits, their nerves, and muscles; two ate themselves to death and one drank himself dead, to do the Most Extraordinary thing most to their liking. But that was not the way it was to be done. The little boys in the street tried to spit on the small of their own backs. That seemed to them the most extraordinary thing to do.

On a certain day there was to be an exhibition of what each had to show as his "Most Extraordinary." Judges were appointed from children of three years up to folks of ninety. It was a grand Exposition of Extraordinary things, but all were soon agreed that the Most Extraordinary was a great hall clock in a case, singularly contrived outside and in. When the clock struck, out came animated figures that showed what hour was struck. It was twelve whole representations, with moving figures that sang and spoke. It surely was the Most Extraordinary thing, said the people.

The clock struck *one*, and Moses stood on the Mount and wrote down on the tables of the law the first great commandment: "There is one only true God." The clock struck *two*, and the Garden of Paradise was seen, with Adam and Eve meeting — two happy people; without owning so much as a clothes-press they were betrothed. At the stroke of *three*, the Three Holy Kings appeared, only one of them was

black as coal: he could not help that, it was the sun that scorched him; they came bringing incense and precious gifts. When *four* sounded, the Seasons came: Spring with a cuckoo on a budding beech bough; Summer with a grasshopper on a ripe ear of corn; Autumn with an empty stork's nest — the birds had flown away; Winter with an old crow that could tell stories, perched on the corner of the stove, — old stories of by-gone days. At *five* o'clock, the five senses were seen: Sight came in the shape of a spectacle-maker; Hearing was a copper-smith; Smell sold violets and anemones; Taste was a cook; and Feeling an undertaker, with crape down to his heels. The clock struck *six*; there sat a gamester who threw a die, and it fell the highest side up with sixes on it. Then the *seven* days of the week, or the seven deadly sins, — folks could not tell which, for they heard them all at once, and it was not easy to distinguish them. Then came a choir of monks and sang the *eight* o'clock vesper song. At the stroke of *nine* the Nine Muses came out: one was employed at the astronomical observatory; one at the records room; the rest were at the theatre. When *ten* struck, Moses stepped forth with the tables of the law; thereon were all God's commandments, and they were ten in all. The clock struck again, when small boys and girls sprang dancing out; they played a play and sang a song to it.

"All the way to heaven
The clock has struck eleven."

And that it did strike. Now came the stroke of *twelve*, when the watchman marched out with



187

... and all grew wondrous
 scarcely room for
 he stroke of twelve,
 with his great cape
 as a prodigious con-
 nent straight up to the
 n on the forehead with

... "Like for like; now
 the master too. We

... anish, — the whole of this
 he candles round about in
 great flowers of light, and
 or the roof sent forth clear
 the organ sounded of itself.
 d that they had lived to see
 dinary thing.

... summon the right one!" said
 "the one that made the work of
 my lawful husband and lord."
 d in the church; the whole peo-
 train; all were happy, all blessed
 as no one who was envious; yes,
Most Extraordinary thing.

... N BUILT:

... ON.

... expected to be put to any immediate service,
 ... were therefore turned into a pasture-field,
 ... ere being no room in the stables. All that
 ... he wandered freely over the estate, and en-
 ... oyed himself quite well, inspecting the beauties
 ... nd conveniences of a well-kept English estate.
 ... Thompson was in the house most of the time,
 ... attending to his master, and Mr. Nichols he saw
 ... not at all. Except at meal-times he had no com-
 ... pany whatever, and so had plenty of time to
 ... think, and the result of his thoughts was that he
 ... could not, for the life of him, see of what par-
 ... ticular use he was to be to any one in Lincoln-
 ... shire. At night he found that there was no
 ... place for him to sleep but the same stable-loft;
 ... and he therefore lay down on his straw in a very
 ... bad humor, and awoke very early in pretty
 ... much the same frame of mind. After breakfast
 ... nd the on that second day he walked down to the bot-
 ... ls were tom of the lawn, and, taking a seat on a low

his heavy cape and morning star ;* he sang the old watch song, —

“ ’Twas at the midnight hour
Our Saviour, he was born,” —

and while he sang, the roses grew and grew into angels' heads resting on rainbow-hued wings.

parents ; he was worthy of the princess and the half of the kingdom.

The day for announcing the decision had come, the whole town was dressed up, and the princess sat on the throne of the country that had been newly stuffed with curled hair, but still it had not been made any more comfortable or agreeable. The judges round about looked very slyly at him who was to get the prize, and he stood there so happy and proud ; his fortune was won, he had done the Most Extraordinary thing.

“ Nay, that shall I now do !” suddenly cried out a long legged working - fellow. “ I am the man for the Most Extraordinary thing !” and so he swung a great axe at the work of art. “ Crick, crack, crash !” there lay the whole thing. Wheels and feathers flew about. It was a grand ruin. “ I could do that !” said the man ; “ my work has beat his, and knocked you at the same time. I have done the Most Extraordinary thing !”

“ Ruined such a work of art !” said the judges ; “ yes, that was the Most Extraordinary thing.” All the people said the same thing, and so he was to have the princess and half the kingdom ; for a law is a law, even if it is the most extraordinary thing.

They sounded the trumpets from the ramparts and from all the towers in town : “ The nuptials are to be celebrated !” The princess was not particularly pleased at it, but she looked pretty and was most expensively dressed. The church was bright with lights in the evening ; it looked best then. The ladies of

rank in the town sang in procession, and led the bride ; the knights sang, and they accompanied the bridegroom ; he strutted as stiffly as if he never could be knocked over.

Now they stopped singing ; it was so still that one could have heard a pin drop on the ground ; but in the midst of the quiet there was a great noise and a crash ; the great church doors



It was goodly to hear, it was charming to see. The whole thing was an amazing work of art, the Most Extraordinary thing, said every one. The artist was a young man, good-hearted, child-like, a true friend and help to his poor

* The popular name for the staff which the watchman used to carry. It is a ponderous club with spikes in the bulging head.

flew open, and "boom! boom!" all the works of the clock came marching out through the doorway, and halted between the bride and groom.

Dead men cannot walk again, — that we know very well, — but a work of art can go again! The body was shattered to pieces, but not the spirit; the spirit of art made a joke, and indeed it was no joke!

The work of art stood there as really as when it was whole and untouched. The clock struck one stroke after another, right on to twelve, and the figures crowded out: first Moses, shining as if flame issued from his forehead; he flung the heavy stone tables of the law at the bridegroom's feet and fastened them to the church floor.

"I cannot lift them again!" said Moses. "You have broken my arms; stand there where you are."

Now came Adam and Eve, the three Wise Men of the East, and the four Seasons; each said his disagreeable truth, "Shame on you!" But he was not ashamed.

All the figures that showed each hour came

forth out of the clock, and all grew wondrous big; it was as if there were scarcely room for the real men, and when, at the stroke of twelve, the watchman stepped forth with his great cape and morning star, there was a prodigious confusion. The watchman went straight up to the bridegroom and struck him on the forehead with his morning star.

"Lie there!" said he. "Like for like; now we are revenged and the master too. We vanish!"

And so they did vanish, — the whole of this work of art. But the candles round about in the church grew into great flowers of light, and the gilded stars under the roof sent forth clear streaming light; the organ sounded of itself. All the people said that they had lived to see the Most Extraordinary thing.

"Now do you summon the right one!" said the princess, — "the one that made the work of art; he is to be my lawful husband and lord."

And he stood in the church; the whole people were his train; all were happy, all blessed him, there was no one who was envious; yes, that was the Most Extraordinary thing.

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT:

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

V.

THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

THE remainder of John's journey into Lincolnshire was performed without special incident, and he reached Carrigan Hall (the house to which Mr. Nichols had been invited) on the evening of the sixth day of the journey. The house was filled with guests, and after supper (which John found himself obliged to eat in the servants' hall) he went to bed in a loft over the stable, in company with some hostlers and stable-boys. Hoping, however, for better treatment when the arrangements for visitors should be perfected, he slept the sound sleep of the innocent; and although he got very cold toward morning, he did not complain. The next day he found he had very little to do, as Skittles was taken in charge by some of the accomplished stable professors belonging to the place, and the two other horses belonging to Mr. Nichols were

not expected to be put to any immediate service, and were therefore turned into a pasture-field, there being no room in the stables. All that day he wandered freely over the estate, and enjoyed himself quite well, inspecting the beauties and conveniences of a well-kept English estate. Thompson was in the house most of the time, attending to his master, and Mr. Nichols he saw not at all. Except at meal-times he had no company whatever, and so had plenty of time to think, and the result of his thoughts was that he could not, for the life of him, see of what particular use he was to be to any one in Lincolnshire. At night he found that there was no place for him to sleep but the same stable-loft; and he therefore lay down on his straw in a very bad humor, and awoke very early in pretty much the same frame of mind. After breakfast on that second day he walked down to the bottom of the lawn, and, taking a seat on a low

fence, he began to consider his condition and prospects. He convinced himself, with very little trouble, that he had made a great mistake in accepting the position of rider to Skittles. Having taken the place of servant when necessity seemed to demand it, and when its features were by no means repugnant to his feelings, he now found that he was about to experience the degradation which must always accompany such a position, when it is held by a person of refined disposition and education. He was not even as well off as Thompson, who was a valet, and consequently had sleeping accommodations in the house, and a certain amount of respect from his associates. As for himself, although he was well-dressed, and of remarkably decent appearance, he was nothing but a stable-boy.

While thus cogitating, he saw a party of ladies and gentlemen come down the lawn, and take seats under a wide-spreading oak, at a little distance from where he sat. The ladies took possession of several seats and benches which stood under the tree, but there were not enough for all; and perceiving a garden-chair near him, John jumped down from the fence, and carried it to a young lady who was yet standing. She took it and thanked him, and John was walking away, when a gentleman (one of the finest of the party) turned to him, and ordered him to bring him a stool from under a tree at some distance. John looked at him in surprise, for he was not used to such imperative demands, and the gentleman repeated his order with considerable asperity. John, however, made him no answer, but moved off.

"Do you hear me, sirrah?" shouted the gentleman; "bring me that stool!"

Here some of the ladies seemed to expostulate, but the gentleman said, "He is Mr. Nichols's servant."

"That may be," cried John, "but I am not yours," and he walked off to the house.

Now his resolution was taken. He would see Mr. Nichols, get the money due him, and return to London. Any position, even that of political emissary, was better than that of a servant, subject to the beck and call of any and everybody. But Mr. Nichols was away shooting with some of the gentlemen. So the morning was passed in rambles through the park, and in very gloomy ruminations in its deepest recesses.

About noon he came up to the servants' dinner, and then he determined to go to the house and find his employer. He ascended the high steps at the front of the mansion, and found him-

self in a wide and spacious hall. Meeting a man in livery, he asked of him where he could find Mr. Nichols. The man replied, without stopping, that he did not know the gentleman. Another servant, however, told him that Mr. Nichols was still in the fields, but he supposed he would be back to luncheon. John therefore went out into the park again, and after travelling about for an hour or two, returned to the house. He walked through the hall a second time, but it seemed entirely deserted. Just as he was leaving in despair, he met the young lady to whom he had given a seat. She had a basket in her hand, and a garden-hat tied upon her head. He was about to speak to her, but a certain diffidence, born of his new position, restrained him. But she spoke to him. "Are you looking for any one?" said she.

He then told her of whom he was in search, and she said that Mr. Nichols had been at lunch, and was probably on the terrace, with the rest of the company.

"Then," said John, "I cannot speak to him now. I wish to see him alone."

The young lady looked at him curiously. "Are you Mr. Nichols's servant?" said she.

"Indeed, Miss, I hardly know whether I am or not," replied John.

"That's strange," said she. "I should think you would know that."

"On second thoughts, Miss," said he, "I may say that I am not."

"I thought you did not look like one," said she. "If you like, I will send some one to call Mr. Nichols."

"O no, Miss," said John, "I can wait. But I am very much obliged to you."

At this moment several persons entered the hall, and John was about to leave, when the young lady, who was as warm-hearted as she was impulsive and inquisitive, and who fancied that there was an interesting history attached to this handsome, intelligent boy, who did not seem to know whether he was a servant or not, said to John, "Would you mind carrying this basket? I am going into the garden to cut some flowers."

John was glad enough to carry the basket, and he followed the lady through a side-door into an old-fashioned garden, where, while she was cutting china-asters, chrysanthemums, and great bright dahlias, she so ingeniously questioned her companion, that she soon became acquainted with his whole history. The story delighted her; but when he came to the account of his meeting with

the little maiden of the Stone-post Farm, she laughed outright.

"What!" she cried. "Little Betty Miller? Why, she lives just below my father's place. My father is Sir Humphrey Barker"—

"Why, he is the magistrate whose name frightened away the horse-thieves," said John.

"I wish they had been taken before him," said Miss Barker. "The wretches!"

After John's story was entirely finished, Miss Barker asked him what he was going to do when he left Mr. Nichols; and he replied that he supposed he would go back to London, but that he was very tired of that city, since he found it so hard to get employment there. He should return to Germany as soon as he was able, for he longed for free country life once more. Miss Barker reflected for a moment. "Why do you not try country life here?" she said. "I have no doubt if you were to apply to my father, he would give you something to do on his estate. He is quite old now, and employs ever so many bailiffs and stewards, and I know not what persons of the kind. If you like, I will give you a letter to him."

John thought very well of this plan; and as they were returning to the house, she promised to give him a letter that evening. When he had carried her basket for her to the door of her room, and had just entered the great hall again, he met Mr. Nichols. "O ho!" said that gentleman. "Here you are! I have been hearing pretty accounts of you. Lord Peter Connys tells me you have been very impertinent to him."

John's reply to this rather surprised Mr. Nichols. He told him that he was not willing to be the under-servant of everybody in general, and that he expected to be treated with decency, in whatever station he occupied. He went on to state his grievances, in decided, but respectful language, and informed Mr. Nichols that as there was nothing here that he could do in his service, he requested to be paid his wages and his expenses to London, where he wished to return immediately. Mr. Nichols rubbed his chin, looked very hard at John, and then told him that he had expected him to ride Skittles back, but that as there was really nothing in particular that he could do here, if he was not willing to be a boy of all work, he thought he had better go. Promising to pay him his wages in the morning, Mr. Nichols then turned on his heel and left him. But the owner of the noble Skittles could not rid himself of all concern about his young rider, for the rest of the day. That evening Miss Barker

attacked him, and by dint of judicious suggestions, and persevering attention to the subject, she got a far better character for John than Mr. Nichols would ever have thought of giving him, if left to himself. And yet John deserved every word of it.

Armed with the letter which Miss Barker gave him in the morning (for he had gone to his straw long before it was written on the previous evening), he left Carrigan Hall, and, not wishing to spend his small stock of money in stage fares, he walked the forty miles that lay between him and the estate of Sir Humphrey Barker.

John's life for the succeeding year or two cannot be described in full. He was received with some favor by Sir Humphrey, owing of course to Miss Barker's letter, and was given a probationary situation under the steward. Finding that he was a good accountant, and a smart fellow generally, Sir Humphrey in a few months made him an assistant bailiff; and as the bailiff himself was an old and rather infirm man, it was not long before John performed most of his duties, and made himself very useful to the old baronet, who placed a considerable degree of confidence in him.

John now found himself very well situated. He was learning a great deal about the management of farms and forests, and, although not making much money, was supporting himself very comfortably. In his good fortune, he did not forget his old friends. He wrote to the Koppels, to Father Anselm (although he felt that he had been unfairly used by him), and to Mr. James. But with the exception of one letter from Mother Koppel, who assured him that nothing had happened to change her affection for him, and gave him a full account of the births and deaths in Neustadt, he received no answers to any of his communications. So, feeling that he was alone in the world, he set to work, as well as a boy may, to make the best of the circumstances surrounding him. Of course he often saw Betty Miller, and these two became quite good friends, much to the disturbance of the Widow Miller. This worthy person had very high ideas about Betty's making a good match. Her daughter would have a very comfortable property when she became of age, and she did not want to see her throw it away on a penniless Dutchman, as it pleased her to call our young friend John,—although she never would have thought him anything but an Englishman, if John had not told Betty all about himself. But the anxious widow gave herself a great deal of

unnecessary trouble. John and Betty thought no more about getting married than you or I do. What they might think about it in a few years, when they were grown up, I don't know; but at present they were a boy and girl, and John only thought of Betty as a good friend, to whom he might talk more freely and pleasantly than he could to anybody else. But the widow did not look upon things in that light. She had now but one great desire, and that was to get John out of the neighborhood. She could not forbid him her house, for he frequently came there on business, and she had no idea of offending Sir Humphrey. But if, any fine afternoon, she could have got John on a catapult, and tossed him over into the next county, she would have eaten her supper with a relish that she had not known for several months. But she had no catapult.

One morning, late in the fall, John was riding along the road, a few miles from Sir Humphrey's domains. He had been to a town about six miles distant, and was now returning on "Old Colonel," an ancient horse, once a fine hunter, but now a superannuated beast, whose principal duty was to carry the employés of the estate when they made short business trips in the surrounding country.

As he was thus comfortably jogging along this fine morning in the fall, old Colonel heard something, and he pricked up his ears. John heard something also, and (figuratively) he pricked up his ears too. What they heard could not be mistaken. It was the horn of the hunter that one hears on the hill. It was not long before John, looking sharply over the fields to the left of the road, saw a little red thing rushing along under the shelter of a hedge, not more than a quarter of a mile away. Then, dashing over the top of a low hill, came a pack of eager hounds in full cry, and careering madly after the fox. Following them, soon appeared the hunters on their galloping horses, with their bright red coats, their inspiring horn, and their "Tallyhos!" which sounded so cheerily in the morning air. When these sounds and sights greeted his ears and eyes, old Colonel snuffed the air, and tossed his head. The spirit of old times came upon him, and he turned round in the road as though he would leap the hedge, and gallop wildly after the hounds. As for John, he was all on fire to follow the hunt. He knew that the fox was nearly run down, and if he could only be in at the death! But he also knew that he had no more right to ride his master's horse in a fox-hunt, than he had to borrow, without leave, Sir Humphrey's coat,

or to put on his top-boots to take a walk in muddy weather. He also knew that he was expected to be back by noon, as a man from a distance was to be with Sir Humphrey at that time, and John had a report to make about this morning's business, which should be made before that man arrived. But John was a boy (folks were not grown up at seventeen in those days), and as the hunt was nearing a point nearly opposite to him in the fields, he put old Colonel at a low hedge by the roadside, and to his astonishment the venerable beast went over it like a rabbit.

"Hurrah! now! Hi—boy! on!" and away went John at a pace which the old Colonel had not put forth for many a year. But, like that celebrated candle which burns brighter toward the close of its career, so did the ancient wind and speed of the old hunter blaze up on this occasion. Fired by the recollection of ancient glory, he bounded over a narrow ditch, and struck across the fields at a tremendous pace. The fox now veered his course toward the road, and owing to John's having, as it were, the inside track, he found himself in a few minutes close upon the heels of the hounds, and leading the hunt. But he thought very little of his position. All that he knew was that the fox was just there ahead of him, the hounds were almost upon the fox, and he was nearly on the hounds. "Hurrah!" cried John. "The dogs have got him!"

One little fence to clear, and he would be among them. "Hi, Colonel!" he shouted, and over went the brave horse, like a shot. And down he came upon his knees on the other side, and over his head went John. Jumping to his feet, and finding he was not hurt, John hastened to the assistance of his horse. But the old Colonel did not want any assistance. He rolled over on his side, and stretched out his head. In one short quarter of an hour he had used up all the spirit and strength which were to have lasted him for several years of gentle trots. He had once more filled his heart with the glory of the hunt, and his heart was not strong enough to hold it; and so he just gave one low grunt of triumphant satisfaction, and died upon the spot.

After the brush had been seized by the brave hunter, who was in reality the second in at the death, and the hounds had been called off, and the company began to come in rapidly, all eyes were attracted by the sight of the fellow who had killed his horse. But when they found that it was only Sir Humphrey Barker's young man,

and that the horse was some old beast which had no business there, they soon left John to himself and his trouble. But not so the huntsmen and whippers-in. They abused him soundly for pushing himself in the front of gentlemen who were hunting, and they hoped that his master would pay him well for killing his horse. And then they went away with their dogs.

Filled with grief, shame, and self-reproach, with not a little apprehension as to consequences, John sat down on the side of the dead horse, and soundly rated himself for a silly fool. But this sort of thing would do him no good; and so when the last of the men had disappeared from view, John unstrapped the saddle, took off the bridle, and throwing them over his shoulder, made for the high-road and home. He had not walked more than half a mile along the road before he heard the sound of wheels behind, and, turning, saw that it was the Widow Miller, driving herself in her little spring-cart. Of course this good lady was very much surprised to see John marching along with a saddle and bridle upon his back; and when she came up with him, she was not slow in making the most particular inquiries as to the cause of his unusual method of travelling. When she had succeeded in getting the entire story out of him, she commenced, driving slowly by his side, to administer a little of that article known as Job's comfort. So heartily glad was she that something had happened which might possibly act as a catalyst in tossing this young man out of the county before things went so far that trouble would arise about her daughter, that she could not, under the sage reflections which she poured into the ear of poor John, conceal her exultation.

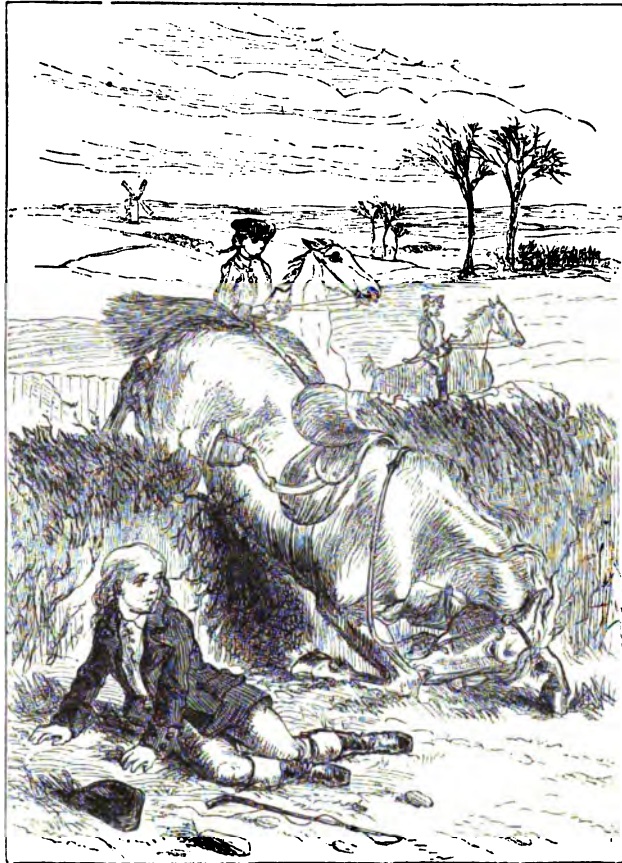
"Yes," she said, "you have ruined yourself with Sir Humphrey. He will never let you stay on his place after such a piece of wicked folly as you have committed. You might have been bailiff after a while, or even steward, when you got older, if you had known how to behave yourself, and let fox-hunting be for your betters. What will be done to you, I'm sure I don't know. You will surely be sent away; but whether you will have to suffer for the loss of the horse, I

can't tell. You have certainly done a foolish deed this time."

"Well, I'm sure I know that," said John, with some asperity. "It's no use telling me I've made a fool of myself. I know it very well."

"That's true," said the widow, "and nothing more can be made of it. But you need not carry that heavy saddle on your back. Put it in the cart, and I will take it for you as far as I go."

"Thank you," said John, shortly, "I'll carry



it myself." He would have dropped down beneath it, sooner than have accepted a favor from the hands of a woman who was clearly so pleased with his misfortune. Mrs. Miller seemed a little abashed by this curt refusal to owe anything to her, as her conscience told her directly that she deserved the rebuff; but she quickly recovered, and prepared to drive on and leave John, after she had given him another small piece of her mind.

"You see," said she, "it don't do to forget

your place; and besides, your time is not your own, but your master's, to say nothing of the horse. But I suppose you will be going away from this neighborhood directly now, for nobody else wants their horses killed; and I have no doubt that in your next place you will remember the lesson which this day has taught you. Well, I must hurry on. Good-day," and she whipped up her pony. She had not gone more than a hundred yards, when John called to her, and she immediately pulled up, anxious to hear what he had to say to her. When he reached her, he said, "If I don't get around to see you before I go, Mrs. Miller, remember me kindly to Betty."

The widow answered not a word to this, but gave her pony a tremendous crack, and away she went. When she got home she did remember John to Betty with a vengeance. She told her daughter the whole story of this young rascal's killing his master's horse; and she made the sin and its consequences so terrible, that poor little Betty cried bitterly, and then her mother sent her to bed.

When John reached the mansion-house, he found that his story had preceded him. Some of the household, who had been at the hunt, had detailed it to Sir Humphrey, and nearly everybody else, and had added the adornments generally thought necessary to such stories. When he had put away the saddle and bridle, John presented himself at the library door of the old baronet. "Well, well!" said Sir Humphrey; "so you have got back, eh? Perkins has been here; but as you had not returned to tell me what they would give for the wood in Ramsdale, I could make no bargain with him, and he has gone. I have heard about your doings. Now, just stand there, and tell me the story yourself, exactly as it happened."

John was very glad indeed to have an opportunity of doing this, and he told the whole affair to the baronet, exactly as he remembered it. When he had finished, Sir Humphrey said, — "Well, as to old Colonel, I am not sorry that he died as he did. He has borne me many a time after the hounds, and was the best horse at a ditch, or a five-barred gate, in all Lincolnshire. He died as he should, on the scene of his glory. But all that does not excuse you, Steiner, for your conduct. You have neglected my business, and killed my horse. But as I know that you are young, and as this present misdemeanor is one that might be excused on that ground, I might overlook it, if it were not for the example you have set to the rest of my people. Therefore

it is necessary that you should leave my service, although I am sorry to part with you. But I cannot have any man of mine riding my horses to hunts. However, you need not go until the end of the month, and I will give you a letter to some one of my friends over in Norfolk, if you would like to go there. I can recommend you as a good young fellow to have about a farm, or an estate."

This address, though kindly delivered, was an exceedingly mournful one to John, and our young friend left the library feeling absolutely miserable. But, after the first two or three days of the week which remained of his stay with the baronet, he took care to do his best, say as little as possible, and care as little as possible for what he heard. Therefore he felt better in his mind, but he determined that, come what would, he would never act in such an untrustworthy manner again. Of course it was easy enough to make a resolution about the matter, but whether that was sufficient or not, John meant well.

It is probable that had Miss Barker been at home, John might have found a powerful friend at court in her; for, although she had never taken much notice of him while he lived with her father, she would have done so as soon as he got into trouble, and became talked about. But she was away, and there was no one else to take John's part. However, he expected nothing of the kind, and so was not disappointed; and he made his preparations to go to Norfolk, or anywhere else where Sir Humphrey's letter might be directed. It was the day before his intended departure that John went over to the Widow Miller's, to bid little Betty good-by. He had tried to meet her at various places where he used occasionally to see her, but he had always failed; and to-day he determined to go boldly to the house, and take leave of his young friend. He had just got in sight of the gate, which led up through the orchard to Mrs. Miller's house, when he saw two persons standing there talking to each other. Approaching nearer, he perceived that one was Betty, and the other — Mr. James! Astonished at this unlooked for meeting, he hurried forward; but when he saw Mr. James stoop over and kiss Betty, his amazement knew no bounds; and when he reached them, he stood with his eyes wide open, and said never a word.

"What!" said Mr. James. "Do you not remember me? Or are you incensed that I should have kissed this young lady? You will not mind my doing anything of the kind, John, when I tell you that I am your father."

FATHER GIACAMO'S MONKEY.

BY G. B. MUMFORD.

"LILY," said her mamma, "I cannot again tell you to stop fretting."

Poor Lily was in great trouble. Indeed, her troubles had begun the night before. As the rest of the family were sitting in the parlor, they heard very loud crying. They all ran up-stairs, and found Lily sitting on the floor, and the sheets and pillows and quilt scattered all about her. Michette, the white kitten, with her great round tail standing straight up in the air, and her white self leaning on her fore-paws, was all ready to jump somewhere, only she did not know just where to make the jump. She had rolled herself on the foot of the bed after Lily had gone to sleep, and so she went off on the floor with everything else. The bed was very low, and the fall not great, but Lily had been very much frightened. And after the bed had been made up again fresh, and Michette was a little snow-ball in the middle of the basket, where she generally slept, Lily dreamed of falling from the roof of the house, and awoke crying again. So her mamma took her into her own bed, and to comfort her told her that she was to spend the next day with her little Cousin Minnie, in the Champs Élysées. The Champs Élysées are in the city of Paris, and have lovely walks and gardens, with beautiful flowers and fountains. Every day there is a little carriage drawn by four white goats, which goes up and down on purpose to take little boys and girls to drive. Then there is a sort of "merry go round,"—little cars, into which the children are lifted; and when the cars are filled, they go around, and up and down, and around, to the great delight of the little travellers. And then there are little dolls, which dance, and bow, and courtsey, and keep house, and entertain company, and fall out, and make it up again, while a man hidden away underneath tells the story in a funny, squeaking voice, which makes everybody laugh. But alas, alas! when the morning came, and the time for Lily to go out, the little goats were in the stable, the cars empty, the dolls asleep in the box they lived in, and the man studying a story to tell the children next time. It was raining very hard, and poor Lily was very unhappy. Her mamma had tried to amuse her, had brought out a new story-book, had proposed to build a new sort of house with the blocks, had unlocked the new doll, but it was all in vain.

People must make themselves good sometimes, or others must make them so, and it seemed as if the latter would be the case with Lily.

The little girl had very much to make her happy. She did not want to go to school; so her mamma kept her at home. She said she did not want an old lady in spectacles to teach her; so the kind governess who had taught her sisters went to take care of some other little girls, who loved her from above the rim of the said spectacles to below the top of her boots, and she only came now and then to make them a visit. And Lily had a little governess of her own, who knew a great many stories, and a great many plays, and who was so young that she had never yet had the least little bit of a train to her dresses, and thought chignons the funniest things in the world. She had gone to spend a day or two with a friend, and would not be back until night, or I think Lily would have felt better.

Just after her mamma had given up trying to amuse Lily, the door opened, and in came Isabelle with her drawing in her hand. She had been practicing up-stairs, and now came in to have a long talk with her mamma. Isabelle loved her little sister very dearly, and could not bear to see her in trouble. It was not so very long since she was a little girl herself, and she remembered how hard it was to be disappointed in those days. She did not speak to Lily, however, who had seated herself in the corner; but after she had prepared her drawing, she said,— "Mamma, did I ever tell you about Father Giacomo's monkey?"

"No, indeed," said her mamma; "can you not tell me about him now?"

"I saw him when I was in Venice with auntie," said Isabelle. "I have told you how queer everything was in Venice. There were no carriages or carts, no omnibuses, no horses, and the salt-water lay between us and our opposite neighbors. Every afternoon we went down the steps of the palace where we lived, and got into a boat called a gondola. There was Ferdinando, the gondolier, who helped us into the boat; and we sat down on the easy-cushioned seats, and then we told Ferdinando where we wanted to go. Sometimes we went to the churches, where there were beautiful pictures to see; sometimes to the palaces, and often to the

islands further out toward the sea. Venice is a city built on a great many islands, and between them are the canals filled with water from the sea, and crossed by a great many bridges. One of these has stores on it like the bridge in Florence, but there is no pretty jewelry there. They sell grain, and flour, and potatoes. This bridge is called the Rialto, and it is always filled with people talking, and making a great noise, calling out to others to buy, and altogether almost frightening strangers.

"One day, when we got into the gondola, we told Ferdinando to take us to the Armenian convent, to see Father Giacomo. Ferdinando stood in the end of the boat, and with his oar rowed us along very fast, stepping up and down a little, as if he had his foot on the rocker of a cradle. We were soon quite away from Venice, which seemed to go down partly below the water. We passed boats with colored sails, that caught the sun, and blazed and flamed, as if they were on fire. Far off at sea we saw white-sailed ships, and wondered where they were going. We saw a church on one island, a convent on another, a fortress on another. And there was a long bit of land called the Lido, which keeps the sea from washing Venice away. By and by we passed the island where the crazy people live. They were standing at the windows of their house, laughing and crying, singing, playing on violins, and all talking at once. They begged us to come in, but we did not. We went on a little further, to the island upon which the convent is built, where Father Giacomo lives. When we reached the convent, we were shown into a little parlor, where there were some very fine pictures, painted a great many years ago. Very soon Father Giacomo came in. He is not a very old man, although people call him Father. He has not a gray hair in his head, and he is very lively and pleasant. As soon as Father Giacomo came, he took us to see many curious things. There were some very old books, — so old, that people who lived in those days had not yet learned to print, and so they were written, and stiff, queer pictures were painted upon them. And we walked under arches, where the birds were singing in the cages. A great fat cat was walking about, who always ate so much dinner that she quite despised the noisy little yellow things singing over her head. They were in a great hurry, the birds, because they wanted to sing a great deal before night. And presently we went into the garden, and there came leaping and bounding beside us Father Giacomo's monkey. 'Now Si-

mietta, be good,' said Father Giacomo. Simietta did not answer, but he did not look good at all. And very soon he jumped on Father Giacomo's shoulder, and began to pull his face, and to make queer little noises, and to hold out his own hand. 'What does he want?' said auntie.

"O, he wants a ciambella,' said Father Giacomo. 'I generally put one in my pocket for him at this time, but I forgot it. He does not deserve one, however. Do you know what he did this morning? He pulled a bunch of berries out of Miss Annie's hat, and ran away with them. When he found they were not good to eat, he took them out of his cheek, where he had packed them away, and dropped them in one of the canary-birds' cages. He is very mischievous, and you must not let him come near you.'

"All this time the monkey kept begging, and at last we persuaded Father Giacomo to go and get him a ciambella."

"What is a ciambella?" said mamma.

"It is a little round of bread," said Isabelle, "made like a jumble, with a hole in the middle. Men carry them about on a long pole. I never tasted one, but some people like them very much.

"Father Giacomo soon came back, and gave the monkey the ciambella. First Simietta hung it on one arm, and then on the other; then he broke it up, and stuffed it in his cheek; then he took it out, and looked at it; and, finally, he stuffed it all into the other cheek, and ran up a tree. And we went on to see the garden, and to look at the view.

"While we were walking slowly back to the convent, I felt a blow on my shoulder; and at the same time, my veil, which was in my hand, was suddenly snatched away. That naughty Simietta had jumped upon me, and carried off my pretty new veil. Before we could think, he was up a tree, hanging to one of the branches with his long tail. Then he ran up to the top of the tree, and threw the veil over his face. Then he took it off, and tried to put it in his pocket; but as he had not any pocket, he did not succeed very well."

Just as Isabelle got as far as this, there was a merry little sound from Lily's chair. Lily could not help listening to the story, and she was obliged to laugh a little. But nobody took any notice, and Isabelle went on.

"O you robber, you bandit, you brigand,' said Father Giacomo. Simietta made up a most abominable face, put the veil on like a shawl, and

sat down on a branch of the tree, to give us a good view of him.

"Come, Simietta mia, my good little monkey, come to Padre Giacomo," said the Father. Simietta took off his shawl, and turned it into a pocket handkerchief directly.

"O you beast, you animal, you ugly ape," said Father Giacomo. And Simietta immediately spread out the veil like a table-cloth, and began to fill it with leaves from the tree on which he was sitting.

"Ah, it is no use," said Father Giacomo; "I must go and get him another ciambella, or he will tear it to pieces."

"Cannot you teach him not to play such tricks?" said auntie.

"No," said Father Giacomo, "I have tried everything. At first, I used to whip him, but that made him worse. Then, I shut him up. That did good for a little, but it made him ill, so I had to stop that plan. And now, I just hire him to give up whatever he steals. He is not so very, very bad" (Father Giacomo really liked his monkey, you see), "but when he plays tricks, he is sure to take something belonging to a lady."

"By this time, Simietta had concluded to use the veil as an apron, and was carefully tucking it under his legs. But when Father Giacomo went toward the convent the veil was picked up in a hurry, and Simietta was all ready to give it up when he returned. But no sooner had he returned the veil and received the ciambella than he gave one bound on the other side of Father Giacomo, and seized another which the Father had in his other hand. This was for the doves, but there was that impertinent Simietta safe in the tree, making the most outrageous faces, taking a bite out of one cake, and a bite out of another, grinning, chattering, and evidently laughing himself almost to death at the nice trick he had played."

Just as Isabelle said these last words, there was a knock at the door, and in came Uncle Fred with such a queer bundle in his arms. This he laid down on the floor. Everybody jumped up to speak to him, and to see the bundle. But when Lily stooped down to look at it, the bundle rolled over, and caught hold of her dress. And then there was laughing, and screaming, and jumping up and down. Minnie had been disappointed too about the rainy day, and Uncle Fred, coming in to see her mamma, had insisted on making a little mummy of her, and carrying her off in the carriage. And there she was.

By this time both Lily and Minnie had made

up their minds that the rainy day was rather a good thing. Was there not the new doll to be Minnie's child, and to go to school to Lily? They could hardly wait to have Minnie change from a bundle into a little girl, they were in such a hurry to begin to play. And Uncle Fred stayed to lunch, and the children had dinner at the same time, with the new doll (her name was Marietta Laurina) sitting between them. And every now and then Lily had to laugh and tell Minnie about Father Giacomo's monkey.

In the afternoon, Lily gave a large party, and Minnie and Marietta Laurina were the party. They had music and dancing, and Marietta Laurina ran away and was married that night to a French soldier, who was too large for Lily's baby-house, and had fallen into bad habits because he had no home. But they unmarried them, and after that Minnie was very sick, and Lily was the doctor, and Marietta Laurina was the nurse, and a very quiet, steady nurse she made. As to the French soldier, he let in no company to disturb the sick lady, and never took his eyes off the clock, so that all the medicine was given at the right time. After Minnie got well they all took a long journey, and did not get home until it was time to put Marietta Laurina to bed and have tea.

That night, when mamma came to see Lily tucked all snug in her little, white bed, Lily said, "Mamma, I did not deserve to have Uncle Fred bring Minnie to see me to-day, I was so naughty. I could not get good, mamma; I could only stop being naughtier, and I do not know if I could have done that if Isabelle had not come in and began to tell you about Father Giacomo's monkey."

"And would you like to have something to think of to make you try to be good when you feel so cross again?" said her mamma.

"Yes, indeed I should," said Lily.

"If you were Michette," said her mamma, "I could not help you about this, because Michette cannot understand why things should happen as she does not like, but you can. The earth needs rain to make the flowers grow, and the corn and grain, and fruit-trees, else they will die, or be so sickly that there will not be enough for people to eat, and the grass will fade, and so the poor sheep and cattle will die. God who sends the rain knows just when it is needed. That ought to be reason enough to keep us from fretting if we cannot do what we want, because of the weather. But there is something else for you to think of to-night. The great God who made the

world, and all in it and above it that we can see, can think also of all the little things, even of the fall of the little birds. And to-day He thought of you, a foolish little child, for whom He had done so much all your life, — vexed and naughty because He sent the rain that you and all of us needed. And although it seemed to us that it just happened that Isabelle came into the room when I felt that I should have to punish you to make you a good girl, and that Uncle Fred happened to stop at auntie's with the carriage, and

so brought Minnie here, it was not so ; God chose so to arrange things as to make one of His little wayward children happy to-day. Remember this, when you are again tempted to be naughty."

I have heard lately that Lily had become much more patient than she was when Isabelle told her the story of Father Giacamo's monkey. But as the little girl for whom this is written never thinks she has heard enough, perhaps I shall have to tell you some more about Lily another time.

THE JUDGE'S PETS.

BY E. JOHNSON.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

ONE morning the Judge complained of not feeling very well and the mother tried to persuade him to remain at home all day. He was not willing to do so, however. But at night when he returned, he declared his intention of going at once to bed, and allowed the mother to send for Dr. H. When the Doctor arrived, he said all the Judge needed was a little rest and quiet. The children were full of trouble that anything



should be the matter with their father. Sue called them all into her room, and advised that, as it was vacation, and consequently they were all at home, the barn chamber should be the play-room till the Judge was well. This piece of advice was received with enthusiasm, and Tom further proposed, that they should each take off their shoes as they passed through the hall. This proposition was also received with favor. So to

the barn chamber they all went, intending to stay there most of the time while the Judge was ill. But every few moments through the day, first one, and then another would be seized with an earnest desire to know just how their father felt, and appeared at the door of the mother's room to ask how their father was. There were so many journeys made, that at last the mother felt obliged to tell Sue that the children really must not come to the door again that afternoon. So Sue kindly explained to the children that it disturbed the Judge to have the door opened so often, and she advised them to have a good play just as usual, for they could not help their father to bear his illness, and she thought if he had perfect rest and quiet for one whole day, he would be well by the day after. So the young tribe determined to have as much fun as possible, though they could none of them forget that their father was suffering pain. Now the barn chamber was always a delight. Here they could do just as they pleased and when all resources failed, they were sure to find amusement. This day the children decided to have a store. Tom was to own and keep the store. Anna, as a fine lady dressed in silks and satins, was to buy for herself and little girl all she needed from Tom. Grace, as Anna's little girl, was sometimes to be allowed to buy candy and apples there. And Sphinx, the little white kitten, was a large and very fierce dog, who guarded the store from a band of thieves, who had been seen prowling about the place, and trying to rob from the store, on dark nights. But first of all the store must be furnished with goods. So they went to the garden and helped themselves to the silk from the corn, for sewing-

silk; picked any number of red peonies, each leaf being a whole piece of red, pink, or white satin. Then they collected all the bits of broken crockery they could find for dishes, and the little small white pebbles were precious stones. Tom produced a number of old papers to make hats and caps of, and out of the small pieces of white and brown paper he made little boats and whirligigs, while Anna made paper dolls without number. Grace, though much too small to manufacture articles for the store, still felt very important, as she was allowed to wash the dishes and precious stones. Then, too, she could arrange the goods on the counter, Anna or Tom telling her first where to place each article. The store extended all across one end of the barn, and a long board was placed upon two barrels to form the counter. The object seemed to be, to fill this counter as full as possible with goods of all sorts. In this manner the children played for two whole days. During this time, the house was so quiet that the Judge said he had not been once disturbed. Not knowing that the children had adopted the habit of taking off their shoes, he wondered very much how they could have gone past his door so quietly. The third morning the Judge was so much better that when Grace put her head inside the door to ask if father felt very sick, he called her to come and kiss him good-morning. In a second the little girl was on the bed beside her father, and was held close in his arms. She was very triumphant over the rest of the family because she had been kissed first, entirely ignoring the fact that she had disobeyed orders by going into the room. "No matter," Tom had said, "let her have the fun — she is so little." The Judge told her he thought after his breakfast he should feel well enough to tell a story.

"O goody!" said Grace; "how glad Tom will be, and Sue always likes father's stories, and I guess even Anna will listen, though she always says Sue's stories are much too babyish for a girl of thirteen."

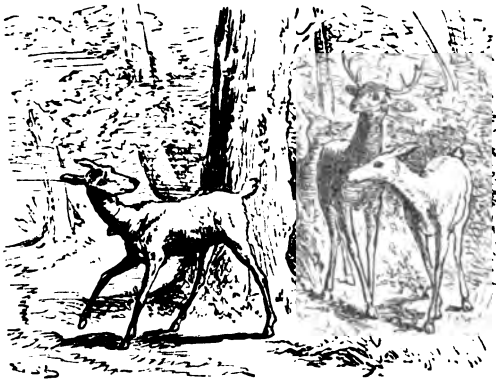
So Grace ran down stairs to the dining-room where the family were at breakfast and told them the good news. All were very thankful that father was feeling well, and they were all eager for one of his stories. Then the little girl ran to the kitchen to hurry Katie with the Judge's breakfast, "because," she explained to the cook, "it must be 'most a year since father felt bad enough to stay at home and tell a story." And indeed it was a great treat to all, to have the Judge home with them a whole day. Although

the school vacation was over, their mother gave the children leave to stay at home that day, in celebration of the Judge's recovery. I can assure you it was a very merry breakfast that morning. As soon as breakfast was over, they all went into the Judge's study, where he was waiting for them. They gathered round him with loving greeting, and he thanked first the mother for her kind devotion to him; then Sue for taking such good care of the house while the mother was attending to his wants; then he thanked each of the little ones for their consideration in playing in the barn, and keeping so still while in the house; and ended by saying he could never feel grateful enough for being blessed with such a wife and children. All felt very happy. The mother took her sewing, and Sue some fancy work; Anna placed herself on the floor close beside her father, with her little black and white kitten in her arms; Tom spread a large newspaper on the floor and began to whittle; Grace, fearing she should tire her father if she took her usual place in his lap, put her kitten, Sphinx, there instead, and drew a chair close beside her father, and put her head on his shoulder; her doll she kindly allowed Sue to hold; Simon the black cat, and May the greyhound, both stretched themselves upon the floor, enjoying the sun streaming into the room; all were prepared to listen. "Now, little ones, what shall I tell you about?" asked the Judge. "Would you like to hear some story I have read, or shall I tell you of some of my father's pets?" The vote was a unanimous one to hear of one of Grandfather's pets. So the Judge began.



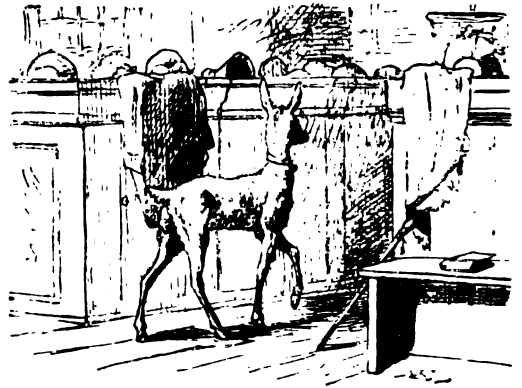
"In the western part of New York many years ago, before that part of the country was as thickly settled as now, my father lived in a large square house, just on the border of the woods. People

used to hunt a great deal in these woods. One day when my father was hunting the deer, he suddenly came upon a little fawn fast asleep. He went toward it very softly and succeeded in getting hold of the little fellow before he had time to escape. He carried it home in his arms, and, strange as it may seem, the fawn did not appear much alarmed; and after a few days of petting and care he was as much at home in my father's house as he could have been in the woods. He was of a beautiful fawn color, with a white spot on his breast, and my father used to say he wore white stockings. He had a most affectionate, loving nature, and was devoted to my father, following him wherever he went. It seemed strange that he should care so much more for his master than for any one else, for my mother took almost the entire care of him, and was the one who always fed him. But, notwithstanding, neither she nor any one else could ever call him away from my father. He would play with my mother, and run after her from room to room, if his master was away; but as soon as he appeared, the fawn seemed to consider it his duty to remain near him, and he would only leave my father long enough to get his supper, and at once return. Sunday mornings the fawn was always shut up at church-time, for fear he might follow his master. Generally he appeared quite satisfied with the society of the family; but once in a while he would seem to remember that his own family lived in the wood, and would evidently feel a desire to visit them. So he would spend sometimes the whole day in the wood, but always came home before my



father did. Almost always some two or three of the wild deer would escort him, on his way home, as far as the edge of the wood, quite within sight of the house. But they never ventured fairly

out of the forest. Sometimes it seemed almost as if the fawn was urging his friends to visit him. He would play with them, just inside of the wood, every now and then springing out into the road, and then standing and waiting for them. But the others evidently did not dare follow, though often they seemed quite undecided whether they should or not. Father felt sure some day he would bring one of the little creatures home with him, but I never heard of one's coming. Father bought him a pretty collar, with a little silver bell attached to it, so you could hear the little fellow long before you could see him. One Sunday morning, before going to church, my father, as usual, called the fawn, to



shut him up. But the little fellow was nowhere to be found, and though my father went some distance down the road and listened, he could not hear the bell. So he decided the fawn must be visiting his fawn friends, though this was the first Sunday he had left his master to go off anywhere. The family went to church, however, without giving the fawn another thought. It being a very warm summer day, the church doors were all fastened wide open. In the middle of a long and rather stupid sermon, my father was aroused by the sound, in the dim distance, of the little silver bell. Nearer and nearer it came, and soon all the congregation heard it, and still nearer it came. To the church steps,—to the door,—and finally the tinkling of the little bell sounded up the broad aisle. The pews in those days were made so high that it was impossible to see over them. So no one but my dismayed father could imagine what the disturbance was; he, poor man, knew but too well. However, he could do nothing but sit still and wait for the result. On the little fellow came, till he found his master's pew, and as the door happened to be open, he

walked in, and lay down quietly at my father's feet, feeling perfectly satisfied. And after that, he would disappear every Sunday morning, so that it was, of course, impossible to confine him. But he always went to church. Sometimes my father would find the fawn in quiet possession of his pew when he himself arrived. The sexton, one Sunday, not approving of the performance, tried to put the little creature out. But he made such a fuss, and jumped about so much, and the bell tinkled so loudly, that he was obliged to give up the attempt. From that time forward he became a most devoted church-goer, and it was

an understood thing that the fawn belonged to that church. Although I am afraid he took many naps during the service and sermon, in all other respects he behaved as well as any gentleman in the congregation. The fawn lived with my father about two years. His visits to the forest became more and more frequent, however, until at last he never returned to the house. Whether his friends there persuaded him to remain with them, or whether he was shot for a wild deer, my father could never find out. But he was much missed by all the family, and even the minister asked what had become of him."

PRAIRIE-HEN SHOOTING.

BY JOHN RADCLIFFE.



THE Prairie-hen (*Cupidonia cupido*) is a species of the grouse family, peculiar to this continent, and indeed confined almost exclusively within the limits of the United States. The vast prairies of the West and Southwest are their abiding place, where, at one time, their

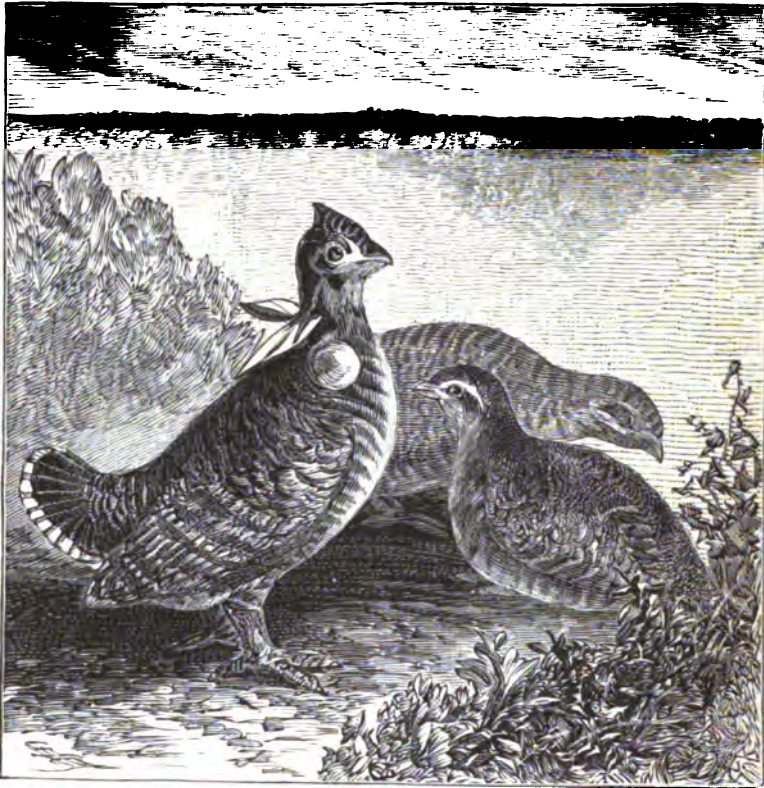
number might have been called almost inexhaustible; but the advance of so-called civilization, with its perfect instruments of destruction, and the demand for the prairie-hen's flesh in all the markets of the East, are gradually and surely exterminating this, as other of the game birds of the country.

The upper plumage of the prairie-hen is a rich brown, banded with yellowish stripes. The wings, of a gray brown, are barred with reddish yellow; a brown stripe extends from the nostrils along the side of the head, and another from the lower mandible to the throat, the naked space above the eye being of a bright orange. The lower plumage is gray, tawny, and cream color, barred and variegated with pale brown. The tail is varied with light brown and brownish yellow, marked most commonly with bars of darker brown, though some specimens have the tail of a uniform color throughout. The male bird has a small crest, and on either side of the neck a tuft of feathers, which conceal a wrinkled yellow membrane, which the bird in the pairing season has the power to inflate. Many persons maintain that the prairie-hen makes the peculiar booming noise, heard in every direction on the prairies during the breeding season, with the wings; but the best authorities have shown that this booming sound is produced by the inflating of this membrane. Audubon tried the experiment of piercing with a pin this membranous sack, which he found entirely disabled the bird from producing the sound. The writer of this article has often seen in the farm-yards of the frontier settlers of Texas the male bird of the prairie-chicken, and has often observed this peculiarity of the bird to inflate the membrane. In the domesticated state, however, he seldom if ever produces the peculiar booming noise, so commonly heard in the wild bird. The prairie-cock is most pugnacious, and is as game as our own highly-trained game-cocks. When two rival leaders of different walks of hens happen to meet, a terrible battle ensues between the males, and seldom terminates without either one or the other of the combatants being killed. The Indians often catch the male birds, domesticate, and train them for fighting purposes. Matches are thus made between individuals of different tribes, and mains

of prairie-cocks fought with the same absorbing interest as is witnessed with the regular game-cocks in our own sections.

The hen is somewhat smaller than the cock, but without the crest and tuft, although in plumage they do not vary to any great extent. The breeding season is in April or May. The nests are of rude construction, and hidden in the long prairie grass. The hen lays from ten to sixteen eggs, of a pale brown color, and about the size of those of a bantam chicken. The young are

hatched out within three weeks, and as soon as they are free of the shell, run about with great ease and agility. The hen, in common with most game birds, affects, when disturbed, lameness, and thus draws pursuit to herself. The young attain their growth by the twentieth of August, at which time they offer good sport, particularly to the young sportsman; for the birds not being so full-feathered as later in the season, do not rise with the vigor of the birds of October and November.



The equipment for prairie-hen shooting may consist of a No. 12 breech-loading shot-gun. No. 8 shot are plenty large enough in August, but the size may be reduced with advantage to No. 6, later in the season. A good setter dog is indispensable, and one competent for this sort of work is somewhat hard to obtain. Most dogs are so distracted by the many novelties to be found on the prairie, as to be almost worthless for the work expected from them, unless they be especially broken to the business. To the residents of the Eastern States, prairie-hen shooting requires such an outlay of time to reach the

ground, that many are thus deterred from the undertaking; but for those who have leisure to attempt the journey of eight or nine hundred miles, they will be amply repaid for their enterprise.

I have confined my experience in prairie-hen shooting to the prairies of Texas, and I have been more than repaid for my choice of ground. Texas is beyond the reach of the game marks of the East. Moreover, the inhabitants of that portion of the country are given to a content for what they call small game, and the field is thus left clear to those who may have the good

luck to make Texas the objective point for a sporting excursion.

The autumn of 1859 found me equipped for a hunting expedition through the South and Southwest; and which finally ended in my taking part with the celebrated Captain Ford, the Texas Ranger, in an expedition against the Comanche Indians. 1859 was not as pleasant a year as might have been chosen for a sporting expedition in the Southwest, on account of a hostile feeling which was daily growing stronger against people from the Northern States. I, however, was provided with letters which secured me a fair and uninterrupted enjoyment of the sport I had set out to obtain.

At Galveston, in Texas, I learned that near a place called Henderson, about forty miles by rail from Houston, I should find as good prairie-hen shooting as I could desire. Previous, however, to starting for this point, I was persuaded by a resident of Galveston to try the snipe-shooting in that vicinity. I did so, and was quite overcome by the enormous quantity of these birds domiciled in the marshes about the town. I had always thought the south shore of Long Island the paradise of snipe-shooting; but the sea-coast of Texas probably surpasses the rest of the world, in the variety and number of this species of wild fowl, and, in fact, of every variety. There is only one drawback to the shooting there, and that is the danger from quicksands (a hidden danger), which besets the snipe-shooter at every turn.

The route from Houston to Henderson is almost entirely through the prairie; small herds of deer could be seen at every few miles, while packs of prairie-hens rose at all moments to the right and left of the train. What could be more exhilarating to the sportsman than to sit comfortably in the car, and imagine (from the samples of prospective sport shown him at every turn) the prospect in a locality less disturbed by the progress of the age. At Henderson I procured the services of a guide, and mounted with my ammunition upon a mustang pony, I started for my destination — the log-house of a Texas Ranger, about thirty miles inland — on the border of a great prairie hundreds of miles in extent. A day's journey landed me at the door of my host, who received me in the manner peculiarly gracious and natural to this class of men. I found the cabin (built of logs, and about thirty feet square) occupied by my host, his wife and baby. The former — and I shall call him Jones — had bought and cleared the land upon which

he lived, and was already far advanced on the road to prosperity. He was a man above six feet high, but very lean, and of the traditional order to be found upon the borders of the Southwest. A first-rate shot, and former member of Ford's celebrated gang of Texas Rangers, I could not have found a better person with whom to be associated in a hunting expedition. He expressed some horror when I informed him that I proposed to limit my shooting for the present to prairie-hen; for these people have an idea that sport can only be found in chasing the "bar" (bear), or stalking deer. However, I soon worked him to a good-humored acquiescence with my plans; and he proposed that we should start the next morning on our mustang ponies, and beat the prairie round about his farm, in quest of game.

There is no more comfortable mode of doing one's shooting than to be seated on the back of a well-broken mustang pony, with a couple of dogs in advance; and as they come to a point, and flush the game, to rise in your saddle and fire from the back of your steady, immovable pony. It was after this improved method that we did our first day's hunting on the prairie. Before us, when we started, stretched the broad, grassy surface, dotted with bright flowers, and offering a vista of freedom more unlimited than the resident of the East may imagine. Here and there a clump of brushwood breaks the monotony and relieves the eye. As we move slowly on, the ponies stopping now and again to take a bite of grass, we start the birds, whirring in front of us. If a good shot offers within reasonable distance, we do not refuse it. So we move on, shooting at, and occasionally bagging the game, but more often making a miss of it, for my friend Jones used his squirrel rifle; and as yet I had barely become accustomed to shooting from the back of a pony, and taking long shots at very strong birds.

When flushed, the prairie-hen rises with a heavy whirr, and not unfrequently utters a loud chucking noise. He often appears about to alight; but this is deception, for we find him still skimming on, until he suddenly drops into the grass. The moment he touches ground he starts on a quick run, most always directly ahead, but often to the right or left, so that when we approach the spot where we marked him down, we find he is already far away, and securely hidden in some hollow or tuft. While hunting as we did upon the backs of ponies, the birds would not fly any great distance. We often drove them to-

ward clumps of trees, and as the leaves were already off, the birds were plainly and distinctly marked against the clear sky. On these occasions my friend Jones would stalk a tree full, and when within good shooting distance, commence with his squirrel rifle at those on the lower limbs, and so gradually shoot one after another, until he reached those on the topmost branches. It is a peculiarity of the prairie-hen, that if you find a pack alight upon a tree, you may often bag the whole lot by commencing to shoot those on the lower limbs first.

Often, in passing through the hollows of the prairie, toward nightfall, we come upon the roost of a pack of prairie-hen. We find them at this hour squatted in a circle, with their heads toward the inner side. They resemble, when thus bunched, so much the grass and earth,— as it appears in November,— that it is almost impossible to distinguish one of these roosts from the surrounding vegetation. It is only when they rise in wild terror, uttering their peculiar chuck, that you find that your pony has but just missed putting his foot in among them. When separated thus, after going to roost, they call one another with a low "Chuck! chuck!" which, in the still evening air of the prairie, is heard at a great distance. Indeed, in riding home in the early dusk, if it be calm, this cry of "Chuck! chuck!" fairly fills the air, and tells you very plainly that although you may have made a good day's work, and twenty brace may be hanging at the horn of your saddle, there yet remain plenty more for to-morrow's sport.

I may well imagine that life on the border, in the log-house of a frontiersman, surrounded by

every variety of game, and in the greatest abundance, might appear to many a residence to be envied. So, indeed, it appeared to me for a time; but one becomes, as it were, cloyed with success; and what to-day is a pleasure, becomes to-morrow irksome and wearying. We soon exhausted the varying phases of prairie-hen shooting. To-day we shot them from the ponies, then again we stalked them as they rested on the trees; then we caught them in the most unsportsmanlike manner, in traps; and having dissected the first joint of the wing, turned them loose among the domestic fowl. Finally, shooting and trapping alike became a bore; then we studied their habits and mode of life, as they fed in the patches of brush scattered here and there on the prairie. Indeed, we found them a most entertaining study. They appeared to have their family feuds, and even a language common to themselves, in which they conversed, and made themselves understood, one by the other. There were sulky prairie-chickens, and good-tempered ones; some, were jokers, and others morose; and thus was displayed to us in these feathered creatures all the attributes of the human family. Some were more fond of company than others, and these wandered from one pack to another, evidently picking up stray bits of gossip, which they retailed in turn to more distant packs. There may also have been politicians among them, for some no sooner gleaned a more dainty morsel than the others, than these political fowls snatched it away, and gobbled it themselves. I may have been mistaken in my surmises, but thus it appeared to me as I watched from day to day the movements of the various packs.

SHIPMATE WILL BROWN.

BY TAFFY JACK.

I HAD a good many schoolmates, because I went to a good many schools, beginning with Mr. Quince in the primary, and completing my education on board a man-o'-war.

I think I learned more on a man-o'-war than I did of Mr. Quince. I didn't like Mr. Quince, because he used to thrash me for eating taffy candy during school hours, and that's the way I earned the name of Taffy Jack.

Mischief knows more roads than one, and I managed to travel a good many of them, for in

spite of whistling psalm-tunes on Sundays and staying awake at meeting, my anxious father concluded I had better go to sea. I didn't feel very sad about it, not I, for my sail-boat had floated in every nook and corner of Long Island Sound, and tired of such a limited career, I yearned for other seas to sail over, and looked out toward the horizon hedged with waves, in the boyish hope that I might some day sail beyond the sight of land.

Years have rolled by since then, and the hand

which guided the dancing shallop over Long Island Sound, has gathered shells on balmy tropic shores and hauled taut the bow-lin' to catch the stiff sou'wester off Cape Horn. But I haven't introduced you to Shipmate Will yet. He and I went to school together in among the grim, quiet old hills of Connecticut; we tossed ball together and joined in sport; and he with his bold, clear penmanship wrote my name on the fly-leaf of an old "grammar," which I retain to this day as a memento of him, and remembrancer of the good old schoolmaster who used to ask me to decline, and I invariably *declined*. It was about six years after this that my father concluded I had better go to sea, and one stormy November day, dressed in full sailor "togger," and imagining myself a veritable sailor, I stood on one of the piers in New York, surrounded by towering spars, dark hulls, and bustling stevedores.

I was bewildered by the turmoil, but in hunting about found a ship which bore the name "LOOKOUT OF NEW YORK." This was the one I was to intrust myself on, so stumbling up the gang plank, I stepped aboard. Everything was in disorder and everybody in a hurry, for we were to sail that day! Ah, it was a gallant ship that; trim, sharp, graceful as a bird, large, in fact enormous in my unaccustomed eyes; and as I gazed on her majestic proportions, visions of the romance of sea-life, fraught with the thrilling adventures of "Robinson Crusoe," flashed through my mind. It was an epoch in my history, and I trod the deck with the pride of an admiral, thrust my hands into the pockets of my jacket, and imagined myself a full fledged sailor, — every hair of my head a rope yarn. This was all of no avail, for I overheard two or three old sailors in conversation.

"Who's that young chicken?" queried one.

"Dunno," says another; "spect he's fourth dickey, goin' out to fish for sea-sarpints and black the skipper's boots."

"Ain't that so, boy?" said the third addressing me.

I raised my eyes and surveyed the speaker. He was a stout, broad-shouldered fellow, with a jolly, red face, and but few years older than I, although evidently more experienced in sea-life. Looking him broad in the face I thought I observed something familiar about it; and so I did, for in a moment more his broad grin relapsed into a look of surprise, and fixing his eyes on me, he exclaimed, — "Blow me, but its Taffy Jack, with pea-jacket and dinner plates on!"

There he was, none the less than Will Brown, schoolmate Will, — not the stripling schoolboy, but a stout, brawny sailor, and a right hearty meeting it was. Said he, "After I left school I shipped on board the *Uncovah*, bound for a rovin' voyage; first we went to 'Frisco, then to Hong Kong, then to the East Indies, after that to Liverpool, and then home — a reg'lar roust-about. Thought I wouldn't go to sea again, but changed my mind 'cause the old man wouldn't sit up o' nights and throw water agin the windows so I could get to sleep. That's the whole story: stayin' ashore is very good once in a while, but a feller gits sick o' eatin' fresh victuals and wearin' Sunday togger all the time; and I thought I better ship again, so I came down, and Captain Sherwood said he wanted another boy, so here I am; but what are you here for, Taffy?"

"Well-l-l-l, I don't exactly know," said I, looking vaguely up among the bewildering tangle of shrouds and rigging.

"O, I understand," said Brown; "sold your farm to go to sea; *grain crop too heavy I suppose*: well, who wouldn't sell a farm to go to sea?" Taffy, there's two things in the world I never did like: one's woman, and t'other lumber-box wagons. You can't get to wind'ard of a woman nohow you can fix it; brace sharp as you're a-mind to, and she beats you on every tack; and as for lumber-box wagons, I rode in one a year for a livin', and I had to come to sea to get some comfort, an' I'd rather be triced up than have to ride in one again. There you have the two chief reasons why I turned Jack-nasty-face."

Here our conversation was interrupted by Brown's being called away.

Forty-eight hours after that we were off Sandy Hook with our jib-boom pointing toward the open sea, and all hands on the main topsail halliards, pulling away to the roaring chanty, —

"We all of us feel very sad,
Whiskey, O Johnnie:
To leave our true loves is too bad,
Whiskey for my Johnnie."

"Belay," bawled out the mate, and Brown, who was again by me, caught a turn and sung out "All fast."

"What does that mean?" asked I.

"That means it can't get away till somebody lets it," answered Brown.

"All hands on that main brace now," sung out the mate, and away we went all together, O-he-e-o —

"O-o-o-once I knew a Yankee gal,
She was so neat and pretty:
All haul away, haul away, Joe.
And if I didn't kiss her once, I didn't do my duty:
All haul away, haul away, Joe."

That time I belayed, and squeaked out "All fast."

"Who are you, youngster?" asked the mate of me.

"I'm Taffy Jack, at your service, sir," said I, touching my hat and kicking my left leg backward (sailor fashion, you know, because I wanted to be as salt as possible).

"Well, none o' your airs; up there and loose that main royal," responded the mate.

O luckless lubber that I was, for, be it known, the main royal was tiptop of everything in our craft, and no ordinary climb for a green hand like myself. I had never been so high in my life, but up I went, and in the course of time reached the royal yard, when the wind caught my sou'wester, and away it went whirling toward the sea, but I did get the royal loose after a fashion; then, as I stood with one foot on the ropes and fairly dangling in mid air, what a sight met my eyes,—the broad, restless sea stretching out in a limitless expanse before me and fretted into a thousand white caps by the gale! It was a glorious sight, that thrilled me with its grandeur, and taught me a lesson of God's glory which I shall never forget.

The attainment of my hopes, the crowning point of my life,—*I was at sea*; no pent-up Sound presented its constant reminders of dry land; land was out of sight, and on that swaying spar stood the restless, exultant boy of sixteen.

If I were to recount the experiences of that voyage, they might prove tiresome. Shipmate

Will Brown and I were together a year; during that time we sailed forty thousand miles: that seems a long distance perhaps, but it's not very far for sailors.

Part of the voyage there were three other boys with us; one night we got up a minstrel entertainment, with brooms to answer for banjos and "duff" pans to fill the place of tambourines. It was an elegant entertainment that. Brown, to a melodious broom-corn accompaniment, sung that plaintive ditty,—

"Blow, ye gentle winds, o'er the dark blue sea;
Bid the storm king cease his reign,
And bring my Willie back to me,
To his own dear home again."

Applause from our sailor audience greeted this, and Will received a bouquet of shavings, while somebody threw to me the old black cat. Many little episodes like this helped to make our hours below pass pleasantly.

I have no time to tell how we went twice around Cape Horn, and how the pleasant trade-winds bore us along through the dreamy tropics; but alike amid the glittering icebergs of the South Sea and in the balmier mid-waters Brown and I often, sitting together in the nightwatches, recounted our school-boy stories, and spun the yarns of time past.

Time has fled rapidly since then, but alas shipmate Brown! He did good service in the navy during the war, and just as peace was dawning upon our country, God guided his frail bark into the harbor of the Eternal City; and as I pass up the Sound these later years, I mark the little steeple at Southport, and remember that it shadows the last resting-place of my good shipmate.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER V.

EFFIE was again upon the high rock where we first saw her, but this time she was with Annie and her Uncle George. Annie had complained much of the difficulty of getting there, and even Effie had trouble in finding the way to reach it. "There never was any path," she said, "and what there was is overgrown with black-berry vines. The fact is, it is my 'thinking rock,' and I never went there but once."

"It is rather a pity to have one's 'thinking

rock' so much out of reach," her Uncle George said, as he pulled Annie up through the bushes, and set Effie at last on the mossy stone.

Effie had waked up that morning with a heavy feeling at the bottom of her heart, as if something dreadful had happened, or something were going to happen. There was the morning bright and fresh as ever, and sunlight dancing in at her window; but she did not, as usual, feel like running to the window to jump out and have a chase with the chickens. What had happened

what was going to happen? Annie was busy with mamma, so that she could not ask her; but there came to her presently the remembrance of the evening before, and of the words of her Uncle George. Her mother was going away off to Florida! She knew pretty well where Florida was; she had seen it on the map, a very very great way off, — a long tongue of land, that went down into the Gulf of Mexico. And she began to think of a story that had been told her of the Spaniard who lived ever so long ago, when there were no other people but wild Indians living all over America, who set out — the Spaniard did — in his boat from Spain, far over the sea, to come to Florida, because he heard there was a fountain of water there, and anybody that would drink of it, would be young again, however old he was, and even if his head were bald, and his beard were gray. Effie was not quite sure but what if anybody drank of it, they were always beautiful. She held her shoes up in the air as she considered the question, and thought her Uncle George could tell her all about it.

And was mamma to be made well by the fountain, just like a story? But at that question Effie came back again from her dreams to the sad reality of muddy boots about her, and a memory of a little girl coming out of a coal-hole; and she leaned back and began to cry silently, saying to herself, "And mamma is going away, and perhaps Annie, to be made beautiful like a fairy tale, and I am to be left behind in this horrid place."

Annie came in just then. "Well, Effie, you are awake at last!" she exclaimed. "I have been in at least six times, and you were fast asleep; and here is our dear Uncle George in a hurry to see you, for he has planned a holiday for you to-day, and is going to take us out into the woods."

And there was her uncle very gay and merry, and mamma sitting up at her breakfast, and all so sunny and bright, that Effie was quite willing to forget everything disagreeable. "No school to-day, — that is a comfort," she thought to herself, "and tiresome Miss Tilden may have it her own way."

And when, after breakfast, her uncle proposed to Effie to take them to one of her favorite places, it was not hard for her to choose. They might go to the pond, to be sure; and perhaps her Uncle George would row them in the little boat; but then he had said nothing about rowing, and Annie hated it. So she had brought

them up the road to the "thinking rock," not sorry to delay by a long walk that talk with her Uncle George that she was sure would come, — and that she dreaded. "It is not all to be a holiday," she thought to herself; "there's to be an *explanation*." Indeed, as soon as they were comfortably seated, and had recovered breath from the climb, Uncle George began.

"You know, Effie, I have come all this way with you, to have a talk with you."

Effie drew a long sigh.

"Yes, Effie, it will be hard for you to hear it," continued her uncle; "but it is settled that your mother is going away for the winter, and must leave in a few days, too. She will go to New York, and from there to Florida, by steamboat to Savannah, and Annie is to go with her!"

Effie burst into tears. Her uncle took her in his arms. "It is for your mother's good we are going. She could not live here through the winter, but we hope to save her life by taking her where it will be warmer, — where she can live in the open air."

"And you are going, too!" cried Effie. "Is everybody to go, — and in the steamer, too? O, what is to become of me?"

"It is of that that I want to talk to you," said Uncle George.

"O, do let me go. — let me go, too!" begged Effie; "indeed, I will be very good. I will try to be, — O, you may believe it."

"Indeed, I think you would try," said Uncle George; "and Annie here by my side has begged for you harder than you can beg yourself. But I will tell you all, and you will see that it is impossible. Your mother goes at the invitation of an old friend in New York. Mrs. Lester has spent two winters in Florida, and has there a house of her own, with more comforts than can be found in any boarding-house, or hotel. She is a very great invalid herself; and, Effie, though she has been so kind as to ask your mother to spend the winter with her, I must say that she has one great fault: she 'can't bear' the noise of children, — of girls or boys."

"O dear!" sighed Effie, hopelessly. "Has she got nerves?"

"I am sorry to say she has," answered Uncle George. "When she first proposed this plan of taking your mother with her to Florida, she inquired about Annie and you, and thought you had better both be left behind. She asked a great many questions about you, Effie. I made the best case for you I could."

"But perhaps she would like me, and it would

be so different there," urged Effie, "no fences to climb,—perhaps no other little girls"—

"I don't know about the fences," said Uncle George; "but, Effie, she asked me if you always shut the door without slamming, if you walked about the room noiselessly, if you talked always in a low tone"—

"O dear, of course I should not suit her!" exclaimed Effie. "I never could or would go round like a mouse, like that,—and I don't care!"

"I think, in this case, you do care, Effie," said her uncle, seriously. "You see that I could answer these questions satisfactorily with regard to Annie, if not for you. And what is more to the purpose, I could add that she would be of great use both to your mother and to Mrs. Lester herself. Ah, Effie, could I say this of you? Even Mrs. Lester might be asked to forget the slamming of doors, and noisy footsteps, if she could gain the pleasure of having with her two bright, unselfish girls, not thinking of their own ways, but happy in helping others to their wishes. Could I say this of you, Effie?"

Through all of Uncle George's long sentence, Effie listened with wide-opened eyes. "And mamma, mamma could go without me!" was her exclamation.

"When I wrote your mother," continued Uncle George, "of Mrs. Lester's proposal to take her and Annie with her to Florida, she sent me a decided refusal, on your account, Effie, because she could not leave you behind. I still urged her going, but she said it would be impossible. But afterward I had from the doctor an earnest appeal to take your mother away, telling me it would be impossible for her to live through the winter here; but she must go, and to a place where she could be quite free from care, and could be at rest. Could you then wish to ask your mother to stay?"

Effie was convulsed with deep sobs.

"We have been thinking of you, Effie," her uncle went on, "and there is one plan I am sure you would like. I wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Lee, to ask them if they would let you come there and pass the winter."

"At the Lees'!" exclaimed Effie, starting up.

"Yes," said Uncle George. "They are old friends of your father's, and of your mother, and I knew they would gladly do everything to make it easier for her to go away."

"O Uncle George, what did they say!" exclaimed Effie.

"They referred me to Alice, because the care

of you would come principally upon her. Mrs. Lee is much taken up with her younger children, and is not strong, and the care of the family often falls upon Alice. So I went to see her yesterday afternoon, before going out to the farm,—before seeing your mother,—to settle this very question."

"Yesterday afternoon, of all afternoons,—then it is hopeless," murmured Effie; "and did you see Miss Alice?"

"Yes, Effie; but I must tell you I found she had not the most favorable impression of you."

"O, she told you of yesterday morning, I suppose,—of my terrible scrape in the coal-hole!" cried Effie.

"No," said Uncle George, "she said nothing of yesterday; but she spoke of being afraid of your influence with Gertrude, and she did tell me one anecdote of you that was not very encouraging. But it was something that took place some weeks ago."

"What could it be?" asked Effie; "that must have been in my *good time*!"

"It was something about an afternoon you had spent with Gertrude, and you had been allowed to play with certain picture-cards, that never were to be taken out of the parlor," said Uncle George.

"O, I remember!" interrupted Effie; "it was their Myriorama, or something like that, it is called. They are long pictured cards of the Rhine, or some river; and we had them rowed out on the floor, and played it was the Rhine itself; and I was a Count Highinstaufer, who lived in a castle on the Rhine, but I was imprisoned in a dungeon in the castle,—that was under the sofa; and we had out all the chess-men, some beautifully carved ivory ones,—some of them are knights on horses, and there are castles on elephants' backs"—

"That is just the time," put in Uncle George, as Effie paused, "only I did not learn all these particulars."

"I remember we did something about going off in a hurry," said Effie.

"That was the trouble," said Uncle George; "there had been a solemn promise that you and Gertrude were to put away everything you had to play with, and leave the room in order for Mr. Lee, who was to bring a committee of gentlemen with him."

"O yes!" exclaimed Effie; "and the signal for us to put up the things was the bell for the going out train, because that is at ten minutes past five precisely, and that would give us time

to put away the things before Mr. Lee came at half-past five. But just before then I looked out of the window, and saw Egbert go by with our cow,—our own pet cow. And I was very sure he was going to sell her, and I made Gertrude come too; and we seized our hats and coats in the entry, and ran after Egbert, to see about it. Gertrude was afraid about the time, but I told her I saw the clock,—the entry clock,—and I was sure it was five minutes of five. We had to stop about our coats, and it was some time before we reached Egbert, and it was not our cow at all. It was a cow he met straying away in the street, and he was driving it back again. It looked like our cow, with its horn, that had a crumple in it. But just then the car-bell rang, and we were a great way off, up the street, and I let Gertrude go home alone to put up the things; for it was time for me to go, and a good chance to go with Egbert."

"Effie, how came you to tell Gertrude that it was five minutes of five?" asked Uncle George.

"I suppose I read it wrong," said Effie; "perhaps it was five minutes past five, and I read it five minutes of,—I didn't look very carefully. Did Miss Alice tell you all this, Uncle George?"

"No, what she said was half-laughing," answered Uncle George. "She told me the story by way of illustration, to show how your example had led Gertrude to forget a solemn promise!"

"But it was not Gertrude's fault," urged Effie, "and I meant to have gone the next day and explained it all to Miss Alice, for Gertrude never would have come if I had not been sure of the clock, and I meant to tell her and Gertrude I was sorry. But O, Uncle George! when I thought of those beautiful carved chess-men left lying on the floor,—there were two beautiful queens,—I felt quite too ashamed to see Miss Alice."

"The shame should have come sooner," said Uncle George.

"And Maria Leonard got hold of it," continued Effie, "and provoked me by saying I told a lie about the time; so I wouldn't say any more about it. But did Miss Alice think I told a lie?"

"She said she was sitting in the porch behind the house, painting, with her water-colors all about her, trying to finish a bit of the sunset

sky, and to catch a brilliant bit of color she saw in the real sunset before her. She must do it very quickly, Effie, for the glow would fade directly. At this minute she heard the bell at the station ring. She left her painting to see if all were right in the parlor, thinking to come directly back; 'but,' she said, 'I found the floor all strewn with things,—one could hardly step anywhere without breaking something,—and there I had to stop and pick up everything—to get down on my knees, under the sofa, with my sunset sky, its red and its gold fading away from



my grasp, and my poor daub of a picture spoilt, and all on account of that little midge!"

Effie looked up in her Uncle George's face, with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Uncle George, what is a midge?" she asked.

"I will tell you," said Uncle George. "Once there was an artist who painted very beautiful landscapes, of mountains, and sky, and rivers; and he went to the White Mountains, and on one of the hill-sides there he sat himself down one day opposite a brook that came tumbling

down on the rocks, making a white foam over the dark crevices. He thought to make a picture of it, — one that would make him famous ever after. But no sooner had he begun, with his paints all spread upon his palette, than there came up a swarm of black flies, — little things no larger than the head of a pin. They sat on the end of his nose, they crawled into his ears, they found their way into everything. One would have come into his eye, if he had not wiped it off. They were stuck in his paints, and, on the end of his brush. He flapped his handkerchief, and flung his arms about, and his umbrella, and covered up his head; but nothing that he could do prevented them from finding their way over his picture, and into his paints, — even scrambling into his eyes. So he had to give up the whole thing: that magnificent picture, that might have been the finest in the world, was never painted, because of these little black flies, so small that you can scarcely see them, — not large enough to catch, hardly large enough to see. Now it is these little insignificant flies that are called midges, Effie."

Effie looked away, much grieved. "So, Uncle George," she said, "I am a midge, then!"

"O, Uncle George," exclaimed Annie, "you are too hard upon Effie." Annie had remained silent till now, anxious and sad, looking off sometimes on the wide view, as if to try to get away from the trouble she was feeling.

"I do not mean to be hard, Annie," said Uncle George; "I only want to show Effie how much discomfort and harm can be done by the smallest creature. But a much greater harm is done by anybody who does not stop to 'care' whether she gives trouble or not."

"Miss Alice was hard," said Effie, still crying.

"No, Effie," said Uncle George; "she didn't give this meaning to the word 'midge;' it is I who have explained it to you. She went on to speak most kindly of you, and then most tenderly of your mother; and she ended by saying she would never withhold her consent to your coming, and that she and Gertrude would do their very best to make the winter happy to you."

Effie started up with a fresh flush in her face. "What! is it true?" she exclaimed. "Am I really to go there? And Miss Alice can bear to have me?"

"Not only 'Miss Alice,' but Mr. and Mrs. Lee were most cordial in urging your coming, and wanted me to tell you that you should be very happy there. And I can assure you that 'Miss Alice' looked most kindly as she urged it, and I

am sure you would find it a happy home, if you went there."

"You say 'if,' Uncle George," said Effie, inquiringly.

"Because it all depends upon you," answered Uncle George, "and I and your mother are uncertain if we ought to allow you to go there. I want to tell you one thing that I found out, and that is why I told you the midge story, — that Alice meant to have devoted this winter to practicing in water-colors. She is very anxious to take some lessons in the spring, when she goes to New York; but her father says it may not be 'worth while,' and Alice doubts herself if she has a real talent that she ought to cultivate. So she was planning this winter to do what she could by herself, to find out how much time she could devote to it, and how much talent she had for it, and her mother was to leave her as much leisure as she could. And now" —

"And now," said Effie, "I may be the midge that will prevent her" —

"That is the very thing," said Uncle George. "If you think you can be more careful than you have been the last few weeks; if you can think more of Alice and Gertrude than of your own amusement" —

"Uncle George," interrupted Effie, "do you think I am selfish?"

"Effie, that is a question I cannot yet answer," said Uncle George. "I am afraid that those who 'don't care' for others' feelings are apt to be so."

Effie sat some moments thinking; then she said, seriously, "I was going to say I never would say those words again. But, Uncle George, I am afraid I can't promise; the words slip out sometimes when I don't mean them. But O, I will try not to mean them" —

"I would rather have no promise," said Uncle George, kissing Effie, "only a fresh trying every day."

"I do think I can try," said Effie, wiping her eyes. "I do think I shall remember not to trouble Miss Alice, so that she shall lose her painting lessons. I am sorry about that sunset sky; it never, never could come again, — and all because I wanted to see about a cow. I will try; I will try not to be a midge. But, Uncle George, what would become of me if I couldn't go to the Lees'? I am almost afraid to think I can go there."

"Your mother would send you to your Aunt Catharine's," said Uncle George.

Now Aunt Catharine was not a favorite aunt

of Effie's. She had made her occasional visits, but Aunt Catharine had been very stern with her. She had always some knitting set up, ready for her nieces, and a sheet to be hemmed, and she kept Effie quite too busy for her tastes. Mrs. Ashley thought it might be a good place for Effie for a while, but Uncle George knew that her mother would go away with an easier heart, if she knew that Effie were in a home where she would be as happy as she was well cared for.

"Uncle George," said Effie, "if the Lees are willing to have me, I would like to go there; and the very first day I act badly, they may send me to Aunt Catharine's."

So it was settled, and the whole party went down from the mountain, if not gayly, yet in a more satisfied mood than when they went up. "And mamma will drink of the water of life!" Effie now exclaimed, and began to give Annie advice as to where they had better go to look for the Fountain. Annie, too, began to feel more easy at heart. She had not ventured to enjoy the idea of going away with mamma; it was altogether too hard for Effie that she should be left behind; but now she found that Effie was quite willing to talk of the delights of Florida, so happy was she at the thought of the winter at the Lees'.

The next few days went off so quickly, and were so full of events, that Effie had no time to think whether she were glad or sorry. Uncle George made a delightful plan, — that she should go to New York with mamma and Annie.

And such an exciting journey as they had there, and such a visit in New York! Effie went with her uncle and Annie, and saw the vessel in which they were all to go to Savannah. She was enchanted with the dear little beds they were to sleep in. "O Annie, how I shall envy you!" she exclaimed, "sleeping in these lovely little beds, tucked up nicely, like a doll's cradle."

Annie was more dubious about the comfort; she thought there would not be room enough to turn round in.

"But you won't want to be sleeping all the time," said Effie; "you will be on deck, watching the walruses and the sharks. O Annie! if it were not for going to the Lees', I should feel very, very badly about it."

They stayed at the Lanes', but Effie saw Mrs. Lester once or twice. She was so afraid of her, and so anxious not to injure her nerves, that she behaved with marvelous decorum, — so much so, that Uncle George thought Mrs. Lester's heart might be touched, after all, and that she

would propose that Effie should go too. But he told Effie, afterward, the opinion Mrs. Lester expressed of her. "Mrs. Lester thought you were a very nicely behaved little girl, only she did not like a habit you had of turning round twice on your toes, before answering a question."

"I never should be able to please Mrs. Lester," sighed Effie, "if she is so easily disturbed. I do believe even Annie will trouble her."

The Lanes were very kind to Effie. Mr. Lane and Grace went with her to the wharf to bid her mother, and Annie, and Uncle George good-by. And then, when they had seen the very last, and even the wave of Uncle George's handkerchief could be discerned no more, and they had to turn away, Mr. Lane took them both to the most fascinating shops in New York, and showed her and Grace the very prettiest things. He kept Effie a day or two in New York, and then went back with her himself.

Effie was ashamed to think how she had plagued Grace Lane when she was in the country, — for this was the very same Grace that she used to tease so. And now she found that Grace knew many more things than she did, and it might have been Grace's turn to tease Effie, and to show off how well she could play upon the piano, and how she could dance. But she did nothing of the sort; she taught Effie some of the steps in dancing, and took her to her dancing-class and introduced her to her friends, and told them all that Effie lived in a beautiful place in the country, and made Effie feel a little less awkward. So that Effie had a splendid time in New York, and had a long list of things to tell Gertrude about, and Miss Alice; and only now and then, on the way back, came the picture of the steamer with its deck full of passengers, and its long trail of smoke, carrying mamma and Annie far, far away.

As she drew near home, her thoughts changed into wondering "Who would meet her at the station? Would it be Mr. Lee, or Arthur?" She was much afraid of Arthur Lee; indeed, he was the only bugbear in her new home. Mr. Lee was too busy to be dreaded; Mrs. Lee was always kind. Stephen, who was older than Miss Alice, was way off in college, and would trouble nobody. "Miss Alice" she was afraid of, but she loved her. As for Arthur Lee, he was always making fun of everybody, and she believed he had a special love of making fun of her. If she could only escape him, she knew she could get along with Gertrude and the three little boys, who made up the family.

JEALOUS OF BABY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

It's not very difficult, Bessy,
To tell what you're grieving about :
Those frowns are quite easy to fathom,
And so is that terrible pout.

You're jealous of Baby ; I see it.
Why, Bess, you've been looking forlorn,
And serious as a sexton,
Since dear little Baby was born.

Just stand with me now by her cradle,
Where sleeping so softly she lies,
Her pretty pink mouth like a rose-bud,
The satin lids veiling her eyes.

Pray answer me, — Isn't she charming,
And gentle and pure as a dove ?
Ah, Bess, can you blame us for loving
What God surely meant us to love ?

And why should you think yourself slighted,
Not tenderly prized any more ?
Believe it, you're still just as precious
To all of our lives as before.

Come, kiss and make friends with the Baby ;
You'll find her so pleasant to kiss !
I know you have love enough hid in your heart,
To spare a wee darling like this !

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

LOSS AND RECAPTURE OF THE "PHILADELPHIA."

IN the early part of this century the Barbary States, consisting of Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, and Morocco, committed great depredations on American merchantmen in the Mediterranean with their corsairs. Not the least part of the evil was the circumstance that the crews of the unfortunate ships were reduced to slavery, forced to toil for cruel masters, without hope of ever seeing their homes and families again. For ages the corsairs, stealing out of the ports of Northern Africa, crowded with blood-thirsty ruffians, had swept the Mediterranean, and even roved on the Atlantic as far as the North Sea. The European powers often fitted out armaments against them, and inflicted severe chastisement on these enemies of civilization, although these piratical States contrived, until within a generation past, to obtain tribute from nations trading in those seas, as the condition of leaving their traders unmolested. The United States was one of the nations which thus ingloriously purchased safety for its commerce by giving large presents, or tribute. The Pasha of Tripoli pretending, in the year 1800, that the presents made to him were of less value than those given to the Dey of Algiers, demanded that a certain sum of money be forwarded to him within six months, by Congress, or he would once more resume hostilities, and capture Amer-

ican traders. But the small navy of the United States having come out of the brief naval war with France in a very creditable manner, more confidence was shown in the ability of American seamen by the young Republic ; and instead of sending the tribute demanded by the Pasha of Tripoli, a fleet, numbering three frigates and several smaller vessels, was ordered to cruise off the Barbary coasts, to protect ships sailing under the American flag, and overawe the piratical States. The Pasha of Tripoli, finding his demands were unheeded, declared war ; and quite a spirited contest now followed, which lasted, with varying success, for three years, although it finally ended in the humiliation of the haughty Pasha, and the destruction of many of his corsairs. During this war opportunity was presented for many adventures and daring exploits, which added greatly to the reputation of the American navy and her gallant seamen. One of the most notable of these was the loss and recapture of the frigate *Philadelphia*.

It was in October of the year 1803 that the *Philadelphia*, being at the time of the squadron of Commodore Preble, and under command of Captain Bainbridge, was cruising off the harbor of Tripoli, blockading the port, and chasing vessels trying to run in. Having been blown off her sta-

tion by a gale, the frigate was beating up to position again, when a sail hove in sight. Chase was immediately made, with a running fire, soundings being taken constantly with the lead. Finding at last that the water shoaled so rapidly as to make it impossible to capture the chase, Captain Bainbridge ordered the ship to be put about with a view to hauling off shore, and returning to her station. The frigate was going at the rate of eight knots, when the man at the lead cried, "Half-six;" at once the helm was put hard down, and the ship shot into the wind; but before she could fall off on the other tack, she struck a rock with a violent shock, and as the reef was smooth and sloping, her bow rose several feet in the air. Every exertion was at once made to float the vessel; the sails were trimmed to force her astern, then the anchors were cut away, and all the forward guns were hove overboard; but it was all of no avail, for the ship was fast on the ledge, and moved not in the least. To make the situation still more desperate, the firing during the chase had drawn out some of the enemy's gunboats from the harbor, Tripoli itself being but three miles distant. Ignorant at first of the extreme peril of the *Philadelphia*, the Tripolitans approached her with caution, gradually getting within gunshot. The process of lightening the frigate was meantime going on rapidly. The water-casks were pumped out, and the foremast was cut away. But as every effort to save his ship proved useless, and the firing of the enemy grew warmer every minute, Captain Bainbridge at last listened to the voice of prudence and duty, and, to save the lives of the crew, struck the colors, an attempt having first been made to scuttle the vessel, with a view to making her of no use to her capturers.

In a very short space the gunboats were alongside of the *Philadelphia*, and the swarthy barbarians, clambering up her sides, swarmed over the decks, plundering the officers and crew, and speedily and roughly sending them on shore, where, however, they were received courteously by the Pasha, who was awaiting them on the divan of his audience hall. The prisoners numbered three hundred and fifteen souls, including twenty-two quarter-deck officers, the first lieutenant of the *Philadelphia* being David Porter, of whom we shall hear again. It is due to the Pasha of Tripoli to say that he treated his captives with unusual mildness, partly owing to the interposition of Mr. Nissen, the Danish Consul.

In a few days it came on to blow from the northwest, which forced the *Philadelphia's* stern

around to a degree which enabled the Pasha's people to get her afloat by means of anchors carried into deep water, and by pumping they succeeded in keeping her above water until the scuttling-holes had been stopped. They also managed to weigh the guns which had been thrown overboard, so that the Pasha now found himself strengthened by the addition of a fine frigate to his navy. But he was not to be allowed to retain her without a struggle.

Commodore Preble, on hearing of the disaster, immediately sailed for Tripoli in his flag-ship, the frigate *Constitution*, accompanied by the schooner *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant Decatur. On the passage hither the *Enterprise* captured a ketch; and on the return of the fleet to Syracuse from stress of weather, it was resolved to employ the prize in accomplishing the destruction of the *Philadelphia*, which would soon be ready to go on a piratical cruise, and would prove a formidable corsair. The ketch was named the *Intrepid*, in view, doubtless, of the perilous nature of the errand to which she was now destined, and she was placed in command of Lieutenant Decatur, who had ardently volunteered to carry out the desperate undertaking; sixty-two of the crew of the *Enterprise* manned the ketch. The ketch, as the name implies, was of a rig now out of use, consisting in fact of the spars of a full-rigged ship with the foremast left out. The brig *Siren* accompanied the ketch as convoy. A pleasant voyage of five or six days brought the two vessels off Tripoli harbor at nightfall; but a heavy sea, the precursor of a storm, was tumbling into the roadstead, and made it extremely hazardous to make the attempt that night; and well it was that prudence controlled the ardor of the daring crews, for before morning it blew very heavy from the westward; and the ships, being unable to make Tripoli, stood to sea, and lay to where they could not be observed from shore. For six days it blew a hurricane, and the *Intrepid* (a small craft of scarce forty tons) very nearly foundered under the tremendous seas that fell aboard of her.

When the foul weather at last moderated, they gradually crept out of the Gulf of Sydra, into which they had been blown by the violence of the gale. It was a quiet evening when they came abreast of the port, and the *Philadelphia* could be distinctly seen, lying a mile from the entrance. It was ten of the clock, a light breeze just fanning the *Intrepid* softly over the smooth water, and a low moon whitening her canvas, when the ketch reached the channel between the

shoals at the mouth of the harbor; she stole safely through the perilous passage, and gradually dropped down to the frigate *Philadelphia*, her crew lying concealed in the shadow of the bulwarks, and her rig leading the Tripolitans (if they noticed her) to suppose the approaching craft to be of a friendly flag.

Only just men enough were visible on deck to work such a vessel, if she were a merchantman; and she was steered so as to fall across the bow of the *Philadelphia*, where she would be in less danger from her batteries, the guns of the frigate being trained and loaded. As the *Intrepid* drew up under the *Philadelphia*, she was hailed; the Italian pilot of the ketch replied to all the inquiries in Arabic, stating that she was a trader from Malta, and, having lost her anchors in the late gale, wished to ride by the frigate till morning. The Turks were so completely misled, that they actually lowered a boat to send a fast line aboard of the ketch, while the Americans sent their boat to make fast by the frigate's fore-chains. Silently pulling on these hawsers, the crew of the ketch warped her alongside the *Philadelphia*, when the enemy discovered that her anchors were on the bow, contrary to the story previously told them. Perceiving at once the ruse practiced upon them, they cried, "The Americans!" and were about cutting the fasts, when Lieutenant Decatur shouted the order to board, he himself springing up the black sides of the frigate, followed instantly by his eager crew.

The surprise was complete. The Turks on the spar-deck jumped into the sea; while the contest below, although warm for a few moments, soon ceased, and in ten minutes the *Philadelphia* was again in undisputed possession of her old friends, the Americans. As the expedition had been planned solely for the purpose of destroying the *Philadelphia*, it being considered inexpedient to imperil the enterprise by attempting also to carry her away, her captors now reluctantly proceeded to execute their orders; and promptly distributing the combustibles brought with them

in various quarters of the ship, set fire to them, and the noble frigate was soon in a blaze. So rapidly did the flames dart across her decks, and the clouds of smoke fill the hatchways, that the crew of the *Intrepid* barely had time to return to the ketch, and cast off. As she swung loose from the burning ship, tongues of flame hissed out of the *Philadelphia's* ports, very nearly setting fire to the *Intrepid*, whose ammunition was under a tarpaulin on her deck, and in the most imminent peril of exploding.

When once fairly loose, the crew of the *Intrepid*, who during the whole scene had fought and worked in complete and significant silence, gave way at last to the enthusiasm aroused by success, and rent the still air of midnight with three cheers of victory. This seemed to call the garrison to their wits, and fire was immediately opened on the ketch from the shore and the ships in the harbor, several of which started in chase. But her crew manned the sweeps, eight on a side, and favored by a light land breeze, she glided swiftly out of range toward her consort, the *Siren*, lying off the mouth of the port. The scene in the mean time was sublime, the flames leaping up the masts of the doomed frigate, and wrapping her in a sheet of fire, which lit up the sky, and the city, and the sea, while her shotted guns went off one by one as the fire reached them, like minute guns; and the batteries of the enemy swelled the chorus of impressive sound. The *Intrepid* and *Siren* now returned to Syracuse, where they were warmly welcomed, and the name of Decatur immediately became famous. Lieutenant Decatur was soon after promoted to a command; and in the War of 1812, with England, sailed in the frigate *United States*, and captured the *Macedonian*, one of the finest frigates of the British navy. He unfortunately became involved in a quarrel with Commodore Barron, and yielding to the false and corrupt code of honor then observed, but which is now despised by upright and honorable men, fell in the duel which followed.

FRANK AND LUCKY.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

EARLY in the spring Frank's letters to Lucky were full of guesses at the time when he expected to be at grandma's with his mother; and it was only the middle of May, when Lucky received this:—

DEAR COUSIN,—I now write to you for assistance of thinking. Would you get A fish-line or A regulation ball. Ball Time has Past Here and fishing Time has come. I think A fish line would be The best. Have they got your rail-

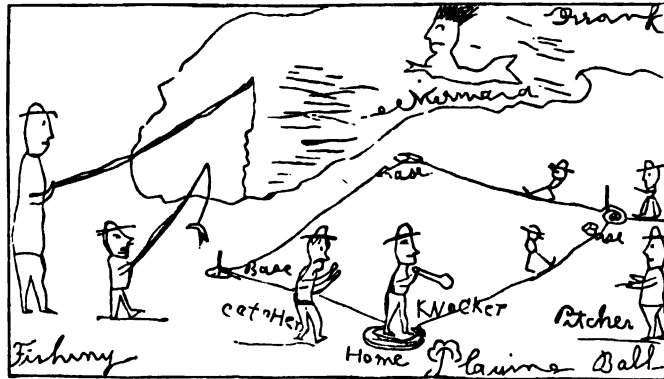
road Done. They have got ours Mose done. I Will show you a Picture of boys Playing Ball And of boys Fishing And the one you like best send me the Name And If it is ball I will get it And If it is not I will get The Fish Line. I Think I am coming The Last of This Month.

From your cousin,

FRANK MIDDLETON.

But he did not come till August, and, whether Lucky had said "fish-line" or not, Franky had one, and made it acquainted with every trout-hole in Dick Machine Brook as soon as possible. It was certainly only a few days after he came when he and Lucky came running home from fishing, eager to have Benjamin take his rifle and go and shoot some awful animal in the Bear Lot by the Dick Machine. They heard it growl "just like a bear;" and a little boy who was with them caught a glimpse of it, and it had "hoofs just like a horse." Benjamin was not at home; but when he came at dusk, he, too, had something to tell. He said he was sketching up the Dick Machine, when three little boys came along the closest side of the thicket in which he sat, and he put out his foot and growled. They stopped an instant, and one whispered, "What's

it was certainly as good as the pole to which it was tied. His pole, and Lucky's too, were only some old dry alder rods which Aunt Dorcas had fcund for them. They had lain all winter on the roof of a shed, but she thought they would do for such small trout and chubs as the boys usually caught. One day, with this fishing-tackle, they set off down the valley to the Little Pond Brook. Along in the afternoon Frank's mother and Aunt Dorcas were going down beside the river, on the flats, after choke-cherries; and at



Frank's Picture of boys Playing Ball. And of boys Fishing.

the mouth of Little Pond Brook they heard Lucky and Frank under the trees by the river bank. Lucky was saying, "O Frank, you ought to see what a big trout just came up and smelt of my hook. It was so long," — and he measured off more than half a yard on his fish-pole.

"O," said Frank, "if we could only take that fellow!"

Then they saw Frank's mother and Aunt Dorcas, when Lucky shouted, "O Aunt Mercy, do come and catch this big trout, — such an awful big one!"

To please them, she took Frank's pole, and dropped the hook, after baiting it well, into the pool. It was just at the mouth of the cold brook, and under the root of an old, leaning tree. The little boys got up each side of her, and peeped over the bank

with faces of great expectation; while Billy, with perked-up ears, and one foot uplifted, looked over too. In a few moments the trout bit, sure enough; but he took off the hook, and they did not even see a fin of him. Then there was an excitement. Franky had another hook in his



Catching the Big Trout. Lucky's Picture.

that?" and then they all ran, and were out of sight in a moment.

"It was too bad," Benjamin said; "and when I saw their heels flying down the hill, I was sorry I had frightened them."

Frank's fish-line was not a very long one, but

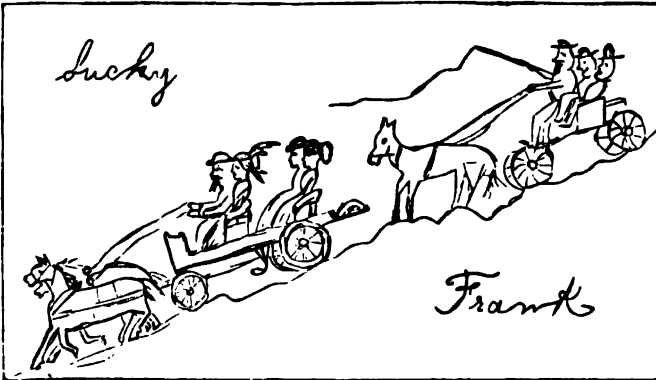
hat-band, and his mother tied it to the line, which was only about a yard and a half long. She dropped it in, and had to hold the pole well down to the water to let the bait sink far enough. In less than five minutes she hooked the trout, and drew it slowly and carefully out of the water, fearing the pole would break. When it was in their hands, the boys were half crazy with delight. Lucky exclaimed, as he held it up, "O Frank Middleton, just look at that! I tell you, isn't he a big one? O-o-o what a fisherman your mother is!"

They were eager to have her fish more, and she did a little while, but with no more such good luck, so she soon left them; and then they went home to show their big trout. They dressed

strapped on the trunk-rack behind; and dinner-pails and boxes were stowed wherever they would fit. Frank's mother and her two sisters went with Benjamin in this wagon. Lucky and Frank rode with Oliver in the single wagon, and took turns with him at driving. The morning was delightful. The fields were so fresh and dewy, the air so sweet and cool. Frank's mother often looked back to see the boys, and called her sisters' attention to them.

"Dear, dear," she said, as they came trundling down into a pretty hollow, "don't you wish this wagon had as happy a load as the one behind us? Look back when you will, and there are three grins coming."

They climbed through the high pass, that led into another and a wilder valley than their own; and saw mountains that were new and wonderful to them. Passing through this lonely valley, they turned into a road built only a short time before along the margin of some ponds. These were two long, oval sheets of water, lying in a deep and narrow rift between the mountains. The shores were so steep, that often the road was a long bridge of planks over the water, and teams could pass each other only in a few places.



Coming down the Mountain. Drawn by Lucky and Frank.

it immediately, and it took them both to do it, while the cat waited about for the pieces. It weighed three quarters of a pound after it was dressed, and looked very large beside the little ones they caught themselves. Frank said it took just a penny's worth of hooks to catch the big trout; but the lost hook was found in its stomach, so it did not cost anything, after all.

"How old do you suppose it was?" Lucky asked Aunt Dorcas. She could not even guess, but Lucky told Frank that "no doubt it was eight or nine years old."

Lucky and Frank had a good time when they went to The Plains blue-berrying. The morning they started they rose early, and dressed themselves with as much whistling and singing as usual, but with less by-play of whacking each other with pillows, or snatching each other's clothes. About six o'clock the wagons were at the door. The double wagon, drawn by Jenny and Nipper, had boxes under the seats to hold the blue-berries; and as they were to camp out, there were bundles of buffalo-skins and blankets

and lunched on the rocks. Opposite them, across the black waters of the pond, the high mountain was like a long, almost perpendicular wall, and everywhere gray cliffs and sombre evergreens gave a savage look to the place. It was truly, as it had been described to them, "The catamontiest lookin' hole you ever see." After their lunch they went on through beautiful old woods, and crossed a high plateau covered with pleasant fields and homes; and here the blue-berries began to show themselves in clumps and fringes by the roadside. Here they met loads of people going home from blue-berrying. Sometimes there would be four or five wagons in a row, filled with men, women, and children, and barrels and boxes of every kind. Some of these wagons had come from places fifty or sixty miles away, and were going home loaded with from five to fifteen or even twenty bushels of blue-berries a piece.

About five o'clock Benjamin found the place where he intended to camp, and drove off the road into the undulating plains which had been burned over, leaving patches and tufts of trees.

Between these the ground was covered with a thick mat of the low blue-berry bushes, and in some places the berries were so plenty that as much blue as green met the eye. Frank and Lucky were out of the wagon as soon as possible, and the others were not long behind them. While Benjamin took care of the horses, and Oliver fixed the camp, they had time to pick many quarts of berries; and when they built their fire by the huge rock, against which their brush-camp leaned, and ate their supper, they had more than a bushel of berries. They sat about their fire and told stories afterward, and finally settled themselves on the blankets and skins to sleep. But the floor of the camp was too uneven, and the bed of evergreen twigs too thin; so there was not much sleeping, except where Frank and Lucky lay.

Very early the camp was astir, and the breakfast cooked over the fire, and eaten. Then they all went out to pick berries, wandering further and further away, but always coming back to the wagon to empty their pails or baskets. Sometimes they found great berries as large as wild grapes, and in clusters, each one of which was a handful. Lucky and Frank ran about everywhere to find the biggest berries, and were very happy; but at last they were tired of picking, and were glad to watch the wagons with Billy. Perched up in them, they cracked the whips and sang; or they climbed the immense rock by the camp, running about on it, and jumping off into the blue-berry bushes; or they gathered balsam twigs, and heaped them on the fire, to enjoy their snapping and blazing. At noon the boxes were packed full of berries,—five bushels of them,—and the covers nailed on. Their dinner was eaten, the horses harnessed, and they set out on the long road home.

Instead of going by the ponds, they went another route, over a densely wooded mountain. The descent into the valley beyond was something to remember for a life-time, and so was the long ride of ten miles or more through the darkness which overtook them beyond the valley. But the horses were sure-footed, and no accident befell them; so they reached home safely at ten o'clock, when the little boys were awakened and lifted out, and they all had some supper and went to bed.

Lucky and Frank spent many pleasant days after this, climbing the hills blackberrying, or going after spruce gum in the old woods, or playing about the house and orchards. They had many stories to tell each other out of the books they had read since they were together the summer before; and one day they had been telling stories about giants, when Lucky said, "What if a big giant should come straddling over the barn, and should take his big knife out of his pocket, and just give one hack at that great elm behind the house, and cut it clear off; and then take it up in his hand and go whittling along, and the whittlings would be as big as four-foot wood, and come rattling down on the house, and around us. What would you say to that?"



The Camp among the Blue-berries. Frank's Picture.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Frank, "I guess I shouldn't say anything; I'd just run."

"I tell you what," said Lucky, who was mortally afraid of a gun, "I should like to take a rifle and point it up at his head, and fire it off, and see what effect it would have."

He had invented a real Yankee boy's giant, and, like a true Yankee boy, wished to experiment on him.

At last Frank and his mother went home. Then the letter-writing began again; and now there were not only pictures in Frank's letters, but rhymes too, for he had become a little poet as well as a little artist. It was discovered that he was a little poet, in this way. One day, in the past winter, he told his mother that he was going to write some poetry; and he sat down on the carpet with a paper and pencil, and was silent a long while. Finally, he looked up to his mother with a despairing look, and asked,— "Mother, why don't it come?" It did not come that time, but afterward it did; for his mother found among his books this verse to Spring:—

"Come, gentle Spring, for I am tired of snow;
I long to see the reapers in a row,
All in their shirt-sleeves white,
Just like a snow-drift light."

She sent this to Aunt Gitty and Aunt Dorcas, and they were much pleased with it. Aunt Dorcas could sympathize with Franky, for she had been a little poet herself; but her efforts in

that direction ended with this line, in some verses to Winter:—

"His whiskers were made of the frost-work of bliss."

This was quoted by her brothers and sisters till she was tired of the sound of poetry, and never would write any more. Of course Frank's aunts



criticised his poetry some. Little poets must expect that, as well as big ones. "Where had he ever seen a reaper?" they asked, "to say nothing of a row of them. In pictures, perhaps; but what had reapers to do with Spring? And if he was tired of snow, why did he long to see something just like it again?" Perhaps, if Frank had heard them, he would have excused

himself as he did to his mother, when she was a little astonished, because in his poem about

"A bachelor rich and old,
(And he was worth his weight in gold,)"—

Franky made "the girl that was poor" "consent to be his wife," and then tell him to "defend himself with a knife." Franky said he "had to put it so; they wouldn't rhyme any other way."

THE BABY-STAR.

BY FANNY TEMPLETON.

LITTLE Mabel sat up so late last night,
A star peeped out in its beauty bright,
Gleaming and twinkling in silvery light.

She watched the wonder in mute surprise,
While lurked in the depths of her brownie eyes
A baby fancy, half foolish, half wise.

"What makes it stay out in the cold so far?
Bring it in to me—quick, quick, mamma—
The dear little cunning baby-star!

"I'll hold it so softly, and rock it to sleep
Right here in my hand,—then quickly creep
To my crib, and there, how warm it will keep!

"And when it wakes up in the morning, mamma,
I'll carry it straight to show papa,—
Then give it a bath, the dear baby-star!"

"No, no! my darling can't have it," I said;
With a pouting lip she hung down her head:
"But I want it, mamma, to sleep in my bed!"

Ah! little the silly dreamer thought
A vast, vast world would have to be caught,
And down to her dimpling fingers brought.

But softly her eyelids began to close,
Like the drooping leaves of the folding rose,

So I laid her down to her sweet repose ;
And watched the bright stars as they grandly
swept

Through the realms of space, by the dear Lord
kept,
And softly prayed, while my baby slept.

A GREAT STORM IN PROVIDENCE.

A YEAR ago a great gale swept over parts of New England and the Middle States, and was followed by other wild storms, which set people to talking about famous blows which they remembered in earlier days ; and a good deal was said about the great storm in September, 1815. I have a picture of the scene which people saw in Providence, Rhode Island, at that time ; and the engraving here is copied from that. The storm then was a very violent and sudden one, — a hurricane, like the one we had last year ; and, like that, it seemed to be connected with similar storms elsewhere ; for, although this great gale of September, 1815, did not seem to extend more than eighty miles, there had been a short time before the worst storm they had ever known on the North Carolina coast, where the tide rose twelve feet higher than usual, so that in Newbern vessels were blown into the streets, and passage was rendered impossible by the fallen trees, houses thrown down, and wrecks of vessels, that made one great confusion.

The atmosphere at Providence had seemed to be in a peculiar state for several days, when, on the twenty-second, the storm began moderately, with a strong wind from the east and northeast, increasing during the night, and reaching its height about ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third, when, for an hour and a half, the tempest raged with a violence never before known there. At twelve, there was an abatement ; then the wind veered, and forced the tide to ebb an hour earlier than usual, preventing thus as much destruction as was feared ; but in that short time the city was damaged to an extent variously estimated at from one to three millions of dollars.

All the vessels, except two or three, whether at anchor in the harbor, or lying by the wharves, slipped their moorings, and went rolling and plunging wherever the tide and wind chose to carry them. Some were borne with such vio-

lence against the bridge as to break a passage through it, and work their way up to the extremity of the cove above the bridge ; and after them came driving thirty or forty more, like cattle following a leader through a break in the fence ; they were of all sizes, up to five hundred tons, and there they were huddled together, and grinding at each others' sides. Others still were thrown up on the wharves, or landed on the banks below the bridge.

There was scarcely a store standing below Weybosset Bridge on either side, round as far as India Bridge, but was shattered to pieces, or badly damaged. Many houses also were blown down, or swept away ; some even that were above the reach of the water were sent dancing about by the wind alone. India Point Bridge, and the lower and east end of Central Bridge were carried away, and as they went crashing along, they caught hold of a Baptist meeting-house, and away they all three went.

A sloop of sixty-five tons floated across Weybosset Street, and finally lodged in Pleasant Street, beside a three-story house, over whose roof the mast towered. One man secured his vessel very firmly to the wharf, to keep it from being carried away by the wind ; and so tight did he tie it, that when the wind insisted finally on its moving on, off it started with the wharf in tow, bobbing up the river, to the dismay of the man who was on board, and got to land again with great difficulty.

About five hundred buildings were more or less damaged, and thirty-five vessels broken to pieces, besides others that suffered injuries ; some lay five or six feet above high water, and all the ships below the bridge were aground or a-wharf. The tide rose seven and a half feet above its highest known point, and the streets were so flooded that vast quantities of lumber, and various fragments were left, when the water receded, and there was no passage except by dint of la-

borious climbing. Three hundred men kept guard while the *débris* was removed.

The country about suffered, though not so violently. In Boston, twenty trees were blown down on the Common, five of them being magnificent elms on the mall running along Park

Street; the high arch of Hollis Street Church, too, sprung out to an alarming extent. Damage was done to shipping in New York and Newport, and so strong was the wind that salt spray, carried inward forty miles, made the window-panes in Worcester salt to the taste.



One effect of the storm was to cause a rebuilding of that portion of Providence most affected by it; new and more commodious streets were laid out, and more elegant stores built. South Water Street and Southwest Water Street were built up immediately, and Canal Street soon

after. The streets around the cove were enlarged, and Weybosset Bridge rebuilt.

This is the story that people talk about who are now old, but I think that the readers of the "Riverside" of 1869 will not soon forget the great gales of September in that year.

SERENA'S VACATION.

MRS. LAMONT lived in the outskirts of S——, one of our most delightful New England towns. Her husband had the charge of extensive factories; but he had wisely planted his residence as far as possible from the whirring noise of his many looms and spindles — a very pretty house, upon a slight eminence, with a smoothly cut lawn dotted with clumps of trees, and occasional bouquets of colored leaves, or pretty beds of verbenas, portulaca, and geraniums. Behind the house was a little wood, of natural growth,

which Mr. Lamont had left as he had found it, only clearing away the undergrowth, so as to allow a free passage to any one who felt inclined to court its retirement. It was, indeed, a lovely spot, with little glimpses, through the trees, of the country beyond, — picturesque farmhouses, cattle grazing in the fields, and everything quiet and reposeful as a tranquil solitude. There were no regular seats; but here and there little grassy banks, or rocks covered with moss, offered pleasant resting places in the cool

shadow of the woods. It was a most tempting place to read, study, and dream, and it had contributed not a little to foster in the children of the family, especially in Lucy, the eldest daughter of Mr. Lamont, a habit of indulging in imaginary scenes, in which she was always the prominent figure. This habit had acquired, with years, and the development of the imagination, a power and fascination which threatened to become dangerous. She liked to see new faces because they added new materials to her ideal society; and she delighted in gay, brilliant, and festive scenes, because she could elaborate and reproduce them in a style of gorgeous magnificence which made the originals fade into very insignificant outlines. The habit had grown upon her imperceptibly, just as it does in many girls, and though her mother often wondered what made Lucy so quiet when her sisters were so lively, she had never suspected that it was owing to an over-stimulated imagination. Indeed, Mrs. Lamont herself was so matter-of-fact, that the possibility of living in those unsubstantial castles in the air which her daughter was constantly rearing, never entered her mind, nor disturbed her repose. A careful mother, a good housekeeper, she kept everything in order, and her husband and children always faultlessly arrayed; but of their mental habits and individual characters she knew little or nothing.

On a pleasant summer afternoon the whole family was assembled to welcome Mrs. Smyth, a favorite aunt, who was coming with her little daughter Serena to make them a visit. When the carriage drove up, the latter became at once an object of particular attention to her cousins. A slight, pretty, dark-complexioned child, with manners toned down by propriety; but such bright, sparkling eyes, that the very spirit of fun seemed laughing out of them. With a rapid glance she scanned the group before her, and seemed satisfied with the result of her examination.

Her cousins took her immediately to her room, and, when the trunks were brought up, Serena assisted her mother in unpacking and arranging the contents. She then changed her travelling dress for a simple white piqué, with a pretty blue sash, and reappeared below, as the dinner-bell rang, looking as fresh as the flowers which ornamented the table. A seat was placed for her between her mother and Lillie, a little girl of ten, who had begged the place as a particular favor. Opposite to Serena sat the most charming old lady, whose gentle vivacity

awakened rather than repressed the mirthfulness of the younger members of the family.

"Isn't Graunty a perfect brick?" whispered Lillie to Serena.

"Graunty! what a funny name!"

"Well, you know, she is papa's aunty, and, of course, our great-aunty, so we say Graunty for short."

"Just as I say Gram for Grandma."

"O, then you have a grandmother! But why is she not my Grandmother too?"

"Because she is my father's mother," said Serena with a smile. "My father, you know, is not your father."

"Don't you think I know that, Serena?" replied Lillie indignantly; "I would not change my papa for anybody else."

She raised her voice, as she said this, and Mr. Lamont put his hand upon her head, saying at the same time, "You must excuse her, Serena, if she thinks there is no one in the world like her father; it is such a pleasant delusion that I cannot bear to disturb it."

A sound of wheels approaching brought the dinner to a close. Nellie and Lillie rushed to the window to see who was coming, and the ladies retired to the drawing-room to receive the visitors.

A large, gayly-dressed woman, with a little boy, entered the room with a breezy cordiality that was contagious.

"How fortunate I am to find you at home, dear Mrs. Lamont, and doubly fortunate in seeing Mrs. Smyth. And is this your little daughter? My dear, let me introduce my boy to you. Ned, this is Miss Serena Smyth—Miss Smyth, my son Ned."

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Smyth," said Ned, with the constrained politeness of a little boy on his good behavior; but the effort was exhausting, and he retired behind his mother's amplitude of skirts, as if to shelter himself from any farther notice. But Serena was attracted by the pretty, fair-haired child, and, putting out her hand, she invited him to go out into the garden, and play with her and Lillie. His face lighted up with pleasure, and he left the room with far more alacrity than he had entered it. They ran down the stairs together, and all his stiffness was gone. "Hallo! Lillie," he exclaimed, "let's have a nice play."

"What shall it be?" said Lillie.

"O! let us play school," said Serena: "I'll be the teacher, and you will be my scholars. Here, children, take your seats,—ting-a-ling-ling."

The bell has rung — don't you hear the bell? Ting-a-ling-ling. Good morning, Master Crosby — how funny you look with that little velvet jacket!"

"Boys," said Lillie, addressing an imaginary crowd, "be careful how you play with Ned Crosby this morning. He is drest in his best, in a velvet coat and vest, and you must beware how you touch his golden hair; for he is so very swell, that I really cannot tell" —

"O! do stop, Lillie," cried Serena; "how can I keep school, if you go on with those silly little rhymes? Here, children, ting-a-ling-ling — first reading class. Where are your books? Do you come to school without any books?"

"Ned thinks so much about his looks, he has forgotten all his books," chimed in Lillie.

"Then lend him one of yours."

"Here," said Lillie, plucking a large leaf, "play that is a book, and begin."

"But what shall I read?" said Ned, rather perplexed.

"O! make up anything you please — the mouse he got into a cheese — don't you know the fable of the mouse and the cheese?"

"Ned, where are you? Your mamma is going," cried Nellie from the piazza, and the little boy ran off, rather relieved at not having to make up a reading lesson.

Nellie came up to the children, and gave the welcome information that they were all invited to a party at Mrs. Crosby's, the next afternoon. It was Ned's birthday, and all their little friends would be there, and they were to have music, and supper in a tent, and everything would be so delightful.

"And I shall wear my white muslin and pink silk overskirt," said Lillie, "and what will you wear, Serena?"

"O! I don't know; whatever mamma wishes."

"But have you no choice?"

"The motto in our nursery at home is, 'Mamma knows best.'"

"But do you always agree with the motto?"

"O no, indeed, I often wish to do otherwise; but, about clothes, mamma knows what is most suitable and proper."

When Serena went up-stairs to go to bed, she asked her mother what dress she should put on for the party. Mrs. Smyth proposed a white barége and cherry-colored ribbons; and Serena thought it would be lovely, kissed her mother, and fell asleep thinking of the party and her pretty cherry-colored ribbons.

The next afternoon proved a most favorable

specimen of a summer's day. The children appeared to great advantage in their party dresses, and they all set off in the most exuberant spirits. Mrs. Lamont particularly recommended Lillie to Serena's care; for she had already discovered in that little girl, with all her vivacity, a germ of thoughtfulness and consideration.

Mrs. Crosby's house was situated within the town, and the grounds around it were not large; but everything had been done, by a careful study of effects, to make them appear far more extensive than they really were. The grass-plot in front — it could hardly, even by courtesy, be called a lawn — was green, well-trimmed, and bordered on each side by flower-beds, where every hue of leaf and flower was so artistically combined as to delight the eye without fatiguing it. A fruit-garden, at the back of the house, was made, by flowering creepers, to lose much of its utilitarian aspect; and a pretty croquet-ground, at one side of the house, bordered with a low hedge, and furnished with rustic seats, presented a tempting lounging place to the lovers of the game. It was large enough for two seats, and a very merry game was in progress as our young friends arrived at the entrance of the house. Mrs. Crosby received them with her usual warmth, and Ned found time to whisper to Serena that he hoped she would not play school as it was his birthday, and he wanted a vacation. Serena laughingly promised that nothing should be said to interrupt his pleasure, and Lillie assured him that all the books had been left at home.

"But what shall we play?" said Serena, as the girls seated themselves on one of the seats on the croquet-ground, and began to look at the game.

"Come here, Dolly," said Lillie to a little girl who was standing by herself, "I want to see how nice you look."

"O! I don't look nice at all, Lillie; you know I don't with this odious old dress, and you are all so fine."

The tears of vexation came into her eyes; for her dress was one of her mother's, which had been altered for her, and the color was more adapted to middle age than to youth. It was besides no longer fresh, and, compared with the bright, airy figures around her, looked faded and worn. Alas for the existences that are passed on the shady side of life! the light and the sunshine visit them but rarely with their friendly glimpses. One such glimpse was

"Strawberries and vanilla-ice," said Serena, and soon she had the pleasure of seeing Dolly immersed in the unquestionable delights of strawberries and cream. But the little girl wanted sympathy in her enjoyments, and was looking up to Serena, with a superb strawberry in her spoon, when a sudden exclamation made her turn her head quickly, and the strawberry coated with cream was lodged on Serena's cherry-colored sash.

"O my sash — my sash!" said Serena, with a sigh, as she saw the unsightly stain on the light ground of the ribbon; "but no matter, Dolly, finish your strawberries."

"I don't care any more for the strawberries, they have spoilt your ribbon," said Dolly; but Serena comforted her by assuring her that her sash would be able to take out the stain, and that it was only an accident, and she would wash it. "But come, Dolly," said Serena, "do you not like to see the table? it is so beautifully arranged."

They went under the awning, and admired the baskets of flowers. Much of the beauty of the arrangement was gone: the flowers were wilting, the fruit was scattered around, and the strawberries were wilted; but yet there was much to see, and to eat, and to gratify the palate. In the quietude of the minute contemplation before the table, a conflict appeared to Dolly in her mind; for, suddenly turning to Serena, she said in a low and troubled voice, "It would be wrong to take some of my little brother's candy, wouldn't it?" "No, it would be wrong to take some of my little brother's candy," said Serena; "but he was not asked, and he would not mind if you did. You could try and bring some of your own candy; it would be wrong to take some of his, but it would be wrong to take some of yours, wouldn't it?" "They are put here for a purpose," said Serena.

"I don't like the look of the child, and I don't like the look of the candy," said Dolly.

She pondered it for a moment, and then she said, "If anybody asks me for candy in your pocket, I will give them some of yours, and not of mine."

"That is so mean! but how could I do that?" said Dolly.

"You might not," said Serena, "and I don't care if they did; but I don't care if they did mean?"

"Dolly, it is an awful feeling; I don't like it, and I don't like to see you do it. I will make you a promise, and he will be glad to hear of it." "I don't like to disappoint Charley more than to disappoint myself," said Serena, taking

Dolly's hand to lead her away. The little girl gave one last look, and then turned resolutely, and followed Serena to the dressing-room.

It was full of young ladies preparing to go, and the confusion was at its height when the two little girls came in together.

"Why, where have you been, Serena?" said Lucy, who, as the oldest, indulged in a little authority; "I thought we should have to go without you."

"O! they have been lingering among the sweets," said one of the girls with a laugh; "what have you stuffed into your pockets, Dolly? Let me see."

"I have not put anything into my pocket," answered Dolly timidly; for she remembered how sorely she had been tempted.

"O, you little innocent! let me see" — and, without hesitation, she made a dive into her pocket, and drew out nothing but a pocket-handkerchief and a pair of gloves.

The girl felt rather confused, and, to hide it, stooped under pretense of buttoning her boots; but, as she leant over, her own pocket, which was rather shallow, opened, and macaroons and cocoa-nut cakes rolled upon the floor. A suppressed tittering was heard on every side.

"Why, Mary Lane!" said Lucy, "how came those cakes in your pocket?"

"O, they walked in of their own accord," said one.

"They that live in glass houses, Mary Lane — but you know the rest."

"O, you little innocent!" said a third, "and so careful of Dolly."

Mary Lane started up, and seizing her sacque with a jerk, a few more good things fell out of that, and this time the tittering changed to peals of laughter.

"Why, Mary Lane, are you going to give a party to-morrow? Do you mean to set up a confectioner's shop?" But the mortified girl did not stop to hear any more; she rushed down-stairs, and, finding her attendant, made the best of her way home, pursued by the ridicule of her companions, and overwhelmed with mortification.

As the rest of the party were leaving the house, Mrs. Crosby came up to Dolly with a little basket of fruit. "Take this to your mother with my love, Dolly, and tell her I am sorry she did not join us, this afternoon, to see how well her little girl could behave."

When the girls returned home, they were all eager to give an account of the evening's enter-

tainment; even Lucy seemed wide awake, and, when her mother asked the usual question — "Who was there?" —

"Why everybody was there, mother, that is anybody," answered Lucy; "the Nevilles, the Cathcarts, the Wilsons: but who do you think Serena selected as her companion, out of all the gay crowd? Little Dolly Williams, who looked just like a dowdy, and behaved like a goose."

"O! Lucy," cried Serena, "how can you speak so of Dolly? she was not well dressed, but that was not her fault. She would have been glad to have changed dresses with any of us, I have no doubt."

"Yes," said the great-aunt, Mrs. Percy, "they are poor; Mrs. Williams is as respectable as any one, but she unfortunately married a nine-pin."

"A nine-pin!" exclaimed Lillie; "why, Graunty, what can you mean?"

"I mean a man who is always excited, or depressed — in this case, usually the latter. Mr. Williams is often knocked over during the day, and he finds it necessary to pick himself up; but, once at home, he falls, and his wife's occupation is to set him up again."

"O! Graunty, how tiresome!"

"Yes, very; but Mrs. Williams is fond of her husband; besides, she knows that disappointments are more hard for him to bear than for her. But, Serena, I am glad you were kind to Dolly; would you like to go and see her to-morrow?"

"And you may invite her and her mother and Charley to come and spend the day here, and make it a very sunshiny one," said Mrs. Lamont.

"O, thank you, dear aunt; I should so like to be the bearer of a pleasant message to little Dolly; and, mamma, would you not come with us and see Mrs. Williams?"

Mrs. Smyth was not so expansively benevolent as her little girl. She did think a great deal of a well-furnished house, and, all other things being equal, a well-dressed person was decidedly more to her taste. She dismissed the subject with a mild "We will see, my love," and, the hour being late, the children were sent off to rest. Serena lay awake for some time; the scene through which she had passed was taking shape in her mind, and the various actors assumed their places with characteristic vividness. Prominent among them was little Dolly, pale and sad, yet confiding and true. Wherever she turned, Serena saw those wistful eyes look-

ing upon her in grateful affection, and the little girl fell asleep with many plans in her mind for Dolly's welfare and happiness. When her mother came up, her lips were parted with a sweet smile, and as Mrs. Smyth gazed upon her, she felt her worldliness rebuked by the warm-hearted sympathy of her child with every form of sorrow and pain.

Little Dolly was going over some of the events of the preceding evening to her mother and Charley, when Mrs. Lamont's carriage drove up to the door, and Serena ran up the steps of Mrs. Williams's house. Dolly stopped short in the midst of a sentence, and ran to the door. "O! Serena, I am so glad to see you — do come in; there is nobody there but mamma and Charley: mamma, this is Serena," said the little girl enthusiastically, as if the name alone was a sufficient introduction.

"You were very kind to my Dolly, and I am much obliged to you for it," was Mrs. Williams's warm greeting to Serena, as she offered her a seat. Serena looked at her with much interest; her manner was quiet and gentle, like one conscious of being suppressed, yet rising above it with native dignity; she could not fight a battle to assert her position, but she maintained it by a calm spirit of non-resistance, which invariably disarmed her opponents. Her dress was very quiet, and rather worn; but neat, and as tidy as the household avocations she was obliged to attend to in the morning would permit. Serena delivered her message, at which Charley set up a loud hurra, and Dolly's face beamed with delight. Mrs. Williams was less excited. She felt that for her the invitation came in vain; her wardrobe was only suited to the atmosphere of home; but her children could be made to look well enough, and she would not deprive them of the pleasure.

"Can't we go out and play?" said Serena to Dolly, after the invitation had been dismissed; "my mamma had a little shopping to do, and she said I might stay till she returned."

"I should like to play ever so much," said Dolly; "but I have nothing pretty to play with."

"O, that makes no difference," said Serena; "we'll make up our playthings."

Dolly looked up with amazement; but she was beginning to think that Serena could do anything, so she led the way to her room, which was rather barely furnished, and waited till Serena should develop her plans. The latter took a survey of the room, as if measuring its

capabilities, then, moving a large old arm-chair into the centre of the room, she took a towel and bound it round Dolly's head; then, seizing a pillow, she tied it so as to make the semblance of a large doll; she then fastened on to it a little cloak, and, throwing a blue veil over the head, she took it in her arms with motherly fondness, and began to explain her intentions. The arm-chair was the car; the towel round Dolly's head a fanciful hat; and the pillow was her child, whom she was to take on a visit to her sister. Dolly took the baby, and made signs to the conductor; the car was stopped, and Dolly jumped in; Serena gave a crack with a little cane she found in the closet, and the car pretended to start. Meanwhile Serena had taken the other two chairs, and grouped them near the table, which was to be their house. When she was ready, the car stopped, and Dolly and the baby knocked at a closet door, which had been pushed open to appear like the door of the house. Serena advanced and greeted her sister most warmly, kissed the big baby, and invited them to come in to dinner. Some little cakes, sugar-almonds, and caramels, which she had purchased on the way, presented a most tempting treat. They sat down, and began telling each other the news. Dolly expatiated on the merits of the baby, and Serena told her all about the sewing-circle, — what Mrs. Thomson said, and what Mrs. Jackson did, — till the carriage was heard, and Mrs. Williams informed Serena that her mamma was waiting for her.

"O, how sorry I am!" said Dolly, "we have had such fun!" and the baby was so good, he never cried at all."

"If all babies were as quiet," said Mrs. Williams, laughing. "there would be no noisy households. But why have you bound a towel round your head?"

"O, mamma, it is my beautiful new Paris hat, white lace and feathers; don't you admire it, mamma?"

"Now that I look at it, I perceive it is very handsome," said Mrs. Williams; "but take it off now, if you wish to accompany Serena to the carriage."

The little girls took leave of each other, and Mrs. Smyth left a message from Mrs. Lamont, that the carriage would call the next day at an early hour to take them to Ingleside.

As soon as Serena had left, Mrs. Williams began to think over the availabilities of her wardrobe. She went to the closet where the best garments were kept, and began a serious

examination. A striped silk, which had by degrees faded into a uniform tint; a cheap *barège*, of such frail texture that the darns covered it like embroidery; a lawn with the faintest suspicion of its original color,—all passed in review before her troubled vision. She shook her head mournfully; for a day in the country, with agreeable people, presented strong attractions to one who had but little to diversify existence; but the contrast, she feared, would be too great. Just then Dolly came into the room with a note for her mother. Mrs. Williams paused before opening it. Her notes were not apt to be those charming little missives, so gladly exchanged among friends, but too often were reminders that some little obligation was still left unsettled. The envelope was too nice looking for the butcher, or the grocer; it must be from Miss Frisbie, the milliner. Yes, there certainly was something due to Miss Frisbie—her last winter's bonnet was still unpaid for; and, forgetting the morrow's pleasure in the present pain, the envelope was slowly opened. A plain sheet of paper, addressed to Mrs. Williams, contained this line: "God's providence is my inheritance,"—and two \$50 notes. The revolution was too great; she sat down, and the tears came unbidden to her eyes. Gratitude often weeps, though the heart is lightened of its weight. In a few minutes Mrs. Williams rose and went to a drawer which contained her papers. She drew out a little package, examined it carefully, then, taking a pencil, she began to make a calculation; she could not pay the whole of her bills; but she could cancel the smallest, and reduce the rest. The apportionment was soon made, and, putting on her bonnet and shawl, she started on her errand of joy. The excitement had sent a color to her cheeks, her eyes shone with a subdued light, and her step was firm and elastic.

"Why, mamma," said Dolly, "how pretty you look! I should think Cinderella's godmother had paid you a visit."

"And so she has, my darling," replied Mrs. Williams with a smile, "and I have found her the best of godmothers."

Dolly looked after her mother with a stare of astonishment; but the latter pursued her course, without turning back. Her mind was too full of other thoughts to think of the impression her words might have produced. Mrs. Williams went up the street, and stopped at Miss Frisbie's, the milliner. The bonnet was among the relics of the past, and it is hard to

pay for faded things; but, wishing to avoid all temptations to buy, she drew out her bill, and presented it with the money to Miss Frisbie. The milliner looked at it: "Eight dollars—yes, certainly, Mrs. Williams; but can't I do something for you in the shape of a summer bonnet? I have a beauty here, that was made for Mrs. Norcross; but her great-aunt is dead, and she has put on mourning for a month. It is a love of a bonnet, and I will sell it cheap—ten dollars, though it really cost me sixteen."

"Thank you, no," said Mrs. Williams, "it would hardly match the rest of my dress; but if you have a simple hat for a little girl, I should like to see it."

At this moment Mrs. Percy appeared from an inner room, where she had been giving minute directions for a bonnet. A young lady's bonnet is easily concocted—a variety of pretty things, gracefully put together; but a covering for an elderly lady is quite a study. It must not be gay, yet it should not be dull; it must not be youthful, yet it should not be dowdyish; the coloring must be rich, yet subdued; and the shape must be made to cover the head, without settling down on the neck. Mrs. Percy was not one of those silly old women who, with snow-white hair in front, display a black, or brown chignon behind; she wanted a bonnet for a respectable covering to her crown of glory, and she was evidently satisfied with the result. As soon as she perceived Mrs. Williams, she greeted her most cordially, and expressed the hope of seeing her next day; then, selecting a very pretty, though simple hat, she begged her to present it to Dolly as a birthday present. "It is anticipating matters a little, perhaps," said she; "but you know the old saying of 'taking time by the forelock,' and I may be away when it really takes place." Miss Frisbie promised to send the hat in the afternoon, and Mrs. Williams continued her round of calls till she had but ten dollars left, which she determined to keep for emergencies. Late in the afternoon the hat arrived, and Dolly ran in to her mother's room, with an exclamation of joy: "O, mamma, see what a pretty hat for Miss Dolly Williams! Is this, too, a present from Cinderella's godmother?"

"No, my dear; it is a birthday present from Mrs. Percy."

"But is this my birthday, mamma?"

"No; but she thought you might like it now, and it will be very nice for you to wear to-morrow."

"O yes, mamma; may I try it on?" and the little girl stood before the glass, in pleased contemplation. A pretty spray of rose-buds and bright pink streamers threw a tinge of their coloring upon cheeks usually too pale, and her eyes gleamed with pleasure and delight. Children are not philosophers, and, though the homely proverb — "Handsome is that handsome does" — may have been duly instilled into their minds, they will think more of the beautifying effects of a pretty hat, or a bright colored sash, than of all the juvenile acts of virtue on record. Dolly walked off to her own room to see how well her hat would set off the plain white dress she intended to wear, and, pleased with the result, she returned to assist her mother in her little preparations for the approaching visit.

Early the next morning Charley looked out of the window, and saw the sun shining brightly; and, before the carriage arrived, the whole party was ready, and the children were impatient to set off. They were welcomed most cordially by the whole family at Ingleside, and Mrs. Williams soon felt at home in the midst of the joyous and unpretending home-circle. Serena and Lillie carried off the children, with a supply of playthings, into the little wood at the back of the house, and Charley was made supremely happy by a miniature railroad, and train of freight and passenger cars. The former, on arriving at their destination, had to be unloaded and reloaded, so that the occupation was incessant, and Charley could think of nothing else. He represented, in himself, all the employés of the road; and was successively conductor, fireman, brakeman. A shrill whistle gave due notice when the cars were approaching, and the little girls with their dolls scampered away, to avoid being run over, — a feat which invariably elicited peals of laughter from the merry crowd. On one of these occasions they came upon Lucy, who was walking in the wood, apparently unconscious of everything around her. The noise they made as they rushed up to her, drew her attention; and, putting up her hand with a deprecating gesture, she exclaimed, —

"O dear! the bubble's burst!"

"Why, what bubble?" said Dolly, with much astonishment.

"It's gone, — the castle is in ruins, and just at the most interesting point. Why, Dolly Williams, is that you?" said Lucy, turning to the little girl, who looked in mute amazement. Dolly could not quite recover herself till she had taken Serena apart, and asked her what Lucy meant

by the castle in ruins. "I don't see any," said the matter-of-fact little girl.

"Nor anybody but Lucy; hers are all castles in the air. It is a way she has of telling stories to herself."

"Why can't she tell them to us? I am very fond of stories, and we might sit down and work for our dolla."

"O! she would not like to tell them, for they are all about herself."

"What can she find to say about herself?"

"Why, sometimes she is a princess, and sometimes a peasant; and there is always a handsome young man, who is very rich, or noble, who takes her abroad, and introduces her at court; and she lives in a beautiful palace, or a lovely country-seat, and everything about her is perfectly splendid."

"How dull it must seem to be real!" exclaimed Dolly. "I don't wonder Lucy was vexed with us."

"I do it myself, sometimes," said Serena, "but I am trying to break off the habit, — it is a great waste of time; besides, as you say, it makes real life dull, — but it is very hard. Mamma makes me write a little composition every day, and that makes me think in earnest. But if you like a story, Dolly, I will read you one."

"But where is your book?" said Dolly.

"O, no matter; play this was a book," replied Serena, as she took up a paper-box, which she held like a book, and began, apparently, reading a story, which perfectly charmed and delighted Dolly, being thoroughly juvenile in its tone, and full of the most delightful impossibilities.

A very agreeable gentleman from California accompanied Mr. Lamont when he returned to dinner. His conversation was varied, and Serena listened with appreciative attention. In the course of his remarks, he said he had come to the States to find a suitable person to take charge of an estate, which he had purchased at some distance from San Francisco. The details could easily be learned; what he wanted was a faithful, reliable man, who would be willing to give his whole attention to the duties before him. To such a person he could offer a pleasant home, and an adequate salary. Serena's attention did not flag when he began to discuss business matters, and her mind now reverted to Mr. Williams as a possible candidate for the place. She said nothing at the time; but, in the afternoon, when Mrs. Lamont and her guests had gone to take a drive, she crept into the library, where her uncle was busily occupied in looking over some papers;

she sat down quietly till he was at leisure ; then she came up to him, and said, " Uncle " —

" Well, little mousie, what would you like ? "

" That gentleman who was here at dinner (I cannot remember his name) said he wanted somebody to go to California ; and, Uncle, don't you think Mr. Williams might do ? "

" But what makes you think of Mr. Williams ? He may not wish to leave his business " —

" O, dear Uncle, I am sure he would ; they seem very poor. "

" What do you know about it, Serena ? Are not Dolly's dresses as pretty as yours ? I am sure I thought they all looked very nicely. "

" Yes, dear Uncle, they look nicely ; but it's like a pretty dress with the color washed out, — they look faded and worn. "

" Faded, with such a color as Charley's ! The mother and daughter do look a little pale, and Mr. Williams, — let me see, — well, he has looked occasionally troubled when I have seen him, and his clothes are rather shabby ; and perhaps, after all, you may be right, little mousie, and I will see what can be done to assist them. "

The little girl, without knowing it, had awakened the conscience of the selfish, but not ungenerous man of the world, and he began to think how often he might have thrown business in Mr. Williams's way, but had preferred employing some more fortunate rival, because he often met him in society, or because he was more accessible. His interest, once awakened, was all the more eager for this previous neglect, and, that very evening, he mentioned Mr. Williams to his guest, who had been very favorably impressed by the gentle bearing of his wife. The next morning the proposal was made, and joyfully accepted, and immediate preparations began to be made.

A suitable sum was advanced for an outfit, and offers of assistance came from every side. Mrs. Williams was surprised ; she thought of the many days when no one had darkened her doors, and now the bell kept up a perpetual jingle, and she hardly found time for the many calls upon her attention. Mrs. Lamont and her family were her most efficient helpers ; the ladies had much practical sense, and the children were like sunbeams, cheering the house with their presence, and making it musical with mirth. Serena, especially, was quite exuberant ; and Mrs. Percy, whose interest in the Williamses had been first awakened by the little girl's warm-hearted sympathy, employed her constantly in little commissions, that drew out her taste and judgment.

The time of departure was drawing near, and

the neighbors and friends of the Williams family determined to give them a little surprise-party, and bring in their parting gifts. Their own house was empty, and they were spending their last few days with the Lamonts, who were, of course, in the secret, and made their preparations accordingly.

It was a lovely afternoon in the latter part of August, when carriage after carriage drove up to the house, to say the final good-by. With the first arrival the ladies of the family had all assembled in the parlor ; and as one after another entered, bearing some pretty or useful keepsake, the surprise and the excitement increased. The centre-table was gradually covered with pretty silver articles, entertaining books, and ornamental engravings. The children were not forgotten. Ned Crosby came in bringing a cage with a pretty canary-bird for Dolly ; and a little girl brought a Maltese kitten, which the children seized upon with delight.

" May I call my bird Serena ? " said Dolly to Ned.

" I think not, " he replied, " as the bird is a male ; the females, you know, sing very little, and this one is a stunner. "

As if to establish his reputation, the bird began to sing so merrily, that the children could hardly hear one another.

" Then I will call him Neddy, " said Dolly ; and Neddy chirped a noisy acquiescence.

" But my little kitty : I can call her Serena. "

" O yes, if you think it a compliment to give anybody's name to a cat ; for my part, I can't bear the horrid, slippery creatures. "

" You must not abuse my pretty kitty, " said Dolly, swinging her over her shoulder. " Isn't she a beauty, Lillie, and would you not call her Serena ? "

" Serena is a pretty name, and if the cat is very tame " —

" O ! pray stop, Lillie, " said Ned ; " don't give us any more of your everlasting rhymes. "

" Everlasting, dear Ned — what's got into your head " — but Ned heard no more ; for with a bound he rushed out of the room, and ran up to Serena, who was putting together a little wreath of blue forget-me-nots.

" Shall I gather some more lively flowers for you, Serena ? " said Ned, at once recovering his good-humor.

" No ; Lucy says this is the German ' Vergiss meinicht, ' and I want to make it for Dolly to remember us by. "

" Why, how long will it last ? "

"O, not long; but, if she wears it to-day, she will remember it always."

"I like to talk with you, Serena; you always think of something different from other girls. Now, there's Lillie with her teasing rhymes—O, mercy! she is coming, and Dolly too with her kitten: did you know that she was going to name it for you?"

"No; but I shall be very glad to have her. I do so love to be remembered."

The wreath was completed, and put upon Dolly's head; and the children amused themselves with making up small bouquets, which they presented to each one of the guests, as they went in to tea. Serena made up two fragrant *boutonnieres* for her uncle and Mr. Williams, and the gentlemen had to stoop and have them fastened in by her skillful fingers.

The most delightful days come to an end; and as the evening set in, their friends took leave with many kind adieus and good wishes. The presents were duly admired and packed away, and the bird was hung up out of the reach of the cat. The next day the Williamses set off for their new home, in good spirits, and with many promises of frequent correspondence.

Serena's vacation was also at an end, and, with her mother, she took the cars a week after, leaving behind her a host of pleasant memories. The little girl did not cry because she was leaving kind friends, and returning to the irksomeness of school; her brave little spirit continued lively and bright to the last moment; and her pleasant face, nodding an affectionate farewell, was the last thing they saw as the cars moved rapidly away.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

XXXI.

"WAVE, pretty wave,
Come over the sea,
And bring a beautiful gift to me."

"O, is it a shell,
Like a tiny pink bell,
Or a flower, that grew in a mermaid's cell?"

"Or pebbles dyed,
And streaked and pied,
I'll fling at your feet in the coming tide?"

"No, none of these,
But, if you will please,
A boat with white sails to catch the breeze.

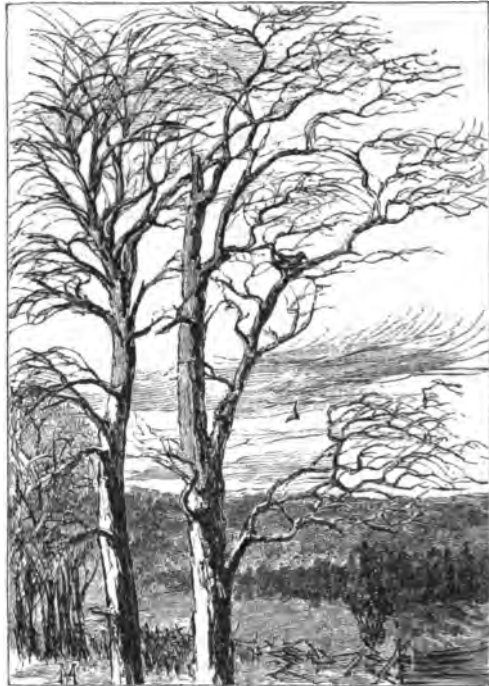
"Round the world I'll go,
While you ebb and flow,
And come back before I'm found out, you know."

XXXII.

A little brown bird sat on a high tree,
O, the wind blew softly out of the west;
Her mate near by sang merrily,
Four speckled eggs were in her wee nest.

So sweetly he sung, so shrilly and clear,
O, the wind blew softly out of the west;

His love sat thrilling with joy to hear,
While her eggs lay cradled beneath her breast.



The great sun went down behind the blue hill,
O, the wind blew coldly out of the north;

The little bird's song was hushed and still,
The bitter black frost came creeping forth.

Two birds lay dead in the chill, gray morn,
O, the wind blew coldly out of the north;
The tiny nest hangs on the tree forlorn,
Four frozen eggs are its only worth.

XXXIII.

Dickon has a boat
That will sail, that will sail;
Dickon has a boat, yo, ho!
And lightly she will float
In the gale, in the gale, —
Lightly she will float, yo, ho!



O, her sides they are made of the good pine
wood,
And her sails of the white linen fine;
She broadens at the beam as a good ship should,
And narrows at the prow to a line.
Away o'er the seas
We will glide, we will glide;
Away o'er the seas yo, ho!
Borne swiftly by the breeze
And the tide, and the tide, —
Borne swiftly by the breeze, yo, ho!

O, she courtseys and dips as she daintily skims
O'er the wave, like a girl at a ball.
She's as full of caprices, and fancies, and whims,
As the sauciest flirt of them all.
Away o'er the seas
We will glide, we will glide;
Away o'er the seas, yo, ho!
Borne swiftly by the breeze
And the tide, and the tide, —
Borne swiftly by the breeze, yo, ho!

O, her helm it is true to the steersman's hand,
And the foam rises white in her track,
As she bounds to discover some golden land,
And bring all its bright treasures back.

Dickon has a boat
That will sail, that will sail;
Dickon has a boat, yo, ho!
And lightly she will float
In the gale, in the gale, —
Lightly she will float, yo, ho!

XXXIV.

“Mamma, may we go to the pretty spring
Down under the willow-tree?
There's a dear little frog that sits on a stone,
I don't think he likes to live there all alone;
May I bring him home with me?”

“O yes, my darling, if froggie will come;
You may go ask him and see:
But he has a cool house beneath the old log,
And he sits on the stone and watches for prog,
And very contented is he.”

Little Dick trotted off with his nurse to the
spring:

“Hullo, Mister Frog,” says he,
“My mamma, she said I might carry you home;
I'm a very good boy, and I *maunt* you to
come, —
To come home and live with me.”

The frog was asleep on the soft damp moss,
Under the roots of the tree;
Little Dick stooped to get him, when up with a
jump,
And a yaup, in the midst of the spring he went
plump,
And that was the last of froggie!

THE SETTLE.

TAKE a good look at the *Outward Bound*, for the tug is leaving her. She is a barque, a rig which (like that of a full-rigged ship) has three masts, but differs from that in the mizzen or aftermost mast, which has fore-and-aft sails, — that is, a sail stretched on a boom and gaff, and a gaff-topsail, like a sloop. The tide being against her, our barque has been towed to the mouth of the port by a tug. But now, the tide having just turned, and a light breeze coming off the land, the barque has got up her topsails, and she begins to get headway. The crew are hoisting the spanker and the maintop-gallant sail, while a man is unfurling the main-royal, and the foresail is hanging in the clewlines and buntlines ready to be sheeted home. The tug now casts off the tow-ropes, and the last messages and directions having been given, she starts for home, leaving the barque to proceed alone on her long voyage across the pathless ocean; to encounter various vicissitudes on that sea which no civilization can reclaim from its boisterous, wayward moods, and, let us hope, safely to reach her destined port at last. As the stately vessel moves off on her course, she passes a brig-schooner working her way in against the light evening wind. On the right, the barque leaves the last beacon that shows the direction of the ship channel; on the port bow, and soon to be left behind, is the light-house, prominent on a headland. When the sun has set, the keeper will climb the winding stair of his tower and light the faithful flame, which will gleam like a star in the wake of the departing ship, the last fading reminder of home, until it sinks below the waves, and nothing but sea and sky are henceforth visible to the lonely barque for many days.

And now, having looked at the frontispiece, you will of course read Andersen's story; and is it not the most extraordinary thing that our good friend can write such clever stories? As good fortune will have it, a letter has just come from a Dane, who lives in our country, but has been home on a visit; and as he went to see Andersen, he found something to tell us of the great story-teller. Let us read it, looking over one another's shoulders: —

“New York, August 4, 1870.

“During a recent visit to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, it was my good fortune to meet the world-renowned poet and story-writer, Hans Christian Andersen. I remember well how in my early childhood I had been affected by his poem, “The Dying Child,” and my admiration for him increased with my years; especially when he became such a great source of delight and improvement to my flock of children, and probably one of the most effective

means of preserving and increasing their interest in my dear little native land, — Denmark. It was therefore a happy surprise, indeed, when I met him at a dinner party given by General Raaslöf, and, for the first time in my life, stood hand in hand and face to face with that noble, gifted man, who, while *par excellence* the children's author, is himself a child in earnestness, simplicity, and tenderness of heart and manners. Mr. Andersen is tall and somewhat slim, and notwithstanding his sixty-five years, as hearty, strong, and elastic as an ordinary man of forty. I could perceive scarcely any silver in his locks, and his eyes shone with the brightness and life of youth, and with an expression of mingled tenderness and humor, that went to the very heart. He was greatly delighted at hearing how widely his works were read and appreciated in America, and regretted that he could not sufficiently overcome his aversion to the sea, to pay a visit to what he considers the World's Fairy-land. After dinner he read some of his latest stories to us, and I felt how far I had been from heretofore fully appreciating his wonderful genius. It was a scene worth remembering. As he sat at the window in the beautiful Danish twilight, his face half turned away from us, holding the book in his left hand, and gesticulating with the right, and reading with a voice and expression that brought out so many hidden meanings; he seemed to me the very embodiment of refined, graceful simplicity, and earnest, loving truthfulness, and reminded me exceedingly of his friend, and brother-spirit, — the master-writer and lecturer, — Charles Dickens. The next day he called upon me at the hotel, and kindly yielded to our request for some ‘more stories.’ At parting, he presented my daughter with the last volume of his works, and gave me his portrait, inscribed as follows, ‘Life is the most beautiful fairy tale, after all.’ During the summer, when not travelling on the Continent, Mr. Andersen is usually the welcome guest at the country mansion of some family or other of the Danish nobility; and that same evening he started on a visit to Basnös Manor, in the southern part of Seeland. From there he wrote me the following letter, in publishing which you will aid me materially in executing the commission with which he charges me: —

C.

“MY DEAR GENERAL C., — It has afforded me sincere pleasure to have made your acquaintance. There are men toward whom we feel drawn at once, at the first meeting, and who become dear to us. You are one of those men. I do not at all like the thought that we may perhaps never meet again; there is scarcely any probability of my ever coming to America, although the desire is not lacking. I promised you a small bouquet, as a greeting from

me to your wife. I have a knack for arranging flowers, but they should be fresh; it is the arrangement of the colors that gives the highest effect. When the flowers dry up, that effect is gone. I must therefore consider such colors as I think will keep the best; but the appearance will not be much to boast of. However, it is, at all events, flowers and foliage from Danish soil. Let my hearty greeting, and the remembrance of the father-land, be the fragrance of my bouquet. You will soon return to the land of the new world. Greet *all* my friends, large and small, men and women, boys and girls. . .

"Yours, heartily devoted,
"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN."

STANLEY SACKETT'S SCRAPES.

AN ALLITERATIVE ACCOUNT.

Stanley Sackett survived seven summers successfully, spite sundry scrapes.

Saturday school scattered, study suspended, Stanley sought Sister Sue, saying, "Sam Scudder says scholars spend Saturday sailing; sun shining so splendidly; say, sha'n't Stanley share school-fellows' sport?"

Sweet Sue Sackett sat sewing serenely. She smilingly surveyed Stanley. "Six successive Saturdays' sailing should suffice," she said, softly.

Severe sentence! Stanley supplicated, scowled, sobbed, saying, "So shameful!"

Saucy speech! Sue stared, surprised, seeing Stanley so sulky. Still Stanley submitted, since Sister Sue said so.

Stanley soon seized sprightly story-book. Sue, seeing Stanley so still, supposed Stanley supremely satisfied. Stanley solitary, soon sought some spiced solace. Several splendid somersaults soothed sulks somewhat.

Stanley sauntering slowly, still stubborn, saw Sue's Skye-terrier, Snap. Slyly seized Snap, stole scissors, secretly snipped Snap's shaggy sides. Snap struggling, snarling, scratching. Snap shaven, shorn, sped swiftly. Snap shabby scarecrow.

Second scrape! shameful scheme! Stanley stepping stealthily, soon silenced Sister Sue's sweet songster. Seizing shot-gun, shot,—song stopped suddenly,—singer slain. Stanley's spirits somewhat subdued. Scapegrace and Stanley synonymous!

Sail succeeded! Stuffed satin sofa such splendid sail-boat. Sue's scarlet silk scarf Stanley's sail. Stanley's see-sawings severely strained sofa's springs. Smooth sailing! soon stormy sea. Ship struck shoal. Shipwreck! Sofa swayed, smashed suddenly, stranding sailor. Sail striking stand, shivered superb statuette.

Stanley soon spied sideboard's shelves. Stood stock still so surprised, surveying savory sweets. Sister's sewing society staying, substantial supper symmetrically spread. Stanley speedily sacked sumptuous stores; swallowed sundry sandwiches, salads,

strawberry sweetmeats, sardines, sugar-plums. Surely such sugar-plums seldom seen. Stanley soon satiated! Strawberry syrup stained Stanley's spick-span, stiffly starched suit sadly.

Something (self-reproach) seemed saying sternly. "Stop, Stanley, stop!" Silence so suspicious, Sister Sue sought Stanley. Swift steps sounding suddenly, startled Stanley. Smash! sweetmeats spilled, Stanley saturated, smeared, sticky. Stanley slipped, striking skull severely. Scared: screamed, shrieked, sobbed stoutly. Screams speedily summoned succor. Sister, servants, seamstresses, soon surrounded Stanley. Stanley's shoulder sprained, skull smarting severely. Skillful surgeon summoned, soon set Stanley's shoulder, sewed Stanley's scalp.

Sad situation. Scarletina supervened. Stanley sorrowful, so sick, secluded some time. Sister Sue saw Stanley's sorrow sincere, sufferings sufficient shame. Sister's sympathizing smile sweetened Stanley's solitude. Sickness subdued Stanley's spirits.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN AUGUST NUMBER.

Double Acrostic. — Foundation words — Sweet, Heart. Cross words — Sigh, woe, Elia, ether, toilet. *German Riddles.* — 1. None; they are all put in. 2. Neither; they both run shorter. 3. A nut with a hole in it. 4. A glove. 5. A cod salted. 6. A spool of thread. 7. A splinter. *Proverb in Picture.* — Too many cooks spoil the broth. *Anagrammatic Enigmas.* — 1. Loretta C. Winston. 2. Constantinople. *Sphinx's Puzzles.* — 1. Two only; the shepherd has two feet, the dog paws, and the sheep trotters. 2. A nail in a horse-shoe. 4. Cod. 5. Terra es et in terram ibia. 7. Put one apple down, and take it up with the other hand, I suppose. 9.

8	5	3
—	—	—
8	0	0
5	0	3
5	3	0
2	3	3
2	5	1
7	0	1
7	1	0
4	1	3
4	4	0

The first line shows the three measures; the second shows the beer all in the eight-gallon measure; by following the lines down, the reader will see how the decanting goes on, until there are four gallons in the eight-gallon measure, and four in the five-gallon one.

10. Making 30 numbers, the Christians had these numbers, — 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 30. 11. Each ate one third of the eight loaves. Of these A furnished $\frac{1}{3}$ = 5, and B $\frac{2}{3}$: one third of eight is equal to $\frac{8}{3}$. Now A had himself eaten $\frac{5}{3}$ from his $\frac{1}{3}$, and must have given the stranger $\frac{1}{3}$: B ate $\frac{2}{3}$, and had $\frac{1}{3}$ left for the stranger. A had 7 pieces of money, and B 1 piece. 13. 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ = 67. 14. He did not alter the mark, but he added the letter S to the mark: SIX.

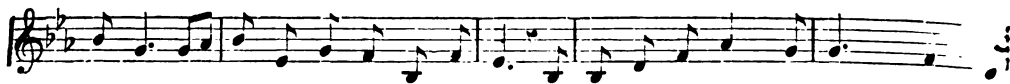
It will be seen that some of the answers have not yet been given. Most of those to Sphinx's puzzles were guessed by "Uncas."

Mother Goose's Melodies.

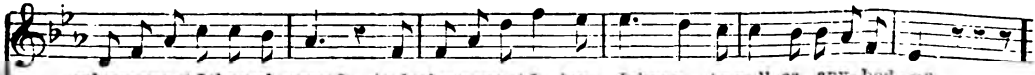
JOHNNY.



1. Johnny shall have a new bonnet, And Johnny shall go to the fair; And Johnny shall
2. And here's a leg for a stocking, And here's a foot for a shoe; And he has a



rib - bon To tie up his bonny brown hair. And why may not I love John - ny, And
dad - dy, And two for his mammy al - so. And why may not I love John - ny, And



why may not Johnny love me? And why may not I love Johnny As well as any - bod - y?
why may not Johnny love me? And why may not I love Johnny As well as any - bod - y?





SEPTEMBER.

Thursday .	1	Partridge shooting begins, 1870.
Friday . . .	2	John Howard born, 1726.
Saturday . .	3	Moscow burnt, 1812.
Sunday .	4	Fahrenheit, the thermometer man, died, 1776.
Monday . . .	5	First American Congress met, 1774.
Tuesday . . .	6	Dog-days end (on paper).
Wednesday	7	
Thursday .	8	Capture of Sebastopol, 1855.
Friday . . .	9	Battle of Eutaw Springs, 1781.
Saturday . .	10	
Sunday .	11	Discovery of America by Columbus, 1492.
Monday . . .	12	Battle of Chapultepec, 1847.
Tuesday . . .	13	
Wednesday	14	Capture of Mexico, 1847.
Thursday .	15	
Friday . . .	16	Pilgrims left England, 1620.
Saturday . .	17	James Fenimore Cooper died, 1851.
Sunday .	18	
Monday . . .	19	
Tuesday . . .	20	Battle of Chickamauga, 1863.
Wednesday	21	Sir Walter Scott died, 1832.
Thursday .	22	
Friday . . .	23	Capture of André, 1780.
Saturday . .	24	
Sunday .	25	Pacific Ocean discovered, 1513.
Monday . . .	26	My birthday, 1859. F. B. J.
Tuesday . . .	27	
Wednesday	28	Battle of Marathon, 490 B. C.
Thursday .	29	
Friday . . .	30	Whitefield died, 1770.



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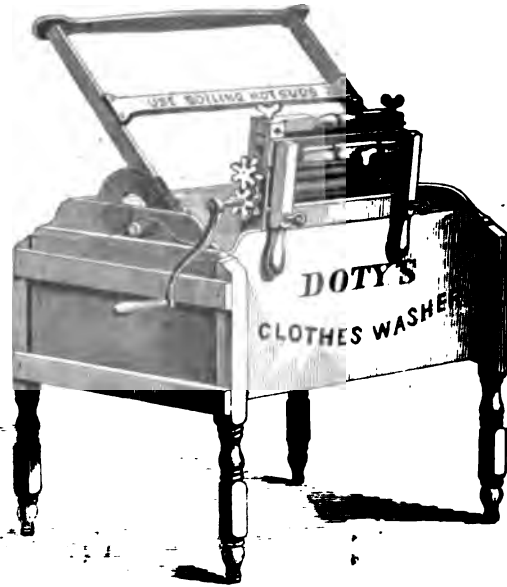
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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XLVI. OCTOBER, 1870.

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We shall give something novel next month in the way of a double frontispiece. There will also be two stories, by Miss Rose Terry and Miss Mary N. Prescott. Mr. Abbott's railway articles will be continued, and Anne Silvernail will contribute another of the stories illustrated by Little Artists.

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THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — OCTOBER, 1870. — No. XLVI.



THE RAT IN RETIREMENT.

FROM LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

THERE lived a Rat, says Eastern story,
Who made devotion all his glory ;
Enamored of a quiet life,
And weary of the world, or wife,
To pass the remnant of his days at ease,
He sought the shelter of a large Dutch cheese ;
Seeking therein much more than food, —
Retirement, and deep solitude.

He nibbled and scratched, and soon worked him-
self in,
And he delved very deep, — for Dutch cheese
is not thin.

At the bottom he found it would amply afford, —
'Twas all that he wished, — quiet, lodging, and
board ;

Settled here at his ease, need I add that the
Rat,

Having "eaten and worshipped," soon found him-
self fat ?

It chanced one day that a legation,
Deputed by the rattish nation,
To sue for succor and supplies
In foreign parts, from their allies,
Demanding alms upon the road,
Sought our secluded saint's abode.

Vol. IV. — No. 48.

23

They told the purport of their mission :
Their country's desolate condition ;
Invaded by the feline foe,
And wants still wider, — wasting woe ;
Ratapolis the tabbies leaguer,
They quitted it in haste so eager,
That sudden sent without their pay,
The embassy must beg its way.
Small aid they asked, for Heaven be praised,
The siege, they said, would soon be raised.
" My friends," replied our devotee,
" The world and its concerns affect not me :
We long since parted.
Yet let me not be thought hard-hearted ;
I give to misery all I have, — a prayer, —
And hope high Heaven may make you much its
care !

What can a solitary pauper more ?"
He spoke, — and speaking, closed the door.
Whose is this image, reader, can you guess ?
" A monk's, I ween." — What ! rich and piti-
less ?

A monk slight the poor ! O, no ; 'tis a dervise !
A monk, we all know, would have rendered 'em
service.



THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VI.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

THE utter amazement of John Steiner at the announcement that Mr. James was his father, can hardly be described. But instead of wildly exclaiming, and throwing himself in the arms of his newly found parent, he acted much more naturally, and stood still and looked stupid; and when he did find his tongue, his remarks savored very strongly of unbelief.

"If you really are my father," said he, "why did you not tell me so before?"

"Ah! my son," said Carl Steiner, "it is a long story, and I will tell you all about it in order. When I have set all the facts before you, I think you will not have the doubts that I see clearly govern you now."

Betty, who believed in an instant that this pleasant-spoken and amiable-looking man was of course no other than John's long-lost father, was delighted; and after a little conversation and congratulation, she left them, promising to come down to the gate and bid them good-by, if they left the next day, which she hoped would not now be the case. She firmly believed that, to have everything made all right, it was only necessary to have a father.

As they walked together to the mansion house, Carl Steiner (for Mr. James's tale was true) told John his story.

"When I left you with the Koppels," said he, "it was to go to Bremen to look up your mother's relatives. You may not know it, but she was of a better and a richer family than mine; and although the match was not approved of by her relations, she received, at her father's death, a regular yearly income, which nearly supported us. A year or two before her death, the quarterly payments ceased; and it was to discover if they would not be continued to her child, that I went to Bremen. There I saw the lawyer who had sent her the remittances, and he informed me that her sister (her only surviving near relative, and who had charge of the little estate) had married and left Bremen. All he could tell me was that her husband was an Englishman named Miller, and that there had been for a long time no funds in his (the lawyer's) hands, for payment

to my wife. So I set off for England to find the Millers, for I felt sure that there was some fraud in the case. The bequest to my wife would not certainly cease to have effect before her death."

"I wonder if it is this Mrs. Miller," said John. "I thought of that myself," said Mr. Steiner, smiling, "as soon as I heard the name of that family; but Mrs. Miller, I find, is not a German, and was born in this neighborhood. It is a very common name, you know. Well, to take up my story again. I spent all my money in England, and could hear nothing of my wife's sister, or her husband. I became very poor,—could not send for you, or send you any money; and felt ashamed to write until I could do one or the other. I heard that it was reported that I was dead,—and I was not sorry for it; for now, I thought, the Koppels will do for my son what I cannot do, and my miserable condition need be known to none. If I ever get my just dues, I will send for him, and repay everybody. But if I had not been so anxious to find my wife's relations, it might have been much better for my prospects, for I wasted a deal of time and money in the search for them. I got down from had to worse, and for several years have been in the service of Mr. Matthews, doing much and getting little. When I first saw you, I had no idea you were my son, and never discovered it until you signed your name to the note you wrote to Mr. Matthews. The next day I heard your whole story, as you may remember. But I was too ragged and poverty-stricken to announce myself to you. I feared you would be sorry to know me as I was. But lately Mr. Matthews, having overcome some of his pecuniary difficulties, has paid me a portion of what he owed me; by means of which money I was enabled to dress myself somewhat more respectably, as you see, and to make this journey up here. You cannot tell how, for the last year, I have longed to see you, and to discover myself to you."

Although John was glad enough to think that this man might possibly be his father, it was not until a long conversation had taken place in reference to what he could remember of his early youth, and what the Koppels had told him, that he fully believed that the forlorn and ragged Mr.

James — now this decent and genteel elderly gentleman — was his own real father. The longer, however, they talked together, and the more he thought over the kindness of his father when he was Mr. James, the stronger grew John's filial feeling, and he went to bed that night a happy boy. He was no longer an orphan in a strange land. The next morning Betty's belief in the value of fathers received a heavy blow; for although Sir Humphrey listened very kindly to Mr. Steiner's request that his son might be given another chance to show himself entirely reliable in the baronet's service, still the old gentleman declared that the example would ruin him, and that John must go. However, he gave him an excellent letter to a friend he had in Norfolk County, and very sincerely wished him well.

So the next day John and his father set off for Norfolk, stopping on the way to bid good-by to little Betty, who had been waiting at the gate for an hour. The parting was quite an affectionate one all around, but Betty was the only one who cried. At Ramsdale they took a stage, and on the evening of the next day they entered Norwich, near which town was situated the estate on which John hoped to find employment. When he presented his letter the next day, he was taken into the service of Squire Maxwell, Sir Humphrey's friend; but he never gained the position, or felt the combined freedom and responsibility which had made the situation under the old baronet so agreeable to him. After boarding in the town for a week or two, Mr. Steiner found employment as a copying-clerk in the office of an attorney, and was delighted that he was thus enabled to remain near his son, and not obliged to go back to London and Mr. Matthews's gloomy rooms.

It was about the opening of the following spring, when the Steiners had been living thus for three or four months, that John was coming through Norwich (where he had been on business, and was on his way home), and saw a stage stop at an inn, and a lady get out whom he thought he recognized. The next moment he knew that it could be no other than Mrs. Miller, Betty's mother, and he ran up to speak to her. The widow was not surprised to see him, for she had heard he had a situation hereabouts; and as it was so far from home that he could do her no imaginable harm, she received him kindly, asked after his father, replied to him that Betty was very well, and extraordinarily cheerful; and informed him that she had come to this town on business, and that she should stay, she hoped, but

a few days; and then she went into the inn, and John went home. But that night his father came out to Squire Maxwell's — about three miles — to see him.

"It is rather strange," said Mr. Steiner, "but here has been Mrs. Miller — your little friend Betty's mother — at our office to-day, and she is all on fire about a Mr. Job Miller, her brother-in-law, whom she says has been cheating her; and I am almost sure that this Job Miller married my sister-in-law, and that he is the man I have been so long in search of."

"If it is," said John, "it will be an astonishing piece of good luck."

"Well, not entirely," replied his father. "When I spoke to Sir Humphrey about you, the night I was there, and he asked me which county I would prefer your living in, — Norfolk or Suffolk — for he had friends in both, — I replied Norfolk, because I had always heard there were Millers in Norfolk."

"So it was partly your foresight," replied his son.

"Yes," said Carl Steiner, "it was the result of my thinking of nothing but Millers for many years. But now I propose that you get a holiday to-morrow, and that we go and see Mrs. Miller, and find out something more definite about this matter."

The next day, with some little difficulty, John got a holiday, and joined his father in Norwich; and then they called on Mrs. Miller at her inn. Then she told her story, and they told theirs, and each one surprised the other. Mrs. Miller's trouble with her brother-in-law does not concern us particularly, and may be briefly stated as follows: Job Miller held some property in trust for her, and had failed to make the necessary payments. Finding no attention paid to her letters, Mrs. Miller had come to attend to the business in person; and had the day before put the affair in the hands of Mr. Tabb, the attorney by whom Mr. Steiner was employed. She was astonished to find that John's father had married a sister of Mrs. Job Miller, but said that she had no doubt, if matters were pressed, that it would be found that Job had tricked Mr. Steiner as soon as he got his hands on the property, which belonged jointly to his wife and her sister. But this pressing was likely to be a difficult matter, for Mr. Tabb had informed her that Mr. Job Miller was almost unapproachable by the civil law. He had got himself in so many difficulties with the neighborhood, that he was in constant fear of arrest, or summons to appear before a

magistrate; and it was almost an impossibility to serve a legal paper upon him, for he kept his house guarded like a castle.

"However," said Mrs. Miller, who was a woman of no small spirit, "I think I can serve a summons upon him; and as you say, Master John, that you have a holiday to-day, I think that you and your father had better go with me. He will never suspect a party of that size of any such errand, and we may all settle our business at once, perhaps."

This proposition was agreed to; and as the case was an urgent one, Attorney Tabb was enabled to get a summons, commanding Job Miller to appear before a magistrate in Norwich upon the next day. This he gave to the widow, and in a four-seated tax-cart they all set out for the Miller estate, which was about eight miles from the town. Carl Steiner had been making inquiries about these Millers for a month or two, but although everybody could tell him something in regard to Job Miller himself, no one seemed to know much about his wife. But on the way Mrs. Miller told him everything he wanted to know, and she took them by the most direct route to Job's house, which used to be the old family mansion, and where she had resided for a year or two after her marriage. It was tolerably late in the day when, under her directions, John drove the cart up to a large gate in the wall which surrounded the grounds pertaining immediately to the house. Getting down, he knocked, but nobody came. After knocking a few times more, he tried the latch; but the gate was locked, and nothing could be heard but the barking of a couple of dogs behind the wall. The cause of this reception was this. A quarter of an hour before, Job Miller, sitting in his little room in the corner of the house, saw coming down the lane, a spring-cart containing a man, a woman, and a boy. Puzzled to know what such a party could want at his house, Job watched them very carefully, and soon recognized the Widow Miller.

"Hello!" he cried to his man Jackson. "Here comes my sister-in-law, Miller! Run down and fasten all the gates, and let loose the dogs!" So when the widow arrived the gates were fast, and the dogs were loose.

After a great deal of banging, in which the whole party joined, Widow Miller began to scream for her brother-in-law, Job. The noise she made was entirely too heart-rending to be endured, and a man soon appeared at a little wicket in the gate, to ask her what she wanted.

She told him that she wished to see Job Miller, and the man told her that he had gone to Ireland, and would be back in a fortnight, and then he shut the wicket and departed.

"Now," said the widow, "I know he don't intend to see us. When he sends a man down with such an absurd lie as that in his mouth, he will never show himself, or let us in, if we stayed here a month. We may as well turn back."

And so they did. But when they had got out of the lane into the high road, the widow said, "Now then, do not go toward Norwich, but drive in this direction, and we will soon come to a cart-road. Then we will go back to the house."

"Go back?" cried John.

"Certainly we will," said the widow. "I have no idea of leaving this place without seeing my good brother-in-law, Job. If he will not let us in fairly, we must get in as well as we can."

John highly applauded this idea, his father did not object; and so, when they came to the cart-road, they went back toward the house. It was now beginning to be dark, and the widow soon directed John to stop, saying that it was her opinion that Mr. Steiner had better remain there with the horse and vehicle, while she and his son should endeavor to get into the house by way of the garden. "If they discover us," said she, "they can do nothing but turn us back, for Job would not dare to consider me a trespasser."

So Mr. Steiner stayed with the horse, and John and the widow pushed forward in the now fast increasing darkness. The Widow Miller asserted that she knew the place as well as she did her own farm, and she proved that she was not mistaken. Leading John carefully along the cart-road, she soon showed him the garden wall, which lay directly in front of them, cutting off all further progress. There was a gate, which could just be discerned; but that, of course, was securely fastened. "But," said she, "if we walk along this way, we will soon come to the corner of the wall; and then, I think, we can get over."

"You get over this wall?" asked John, in surprise.

"Certainly," said the widow, "I intend to try."

When they reached the corner of the wall, they found (as the Widow Miller expected) a good many of the stones out of place. It had always been in bad order here, she said, as long as she had known it, and here she thought they could climb over. John found that he could climb up the irregular stones quite easily, but he was not so sure about his companion being able

to do it. However, he braced himself upon the top of the wall, reached down his hand, and by dint of hard scrambling, the widow (who was very active for her years) reached the top of the wall, although, at one time, she came very near pulling John down on her head. But getting down on the other side was not so easy, for there were no stones missing there, and the wall was quite smooth. But John thought that he might manage to lower Mrs. Miller down, if she would try to put her feet on any little ends of the stones that might be sticking out; and so the trial was made. As long as the widow kept one hand on the top of the wall, all went well; but the moment she had to let go with that, she went down with a rush; and John, who could not in time release himself from her other hand, was jerked after her in a twinkling. He came with his head right on her shoulder, and turned a complete somersault over her, landing on his knees in a newly-made garden-bed.

"Are you hurt?" hurriedly inquired Mrs. Miller.

"No," said John; "are you?"

"Not a bit," said she; "and now let us hurry on. We'll soon find if he is in Ireland, or not."

With the widow in the lead, the two took their way along the side of an inner wall, which separated the garden from the inclosure at the front of the house. They had not gone far, however, before they heard voices on the other side of the wall.

"Hello, Jackson!" said a man. "I hear some one in the garden there!"

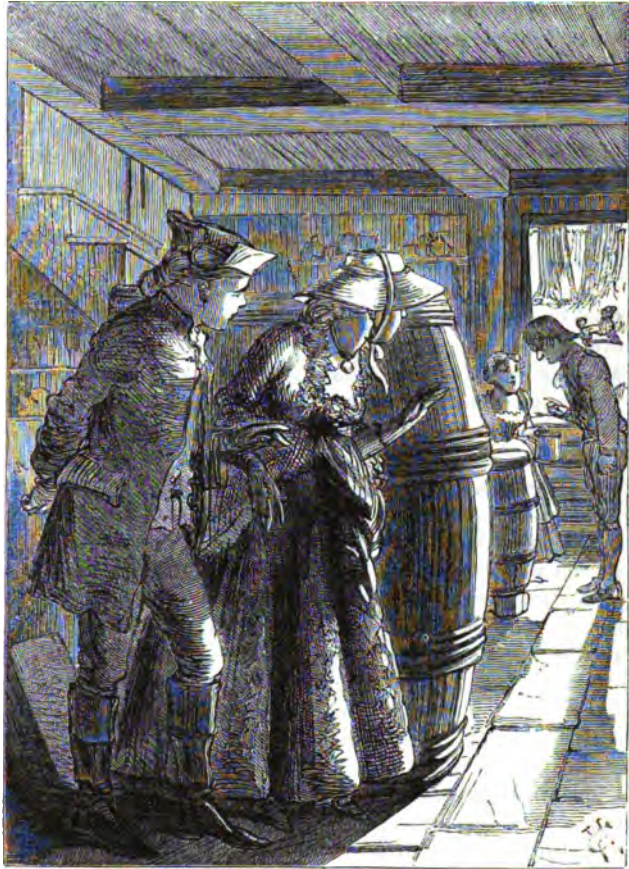
"O ho!" replied a voice at a little distance. "We'll take the dogs around, and hunt them out. Hurry, John, and get the key of the gate."

When Mrs. Miller heard this, she whispered to John, "We must waste no time now: follow me as quick as you can!"

Then along the garden path she fairly ran, and followed closely by John she safely reached the house. There was a small door opening from the garden into the hall, and springing up the few low steps, the widow tried to open it. But it was locked. This was bad, for it was on this door that she had placed her main reliance. But no time was to be lost. Dogs would not respect the sister-in-law of their master, and their barking could be already heard in the garden.

A cellar-door could be seen in the dimness, standing open near by.

"Down there with you! Quick!" whispered the widow; and in a trice they were both in the cellar. There it was as dark as pitch. They could see nothing at all; but the Widow Miller remembered its arrangement very well, and whispered to John that if they could find the stairs, they might get into the house that way. In a few minutes, however, she tripped over a bundle of fagots, and fell flat. By the exercise of the



utmost strength of her mind she restrained herself from screaming outright, and confined her exclamation to a muffled "Merciful me!" But she was not killed or wounded, and she soon got on her feet again without the assistance of John, who, to tell the truth, had been unable to find her. They now progressed even more cautiously than before, and the widow thought they must be near the cellar-stairs. This conjecture was soon proved correct, for a door at the top of the stairs, which were just in front of them, opened, and

down came a man carrying a jug, and a woman carrying a candle. The widow and John had just time to slip behind a great hogshead, before the new-comers were upon the cellar floor.

"Now, Mary," said the man, "do you draw this ale while I cut the cheese, for I trow it will be more than your hands can manage. But don't you fill the jug, for the master will be raging if more is drawn than he can drink."

So saying, the man went to a press and began cutting a piece out of a large, thick-skinned cheese while the woman put down the candle, and taking the jug, put it beneath the spigot of a large barrel near by. The man had just cut the cheese and put it on a pewter platter, when he heard a great shouting and barking in the garden.

"Hello!" said he, "there's that door open. Stupid Stephen has forgotten it when he put in the fagots. But I'll go and see what all that noise is about. Wait you here. I'll be back directly."

So he hurried away; and as the candle cast a feeble light over the fagots, he did not stumble over them. Now was the widow's opportunity. Motioning to John to follow, she slipped softly out from behind the hog-head, and stealthily approached the stairs. The woman, who was drawing the ale, had her back toward them, and could not see them. But she heard the creaking of their shoes, turned, gave one great shriek, and fled wildly after the man, who was now in the garden with the men and the dogs.

The widow was about to rush up the stairs, but she suddenly stopped. "Turn that spigot and take that jug," she quickly said; "I will carry the cheese and the light. Hurry up!"

In less than twenty seconds they were upstairs, and had locked the cellar-door behind them.

"Now, then," said the Widow Miller. "He is probably in his dining-room. We will take these things right in to him."

So saying, she walked rapidly along a wide hall, and entered a room on the right, John following her with the jug of ale. On a table in the middle of the room were two plates, a couple of pewter tankards, a great loaf of bread, and a fitch of bacon. At the table sat Mr. Job Miller, with his back to the door. He did not look around as they entered, and the Widow Miller walked up to the table, put down the cheese, blew out the light, and then taking the jug out of John's hands, she put that on the table too. As all this was done rather roughly, Mr. Job

Miller ceased digging his jackknife into the table, and looked up.

"What!" he cried, starting to his feet, "my sister-in-law Miller!"

"The very same, brother-in-law Job," said Mrs. Miller; and we have filled the jug, you see, because, having company, you will want more ale than usual."

"But you — why — how did you bring the ale? When did you come?" asked the astonished Mr. Job.

The widow then laughed, and told him exactly how she had managed to get in, with her young friend as a protector.

Mr. Job Miller looked as black as a thundercloud for a few minutes; but then he seemed to think that it would be better to conciliate this energetic woman, and so he said, "If I had only known who you were, you would never have needed to come into my house in that way. But I saw you at a great distance, and mistook you for another party, — people it would not do for me to see. That is the reason I sent word I was away from home."

"And locked your gates, and set loose your dogs," said the widow.

"O, we do that every night," said Mr. Job.

"But not so early as to-night," replied his sister-in-law.

At this, in rushed the man and the maid who had gone after the cheese and ale; and they were commencing a wonderful tale, when their master cut it off short by saying, "O, I know all about it! No more noise now, and go and put chairs for these two — and two plates" —

"O, brother-in-law Job!" cried the Widow Miller, "while you are doing all this, we must not forget this young person's father, who is now waiting in the cart-road with our wagon. But we may as well commence, without waiting for him. How is your good wife? Will she not come to table?"

"O yes," said Job Miller, "she will be here shortly. Be seated, both of you."

As they sat down to dinner Mrs. Job Miller came in, and, recognizing the widow, she greeted her quite cordially. She was a fat little thing, who did not look as if she had much to do with the management of family affairs.

A man was sent for Mr. Steiner, but supper was over before he appeared. Then the widow, fearful of losing her opportunity, told Job her errand. He laughed at her for imagining that he owed her money, or that all the claims of her late husband had not been fully paid.

"O, that will not do, brother-in-law Job," said the widow. "Here is a letter you wrote me not two years ago, in which you promised to settle with me very soon. And here is another. Have you any receipts to show, later than those dates? And there, read that," said she, handing him the third paper.

He glanced over it, and then jumped up from his chair. "Why, this is a summons!" he cried. "Woman, what do you mean?"

"I only mean, brother-in-law Job," said the Widow Miller, "to make you answer before the magistrates for the money you owe me; and as nobody else could summon you, I undertook to do it myself."

Job walked up and down the room for some minutes, during which the widow sat up very straight in her chair; Mrs. Job Miller looked as if she was not altogether sorry that her husband had got caught at last; and John appeared very much dissatisfied at being made a spectator, and, to a degree, a participant in family troubles. Presently Job spoke. "I don't care so much about what you have done," he said, "but I know who is at the bottom of all this. It is that scoundrel, Tabb. He set you up to this. You never would have done it of yourself."

"There you are mistaken, brother-in-law Job," said the widow. "I thought of the whole affair myself."

Without heeding this remark, Job went on, — "But I'll pay him for it, — I'll make him wish he had never been born. I'll turn him out of his house and home, and his son shall go packing too, — for his lease runs out at Whitsuntide."

Job Miller went on in this strain for some time, and his hearers easily deduced from his remarks that Mr. Tabb was heavily indebted to him, and that Mr. Tabb's son had leased a farm of him,

out of which farm he was to go when his lease ran out. During the tirade against poor Mr. Tabb, who was to be persecuted thus severely, Carl Steiner entered. He bowed to Mr. Job Miller, and then walking up to his wife, he said, "How are you, sister-in-law?"

Mrs. Job Miller looked at him for a second in utter amazement, and then she cried out, "O, I know you! you are my Sister Gretchel's husband, — Steiner. How do you do?" This she said with considerable animation, but the moment afterward she felt that she had made some mistake; and dropping Mr. Steiner's hand, became confused and disturbed. And well she might, for her husband turned on her like a tiger.

"Steiner!" he shouted, "what Steiner? This is no Steiner, you miserable fool!" and if the Widow Miller had not been present, he would most probably have struck his wife in his anger. But he could not get rid of Steiner's identity in that way. The widow, and Carl himself, gave him to understand that his wife was exactly correct, and that her immediate recognition should be borne witness to by them, should the case of Mr. Job's retention of Gretchel Steiner's little fortune be taken before a court. But Job Miller cared not one whit for all their assertions and declarations. He was madder than a whole nestful of hornets; and calling to his men to open the gates, he put the whole party out of his premises, not even listening to Mrs. Miller's suggestion that Mr. Steiner had had no supper.

The cart had been left outside of the gate, and the three companions, well satisfied at having gained not only entrance to Mr. Job Miller's stronghold, but the object of their visit, rode gayly to Norwich under the light of the full moon.

HOW THE PEOPLE IN THE PICTURES DANCED THE GERMAN.

TWAS a pretty little chamber when the pleasant sunlight flooded it, and all the dainty things on wall and shelf were gilded by the cheery light. But now the windows were darkened with blind and curtain, and through the half-open door stole in only the soft gray of the deepening twilight.

All day long the occupant of the room had tossed restlessly with blinding headache, but just at sunset her weary eyes had closed in profound

and peaceful slumber. The gray of the twilight had faded into evening, when through the still, dark room, there went a rustle and stir, as if the sleeper was waking. She lay, however, calm and tranquil, the lids drooping heavily over the tired eyes.

A soft light begins to pervade the thick darkness, and the engravings on the wall glow faintly, with the sunshine stirring among their depths, and twinkling and glancing over their moving

waters. The pictures are all giving signs of life, and strange proceedings are about to take place.

A little flower-sprite, which has reclined for years on the twining stems of a morning-glory, peeps out from the shadow of the flower; and then raising herself on her elbow, swings airily down from the vine, and perches herself on the foot-board of the bed. She stands there nodding to an engraving of some sculptured maiden hanging above the bureau. The maiden lifts her head, which for an untold length of time has drooped pensively on her breast; and gathering her drapery about her, changes her uncomfortable position, and comes down from her pedestal. A brisk walk over the bureau seems greatly to exhilarate her, and relieve her cramped limbs.

In a landscape, on the opposite side of the room, there is a boat, in which sit two rowers with suspended oars; and there they have thus sat from time immemorial, looking into the glassy surface of the stream. Now the oars dip, the still water ripples and sparkles, and the boat is propelled shoreward. The rowers are — the one a young girl in a gay boating dress, and the other a youth in equally picturesque attire. Now they land in a sandy cove, bringing much wonder and astonishment into the wide mouth and eyes of the shepherd lad, who has so long sat quiet and transfixed on the bank, with legs and arms rigidly crossed.

The figures in the picture of "The Enchanted Forest" begin to move. The great fiery war-horse paws the ground, and snorts at the grim water-god who stands beside the leaping brook and bars with his black giant arms further way through the wood. The beautiful princess, who reined the wild horse with a jeweled bridle, and with her gauzy robes powdered with stars, and starry flowers in her loosened hair, looked more like a wreath of foam flung from the waterfall than a real princess, now drops the arm so long lifted deprecatingly to the demon; and the cavalier, guarding her with drawn sword through the enchanted place, doffs his plumed cap, and assists her to alight.

The façade of some famous building in Paris begins to light up, and the statues which adorn it make a brave show. Far up in a high window rustle the leaves of a pot of flowers. There a curtain sways in the breeze, and there the banker's daughter looks out on the moving throng of men and animals which traverse the quay beneath. She comes down the long stone steps, and the merchant's clerk, with his pen behind his

ear, and his invoices in his hand, leaves the work he was superintending, and goes up the long steps to meet her.

At the same moment the flower-spirit floats down from the foot-board, and the statuesque maiden drops down by the drawer-handles from the bureau; down come the princess and the cavalier, down come the rowers in their bright dresses.

Then begins the German, — and they dance to the music of the shepherd, who picks up his pipe and plays lovely airs, still sitting by the stream. And the water-elves, by the fall in the enchanted forest, look out from under the great damp leaves of the water plants, and make bewitching music on shells and reeds.

The little glass-blower of the Schwarzwald, and pretty Red Riding-hood, who a moment before were only a gayly painted porcelain cologne-bottle and match-safe standing quite still in their places on the mantel-piece, come whirling down, mad with the excitement, and go giddily round with the dancers.

Two ladies, in the full-dress costume of a hundred years ago, have long hung quietly in their frames, striving to keep at bay two angry, shorn ostriches, who make threatening demonstrations with their beaks toward the tall feathers which crown the ladies' towering head-gear. The affrighted fair slowly lower their large fans spread as shields, and gliding gracefully from their frames, betake themselves to a corner, where, with slow and stately movements, they go through the minuet.

Anon the family photographs begin to bow and smile to each other, and one old gentleman is heard asking a benign elderly lady beside him if he should have the pleasure of dancing the Virginia Reel with her.

What further might have taken place it is impossible to tell, for just then the sleeper stirred with a sigh. In a twinkling the light vanished into the recesses of the pictures, and the dancers resumed their old places on the wall, looking as innocent of motion as the wall itself.

"My headache is gone, and all the sunlight too," said the young girl, as she sat up in bed, and looked toward the door, which now let in not the faintest daylight, only a softened gleam from some far-off gaslight in a distant entry. "I'm sure the sound of music and dancing is in my ears, and the motion of many little figures is hardly yet passed from before my eyes. What can it mean?"

She rose and lighted the gas, but there was

nothing in the room, moving or still, but a pair of high-heeled slippers, standing side by side quite stiff and orderly. The Schwartzwald glass-blower and Red Riding-hood were motionless on the mantel-piece, in their accustomed attitudes.

"O, I must have been dreaming!" and she laughed a pleasant little laugh, and sat herself down in her low rocking-chair to brush out her long hair, all tangled with the day's pain and unrest.

EVEN.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D.

"MINK," said Harry Porter one morning to an eccentric old negro, who lived in the neighborhood, and supported himself by gunning, "I've got something to tell you, and a question to ask. I was to go to Barnegat to-day, and find I can't, so want your opinion as to what I can do to make up for not going. Any ducks around here?"

"Mas' Harry," replied Mink, with an air of importance, pleased at being referred to as an authority in shooting matters, "I went to the shore once, and what do you think I got?"

"A good lot—if you had the luck you have here sometimes."

"Not a duck, but a rousin' duckin'; and meaner water to drink than that in the bay don't wash my jaws again, if I know it. You ha'n't missed much by not goin'. I'll prove it to you, if you'll be on hand close after sun-up to-morrow. What do you say?"

"Why, I think I'll go. Anyhow, I'll come 'round to your cabin toward sunset, and tell you."

"Aye, aye! I must be moving on;" and Mink shouldered his gun, and started off.

About four o'clock that afternoon Harry took the same path Mink had taken in the morning, and soon reached the bank of the creek, and in the neighborhood of the black's cabin. As far up the stream as he could see, appeared nothing animate, save a chattering kingfisher; and as far as he could see down the creek, and out upon the river, there was a total want of anything warranting the exercise of his skill in shooting.

"No use standing here," muttered Harry, "I'll go on to Mink's. O! but this is a poor apology for Barnegat." Harry now again scanned the waters before, and sky above him, and this time saw that for which he had been looking,—a flock of ducks. With heads and necks stretched out at full length in front, legs equally stretched out behind, and wings at right-angles with the

body, there was no mistaking them. In a straight line, then a half-circle, then a crooked line, nearer and nearer they came, from the river to the creek. When overhead, they paused a moment to look at him (so Harry thought), and then describing circles, each smaller than the other, finally settled upon the water, about two hundred yards off. Well, what of it? To be sure, there they were,—and there they meant to be until they flew away. Harry ran a few steps down the creek, when up popped their duckships' heads, and watched his movements. Spinning on one foot, then on the other, he looked at his gun, the ducks, and Dame Nature generally,—but all to no use. Here he was, and there they were, and no change of circumstances could he effect, that would bring him in a defunct quacker. "I'll hurry up and get Mink's boat;" and off Harry hurried in the direction of the cabin, keeping his eyes on the ducks as much as possible. To reach the shanty he would have to pass along the edge of a meadow bordering on the creek, open, except where grew a bush here and there on spots too wet to mow. Entering the meadow, he saw at a glance that the ducks were slowly making for the shore. Studying a moment how the land lay, he saw the most desirable point to reach,—shelter from the bushes being indispensable. "It's a good crawl, but I'll do it;" and down on his hands and knees went Harry, pushing his gun before him as he crept.

To good thick boots the ground was comfortably dry, but to thinly-trousered legs it was a different affair; and as each knee imprinted itself on the grassy turf, a little water oozed up about it, and soaked the pants. A few yards cooled his hands and legs, if not his ardor; but, though not well pleased, on he crept. Little briery vines, that the thinnest shoe would have crushed, had no formidable enemy in cassimere; and wee thorns pricked the invading knees, until

the water the pants had absorbed was tinged with blood. His hands were equally maltreated; so, with the care exercised in keeping the gun dry, poor Harry had taken upon himself considerable of a job.

To the right, left, backward, and then hurriedly onward, regardless of wet or scratches, Harry sought the bush to await the approach of the ducks, that, in searching for food, would come within shooting distance. A little rising of the ground offered a dry surface, and, taking advantage of this, Harry hastened his movements, when, apparently without an effort, and in an instant, he was in full view, and yet the ducks were not in front!

"How's this?" exclaimed Harry, half aloud, "the bush couldn't move, and I didn't; yet one of us must have; but I'm in plain sight," and down went Harry's head to the ground, and, stretching out his legs, he was as close to Mother Earth as Gulliver, when tied by the Lilliputs. Harry had now to execute a flank movement; and moving tediously slow, again had the bush between him and the ducks. "I'll not get in that scrape again, — but it's mighty queer how it happened. I hope my gun isn't wet."

But a few yards remained to be gone over. Seeing there was no need of haste, Harry paused a moment to watch the movements of the flock, as they fed upon some floating material abundantly spread about. There were seven pin-tails, four widgeon, and a little beyond, four green-winged teal. Busily at work gathering up this convenient food, in a short time it was all consumed, or they were satisfied. At least, they now commenced pluming themselves.

"They'll be moving off before long, and I'll" — but what, will never be known, for slowly the sheltering bush arose, a long smooth branch stood out from it; and just as Harry's astonishment was about to express itself, a loud report, and puff of smoke, told the story. Eleven dead and dying ducks were the reward of Mink's patience in waiting until they were "in range," when he could kill all at one shot.

Harry and Mink rose at the same moment; and the latter turning around with a broad grin, displayed, by way of explanation, brush and dried grass tied in bunches about him. "I see you, Mas' Harry," he cried out in a cheery voice, "from the very start, and you crept fus'rate. Kind o' took back when I slid to one side, though. Much as I could do to keep in, when I see you sidin' it over."

"What have you got about you, anyhow?"

asked Harry on coming up, not fully comprehending the old gunner's rig.

"Well, Mas' Harry, the fact is, ducks ain't afraid of bushes, and they are of me; so I've a bush with a shootin' iron, when creepin' over this piece of meadow."

Harry found that rows of twigs and dead grass were tied about Mink's body, and that in his left hand he carried a branch of cedar, holding it before him as he crept.

"Kind o' had the advantage of you, but you can have a couple pair o' pin-tails to make up the loss o' your pants."

"Much obliged; but Mink, these are my gunning pants," said Harry, looking down at them.

"You'll need a better pair, if you go with me to-morrow. One more creep like the one you've just had, and you couldn't say you had a pair on, and prove it."

"Glad you told me; but are you going to-morrow?"

"Sure; and be on hand bright and early, and we'll have some fun, if it don't make up a rain. If it does, come when it clears off."

Walking to the water's edge, Mink ran out his boat from the bushes, and gathered up the fowl. Harry tied a leg of each of the four ducks Mink gave him, together, and throwing them over the barrels of his gun, two on either side, bade him good-night. The distance to Harry's home gave him sufficient time to determine two things, — to get the advantage of Mink, and how.

The following day it rained incessantly, also the greater part of the next, and cleared off in the afternoon some two hours before sunset. The water in the creeks was much higher than when Harry had been so fooled by Mink, but this now was favorable for Harry's scheme. Having borrowed a neighbor's boat, Harry took a bundle of traps with him, and rowed to the neighborhood of where the ducks had been killed. Keeping a bunchy cedar-tree between the boat and the cabin, he commenced setting a trap for Mink, — not the fur, but bush-bearing species. Taking four well-colored stool-ducks from the boat, he fastened a cord to a staple in the breast of each, and the four cords he joined together, a few feet from the stool, with a cord fifty yards long. This latter he fastened securely to a small bush just above the surface of the water. As he was about leaving them to go to Mink's cabin, at a long distance off he detected Mink skulking among some bushes, and so had but to wait until he spied the stool-ducks, when Harry's fun would commence.

So seeking shelter behind a cedar near by, Harry had nothing to do but wait; fearing the while the sun would go down, if not upon his wrath, upon his disappointment.

"If Mas' Harry comes 'round this afternoon, he'll think it funny I'm off, and my boat lyin' in its old place. Guess I'd better hurry home, in case he comes," and Mink commenced a vigorous sculling, that sent the boat spinning through the water.

The reason of Mink's absence without *his* boat was, that during the storm a small boat that took his fancy had gotten loose and floated from the river into the creek; and having seen and caught it, Mink could not resist one row in it before its owner should appear; especially as a brace of widgeon had offered a chance for him to try his skill in sculling, and his own boat was most too large for reaching the spot where these ducks were. He had started fully an hour before Harry had reached the spot where he now was quietly, if not patiently waiting. "I'm glad I've got a couple, anyhow," continued Mink, muttering to himself. "I wouldn't want to let him go home empty-handed, if we go out to-morrow. See here, p'raps I'm hurrying home too fast," and Mink checked the boat while he took a good look about him. "Said so, — there's something on the off side of that cedar, or I'm getting blind," and keeping them in view, he sculled his boat accordingly.

"O jolly! here comes Mink," exclaimed Harry excitedly, as he saw the old ducker, just as the latter drew up to take a survey. "Jolly, jolly! and I'm nicely out of sight, too;" and thus relieving himself of a portion of his newly-raised spirits, Harry still more completely hid himself in and behind the friendly cedar, whose bushy top was all that was above the present high water. "If I do not have a little fun, it will be very queer." Harry from his lookout saw that Mink had seen the stool-ducks, and so gave the cord attached to them (and also now to the boat)

a gentle pull. Bob! went their necks. Very indifferent they to the gunner's approach. Mink was seen to give a look at the gun's nipples. The ducks moved a little from Mink, who made now a detour, to be sheltered by some bushes. "Bah!" exclaimed Harry, "if he fires now, I'll be in a range with him, and so my fun will be up." Harry here pulled the cord, but only drew the ducks nearer, making matters worse. Mink commenced sculling faster. Matters were getting critical. "Shall I halloo out, or wait a little?" asked Harry of himself. "He'll pepper me well if I keep quiet, I'm afraid."

The current fortunately now floated the ducks so as to render Harry safe; so he commenced giving vigorous pulls at the cord, to give the ducks the appearance of being alarmed. Mink here slowly raised his gun to fire. Harry gave him three seconds to secure his aim, when, presto! the ducks gave a plunge, and the gun a bang! The smoke cleared away as Mink rose up to see how many were killed. There floated the ducks, unconcernedly as ever. Harry laughed a little, but remained hidden. Mink looked a few seconds, apparently without winking, at the ducks before him, and then reloaded as rapidly as ever he had done. Regaining the lost ground by a few twists of the scull, and again slowly he raised his ponderous duck-gun. Harry guessed again the second, and with the report of the gun again dove the ducks beneath the water. With the clearing away of the smoke, Mink saw them, life-like, lively, indifferent!

"He didn't re-load; but sculling rapidly toward them, in a minute or two was alongside; and putting out his hand to see what strange critter he might have come across, they then, with a jump, dash, sidewise twist, bounded a yard beyond his reach.

Mink, too, gave a jump; and then grasping the sculling oar, turned the boat in a twinkling; and would have gone home with unusual speed; we opine, had not Harry hailed him then, and with perfect composure ask if they weren't about "even."



THE JUDGE'S PETS.

BY E. JOHNSON.

SUSIE'S FIRST JOURNEY.

ONE evening the Judge, coming home late, told the mother that he had been detained on some business, and that he must go to Berkshire County the next day to finish it. Susie happened to be in the room, and heard what he said. "O father!" said the little girl, "I wish you would take me with you."

Now the Judge was considered a pretty decided person, but he never could refuse one of his children a pleasure, if it was in his power to grant it. So he told her she might go with him, but at the same time he said, "he did not think she would enjoy herself much." However, Susie was wild with delight, and thanked her father over and over again for his consent. As they were to start quite early the next morning, the Judge cautioned Susie not to oversleep herself. He told Susie he had ordered the horse and buggy to be ready at half-past six, and that she must be up by half-past five. Susie kissed her father good-night, and promised to be ready. The Judge little thought what trouble he had brought upon himself by his remarks. Ten times that night Susie appeared by his bedside, to ask "if it was time to start." But poor Susie was doomed to a bitter disappointment. The next morning the Judge had so violent a headache, that he found it impossible to leave his bed. He tried to get up and dress himself, that his little girl need not lose her anticipated pleasure; but it was of no use,—he was too dizzy to stand. But Susie was entirely cheerful, in spite of her disappointment. Indeed, her mind was so taken up with thoughts of her father, that she had no time to think of herself. If it had once entered her head that her frequent visits to her father the night before had so disturbed his rest that it had produced the headache, Susie would have been quite broken-hearted. But that thought never occurred to her; and instead of making herself and every one else miserable because she could not go, the little girl accepted her disappointment so sweetly, and was so anxious to do all in her power for her father's comfort, that the Judge said he never knew before what a very good little girl he had. He told Susie so that evening, and I can assure you she went to bed feeling very happy, although she had lost the eagerly desired journey. When

the child opened her eyes the next morning, she saw her father standing by her bedside, all dressed.

"Well! little one," said he, "are you ready to begin your journey?"

"Yes indeed," said Susie; "it won't take me five minutes to dress, and I am not a bit hungry,—so I shall want no breakfast."

Her father laughed, and told her she had plenty of time to dress herself nicely, and to eat all the breakfast she wished, for it would not be time to start for two hours. Susie was surprised, as well as delighted, to hear that they were really going; for she had supposed that as they did not start the day they expected, the journey was to be given up. She could hardly eat her breakfast, her excitement was so great. So her father, finding she had eaten almost nothing, put some crackers and cake into a little basket, for her to eat on the road. At last Charley appeared at the door harnessed into the new buggy, looking as eager to start as Susie herself. After the Judge had given the horse some sugar, which he always expected, and Susie had kissed the mother and her brother George a great many times, her father placed the child in the buggy, and they were really off. It took the whole day to reach L.; but about half way the Judge stopped at a large public house, where he ordered a nice dinner. After eating all they wanted, Susie thought she would go out into the yard and look round while Charley was resting. A little way off stood a large barn; and thinking she should find Charley there eating his dinner, she pushed the door open, and found herself in a clean room. Over in one corner of this room, sitting in a low chair, was a pretty little girl softly singing to herself, as she worked with different colored beads. While Susie stood in the door, not knowing whether to go away or not, the little girl asked, in a sweet, gentle voice, "Who is there?"

"Please," said Susie, "I thought this was the barn, and that Charley was having his dinner here, so I brought him some sugar for his dessert. Charley likes sugar better than anything else, and I know he would be disappointed if I did not give him some."

"O, come right in," said the little girl; "but I guess you won't find your brother eating his dinner in the barn."

Susie could hardly keep from laughing; but

she managed to explain that Charley was not her brother, but her father's horse.

"Well, I declare!" said the strange little girl, "I never heard of giving a horse dessert for his dinner. What a funny child you must be. I wish I could see you. Will you come up close to me, and let me look at you?"

Susie went near the little girl, who began to pass her hands all over Susie's face, saying, "This is the only way I can see any one, for I am blind."

Susie was greatly shocked, and the tears came into her own eyes, as she told the child how sorry she felt for her.

"Why do you cry, and say you are sorry?" said the blind girl. "I am as happy as the day is long. Mother is very good to me, and lets me work on my baskets the whole morning. At twelve o'clock the children from the school across the road come in and play with me, and often take me out for a walk. Then I always have my dinner in the big house; and after I have helped mother wash up the dishes, she lets me come out here again. I would rather work on my baskets than do anything else, for I make money enough by selling them to pay for my little brother's schooling. He is a very smart boy, and I think some day he will be the President of the United States."

"Indeed!" said Susie; "how much he must know."

"Yes," said the blind girl, "he has learned 'most all his teacher knows."

"And how he must love you!" said Susie.

"Yes, he does," answered the child; "but then I don't believe he *can* love me as much as I do him."

Susie looked at this child, who was not much larger than herself, in perfect wonder. Just then she heard her father calling her name; so, bidding the blind girl good-by, she ran off to meet the Judge, who was coming for her. Charley was all ready at the buggy, so they started at once. Susie told her father all about the little blind girl, and ended by saying that she should never feel unhappy again, for she should always remember how much more she had to enjoy than this poor little girl, who could not see anything, and worked so hard to send her brother to school, while her greatest amusement seemed to be a walk with the school-children. The Judge was quite pleased that Susie had found so good a moral in the life of the little blind girl. Our travellers were on the road all the rest of that day, and at half-past seven they arrived at the

hotel, where the Judge expected to remain two or three days. They were shown up to a large front-room, with a small room opening out of it for Susie. The Judge, fearing Susie would be lonesome, promised to take her the next day to Judge Crofton's house. Susie knew she should like that very much, for she had heard that Judge Crofton had a little girl of her own age. After a good supper, Susie was so tired that she was glad enough to get to bed. When she woke the next morning she could not tell where she was, and it was some moments before she could remember how she came in the strange room. She called to her father to know if he was up, and was quite distressed to learn that while she was sleeping, the Judge had been out for a walk. He told Susie to hurry and get dressed, for as soon as she had finished her breakfast he intended taking her over to Judge Crofton's, and that she might pass the day there. As soon as Mrs. Crofton heard they intended to be in town two or three days, she insisted that they should visit her, instead of staying at the hotel. The Judge, however, preferred to remain at the hotel, but consented to leave Susie with Mrs. Crofton. So it was arranged that Susie should make Carry Crofton a visit. Carry was away from home that morning, so Mrs. Crofton proposed that Susie should sit at the window and watch for her little girl's return. Mrs. C. told Susie that Carry had black eyes and red cheeks, and Susie was much amused at the idea of watching for a little girl whom she had never seen. At last she saw a very pretty little girl coming up the street, who had such red cheeks that Susie thought it must be her friend. But this child went past the window without even looking up. Susie was feeling quite disappointed that it had not proved to be Carry, when she felt two arms about her; and looking round, she saw the very same little girl, who was now laughing hard at Susie's puzzled face.

"Don't you know me?" said the child. "I am Carry; and I knew you right away."

"Why!" how could you tell who I was, when you never saw me before?"

"No," said Carry, "but then mother told me I should find you sitting here; so, just as soon as I came in, I knew you *must* be Susie."

"Well," said Susie, "when I saw you go past the window, I hoped it was you, and I like you already."

"That's good," said Carry, "for I like you too. And now come up into my play-room, and I will show you my dolls."

The children played so happily together all the morning, that when dinner-time came they were both sorry, and thought they had much rather play than eat.

"However," said Carry, "I guess we had better eat our dinner, for mother says I am always cross when I am hungry, and I don't want to be cross to you, Susie."

Soon after dinner Susie's father came to the house, bringing with him two round bundles, — one for each of the children. Taking off the papers, they found he had brought them two beautiful china tea-sets, with bright-colored flowers painted upon them. Each set was put up in a round box. The children were delighted, and of course at once began to play tea-party. After playing about half-an-hour, Mrs. Crofton proposed a walk. So the tea-sets must be put carefully away till the next day. But just as Carry had



arranged her set nicely in the box, and was putting it on the shelf in the closet, her foot turned under her, and she fell upon the floor, breaking her tea-set into a thousand pieces. Carry and Susie both cried, and Susie at once proposed to give half of her own tea-set to her friend. But Carry would not consent to this. After much discussion, she promised to play with Susie's set just as though it belonged to her. Susie spent four days with her friend, and during all that time not one impatient word was heard from either child. When other resources failed, they amused themselves with the parrot. This was a beautiful bird, who seemed to know almost as much as any one in the house. The family kept him in his cage most of the time, but once in a while he was allowed to run about the house. Now, Carry liked to tease the parrot when he was confined; but when he was out of his cage, she was a good deal afraid of him. The bird

knew this, and no matter where he met Carry, he would at once ruffle up his feathers and flap his wings. This always alarmed the child, who would start on a full run. As soon as the parrot saw her prepare to run away, he seemed perfectly delighted, and would begin to laugh and call out at the top of his voice, "Run, Carry, run." And I can assure you the child *did* run, and was always careful to shut every door after her in her flight, too. The children were very unhappy when the time for parting came. Both cried, and promised life-long friendship. The Judge cordially invited Mrs. Crofton to bring her little girl to visit at his house; and as the invitation was accepted, the children were somewhat consoled. Susie told Carry to look on the nursery-shelf as soon as she went up-stairs, and see what she would find there. After they were started, Susie told her father that she had left her own tea-set in the nursery-closet for Carry. So Susie amused herself most of the day wondering what her friend would say when she discovered what she had left for her. The Judge, finding he had some time to spare, decided to take Susie to New York for a day, before they went home. The child had never been away from home before, and was of course delighted to prolong her journey; though she told her father she did wish George and the mother and the baby were with them. Her father proposed that she should buy them each a present in New York, and this idea pleased her very much, as she had a whole dollar of her own money. They drove in the buggy as far as P, where the railroad to New York then began. There they left Charley with a farmer whom the Judge knew, who promised to drive him home for them the next day, while they themselves took the cars. On their arrival at New York, Susie was very much bewildered at first with the rumble of carriages, the crowds of people, and the general confusion of a large city. The Judge took Susie into several of the largest stores, and to some of the picture-galleries in the morning. And after a dinner at what Susie thought must be the most beautiful hotel in the whole world, they started out sight-seeing. At one of the museums the Judge met his friend General Moulton. The General being fond of children, talked a good deal with Susie, and told her he should have the pleasure of going to G. in the same train with her and her father. The General invited them both to drive with him, and the Judge accepted the invitation, but was surprised that Susie did not care to go. He soon discovered, however, that she was depending upon

buying the presents for the family that afternoon. So the Judge excused himself from the drive, explaining the reason. The General seemed much pleased at Susie's desire to spend her dollar for others, and proposed to call for them in two hours. Susie thought that she could buy her presents in that time. So it was arranged that the presents should be bought, and that they should have the drive too. The Judge took Susie into one of the fancy stores, and after much deliberation a gold thimble was decided upon for the mother, and large rocking-horse for George, which was to go by express. Next, Susie found what she thought the very prettiest doll she had ever seen, for baby Anna. After deciding upon these things, Susie told her father she did hope she should have at least ten cents left. The Judge told her there was just a ten-cent piece remaining, so she at once bought a pen-wiper, which she gave to her father. Then the child was utterly happy; for the only present she had herself received, she had given up to her friend, and she had spent every cent of her dollar for others. She had no idea that each one of her presents cost a great many dollars, as was of course the case with all but the pen-wiper. The General called for them as agreed, and Susie was as happy as possible during her long and pleasant drive. But the little head was glad enough to rest when bed-time came. The next morning they found General Moulton waiting for them at the station with one of his aides. The General talked a good deal to Susie, and when the aide went to sleep, the General tried very hard to make Susie kiss the young man, in order to win a pair of gloves. Perhaps some of the children who will read this story do not know that this is the forfeit that a gentleman has to pay if a little girl kisses him when he is asleep. The General tried in every way he could to make Susie kiss his aide, promising the child the prettiest pair of blue kid gloves in New York, if she would. But Susie was much too proper, as well as bashful, although the offered prize was something she had never owned. In those days children did not wear kid gloves, as they do now. In fact, they could only be bought in large cities, so that a pair of kid gloves was the greatest luxury that could be offered a child. But Susie remained firm, and the aide awoke without her having kissed him. Susie and the Judge arrived home just before tea, and Susie said it was "the best fun of all" opening the presents she had bought in New York. Every one said she had bought them just what they liked best. The mother

said her thimble was much too handsome to use, so she locked it up in a drawer, to look at once in a while. After Susie had been home for about a week, a package was left at the door directed to her. Upon opening it, she found a lovely pair of white kid gloves, which looked hardly large enough for her doll. But upon trying them on, they were found to be a most perfect fit for her own little hands. A note came with them from General Moulton, asking Susie to wear the gloves, and telling her he had been all over New York to find a pair of blue ones, without success. As he could not find any, he had sent white ones instead. He hoped she would like these as well. The child was perfectly delighted with her present. She had never felt so proud of anything before. The next Sunday she decided that she must wear the kid gloves to church, just to let the people in town know she owned this piece of magnificence, and then she would put them away for some great occasion. She insisted upon walking all the way to church with her hands stretched out far in front of her, for fear the gloves would touch her dress and get soiled. And all church time she kept her hands out in this peculiar style, that people might not fail to notice the white kid gloves. But alas! coming home, the child stumbled over a stone, and before her father could save her she had fallen upon her face, and the little gloved hands, all spread out as she had kept them the whole morning, had gone into a little pool of water. Poor Susie, although her face was covered with mud, and a good deal scratched, cared nothing for the pain; her sorrow and tears were



all for the pretty white gloves, which were of course utterly ruined. The little girl of course cried some, but upon the whole she behaved so well that the Judge promised her another pair

just like them, the very first time he went to New York or Boston. That night, after Susie had said her prayers, and kissed her father good-night, she told the Judge that she should like another pair of kid gloves very much; but she thought she had better not have any, because, she said, she had felt so proud of the gloves, and had been so afraid that every one in church

would not see them, that she could think of nothing else. The Judge said no word of approbation, but I am sure his very tender good-night expressed some of his thoughts toward his little one, which filled his heart. And let me add that Susie grew up to be as unselfish, lovely, and self-sacrificing a woman, as she had been a docile, sweet-tempered, and conscientious child.

ROUND THE HORN AND BACK AGAIN.

BY M. W. MENTEE.

SOME years ago, when nearly all the freight for California was sent in ships by the way of Cape Horn, there was on the berth a beautiful little clipper ship called the *Telegraph of Boston*. She was twelve hundred tons burden; but as most of the California and East India traders were two thousand tons and upward, the *Telegraph* was called a small ship. I was written to by Captain D——, who informed me he was going out in command of her, and wanted me to go as his third mate. The ship was loading in New York, at the foot of Wall Street, where I went to look at her. I found her lying at the end of the pier, with her bows toward the street; and as I walked out toward her, I looked at her "from sky-sail pole to scupper hole." She was a saucy craft indeed! almost as sharp as a North River steamboat, and, as sailors say, "clean as a hound's tooth," — a six-topsail-yard ship, carrying but one sky-sail; painted black outside, with rails, cabin, and houses inboard, as white as snow-drifts, while her water-ways and spare spars were a bright blue. Climbing up the ladder leading to her gangway, I mounted the rail, and stood there for a moment, to get a view of her decks, when I was addressed by a gruff voice, informing me there was "no admittance."

"All right, watchman! I'm going out in the ship, and have come to look at her."

"Yes, sir; come aboard; the captain and owner are forward," and the voice wasn't nearly so gruff as at first. I went on deck, and walking forward, stopped near the mainmast, to look at the pumps. "Patent pumps; that's good; won't take a whole watch to pump her out."

I continued my walk to the doors of the house forward of the main hatch, opened them, and went in; a nice room, with two bunks on a side, upright, and fore-and-aft lockers; nice place for the carpenter, and three apprentice boys. I next

went to the galley, where I found a grizzly-haired old chap polishing the range; stepping in on the brick floor, and opening the door leading to the cook's room, I looked in, shut the door, and turning to the old man, said, —

"You the cook?"

The old fellow brought a pair of very bright black eyes to bear on me, as he answered, "Yes, sir; you the mate?"

"No, I'm not the mate; I'm the third mate, if I go in the ship."

"Yes, sir; nice little ship; going to 'Frisco! better go, sir."

"Who's your steward?"

"Chinaman: was with the captain in the last ship."

"You don't say so; John, eh? I was with the captain in the last ship, too."

Going on deck, I went to the door of the port forecabin; but hearing voices in the starboard one, I walked around there, and found the captain, and a gentleman whom I didn't know, looking at a lot of sails stowed on the deck. I had not seen the captain since I came home with him in the *Skylark*, months before, from a voyage around the world; he and the other gentleman were talking about a new foresail, and didn't see me until I said, "How do you do, captain?"

"Hallo, how are you? got my letter, eh?"

"Yes, sir; and I've come down to see the ship."

"That's right." Then turning to the gentleman with him, "Mr. Lothrop, this is Mr. Gasket, the youngster I spoke of for third mate."

"Glad to know you, sir; how do you like the ship?"

"Very much, all I've seen of her; looks like a lively boat, sir, and a wet one."

"She is a fast sailer."

"Go all over her, Mr. Gasket — between

decks, in the cabins, all over. You'll find as tidy a ship as ever you saw."

Taking the captain's advice, I *did* go all over her, and *did* find her to be a very handsome ship. When I came on deck, after my survey, I found Mr. Lathrop, the owner, had gone on shore, and the captain waiting for me.

"Well, what d'you say? will you ship?"

"Yes, sir, I think I will; when do you expect to go to sea?"

"'Bout three weeks; we'll commence taking cargo to-morrow, and will soon fill up; the mate is a very nice chap—been with me before. You can go home, and when I want you I'll write."

Bidding him good morning, I went to the Hudson River Railroad depot, took the three o'clock train for home, and the next day commenced gathering up my traps and stowing my donkey, as sailors call their sea-chests. As this was only my second voyage, I felt rather proud going out as an officer with the captain with whom I had just come home "a boy before the mast;" so when I met Charley A—— (a boy living in the same village that I did, and who had been a voyage to China with "Old Charley Rantlett," in the *Surprise*), and told him I was going to sea in two or three weeks, he wanted to know in what ship, where she was going, and how many boys she carried.

"The ship's the *Telegraph of Boston*; Captain D—— is going in her, and she's bound to 'Frisco. I s'pose she'll go to China or India from there; I don't know how many boys she carries—I'm going as third mate."

"You going third mate?"

"Yes."

"Crackey! if I can get a chance in her, I'll ship."

Charley went to New York that same night in his uncle's steamboat, saw Captain D—— the next morning, got a chance in the ship, and came home to get his donkey ready. On the fifth of July, Charley and I, having been sent for, bid our friends good-by, and took the evening boat for New York, to join our ship. Quite a number of our chums were at the steamboat wharf to see us off; and while talking about our voyage, Ed W—— said, "Look here, Johnnie Gasket, if you go to the Sandwich Islands, I want you to bring me one of those puppies the natives roast and eat." Then Joe C—— wanted "a ring-tailed roarer of a monkey," and Billy H—— wanted "a red-headed parrot that wouldn't swear, if such a thing could be found."

When the boat's last bell was ringing, we

went on board, and the next morning, before daylight, we were in New York. As soon as we could, Charley and I got a cart to take our donkeys over to the ship. We found her all loaded, and ready to sail the next morning, at nine o'clock. Quite a number of gentlemen who had shipped goods by the *Telegraph* were invited to go outside the Hook with her, and return by the tug that towed us out. The captain told me if I had any friends in the city who would like to go, to invite them to be on board at nine o'clock. Charley's father was a lawyer in New York, but his wife being dead, Charley lived with his aunt at Round Bay. I had a brother in the city, so I invited him and Charley's father to see us off.

In the days of which I am writing, ships bound to San Francisco were fairly besieged by men desiring to ship in them, good men often offering to ship for their "hospital money" (every sailor has to pay twenty cents a month toward the support of marine hospitals; then, when they get sick, or hurt, they are taken to those places, and cared for). For two weeks before we sailed, the mate had been picking out a crew from the scores of men who "wanted a chance." By this means we had shipped the best crew of sixteen men and four boys, I ever saw: we didn't have to get our crew on board the day before we sailed, then go off the Battery and anchor until the men were sober enough to work the ship. About half an hour before sailing, the men came on board with their dunnage, as they call their baggage, and were ready to go to work. There were lots of men on the wharf, ready to take the place of any one who didn't come, or who came drunk,—the mate having cautioned each man he shipped, if he came on board drunk the morning we sailed, he'd get himself and dunnage put on the dock, and some one shipped in his place. "Times were good in 'Frisco," and South Street was full of sailors wanting to go there; so none of our men ran the risk of losing their chance by coming on board "three sheets in the wind." At nine o'clock the tug-boat *Ceres* came alongside, and giving us a hawser, we cast off our shore fasts, and she started with us in tow. It was a beautiful summer day, with an almost cloudless sky, and a brisk breeze of southwest wind blowing. Very bravely we answered the cheers of the people on the wharf, for in those days the departure of a clipper for San Francisco created quite an excitement even in South Street. We rounded Governor's Island, passed Quarantine, out through the Narrows, where the ship

began to bow and courtesy to 'old Ocean, as she felt the heaving of his breast. About this time dinner was announced in the cabin for the guests; judging from the laughter, popping of champagne corks, and the pleasant expression upon the countenances of the gentlemen when they came on deck, they had a good time at the table. After passing the point of the Hook, we headed for the light-ship, and commenced making sail, getting the topsails, foresail, foretop-mast-stay-sail, jib, and spanker set. About two o'clock we were off the light-ship, when the hawser, by which the steamer was towing us, was cast off, our maintop-sail braced aback; the steamer came up on our lee quarter, and our guests got on board her to go back to the city. Charley and I had to bid our friends good-by very hurriedly, as we had duties to attend to. After all who were going back were on board the tug, she cast off; and when a little way from us, the gentlemen gave three cheers, which we answered. Then came the order, "Brace up the mainyard, haul aft the head-sheets," the ship gathered way, and our long journey was fairly begun. Before a great while we had the mainsail, fore, main, and mizzen-top-gallant-sails, flying jib, and three royals on her; then the crew went to supper. After supper the men were called aft, and watches were chosen by the first and second mates. This is the manner in which it is done: When the ship leaves home for a voyage, the second mate (who heads the captain's watch) has the first choice; coming home, if the ship has a new crew, the mate has the first pick (they can choose but one man at a time), giving rise to the old saying, "The captain takes her out, but the mate brings her home." As soon as the watches were arranged, those in the starboard, or second mate's watch, took their traps in the starboard fore-castle, while the port watch took the port fore-castle. At eight o'clock the starboard watch came on deck to remain until twelve, when they were relieved by the port watch. The time on board ship is divided into watches, thus: the four hours from twelve to four o'clock in the daytime, are called the afternoon watch; from four to six, the first dog-watch; from six to eight, the second dog-watch; from eight to twelve (midnight), the first watch; from twelve to four, the mid watch; from four to eight, the morning watch; and from eight to twelve, the forenoon watch; the four hours from four o'clock to eight in the evening, are divided into two watches, so the watches change each day; those having the eight hours on deck one night, have the eight hours below the next. You

see, sailors have but four hours sleep at a time while at sea, even when not called out during their watch below, as they very often are, to assist in any sudden emergency.

Our passage to San Francisco was rather void of incident, we having had fine weather nearly all the time; we doubled Cape Horn without putting a reef in our topsails, and the day we sighted the Diego Ramirez (two rocks to the southward and westward of the Horn), we had our main-sky-sail set. We didn't reef topsails from the day we left Sandy Hook until the day after we got the northeast trade-winds in the Pacific. We were becalmed for eight days on the line in the Pacific, otherwise we would have made the passage in less than one hundred days. One day while becalmed, and lying "just like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," the mate and I were sitting on the spare spars, smoking, when he proposed we should jump overboard, swim of a short distance, and see how the ship looked at sea. We put a ladder over the side, to get up by, threw off our shoes and hats, got up on the rail, and overboard we went. We swam perhaps forty or fifty yards, turned round, and were surveying the ship from decks to truck, noticing the set of her sails, the appearance of her rigging, and admiring the beauty of her hull. The captain was on the poop when we jumped overboard, sitting on the starboard bumpkin, carving some fancy thing with his jack-knife (he could make beautiful things with that jack-knife) while we were in the water. I noticed him walking around near the man at the wheel, and looking astern, as if he saw something. Presently he came to the rail, and sung out, "You chaps had better come aboard; there's a black fin shows astern occasionally."

I thought for an instant the blood in my veins had turned to ice. I gave a glance at the mate, and saw he was as pale as so sunburnt a man could be; his lips were compressed, and as blue as gulf water; how I looked I don't know, but how I felt I'll never forget. We both struck out for the ship like persons swimming for their lives, as we thought we were; it seemed to me I made no way through the water, and would never reach the ship's side; the mate was a little ahead of me, and I had to wait for him to get on the ladder. While hanging on to the man-rope waiting for him to get out of my way, I imagined I could feel the shark's nose against my legs; and so great was my terror, I groaned "O God!" The mate, thinking the shark had hold of me, leaped over and grabbed a handful of my hair, and at-

ually lifted me out of the water on the ladder beside him, when we scrambled on deck, breathless with fright and exertion, to find the captain laughing as if he would split; he hadn't seen any black fin, but thought it would be a good joke to scare us. If the quality of the joke was in proportion to the amount of the scare, no better joke was ever perpetrated. I have never been overboard at sea since, and think when I *do* go, it will be on compulsion. Many a hearty laugh the mate and I had over that fright, and we often tried to think of some way to square yards with "the old man," but we never got the chance to pay him off.

We arrived off Vallejo Street Wharf, in San Francisco, in the one hundredth and sixth day after leaving New York, having made, by a number of days, the best passage of that year. The morning after our arrival we hauled in to the wharf, made the ship fast, and in ten minutes the crew had left, bag and baggage. San Francisco is an American port, as you know, and an American ship's crew can leave in any home port, if they see fit to do it. We were no sooner secured to the wharf, than the stevedore's gang were on board, getting their purchases ready for discharging the cargo. After our cargo was all out, we took in stone ballast, and then went out in the stream, to save wharfage by lying at anchor, — the mate, cook, steward, and myself, being the only persons of the crew on board. The captain was on shore, except at night; and the second mate, a worthless fellow, had been discharged immediately on our arrival, and I was made second mate. One night the captain came on board and told the mate and me he had chartered the ship to the American Guano Company, to go to Jarvis Island and to load guano for New York; the ship was to call at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, to take on board water and stores for the Guano Company; and there was a circus company in the city desirous of getting a ship to take them to Honolulu. He had told the agents what he would take the circus for, and the next day he would know whether they agreed to his terms, or not; he had also left orders at a shipping office for a crew to be shipped at once. The next morning we were towed back to the wharf; the circus people having agreed to the captain's terms, we got ready to receive their traps on board. On top of the ballast, in the hold, we stowed water casks, wagons, hay, oats, boxes of harness, saddles, and the thousand things used by these show-people; between decks, forward the main hatch, the boxes containing the horses were to be stowed. Aft

the main hatch, on the same deck, the actors, canvassmen, drivers, etc., were to have berths put up for them; there were five women, and three small boys, who were to have rooms in the after-cabin. It was a very strange cargo, but a very interesting one to a youngster like me, not yet twenty years old, and consequently in the freshness of my salad days. First came the wagons to be shipped: the wheels and tongues were taken off, and the bodies were protected by boxes made of slats; then boxes containing harness, saddles, canvas, tent-poles, seats, and many other things, the names of which I never knew; then came the baggage of the people — a monstrous pile of trunks. After all those things were snugly stowed away in the ship, the horses were brought down, each one in a box by itself; the boxes were lined inside, top, bottom, and sides, with straw, so the horse wouldn't be hurt if thrown off his feet by the motion of the ship. The boxes, with the horses in them, were brought to the wharf on drays, backed up near the ship's side, a stout strap or sling passed round each one, the cargo-purchase hooked into the slings, while a team of stout horses did the hoisting. The horses in the boxes evidently understood that something unusual was about to happen, for they looked and acted very much frightened. After the boxes were hooked on, and the team went ahead hoisting horse and box in the air, the poor brutes would give vent to the most agonized screams I ever heard; but when they were lowered between-decks, their terror was too great for expression, — they were literally dumb with fright. After being hoisted on board, the boxes (or stalls) were received to the between-decks in rows, the horses facing amidships, so those having the care of them could pass in front of the stalls to give them food and water; and "the stock" (as the circus people called the animals) had the benefit of all the light and air it was possible to give them. After the horses were on board, the people came. I expected to see a rough set of creatures, who would act much like a lot of half-drunken sailors; but, after having had them on board for twenty days, we all, fore and aft, said we never saw a more orderly, better behaved crowd in our lives; the canvassmen, hostlers, helpers, etc., were like any ordinary working-people; while the actors, male and female, were as genteel in dress and manners as one would wish to meet in a three-years' cruise. During the day-time, while on the passage to Honolulu, these people amused themselves in all sorts of ways, — in making or taking in sail,

bracing yards, or carrying on any duty requiring pulling and hauling, a score of them would clap on to a rope, and work away like beavers; they sang, danced, turned somersaults, played leap-frog, stood on their heads, and acted generally like a very careless, happy set of beings. In fine weather the women of the party sat on deck with their sewing, which consisted (if I remember rightly) of children's garments; the chap who played the clown had his wife with him, and instead of being the liveliest bee in the hive, he was the most quiet, and spent most of his time conversing with the captain. He seemed an exceedingly attentive husband, his wife never coming on deck without his getting her shawl, or sun-shade, or finding her a comfortable seat, and paying all those nameless little attentions which kind-hearted men show to women and children always. On the twenty-first day after leaving San Francisco, we arrived in Honolulu, and the circus people went on shore; we were three or four days getting all their stuff discharged. When everything was landed, their tent was erected in the city, and their performances commenced. I was present at their first evening entertainment, to which the king and all the nobles of Honolulu were invited, and most of them accepted the invitation. The king (not the present one), I am sorry to say, was exceedingly noisy and disagreeable; if a person of his color had made so much noise at a circus in New York, he would have been "put out" immediately. After we had taken on board some stores, and a great many casks of water for the Guano Company, we left Honolulu for Jarvis Island.

This island is in lat. 0° 22' south, long. 159° 51' west; it is about three miles long, a mile wide, and the highest point is only fifteen feet above the sea level; not a tree, nor a blade of grass grows on it; there is no fresh water to be found, and it never rains; in fact, it is nothing but a coral reef, covered with guano; myriads of sea-birds, of all sizes, build their nests in the dirt, and rear their young, perfectly fearless of man; no person is permitted to molest the birds, eggs, or nests. The little Mother Cary's Chicken (stormy petrel), no larger than a sparrow, makes its nest alongside the man-of-war hawk, which is almost as big as a goose. While the females are hatching the young, the male birds catch fish to feed them; and in the morning, thousands upon thousands can be seen flying seaward in search of food. The only people on the island, when we were there, were four white men, officers of the Company, and about one hundred and fifty Sand-

wich Islanders, who dug the guano, put it in bags (holding about one hundred pounds each), and brought it off to the ship in whale-boats, each boat carrying a ton. There is no harbor, and no anchorage; the ships moor to large iron buoys, the anchors of which are planted in the dirt on the island. Vessels moor on the west side, which is the lee of the island; and as the wind always blows from the eastward, ships ride head to the land, and quite close to it. There is but one place where boats can land, and only on days when the sea is smooth. All the fresh water and food, except fish, are brought from Honolulu in the ships chartered to load. On smooth days, about sixty tons of guano can be shipped, the crew hoisting it on board, and trimming it. It is dumped in the hold in bulk, and so strong is the smell of ammonia, the trimmers (even with cotton in their nostrils, and mouths covered with a wet handkerchief) can work in the hold but an hour, when they are relieved by a fresh set. Beautiful sea-shells are found on the shores, and such fishing can only be appreciated by being enjoyed. When a hook was thrown overboard, baited or not, there seemed to be a struggle between the big and little fish, to see which should be caught first; the large ones usually succeeded in being hauled in out of the wet first. The *Telegraph* was the second ship loaded at this island, the *White Swallow* having taken away the first cargo before our arrival. While we were loading, two other ships came for cargoes,—the *Rambler* to load for Boston, and the *Black Hawk* for London. The captain of the *Black Hawk* had his wife with him, and one day a small stranger arrived on board that ship. As it was the first child ever born at the island (its mother was the first woman known to have been there), a great time was made over it,—

"Every ship was dressed
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day."

Our two brass six-pounders were brought aft on the quarter-deck, and a salute fired, during which we succeeded in breaking all the panes of glass in the cabin, and demolishing the greater part of the crockery in the pantry. The officers of the Company gave a dinner, to which all the captains and first mates were bidden, while the second and third mates amused themselves getting in cargo. But at last the last ton of guano required to complete our cargo was hoisted on board, the fall rounded up two blocks, and the crew gave three cheers. One whole day we took to clean ship inside and out, then unmoored, and sailed away.

The captain was fearful our wood and water wouldn't last us to New York, so he concluded to go to Fanning's Island for a supply. Fanning's is to the north and eastward of Jarvis Island, in lat. $3^{\circ} 52'$ north, long. $158^{\circ} 22'$ west; it is occupied by a company of Englishmen, who are engaged in the manufacture of cocoa-nut-oil. The island is in shape like a horse-shoe; inside the horse-shoe, or island, is a large lagoon, with the opening to the east, but the water is too shallow to accommodate any but small vessels. The English people have brought here some two hundred South Sea Islanders, who gather the cocoa-nuts, and do all the labor of making the oil; nothing grows on the island but cocoa-nut-trees and cactus, but excellent fresh water can be obtained by sinking a barrel anywhere. Each person, man or woman, has to gather one thousand nuts a week, shell, and put them in a large vat, where they remain until they become rancid, when they are pressed, and the oil barreled; then it is ready for market. It is used in tropical climates to burn, but in cold weather it becomes hard. The islanders who are brought here are not paid for their labor in money, but in yards of cloth, the Englishmen taking good care the value of money is not explained to them. They are a fine-looking race (at least, those we saw), large, and well formed, with brown eyes, fine teeth, and straight hair. They wear no clothes, unless a strip of cloth around the loins can be called clothes. In color, the darkest were copper-colored, some being very nearly white, — the women, as a general thing, being lighter-colored than the men, and quite handsome. The children, of which there were hordes, went entirely naked; the food of these people consisted of cocoa-nuts, fish (which they ate raw), and occasionally roast pork, they having a breed of queer-looking black hogs. When our ship arrived, swarms of men, women, and children swam off to us, climbed on deck, and chattered about everything they saw, like so many monkeys. Our quarter-deck capstan, with its polished brass ornaments, was an object of never-failing curiosity and delight to them; and from the awe with which they approached it, I imagine they considered it some sacred altar, or shrine. They were also very curious about our clothes, the women, particularly, coming up and examining anything we had on, in the most matter-of-fact manner, calling the attention of friends to any article of wearing apparel which pleased them. The after-cabin of the *Telegraph* was very nicely fitted up; the wood-work was curled maple and mahogany; the fur-

niture in green velvet, and a very nice carpet on the deck; the bulk-head, or partition between the two cabins, was a large mirror. Some of the women were shown this place, and it was amusing to see their astonishment. At first they wouldn't go in, thinking the carpet wasn't made to walk on; the state-rooms delighted them also. One young girl was taken up to the mirror, and, seeing her reflection, she tried to embrace it; she couldn't understand why she could see, and not feel her image; she squatted down on the carpet, and talked to herself in the glass in a soft, cooing voice, very pleasant to hear. When our men went on shore to get wood and water, the islanders wouldn't permit them to do anything, but filled the casks, and loaded the boats with wood and cocoa-nuts, seeming delighted to do any service for the strangers. We made them some little presents, the only thing we were allowed to give them being either clothes or cloth. I will never forget being shown about their little village of huts by a young girl, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old, dressed in an old calico shirt, and straw hat of mine. She was as well pleased with her outfit as any American belle would have been with a five thousand dollar camel's hair shawl, and the other rigging to match. My native friend took me to see a middle-aged woman (her mother, I suppose), who gave me cocoa-nut milk to drink, and did the genteel thing. I have always had an idea the old lady was somewhat disappointed that I did not present her with such a costume as had been bestowed upon her daughter. The English people on the island were very kind, doing everything in their power to make our visit as pleasant as possible: they gave us fine logs of cocoa-wood, from which we made canes; and the captain, assisted by the carpenter, made two beautiful hand-sleds from this wood; it is susceptible of a very high polish, and looks a little like rosewood, but lighter in color. I imagine those two sleds created a vast amount of admiration in the little New Hampshire village, where his two boys lived. Five days we were at Fanning's Island, and then we sailed for home. We passed many islands, some being inhabited by cannibals, others by birds only. For weeks we only sailed in the day-time, lying to at night, as the charts of that portion of the Pacific cannot be relied on. We gradually worked out of those dangerous waters, and cracked on sail night and day to make up lost time.

We had made everything snug for our passage around the Horn, before we got where we might expect bad weather; our boats, even, were in on

deck, for fear the high seas might stove them in while hanging at the davits. When within a degree of the latitude of the Horn, we were reefing the upper maintop sail one very cold day, just after a snow-storm. I was out on the lee yard-arm to pass the ear-ring, and one of my watch (a Dane) was next me. I was sitting astride the yard, while the other chap was on the foot-rope; all at once the sail gave a great flap, the leech-rope hit the Dane in the breast, knocked him off the yard, and down he went into the seething sea. I saw him go, and, looking aft, yelled, "Man overboard!" The only persons on deck were the captain, mate, carpenter, and man at the wheel. The mate saw the Dane fall, and running aft to the binnacle where two old-fashioned life-preservers were kept, he seized one, threw it to the man, who luckily caught it. The ship had lower fore and mizzen top sails, reefed foresail, and maintop sail on her. Under this sail we wore ship, and stood back for the man; we having a lookout aloft to keep sight of him, and tell us how to steer to find him, although I am sure we could have known about where he was, from the number of albatrosses and Cape pigeons swooping around the spot. When the ship had got quite near him, the boat (with its crew in it) was hoisted out, and away we went, now tossed high up by the heavy sea, then down, down in the trough of it, so far we couldn't see the ship's masts. When we reached him he was nearly exhausted, and could have kept above the water but a short time longer. He couldn't speak when we hauled him into the boat, but lay on the bottom, still clinging to the life-preserver with the clutch of a drowning man. We had a hard pull of it back to the ship against the wind and sea; the spray wet us to the skin, and how cold it was. When we finally got alongside the ship, the men on deck were all ready to hoist us on board the moment the boat was hooked on; they ran us up above the rail, out of reach of the waves, by the yard tackle; then clapped on the stay, swung us on board, lowered away, and there we were on deck. The ship was put on her course, and while the boat's crew were getting on dry clothes, some men had the Dane on the galley floor, stripped of his wet garments, a glass of hot, stiff grog down his throat, and rubbing him as though they were trying to rub the skin off. Four hours after, he was around deck as if nothing had happened. This man had been in California some years, and by hard work, and harder living, had saved six thousand dollars, for which

the captain had a check to get the money in New York. He had concluded to go home to Denmark, where his little pile would be quite a fortune, and live among his friends. He had shipped, not only to save his passage-money, but he was getting forty dollars a month from the ship. When he arrived in New York, he was going to ship for Liverpool or London, and so get near home, while earning wages all the time.

The day after he had been saved from drowning, he was at the wheel in the morning watch. I walked up to the binnacle, looked at the compass, and then said, "What did you think when you found your-self overboard?"

"Vell, you see, Mr. Gasket, de first ting I don't know what's de matter mit me; den, when I see myself overpoart, I tink I was vork so hart for dem tousand dollar to go home mit; and now, — Schorge! I goin' to drown myself; 'twas too pad. Den dem pirds dey dry to eat mine heat, but I vite um till I see de poat come, ven I feel so goot und happy, I don't know noting more till I was in de galley. Mr. Gasket, I tank God Almighty for dat;" then, after a moment's reflection, he said, "and I tank de captain too."

We had bad weather, but fair winds, until we got nearly up to the latitude of the River La Platte; from there to Sandy Hook we had fine weather and variable winds.

On the night of July sixth our eyes were delighted with the sight of Barnegat Light, on the New Jersey coast; then the Highland Lights came in sight, and we took a pilot from boat No. 8. At daylight a tug-boat came out to us, took us in tow, and at half-past nine the *Telegraph* was fast alongside Ford's Wharf in Brooklyn, just one year from the day she left Wall Street Wharf in New York.

As soon as the ship was secured, the crew left; the mate and I cleared up decks as well as we could. After which, I dressed myself in my "go-ashores," bade the mate telegraph to me at Round Bay when the ship's crew were to be paid off, got an express-wagon to take my donkey to the Hudson River Railroad depot, and then went over to New York to see my brother before going home. I went home that night, and found my friends all well. The next morning I saw Ed W——, Joe C——, and Billy H——. Ed wanted to know if I had brought that "rusting pup;" Joe asked for his "ring-tailed roarer;" and Billy H—— said he "shouldn't have that red-headed parrot, if it swore; so I needn't bring it down."



ROCKING THE CRADLE.

BY M. ANGIER ALDEN.

JAMIE'S blue eyes were open wide,
 And Sue could do nothing to make him sleep;
 Ev'ry way he knew, the little rogue tried
 To make her play with him at "Peep."

Sue by the cradle sat, nor smiled,
 And rocked, unmindful of his play;
 "Jamie," she said, "you naughty child!
 Aren't you going to sleep to-day?"

Her dollies were waiting to take a ride, —
 Nellie and Nora, Fanny and Flo, —
 And here she must sit by the cradle side!
 "My darlingest dollies, you cannot go."

Pussy cat purring, woke from her nap;
 Up with a terrible yawn she rose,
 Jumped with a plump right into Sue's lap,
 Rubbing Sue's face with the tip of her nose.

"Get away, Pussy! don't bother me now;
 You've tumbled my dress, and you scratch my
 face
 In trying to kiss, for you don't know how.
 Do you hear what I say? You're out of your
 place."

Pussy cat blinked, and a gleam of surprise
 Stole out at Sue from her greenish gray eyes;

She felt her reception not quite *comme il faut*,
And paused, undetermined to stay or to go.

But a very wise cat, she guessed what it was
That made laughing Sue so unkind ;
So, curling her tail up, and licking her paws,
To stay she quite made up her mind.

"Did you speak to me, Pussy?" asked Sue in
surprise.

"To be sure I did," pussy cat calmly replies.

"But I never knew kittens or cats that could
speak."

"Or that rats," said Miss Pussy, "could do aught
but squeak."

"But why have you never thus spoken be-
fore?"

Why always *mew* to be let in at the door?
Why not say 'please,' when you ask for a drink?
And, Puss, if you talk, of course you must
think."

"Of course," said Miss Pussy, "my thoughts are
most deep,
I think all the time that you think I'm asleep."

"Then you think much more than ever I do ;
Of *what* do you think?" asked wondering Sue.

"What do I think?"

With a very grave wink ;

"How many birds I shall get from the nests
Built in the pines by the Robin-redbreasts."

"Horrible Pussy! I do not believe
That *you* ever caught birds, — and it's wrong to
deceive."

Pussy cat deigned no reply but a blink,
And looking quite wise, continued: "I think
How I will cautiously follow the mole,
Creeping unconsciously on to his hole ;
How I will fondle the dear little mice,
Breaking their bones for them handy and nice."

"Poor little mice! but they're mischievous things ;
Beside, they can't sing, and they've not any
wings."

"Very likely," said Puss, "there's a difference in
game ;
If the birds are the best, why they're not to
blame."

"What else do you think? Come, hasten and
tell ;
In thinking so much, you ought to think well."

"I think of the pantry, that tempting retreat,
Where oftentimes cats on the sly
May manage to get them a morsel of meat,
Or chicken-bone out of the pie."

"No wonder you blink, to confess that you think
Upon nothing but plunder and pelf ;
'Twere better by far to be just as cats are,
Than to think, and think all of yourself."

If Puss could have laughed, I think that she
would ;
She had some politeness — perhaps that she could

"If cats are to be so unselfish, I pray,
Shouldn't children endeavor to show them the
way?"

Now, little Miss Sue,

I fancy that you

Think as much of yourself

As you say that I do.

Else why did you sigh, and look ready to weep
When you found you must try and rock Jamie
to sleep?"

"For my dolls," replied Sue, "for my darlings I
sighed,
To think they must wait, and so long, for their
ride ;
I'd never kill birds, though I'd nothing to eat,
Or steal from the pantry a morsel of meat."

Puss, washing her face, showed no signs of shame,
I doubt if she felt any cause for the same.
While she had been talking, his game of "Bo-
peep"

Little Jamie forgot, and had fallen asleep.
Now peacefully dreaming, unconscious he lay
That Sue had ceased rocking and gone to her
play.



A CHAIN OF STORIES.

BY F. JOHNSON.

THE STORK'S STORY.

At a cozy nook in the middle of a large forest, on the bank of a rivulet, there sat, once upon a time, a fox and a badger, basking in the warm sunshine. At no great distance from them, on a tree, there sat a magpie, uttering every now and then her shrill notes, to which she beat time with her long tail, seeming convinced that no vocal music in the world could rival hers.

"Come, sit by us, Magpie," said the Fox. "You need not be afraid of us. Let us have a little chat."

The Magpie flew toward them, and sat down on the lowest branch of a tree, quite close to them. At the same time a stork approached, and commenced then pacing up and down at no great distance from them. The Fox called him too, and said then, "I want to make a proposition to all of you. We do not meet every day in this manner; let us, therefore, tell each other some interesting stories. I am sure each of us must know something, of which the others are ignorant."

"Very well, very well," cried the Magpie, raising her tail; "let me begin immediately."

"Pardon me, Magpie," said the Fox; "I believe we will let the Stork speak first. This Mr. Long-bill has recently returned from foreign parts, where he has doubtless heard and seen a great many novel and curious things."

"You do me too much honor," said the Stork, gravely glancing at the other animals; "let me reflect a little." He drew up one of his legs, and stood on the other. Thereupon he began as follows:—

"When I returned from Africa a few weeks ago, and the long trip across the Mediterranean commenced tiring me, I saw at a distance a ship, toward which I flew; and, on reaching her, I sat down on the mast in order to repose. As soon as the sailors of the crew perceived me, they invited me very kindly to come down to them,—which I did. My arrival seemed to gladden them; for a man with a round belly, who wore an apron, and who was probably the cook, fetched me, inasmuch as there were no frogs on board, a large piece of mutton,—they having just killed a fat sheep. I partook of it with great relish; and when I had finished my repast, I had to tell

the crew of my long voyage, and of the palatable African frogs, and of the immense swamps where they live and grow fat. While listening to me with close attention, they all at once beheld an enormous fish with a large belly, and its mouth wide open, swimming toward us, as if it were bent upon swallowing the whole ship. 'Wait, wait, my fine fellow,' exclaimed the fat man who wore the apron, 'we will catch you very quick!'

"So saying, he hastened to the kitchen, and returned presently with a large piece of mutton, which he had stuck on a large iron hook, and fastened to a thick rope. The piece of mutton was now thrown overboard. In a moment the fish had swallowed it; but it found out too late that the iron hook had caught in its throat, and that it was unable to free itself from it. It now commenced jerking and straining the rope, and whipped the water so violently, that the spray covered the whole deck; but the fish was caught.



The sailors quickly pulled it on board, and killed it. 'Sir Stork,' they said, laughing, 'you shall also have a fine piece of it.'

"They then attacked the fish with their knives,—ripped open its belly, and took out the guts. All at once a wonderfully thin voice was heard to cry out, 'Open, open! here, here!' All the sailors looked around, and nobody knew where the voice had come from. But, when they continued cutting the fish asunder, the voice cried out again, 'Take care, take care! Don't cut me!'—'Boys,' said the Cook, 'I believe the little voice proceeds from the stomach!'

"And such proved to be the case. When they

had carefully opened the stomach of the fish, who do you think emerged from it? A little fellow, who elbowed his way out of it, and jumped on the floor. The sailors, who had been so busily engaged in opening the fish, dropped their knives in surprise and terror, and stood staring at one another. The little man wiped his eyes and staggered, for he was as yet unable to stand firmly on his legs. But the cook, seeing how dirty the little fellow had become in the stomach of the fish, put him quickly into a bucket full of warm water, and washed him until he was entirely clean. It was not till now that the little man seemed to be perfectly at ease; he put his little hat jauntily on his head, pressed one of his hands to his side, and laid the other on the hilt of his sword. He then bowed gracefully, and said politely, 'Gentlemen, I am glad to see you. I am much obliged to you for the important service you have rendered to me; I assure you,' he added, pointing to the belly of the fish, 'I could not have stood it in there much longer.'

"For God's sake, sir, tell us, how did you get into the belly of the fish?" said the Cook. 'Besides, we should like to know what country you come from.'

"First give me something to eat and drink," said the little man, 'I will then tell you everything. O, I have had to suffer a great deal from hunger and thirst.'

"The Cook thereupon set some dishes before the little man, who partook of the viands with the utmost relish. After appeasing his hunger, he began as follows:—

"My parents had four children, of whom I was the youngest; and you see, gentlemen, that my stature has remained somewhat short. Nevertheless, I felt, ever since my childhood, the most irresistible longing to travel, so that my parents were scarcely able to keep me at home. I attempted repeatedly to run away into the wide, wide world; but every time I lost my way at no great distance from my father's house,—once in the woods, and another time in a cornfield, among the tall stalks. The third time, I fell into a puddle, where I should have surely perished but for the assistance of a pea-ant, who had witnessed my mishap, and extricated me from my dangerous predicament. Every time I attempted to run away, I was taken home again.

"Ah," thought I, 'it will be better for me to wait a year or two; I shall then be older, and better able to travel. When I was two years older I went one day to a neighbor of ours, a tailor, whom I had visited oftentimes. A man,

who was travelling a great deal, had given the tailor a waistcoat to mend; and while waiting for it, he had sat down behind the stove, and fallen asleep. I uttered not a word, but climbed secretly up the chair, and slipped softly into the breast-pocket of his coat. When the waistcoat had been mended, the stranger paid for it, and went away without noticing that I was in his pocket.

"It was not long before he entered a large carriage, to which four horses had been put, and ordered the coachman to start. We drove very rapidly; shortly afterward fresh horses were put to the carriage, and we pressed on without halting anywhere. I was now in my proper element. The stranger leaned back in a corner of the carriage, and fell asleep. I then put my head out of the pocket, and gazed to the right and left upon the mountains and meadows, the towns and villages, which we passed by; and I said to myself, "One cannot be a man without having seen the world."

"We pressed on for three days, night and day, and I was all the time very comfortable in my warm hiding-place. Only hunger tormented me a great deal, and I did not venture to inform the stranger of my presence. On the third evening we crossed a broad river in a city containing a large church, with a very tall steeple. All the passengers alighted there; and the stranger, in whose breast-pocket I was concealed, sat down in a room to take supper. O, how I longed to partake of it! How it added to my ravenous hunger, to see him eat with keen relish large pieces of savory roast meat, and salad and potatoes, with which he drank a great deal of wine. He then lay down in a corner and fell asleep. The waiters did not seem to notice that he was still in the room, for the last of them, on going out, took the candle with him. As the room was very dark now, I ventured to sally forth from my hiding-place, and, impelled by my ravenous hunger, I slipped out of the door, and tried to find some food. I crept softly from door to door, and finally arrived at a room from which, the door being only ajar, a very savory and appetizing odor penetrated to me. I slipped noiselessly into it, and, groping my way between all sorts of cases and boxes, I suddenly touched something edible. It was large and round, and its smell indicated that mince-meat was concealed under the baked crust. I quickly drew my sword, and it was not without difficulty that I succeeded in raising the lid. But ah! how nicely I could now appease my appetite! The whole thing was

full of spiced mince-meat, mixed with pieces of goose liver. I cut off a large piece, and feasted on it as only a famished person can do. When I was through with the first piece, I cut off another with my sword, and still another, so that I was not long in reaching the bottom of the round box in which the pie was inclosed.

“But while I was eating still with undiminished relish, I heard that somebody was at the door. In the perplexity of the moment I did not know where to conceal myself, when, fortunately or unfortunately, I jumped into the large hole which I had cut into the pie, squatted down, and shut the lid over my head.



“The man at the door, who had meanwhile entered the room, took the pie, put it into another round box, tied a string around it, and carried it away. I was slightly frightened, confined as I was in my narrow place of concealment; but I soon got over my fears. “You will not suffer here from hunger,” I said to myself, “and hunger has hitherto troubled me worse than anything else.”

“It became to me apparent before long that the box was placed on top of the same large carriage; and the sound of the wheels and trampling horses, which I heard, told me that we were pressing on night and day. But I was very comfortable in my box. I penetrated deeper and deeper into the pie, and he who has fasted for three days and three nights in succession, will not wonder at my extraordinary appetite; in short, at the end of three days, there was nothing in the box but my own well-fed person, and the carriage came to a stand-still.

“In a short time the box, in which I sat, was taken down and deposited in a larder. Tired in consequence of the incessant motion of the carriage for the past three days, I fell asleep for the first time during my journey, and slept so fast and soundly that I did not awake until the lid

of the round box was raised on the dinner-table of a rich man.

“A cry of surprise burst from the lips of all the guests, as I rose in the empty box and looked over the rim as over a bulwark. I confess that I myself was not a little perplexed to find myself so unexpectedly in such a company; but, quickly recovering my self-possession, I jumped on the table, took off my hat, bowed politely, and said, “Good day, gentlemen; I wish you a good appetite.”

“It was a long time before any of them could recover from their speechless astonishment; but at last there arose a whisper among them, and it was not till now that I found out that I was in a foreign country, and did not understand their language. I regretted this very much indeed, inasmuch as I should have liked to tell them my brief story; and I saw that, on their part, they were eager to hear it. But, as it was, nothing remained for us but to eye each other with an air of wonder and curiosity.

“The strange event spread like wildfire throughout the whole city, and everybody wanted to see me, and hear me speak. The proprietor of the house seemed to become very fond of me, and he caused a cabinet-maker to make me a whole little apartment, with windows, and tables, and chairs. I lived in it, and a servant had to carry it every day into the garden, where his master passed a great deal of his time. The garden lay on the shore of the Mediterranean, and a high and thick wall protected it from the inroads of the impetuous waves. This was the place where I always longed to be; and when my little apartment had been placed there, I feasted my eyes on the sight of the endless sea, and the ships which were daily sailing past the garden.

“The gentleman with whom I stayed was always cautious enough to lock the door of my apartment as soon as it had been placed on the garden wall. But one day I could no longer resist my longing to take a walk on the wall. I, therefore, jumped out of the window, and paced up and down. But my whim came near proving fatal to me, for all at once a violent gust of wind hurled me into the sea. I should have assuredly perished in the water, had not a large fish swallowed me as soon as I fell into the sea. I was probably too small a morsel for it to take the trouble of munching me; so I went straight down into its stomach, whence you, gentlemen, have just been kind enough to deliver me.’

“The whole crew was delighted with the story of the little man, and they told him he had bet-

ter stay with them, and help them while away their time during the tedious voyage; but the little man replied he wished to return as soon as

young gentleman can travel with me, if he likes; does young Master Robert, then, know me no longer?"



"I do, I do, my good old friend," he replied, joyfully, for I had built my nest many years ago on the roofs of his parents; 'I thought all the time that I had seen you already somewhere else. O, how glad I am to meet you here; and it would afford me pleasure to shake hands with you, if you knew that pleasant custom. I accept your kind offer with all my heart.'

possible to his native country, and, after the adventures he had passed through, he felt a little homesick. 'Well,' said I, added the Stork, 'the

"After we had rested for a while, and taken another meal, the little fellow seated himself on my neck between the wings, and, after taking leave of the crew, I rose into the air. A few days ago I arrived with him at the house of his parents, who had been greatly distressed at the disappearance of their little darling, and who were now perfectly beside themselves with joy. But before I left him at the door, he had to promise me not to run away again.

"That was my story," said Mr. Long-bill.

[To be continued.]

ALONZO BRADLEY'S BEES.

AUTUMN AND WINTER MANAGEMENT.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

THE season for gathering honey is now over, but the hives still require strict attention. When the harvest season is ended for the bees it begins for the apiarist, and now, as we examine our glass honey boxes we find them full of the most tempting white comb, containing the sweetest of nature's sweets. This is, however, not the case with all the boxes. Selecting those which are full, we now take them out of the hive, and send them to market.

This brings us back to a subject treated in the June "Riverside." Do you remember the figures we left on the slate then? It was theory at that stage of our experience, and now that autumn has come, we shall find how near truth it was. In order to test it we shall take some veritable results from the record of a bee-keeper in the prairie State of Illinois. In Aurora, in the northern part of that State, where so many fine railway cars are made, there lives a Mr. William Urie, who, we trust, will excuse us for talking aloud about his doings.

In 1869 he had a hive of Italian bees that swarmed rather earlier than usual — on the twenty-fourth day of May. This was of course unexpected to Mr. Urie, but you may judge of his surprise when the regular time of swarming came, to find that the original hive swarmed twice more — once on June fourth, and again June sixth. This was beyond all precedent, but Mr. Urie was ready and hived every swarm. The spirit of the Yankee seems to take possession of Italian bees when they are brought to New England, but once out upon the prairie, they quite outdo anything heard of among the green New England valleys.

The first of Mr. Urie's swarms re-swarmed twice — first July ninth, and again July nineteenth. Did you ever hear of such enterprise? Now he had five new swarms and one old one! Honey sold then in Illinois for thirty-two cents a pound, and the hives were worth twelve dollars each. The account with the original hive stood thus: —

Five hives of bees @ \$12 . . . \$60 00
 Twenty-eight boxes of honey, 12 lbs.
 each = 386 lbs., @ 32 cents . . . 107 52

 \$167 52

Mr. Urie says this is a true statement, and it is not only truly an enormous profit, but it shows how modest, and how far under the truth our brilliant figures of last June were.

On the other hand, lest this prospect should too much elate us, Mr. Urie would tell us in confidence that the season of 1868 showed no such brilliant figures. The weather was not so favorable for bee-keepers, and all care was necessary to keep the original hives from starving. There was in fact no profit at all. In 1869, too, in other regions there were experienced apiarists who lost most of their bees during the winter. This was with careful bee-keepers, but those who used the old-fashioned hives, who raised all the drones, and were either ignorant or careless, came off a great deal worse. This leads us to say that bee-keeping has been really profitable only since the modern hives and scientific care have become usual.

So much for figures. The question now arises, After taking the full boxes to market, what shall be done with those not entirely filled?

In every apiary there will be found in the autumn some swarms that have not accumulated enough honey to supply them all winter. We must distribute the honey in our partially filled boxes among these. The honey must be made very convenient for the bees, and almost forced upon their attention, for they have been known to starve to death with plenty within their reach. If we place the boxes in the usual position above the honey-board, it may remain there all winter, but if we break the comb somewhat, and tip the box a little so that the honey will run out, the economic instinct will lead the bees to take it up and carry it down to be stored in the frames for use. When the comb is thus emptied we shall put the boxes away that the same comb may be used by the bees another season.

Autumn is also the time to take care of weak hives. Some will be found containing a very small number of bees, and these will consume an extra amount of honey in order to keep themselves warm. Two weak hives will starve, if separate, on a quantity of honey that would have sustained them very comfortably if they had been together, and it is therefore necessary to consolidate weak hives.

How to do this is a question, for we know that

two colonies will fight if placed together in one hive. There are two ways of effecting a peaceful consolidation.

Did you ever see a little round, brown fungus called *puff-ball*, which, if compressed, sends forth a cloud of brown dust? This, when burned, exerts by its smoke an influence upon bees very similar to that of ether upon the human system. We can then, before mixing swarms, smoke them with puff-ball, and when they recover from stupefaction they will live in peace, only destroying any extra queens they may find. If we have no puff-ball, or do not wish to use it, we may at any time empty the bees of half a dozen weak swarms into a single hive, having only one or two combs filled with honey and bee-bread. The bees having no stores to quarrel about, will remain at peace. If there is any good clean comb in the hives we have broken up, it must be laid aside for next year's use. On a cold day we may now take from this reserve store a sufficient quantity of bees to equalize each weak swarm. These bees must be placed on top of the frames, just under the honey-board. In this case the cold weather will keep them from quarreling.

The winter treatment of bees was formerly of the simplest and most heartless nature. In autumn the farmer—we could not call him an apiarist—lifted up his old-fashioned hives to see which ones were full of honey, and leaving the light ones on the stand to get through the winter as best they could, went to work to get the honey from the others. He scooped a slight hollow in the ground, placed a little brimstone in it, and set it on fire. The hive was then held over the fumes until the whole swarm was destroyed. The cruel man then took the honey, and awaited spring with no remorse, and without reflecting that the next year his poorest swarms would be all he should have.

A very different principle governs apiarists now, and the greatest skill is exerted in winter care. It has come to be a maxim that 'He may be regarded as master in bee-culture, who knows how to winter his stocks in a healthy condition, with the least loss of bees, the smallest consumption of stores, and with the combs unsoiled.

The amount of honey bees get from the late flowers will determine whether late and weak swarms will go safely through the winter. When the honey harvest is short in the autumn, bees seem to be aware that starvation is just before them, and stop breeding early. The consequence is that when the hive is put into winter-quarters the bees are old, except a very small number of

young ones. During the winter the old ones die, for their work is done, and this before the hive is recruited by the spring brood.

Mr. Bradley's winter-quarters is a house ten feet by fourteen, and ten feet high, the sides of which are filled in with straw to guard against changes in the weather. There is a partition which divides the interior into two apartments, each seven feet by ten, and each large enough to accommodate one hundred swarms. There is a tight door, but no window. Each apartment has a ventilator at the top, and there is a passage allowing air to enter each at the bottom. These are four inches square. In this house the hives are stored in autumn, and are kept as late as possible in the spring. This is in order that breeding may not begin at so early a period as to endanger the young bees, who are very sensitive to cold. The only care needed now is ventilation, and at least two of the holes in the honey-board of each hive must be left open during the winter.

Now that we have our bees all in a place of safety for the winter, let us speak of one other matter connected with the present season. We spoke in the spring of robber bees, and in autumn we shall find there is just as much of the same mischief going on. Bees belonging to strong hives will attack weak ones, and the apiarist will be obliged to close the entrance somewhat as was recommended once before. Virgil said that a little dust thrown up will part the fray, but later authorities tell us that dust will have little more effect upon quarrelsome bees than the old man's turf had upon the boys in the apple-

tree. Do you remember the story in the Spelling-book? Mr. Bradley says that robber bees may be so confused by changing the position of the hives that they will stop. But fighting is very difficult to stop.

Some years ago there was a grand battle in Ohio in which seventy swarms were engaged. The hives were quite evenly divided, being on each side of the house of a Mr. Dibblee. Like a great many other battles, it occurred on Sunday. The whole of the seventy swarms came out, and covered an acre of ground with diminutive warriors. The family was obliged to flee for safety, but Mr. Dibblee, after protecting himself, took a position where he could watch the battle. Passers-by on the road were in danger, and a large flock of great Shanghai chickens were so badly stung that most of them died. After fighting for three hours, darkness caused a cessation of hostilities, and all the survivors retired to their hives, leaving the ground covered with the bodies of the slain. Two young swarms were entirely destroyed, and all were weakened very much. It must have been a terrible scene — over a million and a half combatants engaged! No such spectacle was ever noticed before.

During the past summer a good many have visited Mr. Bradley's apiary, and, among others, the Editor of the "Riverside" has been there, and has witnessed most of the doings of the bees that have been recorded in these papers. We have now carried our bees safely through a year, and shall leave them for the future in the care of the kind and careful king of bees, — Alonzo Bradley of Lee, Mass.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in the morning Effie awoke, dreamily wondering where she was. Was she in New York, at the Lanes' ? Was she in the steamer, with mamma and Annie ? Was it her own little room at the Farm ? It almost seemed so ; for opposite the foot of the bed was a photograph of Annie, that she certainly hung there last Christmas. And up against the looking-glass was the humming-bird's nest Egbert gave her, and there was the trunk of her dolls' clothes in the window-seat. But the room was different. It was

a very small room, — scarcely more than a closet. — yet it had a pleasant, large window.

And now she remembered where she was, and saw that the door was open into Gertrude's room. Last night she had been so tired and sleepy, that she could hardly tell where they were taking her. She believed she was half-asleep when they had reached the station, only she knew that Miss Alice's voice had been there to welcome her, and that Mr. Lee had lifted her from the cars ; and she was not sure but Arthur Lee had taken the check, for there was a trunk full of things she

was bringing from New York. And she remembered how kind Mrs. Lee was, and that she took her in her arms as if she were a child, and tried to make her eat something; but it was very late, — nearly ten o'clock, — and Miss Alice had taken her to her bed, and showed her that she was to have this little room, opening out of Gertrude's; and Gertrude had sat up in her bed as she passed through the room, and had kissed her, — but Miss Alice would not let them talk; and how soon she must have fallen asleep — the minute she laid her head on the pillow.

Now she was wide awake, and looked about her, and could see how pretty it all was. She liked a window-seat so much; and such a broad one as this, — room enough to get up on, feet and all. And there was a wardrobe to hang her things in, and a cupboard in the corner, full of shelves; the door was partly open, so she could peep in. And there was a low chest of drawers. And by the side of the bed, on the wall, — so near that she could touch it, — she found a picture of her mother. It must have been taken very lately, — when they were in New York. It looked pale and sad, — she must have been thinking of Effie, — but O, so like her! She was looking at the picture with dripping eyes, when she heard voices in the next room, — Miss Alice and Gertrude, laughing and joking. They were having some fun she could not understand, that she had nothing to do with, and she leaned back on her pillows and hid her face, crying.

"Is there a shower in here this sunny morning?" said Miss Alice's voice. "Ah, my poor little Effie is homesick!" and she took Effie in her arms and kissed her, — how she kissed her. "I can tell," said she, talking for Effie; "you have found mamma's picture, and it makes you sad; but every morning it is to wake you up, and make you think of her, and it will keep her near you."

"I believe I'm half crying because you are so good to me," said Effie, a little ashamed of her tears. "I didn't think of seeing all my things here, and my dolls' trunk."

"That was Gertrude's and my doings," said Alice; "we went to your room, and laid our hands on everything we saw. I don't suppose you will like the arrangement, but you and Gertrude must have a time setting things in order."

"I don't believe I shall change a thing," said Effie, growing more cheerful.

"Gertrude and I have been having a fight this morning," said Alice. "I think her bed ought to be turned round, the other side to the wall, for I think she always gets out 'the wrong side' of the bed. Come and see her now."

Effie went in, and found Gertrude sitting on the floor, in the midst of her things, looking so disconsolate, that she could hardly help laughing.

"That is the way with Gertrude every morning," said Alice; "this is the hardest hour in the day to her. She never wakes up fresh and lively, as most children do. I wish you would



see if you can make her laugh, Effie. Do you see a dismal pucker on that mouth? Do you suppose it can ever laugh?"

A grim smile came over Gertrude's face, and Effie began a series of capers. "Remember," said Alice, as she left the room, "that there is dressing to be done, as well as laughing, for it won't do for me to stay here any longer to oversee you."

It was well that there was yet a long time before breakfast, or Gertrude and Effie would scarcely have appeared in time to sit down with the rest. Effie was glad to find that she was to sit between Alice and Mrs. Lee, far away from Arthur, who appeared to be more terrible than ever this morning. His voice sounded a little cross, — something like that of a bear, — and he ate his breakfast in a great hurry, to get off to his school, that was earlier than theirs; and he objected to the buckwheat cakes, and wanted a great deal of molasses. Effie was very glad that he paid no sort of attention to her. She had a talk with Miss Alice, as she was getting ready for school.

"It seems to me I am going to a different school from any I have been to before," she said, "it is such a long time since I have seen any of the girls. New York and all has come between."

"You are going to turn over a new leaf," said Miss Alice; "you will forget what you have left behind, as if you were in a race, trying to reach something, and press on to win it."

Effie looked up in Miss Alice's face, as she buttoned her coat. "I like new things, Miss Alice."

"Do you know what you are 'racing' for?" asked Miss Alice.

"One thing is to get to school, Miss Alice," said Effie, "for you know that is my hardest thing — to get to school straight."

"Well," said Miss Alice, "you must always go with Gertrude, and never stop on the way. Let us see how you succeed this morning."

It was very easy this morning, for they met Susie Parsons as they left the gate, and she wanted to know all about Effie's visit to New York; and Effie had so much to tell of the wonders she had seen, and the particulars of her journey, — even to the description of the girl who got into the cars with three baskets, "and one of them had some hens in it, and another a cat, and the girl had such a time keeping the cat in the basket. And the third basket" —

They reached the school quite too early; but there was Miss Tilden, who gave Effie a cordial welcome, and put her in a seat with Gertrude, and set her a lesson with her own old class. Gertrude was to explain to her the first lesson, and it was in Arithmetic, — that she always liked; and there were some sums in Reduction, — that she thought real fun; and she had had some talk with Uncle George in New York about this very trouble of pounds, shillings, and pence, when he was explaining to her the New York shillings.

She thought it very foolish of the English to have such a fussy kind of money, that made such a bother; but then you couldn't expect everybody to be equal to the Americans.

It was school-time now, and Miss Tilden looked reprovingly, and Effie went on with her sums. She could not but acknowledge that it was easier to study when the room was quiet, in the absence of the little girls; and she was relieved at recess to find that the little girls were sent directly home, and not allowed to linger about the school-house. She was glad to have all temptation to play with them taken away.

Mary Connor had a great deal to tell her about her struggles in keeping the "Irregulars" quiet. But she was very hopeful, and declared that Martha Sykes would really make a good scholar, if she only had pains taken with her. Effie observed how the other girls respected Mary Connor. You would really have supposed she had grown a year or two older in this short time. "Well, this very month she was to be eleven herself, and it was time to take a start."

Effie's adventures were still eagerly listened to by the rest of the girls. She told them about Grace Lane, and how, at home, she did not appear at all like the cry-baby that she did in the summer, when she stayed with them.

"I didn't think she was much of a cry-baby then," said Maria Leonard, "only you were rough with her, and she was very timid."

"But she is not timid at all, now," said Effie; "you should see her go across Broadway in front of fifteen omnibuses, when I would have waited and waited, expecting to be run over" —

"Effie says she plays on the piano as well as Alice," said Gertrude.

"O, I didn't say she played as well as Miss Alice," said Effie, "because I never heard her, and know she must play better than anybody; but I mean she plays like a grown-up person, and she could play for the others to dance."

Effie was pleased to find that in the change of taking the younger girls from the school, it had been arranged that there should be no afternoon school, but a longer session in the morning. She was somewhat discouraged, however, by the hardness of the lessons after recess, and was pleased when Miss Tilden told her she might take her books home: Miss Alice had said she would help her in catching up with the other girls.

So, after dinner, Effie attacked Miss Alice with an armful of school-books, — Geography and Grammar and Dictionary, — and wanted to know "if she could help her about her lessons."

"O, you new broom," laughed Miss Alice, "you will be worn out directly if you keep on sweeping all the time; no, you are to go out and play with Gertrude all the afternoon, and come in to me at dark."

So Effie and Gertrude went out for a game of croquet, which Effie used to despise, as she said, because there were so many rules to it; "and if your ball went up against a hummock, you could not take it away, but had to let it stay till you poked it off with your mallet in a particular way." She didn't like laws in games. But the Lees' croquet ground was delightfully smooth, — not a hummock in it, — and they had some fun to begin with, in sweeping off the brown, dead leaves that strewed the ground in one corner of the lawn, under the oak-tree. Then they had a nice little party, — only Susie Parsons, and Rosa Leonard, and themselves, — and Effie understood the game better than she ever had before, and was a Rover before any of the others, and had great fun in sweeping her ball across the field, to the rescue of her partner. To be sure, they had one or two interruptions, when Arthur Lee and a set of his boys tramped across the ground, knocking the balls from their path with their hockey sticks; but they said nothing to her.

"I think it is strange," she privately confided to Susie Parsons, "that Arthur Lee is such a very bad boy, when all the rest of his family are so good."

"O, he is not bad," said Susie; "he is only up to all sorts of fun — just what you would like."

"Why does he come and interrupt us so?" asked Effie.

"He thinks it funny, I suppose," said Susie, "and I dare say he can't abide little girls, like all boys."

It was decided the four girls should form a croquet club, and that they should be very exclusive, and nobody else should join it, and that they should meet and play every afternoon regularly; and those on the side that beat should be the President and Vice-President till the next time. The one that hit the stake first should be President.

They were just settling this, — for it had begun to be too dark to play longer, — when there came a knock on the window, to summon them in. "O, I know what that is," said Effie; "it is Miss Alice calling me to my lessons," and she ran toward the house, flinging down the mallet.

"O, Effie, wait and help put up the things," cried Gertrude.

"But Gertrude," said Effie, lingering, "Miss Alice must be waiting for me."

"I know that she would expect you to help put up the croquet things," said Gertrude.

"But I am sure," said Effie, still stopping to argue, — "I'm sure the President ought not to be expected to pick up the things, — that ought to be one of the laws."

"I think," said Rosa Leonard, "it ought to be one of the duties of the President and Vice-President; if they have had the fun of beating, it is the least they can do."

Effie was loudly objecting to this. "A President put up things!" but Susie Parsons interrupted. She had all the time been busy helping Gertrude take the hoops and stakes from the ground. "I think," she said, "that as we are Gertrude's company, we ought to at least help her put away the things, whether we are Presidents or not."

Effie felt directly rebuked, and eagerly fell to helping, silently too, for she was wondering how she should so soon have forgotten that it was the very kind of thing Miss Alice had blamed in her, in her talk with Uncle George.

"I stopped to put up the things," said Effie, when she ran in to Miss Alice afterward, "so I couldn't come the very minute."

"I saw," said Alice; "you will be astonished to find how much I do see, Effie!"

Effie was afraid she had seen how little she had helped Gertrude; but they began directly with the lessons, and had such a merry time over them, that she was quite disappointed when the hour was over.

"O, couldn't you go over that funny sounding list of names once more?" urged Effie.

But Alice declared an hour was quite long enough for lessons out of school, and they must go and have a romp till tea-time with the little boys. Effie took great delight in the great frolic they had, and Susie Parsons was there too, for she was to stay to tea.

After tea they began with a game of dominoes, — Effie, Gertrude, and Susie Parsons, — at the corner of a table. But they were somewhat disturbed by Arthur. He was studying a very hard lesson in Geometry, and sat by a gas-light at the fireside, all by himself; but though he seemed to be very deep in his book, every now and then he threw little cocked hats of newspaper into the midst of the domino party, knocking over the little fences they had built up of their dominoes, and quite disturbing the game. Gertrude occasionally exclaimed, "O, please don't,

Arthur ;" but whenever they looked round at him, he was leaning over his book, deep in study. Mr. Lee was reading his newspaper, and Mrs. Lee had her basket of stockings, and neither of them observed what was going on on the other side of the room. So Effie was well pleased when Alice came down again. She had been into the nursery to see that all was right with the three little boys, and willingly consented now to "play a game" with Gertrude, Effie, and Susie.

"Now you might teach me how to play 'Buried Cities,'" suggested Effie; "you know I wouldn't play it once, when I was cross."

"It is very easy to learn," said Susie Parsons. "I will explain it to you. You have only to make up any sentence you have a mind to, only you must be careful to have all the letters come in order, and be spelt right; and it must be a city, and you mustn't have it too plain, but bury it as much as you can."

"Susie, you have not made it too plain!" laughed Alice.

"I don't understand it at all," said Effie, quite bewildered.

A sepulchral laugh was heard from behind the Geometry.

"Well," said Susie, a little aggrieved, "I don't believe anybody else can make it plainer."

"It is not easy to explain," said Alice, "but I'll try. It is easy enough after you know how. You see, Effie, I give you a sentence like this: 'A silver salver on a marble table,' and I tell you that there is a city buried in it. I mean that in the very same letters that make these words, you can find the letters that form the name of a city. The city here is Verona. 'A silver salver on a marble table.' Verona is a city in Italy."

"O dear!" sighed Effie; "but I don't know enough geography. I have never heard of Verona."

"But it isn't in geography," said Gertrude; "it is in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Don't you remember they lived in Verona?"

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!" said a terrible voice from behind the Geometry, but nobody took any notice of the interruption.

"Here is one that Gertrude made," continued Alice, "and the sentence that she made use of is taken from your favorite, 'Alice in the Wonderland.' Perhaps you could find the city buried in it? 'It is the best butter, you know.' Do you remember the city your Uncle George told

about in Egypt, on the Nile, where the great ruins are?"

Susie Parsons began slowly, "It is the best butter" —

"It is Thebes, Thebes!" exclaimed Effie; "but then I never should have guessed it, if you had not reminded me of the Nile, and the great ruins."

"Here is another," said Alice: "I sent Sara to gather raspberries."

Susie Parsons very soon guessed "Saratoga." Mr. Lee shouted out a sentence from behind a newspaper, "We met in a mob; I lent him money."

Alice, after scarcely a minute's thought, cried, "O, papa, Mobile!"

"How can you guess them so soon?" asked Effie, disconsolately.

"You must begin to make them," said Alice, "and you will see how they come out."

"Here is one," said Gertrude, who had been lost in thought for some time. "It is a place that Effie has lately been to" —

"O, then it must be New York," interrupted Effie. "I hope it is, for then I can guess it."

Gertrude went on, "Which do you like best, Adriana Bendenevy, or Katharine Oglethorpe?"

"O, New York, New York!" exclaimed Effie; "that is a splendid one!"

"Not so very splendid," said Susie; "there never was anybody named Adriana Bendenevy."

"But there might be," insisted Effie. "I think it is a very good name."

"Papa, isn't there such a name as Bendenevy?" appealed Gertrude.

"What's in a name!" growled the voice from behind the Geometry.

"I never heard of the name of Bendenevy," said Mr. Lee, "but I have heard of somebody named Louely Mushrush; so I think it is quite possible."

"It is a much better name than Mushrush," exclaimed Effie, "and I mean to name my next doll Adriana Bendenevy. But, Miss Alice, if you would just tell me a city, I think I could make one."

Alice whispered, "Why don't you take the town we live in?"

"O yes," said Effie, and thought a minute; then came out with, "Sophronisba, eat no more goose! Beware! ham is coming!"

In spite of the wonderful "Sophronisba" at the beginning, everybody guessed "Wareham" of course.

When Effie was once launched in the game,

she went on swimmingly, but her spelling was often at fault. Her first effort was this: "My daughter Flo rid a donkey!"

"O, Effie," said Susie Parsons, "Florida is not a city!"

"And Wareham is not a real city," said Effie; "it is a town."

There was an appeal to Alice. "Florida is a country," she said, "so it would have been best to have stated beforehand it was not a city. But 'rid' is not very good grammar."

"Here's one," said Effie: "When pig is dead, ham's its name!"

"That is not the way to spell Dedham," said Gertrude, while there came a grunting from the effie.

"Well then, this is a real foreign one," Effie went on. "Pray, madam, ask us to tea!"

Susie and Gertrude puzzled a long time; at last Susie exclaimed, "Damascus! but what a way to spell ask!"

"Here's a splendid one!" said Effie: "Jack's on vile terms with Horace!"

"No personal remarks allowed!" came from behind the Geometry. It was not long before "Jacksonville" was guessed.

Mrs. Lee from her mending-basket suggested one which contained two Buried Cities: "Beauty rewards the eyes, *I do not deny.*" Alice gave out a number: "Sweet lamb *ever lying* on the grass." "He who *tries ten times*, deserves credit." "Mehitable had an ancient aunt on the mother's side." "We had a new bed for Dinah." "Tell Hassan Francis could not come."

Mr. Lee gave another: "He stood with his arms akimbo, — stones could not move him."

Gertrude brought out a poetical one: —

"Swans looked at the cat;
Hens pecked her as she sat."

It was a long time before any one could guess Athens.

The very last, Effie thought the finest of all. It was one of Alice's: —

"Andallah rideth down the glen,
No Xara by his side."

Here they were interrupted by a slamming down of the Geometry, and a rush from Arthur to the door. "There's Sam!" he exclaimed.

"O, they have sent for me," sighed Susie; "it must be late."

It was Susie's brother, and he stayed talking with Arthur in the entry, while Susie was getting ready to go.

Effie and Gertrude soon went to their rooms. "A whole day passed," thought Effie, as she laid her head on the pillow: "if only all are like this, how fast the winter will go! How splendid they all are here! Gertrude, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and everybody but Arthur. But I don't mind him, on account of Miss Alice, — dear Miss Alice!" Suddenly she started up, and called to Gertrude. Gertrude answered drowsily. "Gertrude, do you know if Miss Alice painted any to-day?"

"I don't know," said Gertrude; "I dare say she did."

"But I don't see when," persisted Effie.

"O, this afternoon, while we were playing," said Gertrude.

"Why, no," said Effie; "don't you know she went down to see that old woman, whose name I forget, and read to her all the afternoon?"

"So she did," said Gertrude; "well, perhaps she painted some in the morning" —

"Why, how you do forget," said Effie; "don't you know at dinner-time all the talk about it. How the man came to put up the double windows, and how it turned out that the woman had washed the wrong windows; and the right ones were brought up from the cellar all dusty and cobwebs, just as Miss Alice came home from walking with the little boys, and how there was nobody else to do them; and so Miss Alice spent the rest of the morning washing windows, and never got through till dinner-time. And I thought it would be such fun to wash windows. Did you ever wash any?"

No answer from Gertrude; and Effie was soon fast asleep, while she was thinking if it would not be her business to plan some time for Miss Alice to paint in.



HOW TO USE THE VOICE.

BY CHARLES R. TREAT.

POSSIBLY some of my young readers may think that they know already how to use their voices, and that I might as well try to teach them how to eat, or how to breathe. Still, perhaps, if I should try, I might be able to teach them how to eat better than they now do; and I hope that in the August number I did teach them how to breathe better than they did before. Let me say, however, that for those who are sound of body and of mind; who live wholesome, active lives, and who make a generous use of their voices, such an article as this has little value, except to show them how to develop their voices more, and to make plain the mysterious processes of common speech. It is for others that I am writing,— especially for the boys and girls who love a book, and a quiet corner, and who seldom speak; for those, too, whom weakness has prevented from joining in the hearty, noisy sports of their more robust playmates. I wish to show them what their voices should be, and what I fear they have, or may become. Let me also say that the knowledge of the Voice, and How to Use it, is gained by studying its actual use; and when I tell you that the Voice *ought to be used* in this way or that, I mean only to say that this is the way in which those whose voices are strong or sweet, *do use them*. Therefore I shall often ask you to notice your own voices, or those of others and see if what I tell you be not true.

In the first place, to use the Voice requires effort; this you will readily believe. Remember, then, as one important rule for the use of the Voice, *Let the whole body share the effort required to produce the voice*. What I mean is simply this: Suppose you were going to throw a ball; would you, could you throw it with the arm alone? Do you not always use every muscle, from your toes to your finger-tips? That is just what you ought to do when you use the Voice in vigorous speech. The process is precisely the same, for you *throw the Voice* as truly as you throw a ball. Watch some healthy little fellow when he is shouting with all his might. Every muscle of his body is tense as a bow-string. Now the fault which I wish to correct is one that rarely occurs when you are thoroughly roused, and are speaking with animation, or excitement, or strong feeling: then the Voice

takes care of itself. The fault is apt to occur in reading aloud, or in declamation, when the words you utter are not your own; and the things you describe, or the feelings you express have no more interest for you than the hard seats, or the bare walls of your school-room. This fault is to be remedied by a genuine interest in what you are reading or declaiming. That will change the dull, dead drawl, which so many children read with, to a bright, living, expressive utterance. Then be careful to secure such a position and action for the body as will help the Voice: stand erect; or if you sit, sit erect. Feel every muscle firm. Especially let the chest be raised, and not sunken and relaxed. If you use little effort with the Voice, use little with the body; but if your Voice be used with much effort, let the body share it in every part.



Fig. 1.

In the second place, to use the Voice in the best way, requires an unobstructed passage, from the throat outward. Remember, then, as another important rule, *Let the throat and mouth be open*. This may seem an absurd rule at first thought, but you will think differently when I tell you what I mean by it. It is an absurd rule, and it ought not to be necessary; yet there are faults far more absurd, which the rule is intended to correct. Did you ever know any one so stupid as to shut the blinds and draw down the curtains when they wished to look out of the window, or to shut their eyes when they wished to see? There may not be any people so foolish as that, but there are many who, when they wish to speak, shut the throat and mouth as much as they can. If you notice the voices of very fleshy persons, you will hear a soft, half-smothered sound. This is caused partly by the accumulation of fat about the throat, and partly by the flabby, inelastic condition of the muscles of

the throat and tongue. You will also hear, sometimes, voices that seem half-choked and harsh. This is caused by an unyielding and cramped condition of the muscles of the throat and tongue. If you have ever noticed the effect upon the sound of a trumpet, produced by bending or indenting the tube, you will understand why the Voice is changed by the two things of which I have spoken. The tube of the throat is held open by the muscles that compose its sides. If these are flabby, the tube is without shape or firmness; while, if they are unyielding, the proper shape is sure not to be assumed, and the result is a bent or indented tube. There is still another kind of obstructed speaking, which sounds like a forced whisper, as though you held a boy by his throat, and he should try to scream "Stop!" or, "Let me go!" The truth is, the man who speaks with this straining tone, is actually choking himself. He is crowding his tongue down his throat just as far as he can, and then wonders why he finds it so hard to talk. This fault, unlike the other two, seems to result from too much effort; they on the contrary, are caused by not effort enough.

Laziness is also at the bottom of another very common fault, — talking through the nose, or the nasal tone. To be sure, an American, certainly it is safe to say a New Englander, who does not talk through his nose, is as great a rarity as Barnum's "What is it." To prove this, let me tell you a story. A friend of mine, who is a teacher of Elocution, and a most successful teacher of "How to use the Voice," while in Edinburgh, called upon a teacher of Elocution who lived there. He introduced himself as an American. The gentleman, to his great surprise, said to him, "I should have known you were an American by your nasal tone." You will therefore readily believe that what a distinguished Professor of Vocal Culture could not rid himself of, the rest of American humanity must submit to without hope of remedy.

But this nasal tone that belongs to us all, which Dr. Holmes facetiously charges upon the chilling "East wind," is not the fault which I would urge you to correct. I am speaking of the genuine Yankee drawl, that is always accompanied by a lounging, shiftless manner; a tone that is made through the nose, because the speaker is too lazy to open his mouth wide enough to let it pass out there. Beware of the beginning of this disgusting fault. Speak always with life. Never let your voice crawl sluggishly out. Always open the throat and mouth, and

guide its course. Let me explain the fault a little more fully.



Curtain of the Palate
at rest.
Fig. 2.

The accompanying figure 2 will make the matter plain. It represents what you will see if you look into your mouth with a mirror, or into somebody's else. At the back part of the mouth there hangs a slender bit of flesh, which is like the tassel of a curtain. It is so much like a tassel, that it is called so; and that from which it hangs is called a "curtain," or "veil." If you look at figure 4, you will see how thin this "curtain" is, and how, when it hangs down, it shuts the passage out through the mouth. It is this "curtain" which makes the nasal tone. It ought to be lifted up, as in figure 3, when the voice is used.



Curtain rolled up.
Fig. 3.

When speaking in conversation or reading, with little effort, the "curtain" need not be raised nearly so high; but when using much voice, speaking to a large number, or calling to some one at a distance, it should be, and is usually raised till it almost disappears. Therefore practice speaking and talking with a tone that sounds *full, round, and rich*. Avoid a tone that sounds *thin, sharp, or poor*.

There are two other faults which I must hastily describe. One of these is the "quacking" tone. You have heard a duck talk. Well, there are people who talk like ducks. Their mouths are held nearly shut, the tongue flat, and close to the roof of the mouth, just the shape of a duck's bill. The other fault is a "shallow" tone. This is more common among girls than among boys. Their talking seems to be all done just at the edge of the lips. There seems to be no voice within the throat or mouth. It sounds like the shadow of a voice, utterly empty of expression or life. A machine could talk better than they do. The fault usually arises from false modesty, or overmuch nicety. Get rid of it as soon as you can.

In the third place, the Voice should be clothed with the proper quality; and as a rule to help you do this, remember that you must *Aim the tone at the right place*. I say *aim the tone*, because the tone is air, which is like all air, except

that it is vibrating, and can be directed or blown to any point you please. The direction which you ought to give is to some point upon the roof

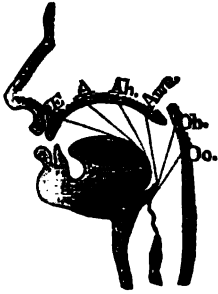


Fig. 4.

of the mouth. I told you, in the beginning of this article, that all we knew of the way in which the Voice ought to be used, we had learned by studying the way in which the Voice was actually used. Now we have learned that when one is talking, as I should be if I were telling you these things instead of writing them, his Voice strikes against that part of the roof of the mouth which is just behind the teeth. If you touch that part of the mouth with your tongue, it will feel hard; hence, the tone which strikes against it will be made hard. This is what I mean by quality. Voice is produced in the throat, but that is like a hen without feathers; it is naked sound. If I should blow through a throat which I had cut from some dog or cat, the sound would be very different from that which the animal would make. That which makes the human Voice what it is, is not so much the size or shape of the vocal chords, as it is the size and shape of the throat and mouth.

Now touch again with your tongue the roof of your mouth. It feels hard behind the teeth, then it becomes a little soft, then more so, then very soft indeed. This whole surface which you touch is called the palate; the hard part the hard palate, the soft part the soft palate; and the tones which strike against the hard palate become hard tones, while the tones that strike against the soft palate become soft tones. When the captain commands "Halt!" his Voice strikes against the hard palate; when the mother sings

to her babe, her Voice strikes against the soft palate. The hard tones express decision and determination; they are used when one wishes to state a fact, the time of day, the condition of the weather, or any matter of information or instruction. The soft tones express feeling, such as joy or sorrow, of sympathy and of affection. To express feeling of a grander sort, such as awe or reverence, the "curtain" of the palate rises, as in figure 3, and the Voice is directed toward the back part of the mouth, which is also soft, thus giving a soft tone with great fullness and richness.

These things I speak of, because too often people fall into a habit of using one kind or quality of the Voice, and never (or almost never) any other. Thus you will hear some grown people, rarely boys or girls, talking always with a hard, unsympathetic tone. The trouble is that there is no sympathy, or very little in them. Their hearts are dry and dead. But when the heart is full of warm, glowing love, — love for brother and sister and playmate, for father and mother, — the Voice will play back and forth upon the palate as Ole Bull's bow plays upon the strings of his violin. Thus you will see that the heart must first be cured, if the Voice is to be made what it ought to be. The Voice should be as sensitive to the slightest change of thought or feeling, as the daguerreotype plate is to the sunlight, so that it shall perfectly picture the inner life of child or man. You have been often told that your character should be transparent and guileless; this is one way to make it so.

But I must not moralize in a dry discussion of "How to use the Voice," though I should be glad to show you more plainly how the mind and heart influence and mould the Voice. You will perhaps let me add this, — that a pure, sweet heart always speaks with a pure, sweet Voice.

DANISH POPULAR LEGENDS.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

DENMARK is rich in old legends of historical persons, churches, and manors, of hills, of fields, and bottomless moors; sayings from the days of the great plague, from the times of war and peace. The sayings live in books, and on the tongues of the people; they fly far about like a

flock of birds, but still are as different from one another as the thrush is from the owl, as the wood-pigeon from the gull. Listen to me, and I will tell you some of them.

It happened one evening in days of yore, when the enemy were pillaging the Danish country,

that a battle had been fought and won by the Danes, and many killed and wounded lay on the field of battle. One of these, an enemy, had lost both his legs by a shot. A Danish soldier, standing near by, had just taken out a bottle filled with beer, and was about to put it to his mouth, when the badly wounded man asked him for a drink. As he stooped to hand him the bottle, the enemy discharged his pistol at him, but the shot missed. The soldier drew his bottle back again, drank half of it, and gave the remaining half to his enemy, only saying, "You rascal, now you will only get half of it."

The king afterward hearing of this, granted the soldier and his descendants an armorial bearing of nobility, on which was painted a half-filled bottle, in memory of his deed.

There is a beautiful tradition worth telling about the church-bell of Farum. The parsonage stood close by the church. It was a dark night late in the fall, and the minister was sitting up at a late hour preparing his sabbath sermon, when he heard a slight, strange sound from the large church-bell. No wind was blowing, and the sound was inexplicable to him; he got up, took the keys, and went into the church. As he entered the church the sound stopped suddenly, but he heard a faint sigh from above. "Who is there, disturbing the peace of the church?" he asked, in a loud voice. Footsteps were heard from the tower, and he saw in the passage-way a little boy advancing toward him.

"Be not angry!" said the child. "I slipped in here when the Vesper Service was rung; my mother is very sick!" and now the little boy could not say more for the tears that choked him. The minister patted him on the cheek, and encouraged him to be frank, and to tell him all about it.

"They say that my mother — my sweet, good mother — is going to die; but I knew that when one is sick unto death he may recover again and live, if in the middle of the night one dares enter the church, and scrape off a little rust from the large church-bell; that is a safeguard against death. Therefore I came here and hid myself until I heard the clock strike twelve. I was so afraid! I thought of all the dead ones, and of their coming into the church. I dared not look out; I read my Lord's Prayer, and scraped the rust off the bell."

"Come, my good child," said the minister; "our Lord will forsake neither thy mother nor thee." So they went together to the poor cot-

tage, where the sick woman was lying. She slept quietly and soundly. Our Lord granted her life, and his blessings shone over her and her son.

There is a legend about a poor young fellow, Paul Vendelbo, who became a great and honored man. He was born in Jutland, and had striven and studied so well that he got through the examination as student, but felt a still greater desire to become a soldier and stroll about in foreign countries. One day he walked with two young comrades, who were well off, along the ramparts of Copenhagen, and talked to them of his desire. He stopped suddenly, and looked up at the window of the Professor's house, where a young girl was seated, whose beauty had astonished him and the two others. Perceiving how he blushed, they said in joke, "Go in to her, Paul; and if you can get a voluntary kiss from her at the window, so that we can see it, we will give you money for travelling, that you may go abroad and see if fortune is more favorable for you there than at home."

Paul Vendelbo entered into the house, and knocked at the parlor door.

"My father is not at home," said the young girl.

"Do not be angry with me!" he answered, and the blood rushed up into his cheeks, "it is not your father I want!" And now he told her frankly and heartily his wish to try the world and acquire an honorable name; he told her of his two friends who were standing in the street, and had promised him money for travelling on the condition that she should voluntarily give him a kiss at the open window; and he looked at her with such an open, honest, and frank face, that her anger disappeared.

"It is not right for you to speak such words to a chaste maid," said she; "but you look so honest, I will not hinder your fortune!" And she led him to the window, and gave him a kiss. His friends kept their promise, and furnished him with money. He went into the service of the Czar, fought in the battle of Pultowa, and acquired name and honor. Afterward, when Denmark needed him, he returned home, and became a mighty man of the army and of the king's council. One day he entered the Professor's plain room, and it was not just the Professor he wished to see this time either: it was again his daughter, Ingeborg Vinding, who gave him the kiss, — the inauguration of his fortune. A fortnight after, Paul Vendelbo Loevendern (Lion-eagle) celebrated his wedding.

The enemy made once a great attack on the Danish island of Funen. One village only was spared; but this was also soon to be sacked and burnt. Two poor people lived in a low-studded house, in the outskirts of the town. It was a dark winter evening; the enemy was expected; and in their anxiety they took the Book of Psalms, and opened it to see if the psalm which they first met with could render them any aid or comfort. They opened the book, and turned to the psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God." Full of confidence, they sang it; and, strengthened in faith, they went to bed and slept well, — kept by the Lord's guardianship. When they awoke in the morning it was quite dark in the room, and the daylight could not penetrate; they went to the door, but could not open it. Then they mounted the loft, got the trap-door open, and saw that it was broad daylight; but a heavy drift of snow had in the night fallen upon the whole house and hidden it from the enemies, who in the night-time had pillaged and burnt the town. Then they clasped their hands in thankfulness, and repeated the psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God!" The Lord had guarded them, and raised an intrenchment of snow around them.

From North Seeland there comes a gloomy incident that stirs the thoughts. The church of Roervig is situated far out toward the sand hills by the stormy Kattegat. One evening a large ship dropped anchor out there, and was presumed to be a Russian man-of-war. In the night a knocking was heard at the gate of the parsonage, and several armed and masked persons ordered the minister to put on his ecclesiastical gown and accompany them out to the church. They promised him good pay, but used menaces if he declined to go. He went with them. The church was lighted, unknown people were gathered, and all was in deep silence. Before the altar the bride and bridegroom were waiting, dressed in magnificent clothes, as if they were of high rank, but the bride was pale as a corpse. When the marriage ceremony was finished, a shot was heard, and the bride lay dead before the altar. They took the corpse, and all went away with it. The next morning the ship had weighed anchor. To this day nobody has been able to give any explanation of the event.

The minister who took part in it wrote down the whole event in his Bible, which is handed down in his family. The old church is still standing between the sand hills at the tossing

Kattegat, and the story lives in writing and in memory.

I must tell you one more church legend. There lived in Denmark, on the island of Falster, a rich lady of rank, who had no children, and her family was about to die out. So she took a part of her riches, and built a magnificent church. When it was finished, and the altar-candles lighted, she stepped up to the altar-table and prayed on her knees to our Lord, that He would grant her, for her pious gift, a life upon the earth as long as her church was standing. Years went by. Her relations died, her old friends and acquaintances, and all the former servants of the manor were laid in their graves; but she, who made such an evil wish, did not die. Generation upon generation became strange to her, she did not approach anybody, and nobody approached her. She wasted away in a long dotage, and sat abandoned and alone; her senses were blunted, she was like a sleeping, but not like a dead person. Every Christmas Eve the life in her flashed up for a moment, and she got her voice again. Then she would order her people to put her in an oak coffin, and place it in the open burying-place of the church. The minister then would come on the Christmas night to her, in order to receive her commands. She was laid in the coffin, and it was brought to the church. The minister came, as ordered, every Christmas night, through the choir up to the coffin, raised the cover for the old, wearied lady, who was lying there without rest.

"Is my church still standing?" she asked, with shivering voice; and upon the minister's answer, "It stands still!" she sighed profoundly and sorrowfully, and fell back again. The minister let the cover down, and came again the next Christmas night, and the next again, and still again the following. Now there is no stone of the church left upon another, no traces of the buried dead ones. A large whitethorn grows here on the field, with beautiful flowers every spring, as if it were the sign of the resurrection of life. It is said that it grows on the very spot where the coffin with the noble lady stood, where her dust became dust of earth.

There is an old popular saying that our Lord, when he expelled the fallen angels, let some of them drop down upon the hills, where they live still, and are called "Bjergfolk" (mountain goblins), or "Trolde" (imps). They are always afraid, and flee away when it thunders, which

is for them a voice from heaven. Others fell down in the alder moors; they are called "Elver-folk" (alder folks), and among them the women are very handsome to look at, but not to trust; their backs are also hollow, like a dough-trough. Others fell down in old farms and houses; they became dwarfs and "Nisser" (elves). Sometimes they are wont to have intercourse with men, and a great many stories about them are related which are very strange.

Up in Jutland lived in a large hill such a mountain goblin, together with a great many other imps. One of his daughters was married to the smith of the village. The smith was a bad man, and beat his wife. At last she got tired of it, and one day as he was going again to beat her, she took a horse-shoe and broke it over him. She possessed such an immense strength, that she easily could have broken him in pieces too. He thought about it, and did not beat her any more. Yet it was rumored abroad, and her respect among the country-people was lost, and she was known as a "Troid barn" (an imp child). No one in the parish would have any intercourse with her. The mountain goblin got a hint of this; and one Sunday, when the smith and his wife, together with other parishioners, were standing in the church-yard, waiting for the minister, she looked out over the bay, where a fog was rising.

"Now comes father," she said, "and he is angry!" He came, and angry he was.

"Will you throw them to me, or will you rather do the catching?" he asked, and looked with greedy eyes upon the church-people.

"The catching!" she said; for she knew well that he would not be so gentle when they fell into his hands. And so the mountain goblin seized one after another, and flung them over the roof of the church, while the daughter, standing on the other side, caught them gently. From that time she got along very well with the parishioners; they were all afraid of the mountain goblin, and many of that kind were scattered about the country. The best they could do was to avoid quarreling with him, and rather turn his acquaintance to their profit. They knew well that the imps had big kettles filled with gold money, and it was certainly worth while to get a handful of it; but for that they had to be cunning and ingenious, like the peasant of whom I am going to tell you; as also of his boy, who was still more cunning.

The peasant had a hill on his field, which he would not leave uncultivated; he ploughed it,

but the mountain goblin, who lived in the hill, came out and asked, —

"How dare you plough upon my roof?"

"I did not know that it was yours!" said the peasant; "but it is not advantageous for any of us to let such a piece of land lie uncultivated. Let me plough and sow! and then you reap the first year what is growing over the earth, and I what grows in the earth. Next year we will change." They agreed; and the peasant sowed the first year carrots, and the second corn. The mountain goblin got the top part of the carrots, and the roots of the corn. In this way they lived in harmony together.

But now it happened that there was to be a christening in the house of the peasant. The peasant was much embarrassed, as he could not well omit inviting the mountain goblin, with whom he lived in good accord; but if the imp accepted his invitation, the peasant would fall into bad repute with the minister and the other folk of the parish. Cunning as the peasant ordinarily was, this time he could not find out how to act. He spoke about it to his pig-boy, who was the more cunning of the two.

"I will help you!" said the boy; and taking a large bag, he went out to the hill of the mountain goblin; he knocked, and was let in. Then he said that he came to invite him to the christening. The mountain goblin accepted the invitation, and promised to come.

"I must give a christening-present, I suppose; mustn't I?"

"They usually do," said the boy, and opened the bag. The imp poured money into it.

"Is that sufficient?" The boy lifted the bag.

"Most people give as much!" Then all the money in the large money kettle was poured into the bag.

"Nobody gives more — most less."

"Let me know, now," said the mountain goblin, "the great guests you are expecting."

"Three priests and one bishop," said the boy.

"That is fine; but such gentlemen look only for eating and drinking, — they don't care about me. Who else comes?" — "Mother Mary is expected!" — "Hm, hm! but I think there will always be a little place for me behind the stove! Well, and then?"

"Well, then comes 'our Lord.'" — "Hm, hm, hm! that was mighty! but such highly distinguished guests usually come late and go away early. I shall therefore, while they are in, slink away a little. What sort of music shall you have?"

"Drum-music!" said the boy; "our Father has ordered a heavy thundering, after which we shall dance! drum-music it shall be."

"O, is it not dreadful!" cried the mountain

goblin. "Thank your master for the invitation, but I would rather stay at home. Did he not know, then, that thundering and drum are to me, and to my whole race, a horror? Once, in my



younger days, going out to take a walk, the thunder began to drum, and I got one of the drumsticks over my thigh-bone so that it cracked. I will not have more of that kind of music! Give my thanks and my greetings."

And the boy took the bag on his back, and brought his master the great riches, and the imp's friendly greetings.

We have many legends of this sort, but those we have told ought to be enough for to-day!



JACKY MARAMA;

OR, THE TRUE STORY OF AN AMERICAN BOY IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY R. D. CARTER.

In the month of December, 1858, eleven years ago now, the writer of this was travelling in New Zealand, along with three other friends. Their object was chiefly a botanizing tour through an unvisited part of that far-away country. Everything in that country (as, doubtless, many of my young readers have learnt from their geographies) is just the reverse of ours. It is day there when night here, and summer at Christmas; whilst the sun is due north every day at noon, and many other, to us, seeming contradictions to what we have been used. The people who live there were formerly a wild, savage race of tattooed cannibals, of a pale-olive color, and marked all over their bodies with strange lines and figures, a deep-blue color, from the juice of a native plant called "Korari," which never washes out or wears off, but is pricked into the skin with sharp flint stones, and a very painful operation it must be. All the chiefs, especially, are marked with it all over their faces, each tribe having a different pattern, so that they can tell each other, and know friends from foes. Not thirty years ago they were all cannibals, cooking and eating the bodies of those they killed, or took captive in fighting, and they were almost always fighting with each other then. They thought if they ate their enemy, his good qualities or virtues would become theirs. Thus, if a man was known to be very quick of hearing, or sharp-sighted, or very brave,—by eating his eyes, or ears, or heart, they would obtain all his powers. Very few ships then touched at their shores, they were so cruel and savage; they killed and ate every one they could, and so all white men tried to avoid the island. Every now and then, however, some American whaling ship was forced to go there, being driven thither either by storms, or want of water; and then, if they were seen, they were sure to be attacked, and often killed; or, worse still, kept as slaves and prisoners, to be ate at some future feast. Now, what I am about to tell really happened as I shall relate it. I had it from the lips of the old man himself, who is still, I believe, living — an old gray-headed man — in the place I first saw him.

beautiful inland bay of clear blue water, surrounded by hills and huge rocks, covered with forest trees, all evergreen, never shedding their leaves altogether, and most of them one mass of gorgeous blossoms — red, orange, and snowy-white; tall towering ferns pierced through these, and spread their long, delicate fronds, like huge canopies, high up in the sky. Various colored shells, and grotesque-shaped corals, through whose stony foliage glided bright-hued fish, formed the bottom of the bay, plainly seen through the clear blue water. Here and there a beautiful valley ran up between the hills, and in these valleys lived the natives, called Maories (Mowrys), in their small, reed-built huts. One of the most powerful tribes lived in that part of New Zealand, called the Ngapuhi. I and one of my companions, a young Englishman, both being thirsty, ventured to go into one of the largest of these huts, the residence of the chief, Te Whero Whero, to ask for some water. A lot of savage dogs greeted us, and we had to stand still until a woman came out and called them away.

As soon as we entered, I saw seated on a native-made mat an old gray-headed man, with a cloak of birds'-skins over his shoulders; these skins belong to a bird peculiar to New Zealand, and called by the natives the Kiwi (*Apteryx*). It has no feathers, no tail, and no wings, but is covered with a kind of fine fur the color of a mouse, and has a very long bill. It only comes out and feeds at night. Its cry is a shrill, prolonged whistle. We often heard them in the forest at night. Its skin is much valued, and used only by the chiefs. The skin cloak came down to the old man's knees, and, except some white heron feathers stuck in his hair, he had no other covering. He rose up as we entered the hut, or *whare*, and bade us welcome in the Maori language, "Tena ra korua," "Here you two are!" their manner of saying "How do you do?" If friends or relatives meet, they also rub their noses together, instead of shaking hands. And in passing, toss up their heads, instead of nodding as we do. To my astonishment this man was quite white, instead of an olive color, and I felt sure he was not a native. He asked us to sit down on the floor on mats, and we did so, whilst

In the course of our travels we had come to a

his wife brought us a gourd of water and some ripe water-melons, which we thought delicious, as the day was hot, and we had walked a long distance. After sitting, and talking some time in their language, which I had learnt, I asked the old man if he was a native, and born there. He told me he was not, and then commenced the following history, which I give as nearly as I can in his words :

"I am not a native born," he began, "but an American. I was born, I believe, in Connecticut, at a place called New London. I do not know how old I am now, but I suppose I am somewhere about seventy. I came here when a boy, on board a whaling ship ; I forget its name now, and I have long forgotten what my white name was, but I remember my father was captain of the ship. I was about ten years old when I first came here. The ship was out of water, and we were forced to land here in this bay, to try and get some. We sent our boats on shore, seeing no natives about, and began filling our casks as fast as we could, for we knew they would kill and eat us, if they saw and caught us. It was very different then ; no missionaries had been here, and they were all heathens and cannibals. We had nearly done filling the casks, when my father came on shore bringing me with him, as I begged him to do so. He wanted to shoot some pigs or birds, as we had no fresh meat on board. We went into the woods, and he shot several pigeons and parrots. I suppose the natives heard the report of the gun,—indeed, they told me they did afterward,—for sound travels a long way in this dry climate (a fact we had noticed, being able often to hear each other speak, two miles apart), and they came down to see what it was. We had three boats on shore at the time, besides my father's ; and there were only the carpenter, steward, and cook left on board with two sick men. The first thing that let us know the natives had come upon us, was a shower of spears from among the trees, which killed the first mate and six men. The others ran toward their boats to get their guns, but the natives (I don't know how many, but a great many) got first between them and the boats, and secured all the weapons. Our men hoped they would not know how to use the guns, but they did—at least, the chief did, and he showed the others. Except my father's gun, and the men's clasp-knives, we were altogether unarmed, and at their mercy,—a word they neither knew nor practiced. My father and I just then hearing their horrid yells, came out of the forest ; and he tried to talk and quiet

them. They no sooner, however, saw his gun, than they made signs he should give it up to them. He did not like this, but was forced to do it ; the chief came and took it from him, and then lifted up his right hand, to which he had a small stone club fastened, and struck my father on the head : he fell down dead, and this was the signal for a general massacre of all the rest. I ran and hid in a bush. As soon as they had done killing the men, they took the boats and went on board the ship, and killed all there ; they then stripped the ship of all they could and came on shore again. One of them had two dogs with him, and they smelt me, for they came and began barking at me. I came out trembling and crying, fully expecting to be killed instantly. I almost wished it, seeing all my dead companions and father lying in a heap. The chief lifted his club, and I thought he was going to throw it at me ; but he suddenly changed his mind, and motioned me to come to him. I went up in great fear, but he made me sit down near him, and began talking to his men ; of course I did not know what he said. They, however, began to dig a large hole in the ground, or rather trench, as I thought, to bury the dead in ; whilst two of them went off into the woods to fetch, as I afterward found out, the rest of the tribe. As soon as the hole was large enough, and sufficiently deep, they threw a lot of sticks into it and set them on fire, rubbing, or rather rolling one in a hole in another to get a light. When the fire was nearly burnt out, they threw a lot of stones in on the embers, and left them until nearly red hot ; they then, to my horror, stripped the dead bodies, and laid them in order on the wet mats they had placed on the hot stones, covered them with more wet mats, and then a thick covering of soil, so that no steam could escape. I still thought all this was one to bury and destroy them the quicker ; it was now night, and the men had made a sort of shelter of boughs of trees and large leaves. The chief made me lie down on the mat with him, but I could not sleep ; I did nothing but cry all night, and tried to pray to God to take care of me and help me to find a way to escape and get home once more. At the thought of home and my poor mother, I cried still more bitterly ; moreover, I felt both hungry and thirsty, having had nothing to eat since breakfast on that ill-fated morning. Toward daybreak I fell into an uneasy slumber, full of horrid dreams ; and when I awoke, I found the rest of the tribe had come,—old men, women, and children. They were all seated round that

dreadful pit, and had taken out one or two of the bodies, and were busy eating them. I was horrified, and the sight made me so sick I was forced to get out of sight and vomit. They, none of them, seemed to notice me; I suppose they knew and thought there was no possible chance of my escape. After they had done their disgusting meal, one of the women brought me a small mat with some food on it; I found it was fish and potatoes. I took them aside, away from that fearful place, into the forest, and there eat them. I then brought back the mat. I could not help wondering what they would do with me at last, — if they would fatten me to kill, or let me live. The chief and men had a long talk together, and pointed frequently at the ship and then at me; I knew they were then deciding my future fate. As they were talking (sometimes in a violent way, as if quarreling about the distribution of what they had got from the ship), the chief's wife went up to him and spoke long and earnestly, pointing often to me. I found afterward she begged me of him to adopt as her child, as she had none of her own. The chief had one daughter by a former wife, and that was all their family. The chief consented, and Wainona took me home with her. I was taught all the arts of fishing and hunting, throwing the boomerang and spear, and in time came to be looked on as Te Whero Whero's successor. The old man himself made me take his name, and the rest of the tribe called me 'Marama,' which means 'Light,' or 'the Moon,' from my white skin. I had but one quarrel with Te Whero, and that nearly ended in my death. It was this. When Te Whero was old, and near dying, he took a great fancy to the daughter of Monganui, a powerful chief of the neighboring tribe of the Ngatiwai, and a relative of Te Whero's. The girl was only sixteen years old, and very beautiful; indeed, she was famed for it, and called 'Pepepe' ('the Winged Flower'). We (that is, she and I) had been frequently together, and, from being my playmate, I grew to love her, and wished to make her my wife. She seemed in no way reluctant, and Wainona greatly favored it. Te Whero wished to kill her; you start, — for I did when I heard him, — but it is one of our customs to kill our favorite attendants, to accompany and wait on us in the other world. Te Whero wished to have Pepepe, for he believed he should become young again there. He sent for her when he was lying on his mat, ex-

pecting to die soon. When she came, he ordered me to give him his gun. I hardly dared refuse, though I knew he wanted to shoot her, and I did not know what to do. I went and told Wainona; she hid the gun, and I then told him I could not find it. In a great rage, to our astonishment, he sprang up off the mat; and saying to me, 'Ka tohe koe ki ahaw?' ('Do you dare strive with me?') he flung at me a tomahawk; it just missed me, and I rushed out of the *whare*. He also went out, passion lending him strength, and ordered the poor girl to go with him. She dared not refuse, or he would have killed her there and then. His house was built on yon steep rock (pointing to one a short distance off, rising sheer out of the bay, and overlooking the water; an old ruined hut was still to be seen about one hundred yards back from the precipice). He led the girl to the edge of the rock, and then suddenly pushed her over; her scream as she fell still rings in my ears, my heart seemed to cease beating, and my blood ran cold. We all fully expected to find her dashed to pieces on the sharp, jagged, scoria rocks below. Some four or five started to bring back her bruised, lifeless corpse; but you may judge of our delight and thankfulness when we saw her bravely stemming the waves, and swimming to yon small island. It happened, fortunately, to be high tide, and the rocks were all covered. Te Whero ground his teeth with rage, but his strength was gone, and he could barely crawl back to his mat; there he died, an hour or two later, before they could bring Pepepe back. 'At his death I was chosen chief in his place, and have ruled ever since.'

"And Pepepe," I inquired, "what became of her?"

"You have seen her," he answered; "she brought the water and melons to you."

As his wife just then reëntered the hut, I and my friend looked at her with increased interest. She bore evident marks of having once been beautiful, and was still a fine-looking woman. Te Whero, or Marama, made us stay and have dinner, and we left him, much pleased with our reception and entertainment. If any of my readers visit the Bay of Islands, any one there will direct him where to find Jacky Marama, the New Zealand chief, once the little American boy from New London. I will only add, in conclusion, he persuaded and induced his tribe long ago to give up the horrid practice of cannibalism.



THE LITTLE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Now Katy, be still, and don't move a speck,
Or you'll spoil what we call the rembrantefeck;
That's something you do when you're wanted to look
Like a magic-lantern picture pasted in a book.
Hold the hearth-broom just so:
It's your knitting, you know.

Just sit and think you're little Jack Horner.
And keep your eyes fixed hard on that corner;
There — where I point, then I'll get up again,
And when I have counted as far as to ten,
Shut your eyes tight, and I'll show you your
photograph;
Now Katy, don't move, and Katy, mind, don't
you laugh.

THE SETTLE.

EFFIE and her friends have been guessing "Buried Cities." Here is a letter which contains at least forty-eight buried cities, who can find more?

MY DEAR MABEL MONTROSS, — I do not feel bright to-night, so do not expect anything fresh or new. Have not I toiled all day Mabel? I made cake from eight till six and have been dish washing to-night. I shall have the best supper that I can

for my ball. Is boned turkey essential? It is so difficult to prepare one, I dare say I shall have help from Mrs. Murphy. Ann is a good cook. I have bought seven ice-cream freezers, and Mrs. Flynn promises to prepare the ices. I shall send Mrs. Smith a card, but I do not intend to send Mrs. Kall any. I may think it best Louisa Tyrell should be asked. I think Imogene Vattoll and Aurora Leigh will be the belles. I sent to Hyde and Hart for

dresses. I think for the buff a long train is desirable, but I shall have the amber neither short nor long. Amy is ill again; her lot is sad. I told Dr. Caustic air or exercise were the best remedies. She is trying a new tonic, it is ale mixed with sumac. On many accounts I am glad the Astons have left. Their bad son stole dogs and tormented them. I hope to welcome my dearest Aunt on Tuesday. Remember you promised us August. Amy longs to see you; so do, my dearest, come. How long since you were here? It seems forever. On Amy's account I sigh, entreat, urge. No answer in the negative! If you refuse we shall all weep. Is a poor letter better than none? If so, peruse this and overlook all mistakes. Ed. is to come on the 16th from Cuba. Then surely you will join him. Ever thine.

ANNA H. ANTHONY.

ENIGMA.

The child of commerce, and the warrior's friend,
How gladly to the breeze my wings I bend!
Without me, Western Isles were still unknown,
And Egypt's sands with soldier corpses strown
Puffed up with pride, I serve my jolly Jack;
On rich men's tables, I will turn my back.
The pretty maiden bending o'er her frame,
Must yield to me the homage that I claim.
In olden times I used to carry letters,
And at a pinch could preach unto my betters;
But now, alas! I get but small attention,
Supplanted quite by Kidder's new invention.
But the poor artist I delight to aid,
Of many a genius I a lord have made;
In France, 'tis said, I'm but a skeleton
Which any poet may put garments on.
By day, by night, in sunshine and in storm,
I man attend in my Protean form.
One parting word, to help you to my name,
On me depends the politician's fame.
A little crooked aid perhaps you'll lend,
But who would scruple to assist a friend?
Now guess my name, — if you the name can call, —
I'm smiling on you from yon pictured Hall!

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of ten letters.
My 1, 10, 2, 6, is a wild animal.
My 3, 7, 8, 6, is a journey.
My 9, 2, 3, 10, can be found in a fence.
My 6, 4, 3, 8, 10, is a direction.
My 5, 10, 2, 6, is not far.
My whole is the capital of one of the United States.
2. I am composed of nine letters.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 2, is a delicious fruit.
My 1, 5, 6, 9, is a color.
My 3, 1, is the name of an ancient giant.
My 3, 3, 7, 2, is often represented by an anchor.

My 6, 7, 2, is a species of monkey.
My 3, 8, is an exclamation.
My 8, 3, 2, is a garden implement.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 2, is the name of a boy.
My 3, 6, 5, 7, is a musical instrument.
My whole is an important branch of study.

A. F. A.

3. I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 7, 6, 4, 15, 13, no wagon can move without.
My 5, 1, 10, 2, is very plentiful at Long Branch.
My 6, 10, 13, is a number.
My 8, 1, 7, is used to cause a circulation of my 9,
4, 12.
My 15, 14, 6, 12, 3, is used extensively in battle.
My 6, 11, 2, is not even.
My whole is my name.

A. F. A.

4. I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 2, 16, 4, 3, is the opposite of despair.
My 10, 16, 11, 5, 14, is made by an insect in the sea.
My 1, 2, 16, 15, is a Scandinavian god.
My 10, 16, 5, 14, abounds in Newcastle.
My 3, 14, 7, 5, is another name for Charles Lamb.
My 2, 17, 11, 4, is a musical instrument.
My 10, 14, 7, 16, is one of the Nine Muses.
My 13, 8, is a conjunction expressing condition.
My 12, 6, 9, 18, is sour.
My 4, 3, 17, 6, 3, is not war.
My whole is a great modern improvement.

V. E. H.

CHARADE.

My *first* has no voice, nor fluent tongue,
And talks quite well with finger and thumb;
My *second*, heard in every land,
Has a voice and tongue *all* understand.
It flighty is, garrulous, soft and loud;
Though thoughtless, it moves the thoughtful crowd,
Which walks and runs, sorrows and joys,
According to its music or its noise;
While *flat*, lymphatic, heavy, mute,
My *whole* is dull without dispute.

H. H. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two cities, — one is often called the other.
My charger of the — breed.
Where oft in whirls the mad — flies.
Delightful spots, man quits ye but with life.
A little Latin word that helps to join.
Can lips so fair pronounce that cruel word?
I have a —, a little —.

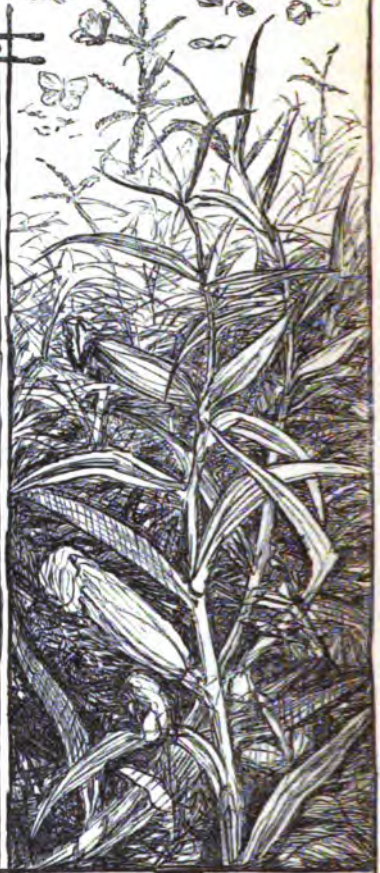
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Why are the emblems of America more enduring than those of France, England, Ireland, and Scotland?



OCTOBER.

Saturday . .	1	First steamboat from New York to Albany, 1807.
Sunday . .	2	André executed, 1779.
Monday . .	3	
Tuesday . .	4	Battle of Corinth, 1862.
Wednesday	5	
Thursday . .	6	Peace with Great Britain proclaimed, 1783.
Friday . . .	7	
Saturday . .	8	
Sunday . .	9	First Commencement at Harvard College, 1642.
Monday . .	10	
Tuesday . .	11	Land first seen by Columbus, 1492.
Wednesday	12	
Thursday . .	13	Burgoyne surrendered, 1777.
Friday . . .	14	William Penn born, 1644.
Saturday . .	15	Torricelli, inventor of the barometer, born, 1608.
Sunday . .	16	Kosciusko died, 1817.
Monday . .	17	
Tuesday . .	18	French abandoned Moscow, 1812.
Wednesday	19	Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781.
Thursday . .	20	
Friday . . .	21	Lord Nelson killed, 1805.
Saturday . .	22	
Sunday . .	23	
Monday . .	24	Daniel Webster died, 1852.
Tuesday . .	25	Capture of the <i>Macedonian</i> , 1812.
Wednesday	26	Noah entered the Ark, 1656, A. M.
Thursday . .	27	
Friday . . .	28	Alfred the Great died, 900.
Saturday . .	29	
Sunday . .	30	John Adams born, 1735.
Monday . .	31	



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1870

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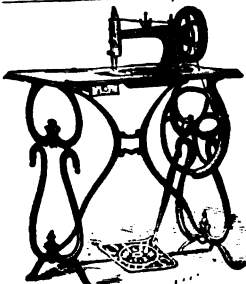
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1

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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XLVII. NOVEMBER, 1870.

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THE
VERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — NOVEMBER, 1870. — No. XLVII

STORIES IN BLACK, WITH VERSES IN BLACK AND WHITE.

LITTLE RIDER.

By picture-frames,"
"only see,
The little damo
ing merrily ;
her name,"

lying in the wind,
in the saddle she sits ;
The dog barks at cats and kits :
The die would be to my mind,"

horse would ride,
The bigger so ;
in the mountain side, —
Scissorsblade, you know, —
The be my bonny bride,"

a little mile,
The ant trotting behind,
The dog in single file,
The castle we'd wind ;
The kiss her once in a while,"

THE QUARREL.

At Peter has cut out :
of Frederick and Paul ;
When they quarreled about,
When did not like it at all.

She wanted to play with them both,
And one of them nodded, — 'twas Paul ;
But the other — that's Frederick — was loath :
She was stupid, he said, and so small.

"That is like you," cried Paul ; "you do as you
please ;
If it was blue, you'd as lief call it green.
Now, won't you, for me ? but it's no use to tease,
And I'll pay you for being so mean."

Then Frederick spoke up, — "O, that's it, is it ?
Well, it's all the same to me ;
Come on, don't wait a minute, —
I'm ready, I tell you, — we'll see."

Now see how they shove in a way
That will wear out their jackets too fast :
And Gretchen is quite in dismay,
And wishes she never had asked.

"Ought I to run and tell,
If they should really fight ?
Perhaps when it's all over, — well,
I should so like to see the sight."

THE NEW SHOES.

Lizzie — now perhaps you've heard ?
Every one is talking of it —
Has new — gaiters, that's the word,
And is trying if they fit.
New gaiters ? Well, what then ?
Why, she's good as new again.

With her gaiters buttoned high,
She feels, I'm sure, quite grand ;

When Fritz, the neighbor's son, comes by,
With Lottie hold of his hand, —
"I've got some shoes with little bits
Of buttons," says Lizzie to Fritz.

"Aren't they pretty? only see."
"That they are," says the admiring lad.
"Now, if those belonged to me,
Why — now that would not be so bad."
Then Fritz looks doubtfully down
On buttonless feet, bare and brown.

"Listen," she says; "for boys like you
Such shoes as these would never do,
For very soon you'd burst them out."
"Yes," says he, "no doubt, no doubt.
Lottie, come, let's move our toes,
We'll never get fine shoes like those."

THE LITTLE PETS.

Now, here you see our Minnie
And pets, — some three or more, —
Pheasant, deer, and bunny,
With Minnie — that makes four.

The deer has eyes so big,
The rabbit is so sleek;
The deer, he eats a little twig,
The rabbit stuffs his cheek.

Meanwhile, the golden pheasant
Is never left unfed;
When Min has anything pleasant,
He always has his bread.

Her little charge she has to watch,
Or they would run away;
The rabbit to the parsley patch,
To the woods the deer would stray.

"I have already with the three
All that I need; and yet —
How happy," said she, "should I be,
If I a fourth could get!

"A little lamb with bells, suppose
With golden bells about his neck;
I'd stroke his fleece and wash his toes,
And comb — I'd comb him every speck."

THE FIGHT ABOUT A SAUSAGE.

This young man is Christopher,
Who almost lost a sausage, sir;
The baker's dog — Peter's his name —
Suddenly upon him came:
He was a monstrous cur!

On his sausage quite intent,
Carelessly our Tophy went
Through the yard at breakfast time:
Three dogs there had planned a crime, —
Two small, one big, on sausage bent.

Two of them were rather small,
These he did not fear at all;
But the third he dared not talk to,
He'd eat the sausage and the fork too;
Yes, and Tophy's leg, it may be, pants and all.

Now this he thought was not quite right,
And so he cried with all his might,
"Get off, you thief! now, Peter, stop!
For sausage go to the butcher's shop!
Help, help, somebody! he'll bite! he'll bite!"

Right stoutly did Christopher cry,
And soon a man came by,
Who made the sausage his!
And yet, speaking of sausages,
Tophy, did *you* the sausage buy?

THE KING'S DAUGHTER THAT GOT AWAY.

Peter says: I saw a play
Just now, that was quite gay.
Two play it; they have a great sword,
But that can be made of pasteboard.
"Mercy!" she cries; "spare, O spare me!"
"Nay," says he, "that cannot, cannot be;
Because you have broken your word,
You deserve to die by the sword."
"Alas!" says she, "I am so young,
And now to die for a slip of the tongue.
See! I will show you the very place
Where a treasure lies hidden, your Grace;
Down in the depths of a fairy lake,
A golden, diamond-dotted cake."
Then he: "Ho! dost tell me that?
Then must I run, quick as a cat,
And tell the king this piece of news,
And then, perhaps, he'll even choose
To spare your life, young maid, for the sake
Of the treasure sunk in the fairy lake.
Hold fast for me my trusty sword,
While I go tell my liege and lord."
"Gladly!" said she, "O, haste on thy way!
And off he goes, and she doth stay.
But scarcely is the constable gone,
Than over the hills the maiden's flown;
And help she finds, and shelter too,
With a neighboring king who's a lover true.
So, when the monster grim comes back,
Maiden and sword are gone, alack!

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VII.

THE RAT AND THE MALT.

THE affair between the Widow Miller and her brother-in-law Job was never brought before the courts, for the shrewd Mr. Miller knew that he would stand no chance whatever, if his case was submitted to legal investigation; and he thought it best to pay Mrs. Miller her dues, and let her go home and leave him in peace. But he had no such ideas about the Steiner claim. That was taken before a court, and preparations for prosecution and defense were busily made by the attorneys of Mr. Miller, and by Mr. Tabb on the part of Carl Steiner, who, from being his clerk, was now his client, although he still continued to perform his office duties. Everything looked well for John and his father, for it was proved by research in the offices of record in Bremen, that the little fortune left to John's mother and her sister was to be equally divided; the interest of one half to be paid to Gretchen Steiner during her life, and, after her death, to be continued to her son for his support and education; and the principal of said half was to become the son's property at his majority. But when this had been satisfactorily ascertained, a new trouble was thrown over the pathway of Mr. Tabb by crafty Job Miller, who utterly denied (and offered to prove his assertion) that Mr. Steiner had been married to his sister-in-law, and that to him or his son the money should be paid. He had assumed control of the whole of the property of his wife's father, by virtue of marrying the oldest and favorite daughter, who had been made sole executrix; and presuming that Carl Steiner, who had been described to him as a worthless wanderer, would never be able to find out what was due him, he had withheld the payments of the interest, and had hoped that no son would ever arise to claim the principal. And now he denied that a true claimant had arisen. But Mr. Steiner did not seem disheartened by this new position of defense. He had obtained a copy of his marriage record from Bremen, and he now wrote to London to obtain, if possible, the attendance of a witness, who could prove that he was the man who had been the bridegroom on that occasion. In about a fortnight he received an answer from

the clergyman who married him, which stated he would be glad to bear witness in the case, should such testimony be demanded. The writer of this answer, was — as John had been informed by his father, soon after the disclosure of his paternal relation — no other than Father Anselm, with whom he had spent so many months in the study of chirography, and the English language.

When the trial of the case came on in the fall, Father Anselm, who had been obliged, by the progress of political events, to visit England, came to Norwich and gave in his testimony in regard to the genuineness of Mr. Steiner's claim to have been the husband of Job Miller's sister-in-law Gretchen; and the decision of the court was, that the interest money withheld by Job Miller, and due to Mrs. Steiner or her son, should be immediately paid to John Steiner, or his guardian, and that the principal should be put into the hands of a trustee appointed by the court, who should deliver it to John on his arrival at the age of twenty-one.

Here was a grand triumph for the Steiners. Here was a sum of money which had been accumulating for nearly seventeen years, which would start them in life as they had never expected to be started; and on John's majority, he would have quite a nice little property.

But poor Mr. Tabb had no reason to rejoice over this advent of the Steiners and the Widow Miller into Norwich. He had done his duty by them, for he thought he might as well as not prosecute the cases, and make a little money; for he knew that Job Miller would consider him as the prime mover in cases which certainly took their legal rise in his office, whether he was prominent in them or not. But he suffered for it. Job the gentle gave Mr. Tabb's son notice to quit at Michaelmas, and that young man and his wife were now at his father's house; and certain moneys due Mr. Miller by the elder Tabb, had been collected in such a way as to make it necessary for the unfortunate attorney to sell the little estate which had been the fruit of his labors in Norwich. So his condition was a tolerably bad one.

However, Mr. Tabb was not penniless; and he had enough spirit, and vigor of mind and

body, to take the place of a great deal of money. He determined to emigrate with his family to America.

During Mr. Tabb's various conversations with John and his father about his own prospects and theirs, it began to appear to the Steiners that they could do nothing better than follow his example; and so, after due deliberation and calculation of expense and resources, they determined to seek a home in the United States.

There were not, on the part of John and his father, many preparations to be made for the intended journey. They had but few friends to take leave of, and those in Germany had to be bidden farewell by means of letters. To the Koppel family John sent as much money as he could possibly spare, and promised to repay them in full when he attained his majority. To the surprise of John, but not so much to that of his father, they received an invitation from the Widow Miller — who, it seems, had kept an eye upon their affairs — to pay her a visit before leaving the country. They went there and spent three days very pleasantly, and the widow appeared very glad indeed to see them, and never once thought of a catapult for John.

About the first of November they sailed from Liverpool in the packet ship *Susan Dwight*, and a good long trip of six weeks they had on the boisterous bosom of the Atlantic. But it was an unadventurous voyage. No man-of-war — Dutch, or any other nation — chased the packet; and beside the incidents of back-winds, storms, and an occasional sail or whale, the voyage was rather monotonous. But at last they sailed into the bay of New York, and in a short time were domiciled in a very neat and orderly tavern on Greenwich Street, a location where no one would now think of going for order and neatness. New York was a fine thriving town at this time, — the beginning of this century. — but of course it was very different from the New York of to-day. The Governor of the State then lived in a handsome brick house at the foot of Broadway; Federal Hall, at the head of Broad Street, where Washington in 1789 took his oath of office, was the most magnificent edifice in the city; and it had been but a short time since very many of the inhabitants had been supplied with water from a pump near what was then the head of Queen Street, which was carried to their doors in casks, and cost threepence a hogshead at the pump.

But there was much to see in New York which greatly interested the Steiner and the Tabb families, and they would have been glad to

have remained there for several weeks, had they been able to afford it. But they had concluded to settle on the banks of the Ohio, — Mr. Tabb having received very flattering accounts of that region, — and they accordingly pushed on. But they had chosen a bad season for their journey; the winter was upon them, and they found, in their difficult passage by wagon from New York to Philadelphia, that it would not do to attempt to traverse the whole length of the great State of Pennsylvania after the heavy snows of the season had commenced. So in Philadelphia, much to their regret, they all spent the winter. Living was cheap there, the people of the lower classes were plain and industrious, while those of the higher grades were well-informed and dignified; there was a fine library, where any one might go and read; there were five daily papers and four weekly gazettes, one of which was a German publication; the streets were very well laid out; the market was perhaps the finest in the world; there were over forty thousand inhabitants, only eighty-five of which were slaves; and there were a great many other conveniences and advantages which we have not time to mention; but in spite of all these things, the Steiners and the Tabbs found Philadelphia a dull place, and were almost sorry that they had not spent their winter in New York. But they gained great advantages by this enforced stay in the city of Penn. From some men of Pittsburg, who were passing the winter in Philadelphia, our party heard of certain lands on the Ohio, about a hundred and fifty miles below Pittsburg, which, although sold at a higher price than most of the land along the river, were of superior value, owing to their lying but eight or ten miles from a very thriving town. They also were enabled to furnish themselves, in consequence of the opportunities given them by their long stay, with a great many things which they would need in their new home, at much more reasonable rates than if they had been obliged to buy them in a hurry. Therefore, when spring arrived, and they set out on their journey, they were much better fitted out, and had a much clearer view of their ends and aims, than had, in those days, most emigrants to the West. With quite a train of wagons and horses, they took up their march on a road which was more than three hundred miles long, and which took them through Lancaster, and over the Susquehanna, and up to Carlisle, and over the Alleghany Mountains, and through the old town of Somersset (which has now gone fifty years backward, because the travel to the West passes

through it no longer), and so on to Pittsburg. Here they bought the land that had been described to them, and in a week or two they had floated all their valuables down the river to their estates, and had commenced to build thereon their cabins.

It is impossible to give, in these limits, the history of the settlement of the Steiners and Tabbs on these Ohio lands. There were no incidents that were at all unusual in the lives of Western emigrants, and they commenced their farm-life very much in the ordinary way. But not entirely so. Upon the land which the Steiners selected, and which was bought and paid for entirely by John's money, was a great deal of timber, which John soon perceived, from his knowledge of woodcraft obtained on Sir Humphrey Barker's estate, to be of much value; and he very soon found that it was particularly so, from being the only piece of extensive woodland — for many miles above the town before-mentioned — which lay near the river, most of the heavily-timbered region being inland. For this reason it could be cut, and floated down to the town with very little trouble and expense; and John soon found that, even in this Western country, he could sell his wood to the builders and citizens of the neighboring town at a rate which was much more profitable than ordinary farming. So for two or three years John surrendered the farming management almost entirely to his father, and gave his attention to the cutting and sale of timber. He employed several men, and his father had one or two farm-hands beside. The Steiners lived by themselves in a log-cabin, which contained (for the first two years) but two rooms, and a sort of shed at the back. One of these rooms was the common living and eating-room, and the smaller apartment was the bedroom. About half a mile away lived the Tabbs; but they had much better houses, and their grounds were arranged with considerable taste, and a sharp eye to convenience. But John's father, though he had never done much for himself, was very competent to advise others; and he had early said to his son, "John, never mind the house at present. Fell your timber, and buy land; and, if other things are equal, buy toward the town."

So John had gone on following this advice, and had increased his domain very considerably, the two living all the time very comfortably in their little log-house. But toward the middle of the third year, John built a new room to the right of their cabin. It was a large, fine room, and was much better finished than the rest of the

house. When this was completed, he settled up his business and went to Germany, leaving his father in charge of his place on the Ohio. The object of John in making this return journey was twofold. He would be of age by the time he reached Europe, and was going there to claim his property, and he hoped on his return to bring Betty Miller away with him. He had corresponded with her from his American home, and had reason to believe that she would not object to the Ohio — or him.

We shall not follow John, because we are going to stay behind with his father, who is certainly much the more lonely of the two, although he has his good neighbors (the Tabbs) at such an easy distance from his house. But he did not visit much, and neither did they. The day brought too much work, and the night too much weariness, to make visiting very agreeable.

Before John had left for Europe he had gathered in the money due him, and taking a portion of it to defray his expenses, had confided the rest to the care of his father. Mr. Steiner had taken this money, mostly gold and silver, and amounting to about a thousand dollars of the money of the present day (which, however, would buy three or four times as much of anything as the same sum now would), and with the title deeds of the place, and some other papers of value relating to the property bequeathed to his wife and John, which the latter had not thought necessary to take with him, had placed it in a tin box. This box he deposited at the bottom of a square hole about four feet deep, which he dug under the flooring of his bedroom. About a foot below the surface of the ground (from which the flooring was only separated by a space of a few inches) a square piece of board closed up the hole, a chain from the box running through the centre of the board. The hole above the board was then filled with earth, and the floor nailed down over it. When Mr. Steiner went to bed he took a loaded musket with him, which lay outside of the bedclothes, in the place that used to be occupied by John.

One night, when Mr. Steiner had been in bed an hour or two, he was awakened by a noise in the living-room. He knew at once it must be an intruder, for he was the only person who had any right in the house, his farm-laborers living by themselves in a little settlement of cabins not far from the river. He cocked his musket, took it up in his hands, letting it rest diagonally across him and the bed, its muzzle pointed very nearly in the direction of the hidden treasure; and then,

with his head a little higher on his pillow than usual, he lay and watched and listened. Presently the door opened, and some one entered. Mr. Steiner began immediately to snore as naturally as he could. The person who came in stopped, listened for a moment, and then moved to the corner of the room where the tin box was buried. Mr. Steiner now saw him take a black cloth from a box he carried, and he perceived that this box had one side open, and that it contained a candle, but the open side was kept carefully turned away



from the bed. The man who carried this impromptu dark-lantern now set it down, and, as if he was perfectly familiar with the arrangement, he pulled up the board in the floor which covered the hole, making very little noise in the operation, for the flooring was of an exceedingly primitive character; and then he took a small spade which he had brought, and began to dig. He did not hit the exact spot at first, but he soon found where the earth was loose, and in a very short time he had reached the sunken board. This he

pulled up, and with it the chain, and then after the chain the box came up.

All this time Mr. Steiner neither spoke, moved, nor fired.

The thief speedily slipped the chain from the box; and then covering up the hole with the board, he filled in the earth, replaced the flooring, took his lantern, the spade, and the box, and went out as quickly as he came.

Even now Mr. Steiner did not fire! Instead of this, he lay quite still, and listened. When he heard the man leave the cabin, he got up and ran to the window, which was partly open. He could see by the light of the stars that the man was leaving the premises as rapidly as possible; and when he had got out of hearing, Mr. Steiner came back to the bed, sat down upon it, and actually laughed! Yes, he laughed, as if this robbery had been one of the best jokes in the world.

But what did it all mean, — this strange conduct of John's father?

In the first place, he knew who this robber was. He had suspected as much when he came in, and had been assured of it when the man got in front of the candle for an instant, as he filled up the hole; and was doubly assured of it when he saw him hurrying away beneath the light of the stars. It was Big Tom Hendricks, one of the men who cut wood for his son: called Big Tom, to distinguish him from another Tom Hendricks in the town.

But what difference did it make who took it? The box was gone, and yet Mr. Steiner laughed!

Now here was the cause of his merriment. When he had dug the hole, and buried the box, he was very much afraid that some one had seen him; and it so happened that he suspected this

Big Tom of having done so. So, to make things secure, he dug another hole near the first, when he was *sure* no one was about; and in this he put another tin box, with a chain and board, exactly like the first, and he covered it up in the same way. In the box in the first hole he now put a few silver pieces, a very little gold, and a quantity of old law papers that had got among his luggage when he left Mr. Matthews. To the second hole he transferred the box of value.

Now it was to see this miserable robber s

nically cheated, that Mr. Steiner sat on the bed and laughed.

But it would never do to let a thief like this go unpunished, even if the value of the stolen property did not amount to seven dollars, which was the fact in this case. So Mr. Steiner arose at the break of day, and went over to see Mr. Tabb, and they both went down to the cabin where Big Tom Hendricks lived. This man, never suspecting that he had been seen, or that Mr. Steiner would so soon discover the theft, had just risen, and he stood speechless when he was accused of the crime. There was no use to deny the charge; the guilty looks of the accused were enough to convict him, if some of his comrades — on hearing the account given by Mr. Steiner — had not searched under the pallet of straw on which Big Tom had been lying, and pulled from beneath it the tin box. The anger of these men — rough, but mainly honest — at discovering that one of their number was a thief, was excessive; and it is probable that violence would have been done to Big Tom on the spot, in spite of the presence of Mr. Tabb and Carl Steiner, had not the latter hastened to tell the manner in which the thief had been overreached, and the trifling value of his booty. But, for all this, they insisted that he should leave the settlement. They gave him ten minutes to be gone, or be thrashed; and his expostulations that he had nothing to support him on such a sudden and compulsory journey, were of no avail. But Mr. Steiner told him that he might have the trifle of money that the box contained. He could not bear to see even a thief turned off destitute, to make a long journey into the woods; for he knew well that after what had happened, Big Tom would not dare to go to the town; for, after a thief is discovered in a country place of the kind, even those as vicious as himself (who have not been discovered) are always ready to fall upon him. So Mr. Tabb and Carl Steiner went up home, and in less than ten minutes Big Tom had vanished into the woods, glad enough to escape with whole bones from his friends of yesterday.

But of course it would never do for Carl Steiner to keep his valuables in a hole under the cabin, now that everybody had heard this story, and so Mr. Tabb persuaded him to give him the money and the papers, and he would lock them in an iron box in which he used to keep valuable documents in Norwich, and which he had brought with him to America. When this box was locked, and fastened by a padlock to the wall of the house, it was as secure a deposit for valuables

as any place in the neighborhood, especially in a house so well peopled as Mr. Tabb's. So Mr. Steiner dug up his other box, and opened it, and took out its contents, and found that he had been mistaken, and that Big Tom had not been so, and that the valuable box had been taken, and the sham one left!

By accident, or because he had watched better than Carl Steiner had thought, Big Tom had struck the second square hole. The darkness, the unusual excitement, his belief that Big Tom had seen him dig the first hole, and had not seen the second one, had all combined to make Carl Steiner so certain that the thief had the decoy box, that he did not consider anything else possible. And now he had deliberately given away a great part of his son's fortune, — perhaps all of his available capital, — for who knew what might have happened to his expected fortune in Europe?

Carl Steiner was almost crazy, and, seizing his gun, he would have started alone after the robber; but Mr. Tabb restrained him. Big Tom had already two hours' start, and pursuit of that kind would be of no avail. He had no doubt examined the contents of the box, and knew how necessary it was for him to get away with it. Therefore the search must be general and systematic. Mr. Tabb's son, who arrived on horseback at the Steiner cabin soon after this last terrible discovery, was desired by his father to give him his horse, and to hurry home, get another horse, and then with Mr. Steiner (who was urged to saddle his horse as quickly as possible) to meet him at the men's cabins. Mr. Tabb now rode down to the said cabins as hard as he could gallop. The first thing he did when he got there was to send a young boy, son of one of the men, to the camp of some Miami Indians, who had been living all summer on the river bank, a half-mile or so away. The boy was to run as fast as he could go, and tell Fish-tail and Red Lizard to come up to the cabins immediately. In less than half an hour these two Indians, hoping to make some money by this sudden call, were at the cabins. Mr. Steiner and Henry Tabb had arrived before, and now Mr. Tabb made his arrangements. Mr. Steiner and Henry were to ride through the woods to the west, along an old road which Big Tom might have taken for the sake of expedition. The men, who had no horses, were to scatter themselves through the woods to the north and northwest, while he and the two Indians would follow the river road, the direction the thief had taken when he left the

cabins. No one was left to guard the settlement, for there was nothing now to steal, which could be considered in the same moment as the valuable tin box. All the men were armed in some way, and they were off on their respective routes as soon as they heard their directions.

As Mr. Tabb rode along the river road, with the two Indians following the tracks of Big Tom in the woods at his left, he thought justly that on him depended the chances of the capture of the robber. The rest were nervous and excited, or furious and impetuous. If he did not keep cool and wary, the man would certainly get away.

The Indians, who had kept almost parallel with him for a mile or more, now came into the road just before him. They traced the culprit's

big and hurried tracks for at least two miles along the road, and then they found that they led down through a thick mass of underbrush directly to the river. Here was every sign of the recent launching of a canoe. Big Tom had taken to the water.

Mr. Tabb now paused to consider. The thief had certainly not chosen to go down the stream, for he would soon have passed in full view of the cabins; and after that, he would be seen from the encampment of the Indians, who might reasonably be supposed to know of his deeds by this time, and give pursuit. He would not go up stream, because his passage must necessarily be very slow.

"No," said Mr. Tabb to himself, "he has crossed the river."

THE LEGEND OF NAUCOCHEE.

IN the upper part of the State of Georgia there is a region of country celebrated for its beautiful scenery. There the little mountain stream Tallulah forces for itself a passage lengthwise of the mountain, and dashes foaming, by successive leaps, through the gorge, forming falls and cascades of wildest and most magnificent beauty.

Here the beautiful Tuccoa precipitates itself over a ledge of rocks so high, that long ere the stream has reached the basin below, it has broken into a shower of drops, like great pearls, making one feel that surely the fairies are at play above; while not many miles distant lies the Valley of Naucoochee, sunning itself between ranges of high hills; while Mount Yonah, towering up at the end, closes up the valley, and seems like a citadel, overlooking and guarding the whole.

Here the young maiden Naucoochee first saw the light,—here grew in beauty, like one of the wild flowers of her native hills, until the name "Naucoochee," "Star of the Evening," given her by the fond love of the old chief her father, became to the whole tribe a reality. She was their star, the light of their eyes, the desire of their hearts. They gloried in her beauty and grace; to these untutored sons of the forest she was more than a queen, more than human; they deified her, they worshipped her as divine; her wish expressed, or even imagined, sent many a young warrior forth to deeds of valor, and her prayer disarmed the wrath of many an older

chief, who, at her bidding, gave his captives to her mercy.

The choicest spoils of the hunt were laid at her wigwam; and when, with the fitful grace of girlhood, she would twine the wild clematis in her hair, and, tricking herself out in the soft doeskins, and the eagles' feathers, and all the ornaments he had brought her from his last traffic with the white traders, dance before her father,—at first with the slow, measured movement which befitted an Indian princess, and then exciting herself to faster, and faster, and faster movements, until the little moccasined feet seemed like flying fairies, and her bright eyes sparkled like twin stars,—even the old chief, Indian and stern as he was, could not repress a grunt of delight, and felt that the spoils from a hundred hostile tribes could not make up to him the loss of his beloved daughter.

But now the time drew near when all the friendly tribes should meet in council in the Valley of Yonah. Never had such preparations been made, never such anxiety shown by the young braves, for the fame of Naucoochee's beauty had spread far and wide, and even tribes hitherto hostile now resolved to send ambassadors, and ask admission to the league: such was the charm which she exercised, such the power she wielded.

In the golden month of the year, the glorious October, the league was to assemble,—but one more moon should fill, and the time would have

come, — when a fearful pestilence suddenly broke out among the people. Day by day they sickened and died; day by day the old, the young people, and chiefs, men and women, dropped, and stretched themselves out, never to rise again. Every face paled with fear, every heart grew faint with dread. Offerings of every kind were made to appease the angry God. By night and by day the watch-fires burned, where, with never ceasing cries and prayers, the prophets besought the Great Spirit. Then altars were built, and human sacrifices offered, hoping vainly that the blood of the captive victim would atone for the hidden sin (whatever it might be) for which they were being thus grievously afflicted. Still the wing of the death angel swept over the devoted valley.

Now the prophets proclaimed a rigid fast, and called upon the braves to humble themselves around the Sacred Cave, into which they would retire, to seek an answer from the Most High; to beseech Him to let them know what their sin had been, and how they must atone for it — how appease his Vengeance. For three days and nights they prayed and fasted; with bloodshot eyes, with parching lips, with shrieks and wailings, they scourged themselves, they cut themselves with knives, until the worn-out, fainting frames fell prone upon the ground.

A deep, deep silence, a hush, as if of expectation; and then a rushing, mighty wind, which shook the tall pines, and bowed them to the ground as reeds; and then the loud rolling thunder leapt from crag to crag, from mountain to mountain, and the fierce lightning flashed, almost blinding the eyes of those who dared to raise them. The gentle Tallulah, swollen with the resistless rain, rushed from its mountain bed, and forced its way in maddening cascades through the whole mountain's length, forming terrific gorges and defiles.

Another hush! and then, with matted hair and gleaming eyes and bleeding flesh, the Prophet stood before them.

“O lost and erring children, hear the message which the Great Spirit sends through me to you:

“Ye have loved the human and the beautiful more than the Divine; and naught can expiate the sin, and drive away the avenger, but the free-will offering of your most precious, your most beautiful!”

A silence as of death followed the announcement. Then O! what a wail of anguish rose

upon the air! The old chief bowed his head, and rocked himself in agony; no tear might stain his cheek, but his heart wept blood, for every eye turned straight upon Naucoochee.

She had risen at the announcement, and stood as one transfixed with horror; then starting forward, knelt, and laid her head upon her father's knee, and only said, “My father, I am here.”

At the entrance to the valley, upon a beautiful mound, grew a tall, straight pine. There Naucoochee chose to die, — there, whence she could see all the beauty of her lovely valley. Never had the skies been so blue, never the mountains so brilliant in their October dress of crimson and gold; never the air so clear, never the song of the birds so sweet, and never had Naucoochee been so surpassingly beautiful, as on that next morning, when, in all her bridal trickery, she stood at the foot of the green pine — to die. Gifts, as if for her marriage, had been made her, and were heaped at her feet. The bridal song had been sung, the death dance finished; but though the women around her wept and wailed, no tear moistened her eye. Life, beautiful life, was very dear to her, but she was yielding it up a willing sacrifice for the good of her people; and with the rapt look of a seraph she calmly awaited death.

Now the end was near. Closing around her, the death dance over, each warrior waited with bended bow the signal from the chief. Calmly she looked upon them all; then loosing the girdle from her slender waist, beckoned young Ocola, and bade him keep it till in the gardens of the blest they met again.

One more loving, lingering look adown her beautiful valley, as it lay laughing in the sunlight; one more loving glance at the companions of her childhood; then, turning to her father, she stretched forth her arms to him, with the imploring cry, “Thy arrow, O my father, send me home!”

And as she fell, the plague was stayed. The death angel, satisfied, carried her glorified spirit to the gardens of the blest, and returned no more to the valley, which, since that day, has borne her name.

Where she died, there they buried her. A mound of stones heaped above her, marks, to this day, the spot. The green pine still stands tall and beautiful, and twining around it an ivy creeps up, and, in memory of the precious blood there spilled, bears clusters of rich red berries.

POOR PUSS.

ALL his life long — which, by the way, hadn't been so very long, now I think of it — Harry had devoted himself to the dynasty of Puss. When he was a little fellow in his cradle, with a funny bald crown, and tiny hands that grasped at everything and held nothing, he always managed to show his affection for poor Puss by possessing himself of a generous lock of her hair, and pulling her ears smartly. Puss never resented these things; she seemed to know that, however awkwardly expressed, they were meant as courtesies, so she simply meowed her acknowledgments; and when Harry found that his feet were made to walk and not to play with, that they had the knack of carrying him wheresoever he would, her dislike to rude handling was only conveyed in the mild form of running her head under the sofa when he pursued, with the idea, perhaps, that as she couldn't see, therefore, she couldn't be seen. But she was always captured, as a matter of course, and carried upside down, by the ears, and sometimes by the tail, just as it happened, till the laws of gravity became too much for them, and they both tumbled down together, and it was all to go over again. It was only when he had mastered somewhat of the mother tongue, and could make his wants and thoughts known in very suspicious grammar, that he made the queer discovery that Puss was taller sitting down than standing up, and had pockets in her ears, while he only had them in his apron.

But by and by Harry grew in years and in discretion, and went to live with his grandfather in a farming district. He was eight years old at this time, and just as fond of kittens as when he pulled them into pieces to show his regard. But alas! there was no puss at grandpapa's; and having cried his eyes out for leaving mamma, — like the wise man in "Mother Goose," — he cried them in again, because there was no kitten; he was even obliged to borrow one of a neighbor, and no doubt would have kept it till this time, if grandpa hadn't sent it home in a bag, with buttered feet, to make sure of keeping it there. It was really a serious loss to Harry, and I dare say he would have sung "What is home without a Kitten," if he had ever thought of it.

Well, one day, do you know, — of course you don't, or I shouldn't take the pains to tell you — and it was Harry's birthday too, — a cat came to the door, of her own accord as it appeared, and insisted upon remaining; would in no case be

turned out, would instantly come in again if she were — through the key-hole, one would have said; she was so handsome, and well-behaved, and good-tempered, never quarreling with Gip, — never quarreling anything to speak of, that is, — always allowing him the biggest bone, and only putting up her back when he licked milk from the same dish, and licked up the lion's share; withal, made herself so entirely at home, and purred so contentedly, that no one had the heart to leave her out in the cold. Harry made much of her — nothing was too good for her; he watched her as narrowly as she didn't watch the mice, for fear she might disappear as strangely as she came. One morning she came in from the shed with a conscious air of dignity, and began a diligent search for a snug and cozy corner; she tried the rocking-chair, but it made her sea-sick; she jumped into grandpapa's chair, but seemed aware that it was unsafe, as well on account of the owner's weight as his anger, and at last she cuddled herself into grandma's work-basket, well pleased with her success. It was as if she said, "Ah, this is the very place for us!" and forthwith she sped back to the shed, and appearing in a few seconds with the least bit of a kitten in her mouth, deposited it in the basket, and returned for the other members of her family; and when grandma went to take up her work, she found five little balls of fur and purr making themselves comfortable among her goods and chattels. She screamed, and Harry clapped his hands, and Puss looked on as if she thought they were applauding her; and just then grandpa came in, and said that one cat was already too much, and as for six, — he wouldn't hear to it. Harry must take them down to the brook and —

"O, Grandpa, I never cau!" said Harry.

"What has been done, can be done again."

"They are so pretty," he pleaded.

"Pretty is that pretty does," said Grandpapa.

"They'll catch all the mice in the barn."

"I'd rather have the mice."

"But" —

"No 'buts' about it, sir. Take them away this minute."

Harry took them up in a little basket when Puss had gone out for an airing; his hands trembled so much that he dropped basket and all, and they swarmed out, as if to ask why they were turned topsy-turvey; they really had a mind to open their eyes and look into it; but Harry put

them back, and went off with slow step in the direction of the brook. Down there he leaned over and looked into the clear water, that gurgled and sung to itself, just as if it said, "Don't be afraid of me, I wouldn't hurt a kitten;" but Harry remembered once when he had fallen off the foot-bridge, further down the stream, and how the current seized and sucked him down, and down, and all the world became a great rainbow, and he knew nothing more till he woke up in bed, with grandma and the doctor rubbing him

Harry knew that presently he should be sent for; he made a bold stroke; he caught up one kitten in each hand, he held his hands above the stream, and shut his eyes; then, he opened his fingers, and the kittens clung to them like burrs. "They're fighting for life," said he, "I think they ought to have it;" and he put them all back into the basket, and trudged off to the barn. Up in the loft, an empty barrel, which he had half-filled with hay, made a warm and cozy nest for the five; and having provided them with some milk from the dairy, he covered them up securely, and went in to dinner. He said to himself that every day he would feed them, till they were old enough to shift for themselves, or some one in the neighborhood became mice-ridden; but, like other little boys, he sometimes forgot to-morrow the good intentions of to-day.

While they were at dinner Uncle Dan proposed they should go in a party to Blue Heath, and gather berries for the market; and nothing to do but Harry must coax and beg, till grandma said, "Why not let the child have a chance to turn an honest penny?" and so Harry went. They set out, like a band of gypsies, with baskets, and tin-pails, and hampers filled with sandwiches and doughnuts, and bottles of fresh milk. Harry thought he had never been so happy in his whole life; he thought the same, strange to say, when Puss took up her quarters at the farm. when the men found a honey-comb in the woods, when the new threshing-machine came home; but there was something very delightful to him in galloping through the dim, sweet-smelling woods, with the wind singing among the branches, and birds whirring across the path: never had the sun shone so brightly, where it struck through an opening in the trees, and made a golden highway fit for the dryads. They all sang at the top of their voices, and halloed to the echoes till the forest seemed to be clapping its hands and trembling with glee. Black crows went cawing across the sky, a great hawk circled about them, a little gray squirrel paused to look at Harry's red cheeks and dancing eyes, and wondered, no doubt, why he was so happy, and not a nut beforehand in the world. By and by they reached the heath, and went to work in earnest to fill their baskets with the precious, bloomy berries. Harry found it very hard not to use his mouth as a basket, — it seemed to be the most natural place for them, it was *such* a piece of work to cover the bottom of his basket; but when that was once done, they began forthwith to jostle each other up to the brim, while Harry began to



for dear life. The kittens had nobody to rub them! He peeped into the basket; they had settled themselves quite comfortably, as though they meant to make the best of it; and now they opened their mouths, and with one voice asked if it wasn't 'most dinner-time. He took one out in his hand, patting its little gray back. "It's a downright pity," said he; "I wish grandma liked kittens: the *idea* of droyning them, when they can't *bear* to get their feet wet! I say it's a shame!" The horn was blowing for dinner, and the little creatures were mewng a hungry chorus;

wonder (much like the milk-maid in the story) what he should buy with the proceeds. He had wanted a pair of skates dreadfully, last winter; Uncle Dan had made him a sled, but he said that skates grew; perhaps this is what he meant, — they grew as berries, to be picked and sold! But then he wanted a jackknife, too, and a Sunday hat, and he drew on his imagination and his berries at a fearful rate, in considering what delightful objects it was possible to transform them into. He became puzzled beyond measure in trying to find the value of eleven quarts at seven and one-half cents per quart, and at supper-time had quite lost his appetite and his reckoning. Uncle Dan had made a fire of brushwood, and boiled the tea-kettle in style, while the others pitched the tent; for they were going to stay all night, so as to be able to carry off half the heath next day in their hampers. The fire blazed and sputtered away merrily, the tea-kettle sang "The days when I went gyping," the sunset faded in the sky, and went out in a glimmer of starry twilight; and then they all crouched around the door of the tent, before the snapping blaze, and told wonderful stories, and sang and whistled, till all the air throbbed to music, and the little heath-birds couldn't get a wink of sleep. When Harry woke up about midnight, he saw a great white star looking at him through a chink in the tent, a cricket was saying "Good-night" to a fire-fly that had just glanced in, and then he didn't see anything more till broad daylight.

The next day, when every one's basket, or what not, wouldn't hold another berry, it was agreed that a portion of the party should go directly to the market-town, and trade them off before they should have time to spoil, or the market should be glutted; and as Harry had been unusually diligent, he was allowed to go with them. He had never, never seen such a lovely scene in all his days; he was completely carried away with the bustle and chattering: with the rough-and-ready man, who made nothing of his berries, — or precious little, — but measured them out as carelessly as if they had been potatoes, and reckoned them up in a twinkling; with the great houses whose tops he couldn't see; with the hosts of people whom he didn't know from Adam, and the dirty children who hung about the stalls with longing eyes and light fingers. Indeed, he was so touched by these last, — by the turn of their hungry mouths, and the wistful gleam of their eyes, — that he actually bought a quart of his own berries at an advance of three cents, and divided them among them; he was soon the centre

of a vast mob, which "asked for more," and darkly hinted that it would pay to eat himself, as no doubt he was made of berries, having grown in the woods. As it was already late when their wares were disposed of, and Uncle Dan had other business in town, he decided to stay all night again, and go home the next afternoon, if nothing happened. Nothing, except staying forever, could have been more to Harry's mind; he strolled out next morning, and lost his way and found it over and over again; and looked into the shop-windows, and stared at all manner of strange and delightful toys such as he had never dreamed of, and rattled his money in his pockets, and felt himself indeed a millionaire, and able to purchase almost anything, only he hadn't determined what it should be. There was a blue and scarlet drum hanging high — like four grapes — in the window; he had wanted just such a drum, since he was so tall; there was a great pyramid of marbles, like little cannon-balls; there were stacks of pop-guns, and tops, that went to his heart; indeed, there was no end, and one might say no beginning, to the bewildering mass of desirable things. He had turned somewhat away, and was listening attentively to a hand-organ, and watching a monkey in military dress dance and chatter; he had given himself up entirely to the novelty of the scene, and was laughing uproariously at General Monkey's quaint ways, at the red cap which he passed among the crowd, and into which Harry dropped some pennies, at the glistening epaulets and the mimic sword, when suddenly — could he believe his ears?

"Meow, meow, meow!" said a great gray cat, brushing against him, and looking up into his face. "Don't forget the kittens at home," she said as plain as day, or so it sounded to Harry. "Don't forget the kittens at home." Harry turned the color of ashes, and his knees shook under him; all the dazzling shop-windows, the monkey, the hand-organ, the gazing, idle crowd, everything, had vanished like the splendors of a fairy tale, and he saw only a barrel in an old barn-loft, and five little starved kittens, that climbed the sides, and fell back fainting, and crying piteously. He turned on his heel in a flash, he fell and cut his face without knowing it, he ran between files of carriages, and barely escaped destruction, and after some time he found Uncle Dan.

"Let's go home," said he, panting for breath.

"Go home? I thought you liked here?"

"O, no, no! I *must* go home: I *must*!"

"Well, we shall go day after to-morrow; I

must wait and see what Harkness offers for the west meadow."

"O Uncle Dan, I can't wait. I must get home: *I've got business!*"

"You have!" laughed his uncle; "so have I; which do you think is the most important?"

"Mine!"

"Well, I'm sorry, for it must stand over; there's no one going our way, lad, so make up your mind to stay and enjoy it."

Harry knew a better thing to do under the circumstances, and he did it; and when Uncle Dan went to call him to dinner, he found a slip of paper only, which read, —

"dear unkle I hev warked home it was nesary and ime tuff harry."

He had discovered that if you want a thing done you must do it yourself, in most cases; and he had literally stolen a march on his "unkle" — the first theft he ever committed, and the last. He was already trudging over hill and hollow, over brier and brake, scratching his hands, tearing his clothes, losing his way, and growing both sleepy and lame. What a fearfully long way home it was; how the soles of his little feet burned and smarted, till he could scarcely drag one after the other. But he gave himself no pity; he reserved all that for the poor kittens, picturing them in the slow torture of starvation, if not already dead; and how painful that was, his own unsated appetite was beginning to teach him. Still he toiled on by day and night, catching a nap on the sly, as it were; or, rather, the nap catching him. Once, he really had a lift of two miles or more from a farmer, to whom he confided his grief, and who promised to adopt one of the kittens, if any survived. This was great gain, — it inspired, and gave him wings for the rest of his journey; and before sundown, the old weather-vane on grandpa's barn glittered, and fairly laughed in his face. Harry laughed too, though he could have cried just as easily.

"There's Harry, 'pon my word!" said Grandma, looking over her spectacles; "poor child, walked all the way? Is it possible they allowed you to? So homesick?"

"No, I wasn't homesick, grandma; and I ran away; it was — it was the kittens!" Surely the cat was out of the bag now, if ever.

"The kittens! bless you, didn't you drown them? You're talking in your sleep, I reckon."

But Harry did not stop "to parley or dissemble;" he was down in the dairy in a jiffy, and out to the barn in another, and a swallow couldn't have reached the loft sooner than he, with the milk spattering his already bedraggled clothes, and his heart dancing a jig in his bosom. He wrenched the cover off the barrel then, and let his frightened gaze fall on five little skeletons, that feebly raised as many heads, and meowed in as many whispers; then the poor little creatures fell back, as if they had made their last effort for life, and Harry fainted dead away, like the heroine in a novel; but not till he had told them all, with tears and sobs, how sorry he was, and had given to each a few drops of nourishment; and they opened their bright eyes, and looked as if they understood every word, and were as happy as half-starved kittens can well be. And there grandpa found them half an hour later, the kittens napping, and Harry unconscious.

"You won't have them drowned, will you, Grandpa?" were the first words he said when they revived him. "You won't have them drowned, because they starved instead?" And grandpa agreed that they should escape, if he would take care to find a home for each among the neighbors. Harry has promised to spare no time or labor, in order to provide for them "a local habitation and a name;" and being at present in search of the same, he has taken this mode of advertising in the "*Riverside*," —

"Does any one want a kitten? Best of references given and required."

RIGHT IS MIGHT;

OR, THE TRIAL OF THE DOG LION.

CHAPTER. I.

THE FISHING PARTY.

"WILL you go fishing this afternoon?" said George Raymond to Ned Hapgood, one Tuesday morning, just after the close of school. "We

might catch a few shiners, if nothing more, and it is such gay sport."

"Yes, I guess I can go," said Ned. "Why don't you ask Jack Spalding and Fred Wentworth, too? the more the merrier, you know."

"I've no objection," said George; "there's

Fred just coming down the steps. Hallo, Fred! Fred Wentworth! I do believe he's deaf; I'll go and catch him, if you'll find Jack."

Jack was soon found, and the four boys now held a consultation about the fishing party. Fred thought it would be better to go on Saturday, as school did not keep; but George insisted on going now. He said it was only a quarter of a mile to the river; there was plenty of time after school in the afternoon, and Saturday might not be as good a day for fishing.

"What mischief are you concocting now, boys?" said Will Smith, coming along just then.

"We are talking about going a-fishing," said George; "will you go too?"

"When are you going?"

"This afternoon, as soon as school is out."

"I'd like to go first-rate," said Will.

So it was agreed, that if they could get permission, they would all go that afternoon as soon as school closed, and the boys scattered to their several homes.

The first salutation when they met in the afternoon was, "Are you going?" — "Yes." — "Are you?" Yes, they were all going. Then the bell rang, they entered the school-house, the door closed, and we lose sight of them for a while. The time seemed very long to them, before the door opened again, and I am afraid some of the lessons were a little neglected; but the end came at last, as it always will.

School was dismissed, the boys rushed down the steps, some shouting, some tossing up their caps, and all trying in some way to express their joy that they were free once more.

Ned, George, Jack, and Will, were standing in a little group by the door.

"Where's Fred?" said George, turning to Will.

"I don't know. O, there he comes, with his dog at his heels as usual. Fred would lose himself without that dog, I do believe. Did you ever hear him go on about him?"

Just as Will said this, Fred came up to where they stood.

He was a fine looking boy; if I should try to describe him, I fear I should hardly do justice to my subject; so I will only say, his hair and eyes were as near black as you often see, and that he was as straight as an arrow, and as nimble as a deer. It was a good looking group; for they all seemed to be healthy, active, good-natured boys, and that goes a good way toward making one's face handsome. Don't you think so? They are very nearly of the same age, varying only

from twelve to thirteen. Fred has just entered upon his fourteenth year.

"Well, boys," said he, when he joined them, "are you waiting for me?"

"Yes," said George, "we've been waiting these ten minutes. Where have you been?"

"I got talking with Harry Reynolds, and forgot myself."

"Why didn't you ask Harry to come along with us?"

"I didn't think of it, and, besides, it is not my party."

"Come, boys," said Jack, "if you expect to catch any fish this afternoon, I should think you had better start."

"Come, Lion," said Fred, addressing his dog.

"What do you call that hound Lion for?" said Will, turning suddenly upon Fred, as they walked along.

"Because I please."

"Ah! that is an excellent reason, and the dog is an excellent representation of a Lion. Look, boys, see what a fine mane he has, what a massive head and beard; those slender legs too, how exactly like a lion's. Don't let him step on your foot, Jack Spalding, he might crush it."

"You know as little of the name as of the dog," said Fred, turning his flushed face toward Will.

"Do tell me about both; I should be most happy to make the acquaintance of your dog and his name."

"Come, Will, shut up," said George, stepping forward and walking beside Fred. "Tell us about his name, Fred; what do you call him Lion for?"

By this time the boys had reached the river; they threw themselves upon the grass on its bank, all intent upon hearing why Fred called his dog Lion.

"Where did you get the dog?" persisted George. "It seems to me you've always had him, ever since I knew you."

"Father brought him to me when he returned from Europe, four years ago; he was a little pup then, and I called him Prince; but when I found out what a noble heart he had, I thought I would give him a more noble name; and, being a foreign prince, I named him for the brave English king, Richard Cœur de Lion."

"I think if King Richard could know what a noble representative he has still walking the earth, he would feel much flattered by the compliment you have paid him. How does he show his lion's heart? — by fighting all the dogs of about half his size, I suppose. He is faithful to you, because

you feed him ; and never steals his dinner, because he is never tempted."

"He shows his lion's heart," said Fred, rising, and facing Will with flashing eyes, "by fighting all the large dogs that attack him to the utmost of his strength ; and I never saw him conquered ; but when a little snarling cur comes snapping about his heels, he lets him be, because he knows he is not a match for him ; and in this, I think, he shows his lion's heart more than the other. As to his stealing, I would not be afraid to shut him up in a meat-market without his supper, and leave him there all night."

"Come, Fred," said Will, "don't get angry ; I've no doubt he's a fine dog, and would fight bravely ; it's the nature of dogs to fight : as to the meat-market temptation, I can't say I'm quite of your opinion, but I should not blame the dog, or think the less of him either, if he did steal rather than starve."

"Yes, but he would *not* steal," said Fred, getting more excited.

"Come, boys, let's try him," said George. "We'll give up catching fish and see if we can catch a thief. We have some fresh meat up to our house I know, steak too, — just the right kind. Mother told me to order it on my way to school. And, Fred, I suppose if the dog steals the meat you will order more at your own expense. Is it a bargain ?"

"Yes," said Fred, and all the boys jumped up and turned their steps homeward. They soon reached the house where George lived. He led the way to the kitchen, and going to the refrigerator found the meat there as he had expected — four nice slices of surloin steak.

"Cook is out," said George, "and mother is busy with company in the parlor ; so no one will disturb him. Dick, will you please close that window ?"

"No, no," said Will ; "he is such a *faithful* dog, he will stay here if left alone all day, if his master tells him to. Don't close the window on any account. How could he get away if any one should come in just as he was taking a bite ?"

"How long are you going to leave him, George ?" said Ned.

"I don't know ; how long do you say, Fred ?"

"I don't care."

"Say half an hour," said Will.

"Now, boys, said George, "come and look at the meat. You see there are four slices. I am going to put this one top because it is 'most all bone, and if the dog don't take but one, Fred won't have a very big bill to pay ; the other ones

weigh about one pound and a quarter apiece, don't they, boys ?" They all said, Yes, they guessed so, except Fred ; he was silent. So George turned to him and said, "Is it all right ?"

"Do you think I care how much meat there is," said he. "I'll pay for the whole if the dog touches one mouthful."

"Agreed !" said Will. Boys, you hear what he says ; if King Richard *touches* the meat, he pays the price of the whole. What did you pay for it George ?"

"One dollar and fifty-seven cents."

"Now, Fred," said Will, "you must order the noble King to recline upon the floor during our absence, and if you have any way to make him understand that it is particularly necessary for him to obey you, I advise you to resort to it now ; for, if I'm not mistaken, your purse, and that dog's character, are about to suffer somewhat."

All the boys laughed, Fred with the rest, although perhaps not quite as heartily as the others.

"I'm not at all afraid," said he. Then, throwing the dog his cap and pointing to the floor, he said, "Lion, lie down, and stay there till I come." The dog caught the cap in his mouth and lay down upon the floor.

"Where are we to go George ?" said Jack.

"Why, I never thought of that ; come up into my room ; I've lots of things to show you." So they all went up-stairs, leaving the dog alone with the meat.

George was much interested in the study of Natural History, and had quite a collection of birds and insects which he had stuffed and preserved : the boys were so much occupied in looking at these, and his books, they quite forgot themselves. Will was the first to think.

"Look here, boys," said he, "what do you suppose King Richard's up to ?"

The books were dropped in an instant, and left scattered about the room, — some on the bed, some on chairs and some on the floor, — and the boys rushed in hot haste down the stairs. What a sight met their eyes when they entered the kitchen. There lay Fred's cap deserted ; there were blood drops all about the floor, one slice of the steak was gone, and the dog nowhere to be seen.

"Hurra !" said Will ; "hurra for the noble dog, so faithful to the command of his master, so true and honest. Give him three cheers, boys ; one for his faithfulness, one for his honesty, and another for his courage."

"He never took the meat," said Fred, with flashing eyes; "I'll not believe it."

Will laughed. "Do hear him, boys," said he. "Now, Fred, you might as well give up that your dog is much like all others. He'll stay where you put him, if you don't stay too long; and won't steal his dinner, when he has just eaten his fill. Where do you suppose he went with his plunder?"

"He's not far off, I can tell you," said Fred, rushing to the door and opening it. There lay the dog upon the steps. When he saw Fred he sprang to his feet wagging his tail, as if to say, "Are you ready to go now? I have waited a long time." Fred stroked his head, and turning to the boys said, "He never took that meat; thieves run and hide."

"Perhaps he has hid the meat instead," said Will; "come to his kennel, boys; let's see if we can trace the thief to his own door."

Just then Mary the cook opened the stair door and stepped into the kitchen.

"Have you been here within the last hour?" asked George.

"I passed through to go up-stairs. Who's been making such works with my clean kitchen?"

"We are about to investigate that matter," said George, looking toward Fred, with a roguish twinkle in his eye. "Come, boys," and they all rushed down the steps.

They soon reached the kennel, for Fred lived near by. Ned Hapgood was there first, and when the other boys came up, he was holding a bone in his right hand which looked very much like the others in the meat on the table in Mr. Raymond's kitchen. "That is no proof;" persisted Fred; "there's not a dog passes but we give him bones, and he always brings them here." George held the bone now, and turning to Fred he said, "You might as well give up; only see the fresh blood on it. Of course I don't care to have you pay for the meat; that was only a joke."

"I don't care for the *money*, I tell you: but I don't believe Lion stole the meat, and I'd like to see justice done him. If he could speak he'd tell us how it was, and where he got that bone: he'd say he did not steal it, and he would not lie about it either."

"Of course," said Will, with a very sober face, "we should do justice by our royal prisoner. Let's make up a court, boys, and try the dog for stealing; it will be rare sport. You, George, can bring in a complaint that he stole your meat. I will be your attorney, for I think you have the best side of the question. And then, Fred Went-

worth, if we prove him guilty, you shall give up, and foot the bill, and let us thrash your dog. Do you agree to that, sir?"

Fred hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes, if you prove him guilty I'll hold my tongue, and pay the bill, and you shall thrash the dog."

All the boys were much excited by the prospect of the fun they were going to have at the trial. They agreed that the court should sit on Saturday afternoon in Mr. Raymond's front yard.

It was now Tuesday night; so they would have nearly four days to collect evidence, and make preparations for the trial. Then the fishing party broke up. Just as Will turned on his heel to go, he looked toward Fred and said, "We went a-fishing and caught one thief."

Fred went into the house more disturbed in his mind than he liked to own, even to himself. Just as he took his seat at the tea-table, he thought of the bone.

He knew the boys left it when they went, and saying to himself, "They shall not bring that up as evidence against him," he ran to the kennel to get it, but it was not there.

CHAPTER II.

THE PREPARATIONS.

The first thought in Fred's mind when he opened his eyes on Wednesday morning was, "I wonder whether Lion took that meat or one of those boys; but I'll not ask them if I never know."

He was up and dressed in a few minutes, and soon after breakfast was off to school.

Before he reached the school-house all the boys had been notified that Fred Wentworth's dog was to be tried for stealing, at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. They all took sides, of course — some for, and some against the dog.

Harry Reynolds was almost as fierce as Fred, in his defense. He said "he had known the dog ever since Fred owned him, and he would trust him anywhere." There was great excitement in the school during the three remaining days of that week, I can assure you; and some of the boys found it pretty hard work to put their minds on their lessons long enough to learn them.

Now in every court where criminals are to be tried, there must be a judge and twelve jurors to listen to what both sides have to say, and decide whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty, and

whether he is to be punished according to the law. The decision of the jury as to the guilt of the prisoner, is called the verdict. After hearing the testimony upon both sides, the jurors leave the court-room, and consult together. When they return, they bring in the verdict. The judge, too, listens to the testimony upon both sides, and if the prisoner is found guilty decides what the punishment shall be. Then there must be a clerk of the court. The business of this person is to read the charge to the prisoner, and administer the oath to the witnesses. The person who complains of the prisoner's having stolen, or whatever the crime may be, and brings him to trial, is called the plaintiff, and the prisoner the defendant. In this case George was the plaintiff, and the dog the defendant. Both plaintiff and defendant are entitled to bring in all the witnesses they can find to help their cause. A witness in court is a person who has seen something that will help prove the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. For instance, George, Dick, Ned, and Will, could say that they saw the meat in the kitchen just before going up-stairs; that there was no one in the room but the dog, and that when they returned both meat and dog were gone. This would be a witness for the plaintiff. Besides all these, both the plaintiff and defendant must have an attorney. These persons listen to what the witnesses have to say, question and cross-question both them and the prisoner, and plead their cause. The attorney for the plaintiff tries to prove that the prisoner is guilty, and the attorney for the defendant that he is innocent. You may not understand this very well; I am not very deep in the matter myself; but the boys thought that they knew all about it, although I suspect some of their proceedings were very irregular. We shall see what they did.

"We'll do the thing up in tip-top style," said they; "but who shall we get for the judge? We want some one who will look very dignified, and make an impression on the crowd, and we are none of us large enough."

"Suppose we ask Tom Hatherway," suggested Ned; "he'd make a first-rate one, I think, — he's so large, and has such heavy eyebrows and deep-set eyes."

"Yes, yes," chimed in Harry Reynolds; "ask Tom; he'll make a bully judge." In this they all agreed.

The next question to be decided was, who should be clerk of the court. "You ought to take some part, Harry Reynolds," said Ned. "What do you say, boys, shall Harry be the clerk?"

"Yes, yes," was the unanimous response.

Then they chose twelve jurors on the spot from among the other boys; and after school they called upon Tom, and he "accepted the situation," so this matter was all settled. George chose Will Smithe for his attorney, and Fred said he should appear as attorney for the dog. Then when this was all arranged they went to work to find witnesses.

Of course I can't tell you what success they had in this; it was a dead secret among the boys until Saturday afternoon; but the boys on Fred's side would shake their heads in a knowing way at the boys on George's side, and they would look quite as knowing in return. It was very evident that both sides thought they were coming off victorious.

"Fred had better oil his feathers pretty thoroughly unless he wants them soaked so he can't fly," said one of the boys on George's side to one of the boys on Fred's side; "I've heard a part of Will Smithe's speech, and it is a stunner, I can tell you."

"It's well for you you've not heard a part of Fred's speech; if you are so easily stunned, you might never recover the sense of hearing," was the quick reply. The strife grew hotter and hotter every day, and it was quite a relief to all when Saturday morning dawned and they were not obliged to try to study. The five boys who made up the fishing party had all they could do on Saturday morning to get the court-room ready. There were two elm-trees in the yard where the court was to be held, about twelve feet apart. Between these they fixed the judge's stand. They brought the extension-table from Mr. Raymond's dining-room, and covered the top with the green drugget which was generally spread beneath it. This was the stand. Now they must have some steps, so that his "honor" could mount the table in good style. They wanted to have these at either end of the table, and for the building of them they must have some half-dozen good sized boxes. The question now seemed to be where were they to be found. Jack Spalding knew where he could get one that would do for an upper step, but it was not large enough for the lower ones, and besides, what good was one, when they must have four at least. Should they give up the steps or try to build them of boards? While they were in this dilemma Harry Reynolds arrived, and at once relieved their minds by assuring them he could get plenty of boxes that would be just the thing. "But you had better cover them to match the table, if you can get

anything to cover them with," said he, "for they are not all quite as white as snow."

"We have some green druggert in our attic that will do for that," said Jack, "and I know mother will let us have it, so if you boys will go for the boxes, I will go for the covering. They were all delighted to get out of their trouble so easily, and were soon off in search of the materials for their steps. When they returned with these, there were the nails, tacks, hammers, etc. to be brought, before they could go on with their work. Having procured all they needed, they first covered the boxes, and then nailed them together, making a set of steps for each end of the table; and as the covering upon the top came nearly down to the grass in front, the judge's stand really made quite a fine appearance. The stand being ready, they must now arrange a seat upon it.

George brought a large arm-chair from the dining-room and placed it there, and a small table also. Now the prisoner's box was to be built.

It was at once decided that the proper place for this was about twelve feet from the table and directly in front of it.

So they drove seven pine stakes in the ground about six inches apart, and three feet from these, seven more in the same way. The stakes were about a foot above the ground and the top of each was sawed off smooth and even.

Then they brought pine boards and nailed an end of each to the stakes on the right, and the other ends to the stakes on the left. They covered the boards with white cotton, and drawing a band of the same around the sides, tacked it to the edge of the boards all around. The whole thing when done, had the appearance of a white box three feet square and one foot high. It was done very neatly, and the boys looked upon their work with great satisfaction. Fred objected to the tack-heads showing all around, and suggested that they should pin sprigs of myrtle on the edge to cover them. They all agreed it would be a great improvement; the green myrtle would look so prettily on the white cotton. While the boys were doing this, Fred and Dick went to see what could be done about getting some long boards to make seats for the jury and audience. They expected quite a crowd. All the school-boys were coming, and many of the neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth had all promised to be present. When Fred and Dick returned, the boys were driving a broomstick into the ground just back of the prisoner's box.

"What are you up to now, boys?" said Fred.

"Driving a stake to tie the dog to," said George.

"The dog is not to be tied; he'll stay on the box without if I tell him to."

"In the same way he stayed in yonder kitchen, I suppose," suggested Will, nodding toward the house. Fred bit his lip.

"Come, Fred," said George, in a coaxing tone, "let him be tied, it would spoil all the fun, you know, if he should jump up and run away."

"No, Sir," said Fred, with emphasis, pulling the broomstick from the ground with one hand and hurling it across the yard; "he never yet had other halter than my word around his neck, and he never shall. I'll give him a chance to clear himself of this charge at least, if he can do no more."

The boys were obliged to yield, and changed the subject by asking Dick what success they had in finding boards. They could find but one, and the boys concluded it would be so much work to build seats in this way they had much better bring chairs from the house. If they could not raise enough, some of the boys could sit on the grass. They would use the board which they had found, to make a seat for the jury.

This was done in the same way that they made the prisoner's box, that is, by driving rows of stakes in the ground at a little distance from each other and nailing the board to them. They fixed this seat at the left of the table, and a large box on the right served as a witness stand. Then they placed two chairs with tables before them, about half way between the judge's stand and the prisoner's box, one a little to the right, and the other to the left. These seats were for the two attorneys.

All of a sudden Will exclaimed, "Hallo, boys, where are you going to put the clerk of the court?"

"We can arrange that easily," said George; "there is room enough for his chair and table at the left, just at the foot of the steps.

"Look here," said Will, "when are you going to shut up shop and go to dinner? I heard the clock strike two some time ago."

"If that is the case," said Fred, "I for one must go now."

So they gathered up their tools, and all the bits of wood that lay scattered about the yard, and separated once more, all agreeing to be on hand, however, before the time appointed for the sitting of the court.

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

COMMODORE HULL AND THE "CONSTITUTION."

WHAT American lad has not heard of the good old frigate *Constitution*, the most celebrated vessel that ever sailed under the Stars and Stripes, often called "Old Ironsides." She was one of the so-called lucky ships of the American navy in the War of 1812 with Great Britain. It is with ships as with individuals; without apparent cause why they should be more successful than others possessed of equal advantages, some vessels always make famous voyages, escape every peril, win victories over every competitor, and finally come to a green old age in the quiet port, dismantled, and turned into peaceful hospital ships, on whose keel the barnacles grow, while the sea-gulls perch unmolested on the figure-head, and new vessels are launched in the neighboring dock-yard and go forth to sweep the seas that the veteran warrior will never roam again. Such was the *Constitution*, a true symbol, let us hope, of the written Constitution of our Union; destined to outlive the shocks and conflicts of party, winning many more victories for humanity, and lasting through the ages, gently touched by the hand of time and the changing opinions of men.

The most celebrated cruise of the *Constitution* was under Commodore Hull, in July, 1812, very soon after the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain. She sailed from Annapolis July 12th, with a new crew; on the 17th she was out of sight of land, although not far out to sea, and in soundings of twenty-two fathoms. About midday four sail were discovered from the mast-head, to the northward; at four o'clock another sail was sighted, which proved to be the English frigate *Guerriere*. After dark the *Constitution* made signals with her lights, and stood toward the enemy; but the wind was light, preventing her from closing, and at dawn three vessels hove in sight on her quarter and three astern, another appearing soon after. They turned out to be an English squadron, numbering a ship of the line, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner. The wind being in their favor, they soon came up almost within gunshot of the *Constitution*, which thus had eight ships gradually throwing their net around her, and it was difficult to see how there remained any possibility of her escaping from them.

Fortunately for her, as it proved in the end, the wind fell, and a dead calm, such as often prevails in summer, prevented the enemy's superior force from overhauling her by sailing. She now dropped all her boats into the water and sent them forward to tow, so as to keep her out of range of the enemy's bow-chasers, at the same time running four guns out of the stern ports and stern lights, which latter were enlarged for the purpose, by this means peppering the boats towing the pursuing vessels, when they came too near the chase. In the afternoon a light baffling air ruffled the smooth surface of the ocean with cat's-paws, and every stitch of canvas that could draw — sky-sails, studding-sails, and all her other "kites" — were stretched on the spars of the American frigate, and about the same time the *Shannon* opened fire upon her, but she was too distant to produce any effect. Toward sundown, the wind having again failed, the enemy availed themselves of their superior numbers by putting the boats of the aftermost ships on those nearest the chase, thus combining twice the towing force, besides relieving the rowers when exhausted, and in this way gradually creeping up to the *Constitution*. She must soon have thus fallen into their power, if Commodore Hull had not employed a happy device to extricate his ship out of this very perilous position. Finding that the water was but twenty-six fathoms deep, he ordered all the spare rope on board stout enough for the purpose, to be spliced and a kedge anchor to be bent on; the anchor was then put into one of the larger boats or cutters and carried out half a mile ahead and dropped; the inner end of the cable being coiled around the capstan, the crew took hold with a will and warped the frigate straight up to the anchor, when it was tripped, hoisted, and again carried out half a mile ahead and dropped; while this was being done, the crew hauling on another anchor which had meanwhile been carried beyond the first one. In this ingenious but very laborious process the *Constitution* walked rapidly away from her pursuers, who, perceiving her growing more indistinct in the dark, were at a loss to account for it, as not a breath of air was stirring. However, they ere long discovered and imitated the way the *Constitution* warped over the still

water, and again approached her with their nearest ships.

At sunrise a light breeze swelled her light duck aloft, and the *Constitution* seemed to have a slight chance now of eluding the pursuit. But once more the fickle wind died away, and the enemy closed rapidly, although it was hoped that the guns of the *Constitution* might be able so to cripple their tow-boats as to prevent more than one of their frigates from getting her under fire at once. During all this trying time both Commodore Hull and his indomitable crew kept up the best of spirits, although well-nigh exhausted by the terrible labors they were sustaining. As far as possible, the men and officers relieved each other, some snatching brief naps lying on deck by the guns while the others rowed and warped.

At nine in the morning the crisis seemed to have arrived. The *Shannon* was close aboard, while the *Guerriere* was approaching the larboard quarter. But while every eye throughout the fleet, alike of pursuer and pursued, was intently watching for what seemed the inevitable conflict which could only have one result, the capture of the American frigate, a breeze suddenly sprung up. It was precisely nine minutes past nine in the morning when it reached the *Constitution*. It came from the southward, which gave her the weather-gage; her officers had seen it approaching — a dark-blue line in the offing, gradually broadening and deepening the color of the shining ocean; everything on board was in readiness to take advantage of it, the men being stationed at the braces, so that instantly the breeze touched the canvas and the vessel began to make way, she was brought up on the larboard tack, which carried her past the *Guerriere*, which opened an ineffectual fire on the magnificent ship gliding by, a vast cloud of white canvas from truck to deck. The *Constitution* picked up her boats as she sailed by them in turn, hoisting them on the davits or on temporary spars thrust through the lower ports, without checking her speed or noticing the broadsides of the enemy.

But a dead calm came on again in about an hour, and Captain Hull had some of the water started — that is, emptied overboard — to lighten the ship, and the boats were sent out ahead to tow her again. So through the broiling summer day the *Shannon*, towed by nearly every boat of the enemy's fleet, and the *Constitution*, with her single crew and set of boats, kedging and towing, kept up the arduous race, alternated sometimes by a slight breeze which allowed a brief respite, especially to the people of the *Constitution*, who

were almost giving out on account of their prodigious exertions. But the *Shannon*, and, after a while, the *Belvidera* and the other hostile frigates came within gunshot, and cannonading was brisk the remainder of the day. The chances of escape were rapidly decreasing again, but Captain Hull kept his men at work until near midnight, just avoiding the enemy's grasp again by a breeze which was once more in his favor. Thus by alternate flaws and calms the second wearisome night passed, although sunrise showed that the *Constitution* had on the whole rather weathered on her pursuers, and slightly increased their distance.

There was air enough stirring on the morning of the third day to enable the ships to maneuver with their sails alone; eleven sail were now in sight, all on the same tack, and all spreading every stitch of canvas. It now became a question of speed as well as of seamanship, and it was found that the *Constitution* in this sort of trial gained on the enemy's fleet. Her crew now had an opportunity to rest a while, although kept sufficiently on the alert to trim the sails just at the moment and in the manner which the most consummate naval skill could suggest. After several short calms, the breeze settled into a steady wind, and the superb frigate, bowing before it, distanced her pursuers.

Toward sundown the blackening sky to windward showed the approach of a heavy squall of wind and rain, and the crew of the *Constitution* were summoned to stand by to let go and haul; being thus prepared, sail was kept on until the squall struck the ship, when the light sails were let go, and a reef taken in the top-sails. The English ships at once took in sail, but no sooner had the rain shut them in so that they could not descry the *Constitution*, her top-gallant sails were hoisted again, and careening over before the blast, and snorting the foam from her bow, the frigate danced away over the billows and left the enemy's fleet far astern and to leeward, as became evident when the mist lifted and showed their frigates hull down below the horizon, and the ship of the line a speck visible only to the keenest eye. But they still persevered in the chase, as the wind continued variable in the night and was liable to change in their favor, while the *Constitution* cracked on a press of sail to make good her escape. But at eight of the following morning, finding further effort useless, the English commodore signaled his fleet to give up the pursuit, and they all hauled off and sailed to the northward, leaving the noble old *Constitution* to pursue her way on the ocean unmolested and triumphant.

This chase of the *Constitution* is the most remarkable in the history of the American navy; and in fact, if we consider the extraordinary circumstances attending it, and the variety of expedients, the fortitude, and the seamanship displayed by her commander and crew, for three days and three nights, and the success which crowned their efforts, it seems difficult to match it by any similar event in the naval history of any people. The frigate now went into Boston, but soon after put to sea again, in search of the enemy's cruisers. The fleet which had given her such a chase had in the mean time been dispersed in different directions, in hope of being able singly to meet and capture the wily ship which had eluded their grasp in such a masterly style. After running up the coast to the Bay of Fundy and making a prize, the *Constitution* stood southward, and early in the afternoon of August 19th the cry of "Sail ho!" was heard from the mast-head. The stranger proved to be a ship of war, on a wind, and a nearer approach discovered her to be an enemy's frigate. The *Constitution* immediately bore away for the enemy, who laid his main-top sail aback, and, awaiting her, challenged an attack. Captain Hull made his preparations for battle with judgment and deliberation. The top-gallant sails were furled, two reefs taken in the top-sails, and the ship was cleared for action. On coming within gunshot, fire was poured on her by the English frigate, the *Constitution* yawing to avoid being raked by the broadsides, but retaining her own fire.

At six the enemy filled his top-sails, and with the wind quartering bore away, thereby showing a willingness for a fair combat yard-arm to yard-arm. On this the *Constitution* made sail and gradually gained on the enemy, until her bow began to double on the stern of the former, pouring in a destructive fire as her guns one after another got within range, the foe also keeping up a lively cannonade. In a few minutes the Englishman's mizzen-mast fell by the board, when the American immediately forged ahead, and buffed across the enemy's bow, raking her decks with a terrific fire. In this maneuver the *Constitution* lost headway by running into the wind, and the two ships came foul of each other, when they made an attempt to board, but the destructive musketry from each, and the high sea, prevented success in either case, — three of the officers of the *Constitution* falling in the act of mounting her taffrail. The *Constitution* now filled her sails and shot ahead, when the main and fore masts of her antagonist fell, and she rolled helpless on the boisterous sea.

The *Constitution*, after repairing her rigging, part of which had been shot away, now took a new position and was about to open fire again, when the enemy struck her colors, which, after the fall of the mizzen-mast, had been attached to its stump. On boarding the prize, it was found that she was the *Guerriere*, Captain Dacres, one of the frigates which had been so recently engaged in the chase of the *Constitution*.

The casualties on the *Constitution* were seven men killed and seven wounded, — a small number considering the circumstances of the fight; she suffered in her rigging and sails, but the hull was very little injured. The *Guerriere*, on the other hand, lost all her spars, as we have seen, and had seventy-nine men killed and wounded, besides receiving thirty shot between wind and water, which caused her to leak to such a degree that it became impossible to save her. It was found necessary early on the following morning to remove every soul from her into the *Constitution*, and soon after she went down.

It is but just to say that although of very nearly the same dimensions as the *Constitution*, the *Guerriere* had at the time of action a crew numerically inferior, having previously detached a number of her men to man a prize, and she rated as a thirty-eight while the *Constitution* was rated as a forty-four gun frigate, each mounting a few small guns in addition to the number for which they were rated. The principal advantage of the American ship at the outset seems to have been that her batteries were of larger bore, and therefore discharged heavier metal, than the guns of the *Guerriere*. But after considering all that can be said in favor of the American, the English had always been accustomed to win even over greater obstacles on the sea; the two antagonists were not more unequally matched than very often occurs in battles where victory has resulted for the weaker side, and the losses sustained by the *Guerriere* were entirely disproportioned to her inferior ability. She was handled with true British courage and seamanship, and was captured simply because a skill new on the ocean and superior to hers was displayed in the management of the *Constitution*. That the English naval authorities judged from the past experience of their navy that the *Guerriere* was fully capable of winning the fight, was shown by the fact that Captain Dacres was court-martialed for losing his ship, although a brave man and a good seaman, whose reputation had not suffered among men of his profession on account of his misfortune.

Having his ship now overcrowded with two crews, Captain Hull returned to Boston to land his prisoners; and so ended the cruise of the glorious "Old Ironsides" under her now famous commander; for, with a freedom from jealousy and a disinterestedness as rare as it was meritorious, and reflecting as much credit on his name as the fame of his exploits, Captain Hull resigned his command, in order that, in the scarcity of ships and the superfluity of naval officers thirsting for glory, an opportunity might be thus afforded to others for distinguishing themselves on the sea.

The capture of the *Guerriere* made a great

sensation at the time in both Great Britain and America; the English were astounded, the Americans were as greatly elated, for they had as little expected such a result as did the enemy. No event in our naval history is more vividly remembered by a patriotic people; and yet we question whether the escape of the *Constitution* in the famous chase is not more remarkable and memorable than even her capture of the *Guerriere*, although perhaps less dazzling, and appealing less to the enthusiasm with which the popular heart always hails the heroic deeds of its naval heroes.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER VII.

DAYS and weeks passed on at the Lees' much as the first day had done; there was so much to interest Effie in the natural course of family events, that she was not tempted to stray away upon excursions of her own. She was punctual at dinner because she was sure to see Miss Alice, and she had not seen her all school-time, since breakfast. She was always at home before dark, so as to be sure and not miss the frolic with the little boys before tea. She was regular in getting to school, for there was Gertrude, with hat on head, and books in hand, waiting for her. Sometimes she would be caught saying, "I am very sure, Gertrude, that it is full fifteen minutes of nine. I looked at the clock only a minute ago." But a glance from Gertrude reminded her that her reading of the clock was not always to be relied upon.

Then they were beginning to study French at school, and Effie proved to have great facility in learning a language. She was pleased to find herself, in this one study, starting from the same point as the other girls, — Gertrude, Susie, and Rosa, — and not lagging behind them, trying to catch up, as in other things. Both she and Gertrude were very proud of the few French phrases they were picking up, and aired them on every occasion. As they walked through the streets, they talked only in that language. "*Ou allez-vous, ma chère?*" and "*J'ai le livre,*" and "*Mon père a un cheval,*" were favorite expressions from the first exercises in Otto, and they were surprised to find how many things could be said.

"Very likely," said Effie, "we shall be taken for French girls!"

Effie found it harder to compose herself for the hour's sewing that Mrs. Lee frequently insisted upon, and for many weeks she declined staying at Sunday-school with Gertrude. At last Gertrude, one day, asked Effie why she was so unwilling to stay with the rest of the girls.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Effie, "I don't like Miss Burney!"

"Not like Miss Burney, our Sunday-school teacher!" Gertrude cried, and appealed to Alice.

"Not like Clara Burney," said Alice. "Why, she is my best friend!"

"Is her name Clara?" asked Effie; "that is such a pretty name. It makes a difference."

"But, what objection can you have to her?" pursued Alice.

"I can't tell exactly," said Effie; "somehow she looks gloomy and sad, — I believe that is it."

"She looks sad," said Alice, seriously, "but you surely know why."

Then Effie remembered, with a sudden pang, that the very same telegram that brought the news of her own father's death, told, too, that one of Miss Burney's two brothers had been killed, and one fatally wounded.

"How could I forget!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears.

"The death of her two brothers," said Alice, "has left Clara all alone. She has no father, mother, or sister. She went on to the hospital to see her brother die" —

"O, Miss Alice, I was very thoughtless," ex-

claimed Effie, "but I cannot say why it was I couldn't attend to Miss Burney."

"Suppose you try next Sunday," said Alice; "I think if you will listen to her, you will not find it hard to be interested. If I mistake not, I used to see your head above the top of the pew, and your eyes wandering about during Sunday-school, a little more than was necessary."

"O, Miss Alice," said Effie, quite ashamed, "I know I didn't pay attention. I used to be counting how many there were, and how many had red feathers, and such" —

"A childish amusement," said Alice; "but you shall see next Sunday if you have grown a little older."

So the next Sunday Effie composed herself in the corner of the pew. Miss Burney began by talking of something that was in the sermon.

"There," said Effie to herself, "that is always the way! I didn't listen to the sermon, so I suppose I sha'n't know what she means now. One has to begin so far back about things. I meant to listen all through Sunday-school; but because I didn't happen to listen to all the sermon, its going to be no good" —

Effie's thoughts were fast running away with her, but she suddenly found herself listening.

Miss Burney was speaking of the courage of the early Christians, of how much they suffered after the death of Christ, — this was what the minister had spoken of in his sermon, — and how bravely they bore it all; how they were imprisoned, stoned, and put to death.

"And do you not suppose that they often thought of the last words of Jesus to them?" she went on, "of all that He said to encourage them, and make them strong? There are certain words of his they must often have recalled. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' Jesus said this just before He gave his own life; and only imagine how dear his life must have been to Him, for we know how He knelt in the garden, and prayed to God to take this bitter cup — this cup of parting, and of suffering — from Him. We know how He loved his friends; how dear Bethany must have been to Him, with its bright red flowers scattered among the rocks around, with its almond groves, and its beautiful view of Jerusalem not far away, where Jesus had stopped to weep for

the coming fate of his dear city. O, children, what great love He must have had for his friends, that He could give up all this for their sake, — for us! And do you think that we have ever known any one in these days who could do the same?"

Here her eyes rested for a moment on Effie.

"O yes, we can proudly say we, too, have had friends who have shown for us this same great love. They, too, begged God to spare them and us the drinking of this bitter cup; but they did not shrink from it, — they gave their lives. Perhaps these very words of Jesus came to bring



courage to their hearts in the last terrible moment, when bullets were whistling and cannon sounding, and the sudden summons came to part with the life that they and we loved so well, — but they could part with it. They could give it up, just as He, too, was willing, for the sake of his great love for his friends."

Effie drew near Miss Burney and took her hand, while she stopped a moment. "But then, children," she went on, "how can it be with us? How can we give our lives?"

"The battle is over!" said Susie Parsons.

"Yes," said Miss Burney, "that battle is won; and we may thank God that the dear lives were not given in vain, and that the freedom they fought for has been gained. But now we must think what we can do, that we can be like them in our love for our friends. What is there in our lives we can give for our friends? Are there not some selfish tastes we can give up for their sake, some idle thoughtlessness, some love of our own way? Is there some care you can spare your teacher, by living more for her and less for yourself? Is there not some thought you can give to father, mother, and sister, and brother? Are there not some unkind words you can hush upon your lips, and give friendly ones instead? O, is there not something in these lives of ours that we can give up to our friends, to show that we have not forgotten these words of Jesus, — that we have not forgotten the friends who gave their lives for love of us?"

Effie told to Alice all of Miss Burney's words that she could remember, afterward. "O, I shall never think of her as anything but lovely again," she said. "For she must have thought of my dear papa, at the same time that she thought of her own brothers. And now I shall always think of him when I see her."

It was not long after that Effie's birthday came, — the day she was eleven years old. She saw, as she awoke, — above Annie's photograph at the foot of her bed, — an illuminated text, with the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." These were the words, — in red, and green, and blue, and gold.

"Miss Alice must have painted them," she thought to herself. "She wanted me to remember Miss Burney's words. And when did she ever find time to do it? And how could she do it so beautifully?"

And then Effie recalled, with a pang of shame, how she had never thought of Miss Alice's painting, or her lessons in water-colors, — never once since that night when she went to sleep thinking how she would try to do things for Miss Alice, so that she should have time to paint; and how she would prevent her having any more care, because she was there. That night she had thought to herself what an excellent person she would be to remind Miss Alice of her painting hours, and to bring her water for her paints; but she had never once thought of it since. As she read over the words, "Greater love hath no man than this," she thought to herself how little love she had

shown Miss Alice; she had not "laid down" a single pleasure for her sake. And the old question came up, "Am I selfish?" and she did not venture to say "No" to herself.

Alice came in to wish her "a happy birthday," and Effie told her of her questionings. "And when did you paint the beautiful words?" she asked, and then went on to confess how she had forgotten all about Miss Alice's painting, and the plans she had made to make sure she should have time to paint, but how she had never seen any pencils and paint-brushes about. "And that shows that I am very selfish," Effie went on; "that I never thought of it, and only thought of my own fun."

Alice smiled at Effie's distress. "Indeed, you need not take it so much to heart," she said; "the 'painting lessons' did have to be given up for a time. But I have been arranging to go twice a week to Clara Burney's, and shall go on regularly with my sketching. She has a greenhouse, you know, and we are to have real flowers to paint from. I have taken all my paint-boxes and brushes there, and it was there that I did this text, out of the way, so that you and Gertrude need not know it. But I have another birthday-present in my hand, that is in a hurry to come to you; so we must put off our talking for a while."

It was a letter from mamma and Annie, and written by them to reach her on her birthday. Effie had heard before of their voyage and arrival in Savannah, and of their few days' rest there; but this letter told how they were fairly settled in their home. Effie enjoyed much telling everybody — the Hapgoods, and Miss Tilden — about the letter. "It is written from 'Riverside;' that is not the Magazine, you know, but it is the name of the place where they are staying. I have made a beautiful 'Buried City' out of it. 'Take me to the river, sighed a lovely young lady!' But Gertrude and Miss Alice won't allow it, because it is not spelt right. And Annie has seen some alligators; but she has not yet seen a large orange-orchard, — one as large as the Leonards' apple-orchard; though I think she says this very much to console me, because I am not there. But she needn't take the pains, for I am having such a good time, I am willing she should see orange-orchards and alligators, — and I am going to write her so."

The birthday passed off happily. Effie wrote to her mother and Annie a most enthusiastic account of all its adventures. "Indeed, it was the very best birthday I ever had," she closed with,

"except a great many — but certainly it was the oldest; only I was sorry that you and Annie couldn't be here, only you wouldn't have liked the snow-storm in the evening; but it did not prevent the girls from coming. I chose my dinner, — goose and squash-pie, — and Miss Alice played for us to dance; and we had a make-believe dancing-school, and they taught me some of the steps. And Arthur Lee and Sam Parsons, and some of the boys came, and really behaved very well."

There was a series of festivities and fun nowadays; for Thanksgiving came, and the preparations for Christmas. Croquet had been given up long ago, and the question of the duties of the President had been buried in an early snow.

Skating had taken the place of croquet; and there was a large pool of water at the foot of the slope behind the house that made an admirable place for Effie, Gertrude, and her friends to skate upon. It was perfectly safe, and near the house, so that when they were cold, they could run in and warm themselves. As a treat, sometimes they went with Alice and the older girls to the large pond. This was on the right of the road that led to the Farm, where Effie used to live, just as you leave the town.

Christmas Eve came, and with it the Christmas-tree, — a great surprise and secret to everybody; though Gertrude and Effie had seen Jonas bring the tree itself in his cart from the woods, and though for some weeks before they had been helping to fill a large basket with little white parcels, that were to form a part of the fruit of the tree. Nevertheless, it was a surprise, with red, and green, and even golden apples hanging from its branches; with lighted candles reflected on the silver and gold balls, with dolls, and games, and bonbons, and flying angels, and toys, and books, and little bells that rang. It was a wonder that Miss Alice's voice could be heard above all the tumult of delight, for it was she who read out the names that were written on the Christmas presents, and took them off the boughs. Even baby was wide awake, with eyes glistening in the gay lights, and one hand grasping a strange nut-cracker, and the other a gaudy rattle. The oldest of the little boys sat in the middle of the room, holding his toys contemplatively, but sighing now and then, in excess of delight, "It's evening, and I am sitting up!" and the vague memory of the gayly lighted lamps, and happy buzz of the evening, went into his mind, to form some of the glowing

ideas children have of the things that are going on down-stairs after they go to bed, and the splendid times grown-up people are having!

Effie, and Gertrude too, were elated at the idea of being allowed to sit up late, to admire again and again their Christmas presents; so they were still up, when an unexpected ringing was heard at the door after nine o'clock. The other children had all gone home, so who could it be? And Alice, Effie, and the rest, followed Mr. Lee as he went to open the door, wondering if some of the guests had come back for something.

There stood a large, tall man on the doorstep, all covered with the soft, white, freshly fallen snow. His long beard was white with snow, too, and so were the great baskets he held in his hands, and the huge bundles under his arms.

"It is Santa Claus!" exclaimed Alice.

"O, it is Uncle George!" cried Effie, running to the door, and she was soon in his snow-covered arms.

It was indeed Uncle George.

"I was afraid I was to lose my Christmas with you, after all," he said, as he shook his shaggy coat, and set Effie, and his baskets and bundles down. "We were knocking about twelve hours yesterday in New York harbor, before we could make the landing, and came very near spending our Christmas in the dreary neighborhood of Sandy Hook."

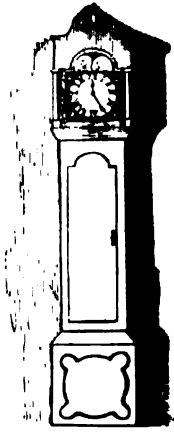
"But you have come just in time to be our real St. Nicholas," said Alice, "and it is a pity to shake off that hoary snow; do come in among the lights, and 'make believe' a little while."

But there was no need of making believe, for all those bundles and baskets were filled with Christmas presents. The strange, deep, tunnel-shaped baskets were full of oranges, — the first of the season, — little Mandarin oranges, which give out a fragrance as you break away the peel, and their small lobes are full of sweetness.

"They must all be eaten up directly," Uncle George declared, and Arthur instantly offered his help for the duty; and Effie and Gertrude thought of a long list of friends to whom they would take them to-morrow, with "A Merry Christmas." And Uncle George took Effie up to bed in his arms, as he told her all mamma's and Annie's messages; and how it was that after Mr. Lester had arrived in Florida, he had decided to return himself, since he was no longer needed, — not even to come home with the party.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.



XXXV.

TICK, tock !
 What says the clock ?
 One, two,
 There's work to do.
 Three, four,
 Increase your store.
 Five, six,
 Play Time no tricks.
 Seven, eight,
 Nor want, nor wait.
 Nine, ten,
 For sinful men,
 Eleven, twelve,
 Must dig and delve.

XXXVI.

Ten fat little fingers, so taper and neat !
 Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet !
 Reaching at everything that comes near,
 Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your
 hair.
 Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
 Then digging your cheeks with a mischievous
 clutch ;
 Gently waving good-by with infantine grace,
 Then dragging your bonnet down over your
 face.
 Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
 Then tearing your book at a furious rate ;
 Holding them out, like a king, to be kissed,
 Then thumping the window with tightly-closed
 fist.
 Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
 On the white cradle pillow, secure from all harm.
 O, dear baby hands ! how much love you hold
 In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft
 fold !
 Keep spotless, as now, through the world's evil
 ways,
 And bless with fond care our last weariful days.

XXXVII.

Here is a rogue, and his eyes are blue !
 He is tired of play, and has nothing to do.
 Would he like some vagabond buttons to string ?
 Ah yes ! I see that's the very thing.
 I'll thread him a needle,
 And make a big knot,

Because he is such a tiny tot.
 One, two, three, four,
 White and black half a score ;
 Some of pearl, some of bone,
 Two are alike, and one alone.
 Some of china, some of steel,
 Down the thread they slip and reel ;
 Some have eyes, and some have not,
 But when they're all strung they'll be a great lot.

XXXVIII.

"Mamma, I wish that I could have
 A little pony, fleet and gay,
 Like that that Uncle Robert gave
 To Cousin John the other day.

"O, such a tail ! I'm sure, mamma,
 That you would be delighted too ;
 I'm sure you'd say you never saw
 A pony prance as he can do.

"And I can ride him ! yes I can !
 I rode him up and down the lane ;
 And Uncle Robert said the man
 Might let me mount him soon again !

"He cut some capers, but I sat
 As fast as any monkey could ;
 And then he stood and let me pat
 His neck, and was so very good !

"All that was very nice, mamma,
 But then, a pony of my own !
 Do you think, if I asked papa,
 That he would bring me one from town ?"

"A pony costs too much, I fear,
 For dear papa to bring you home ;
 So you must be content, my dear,
 On two stout legs to go and come.

"Or wait until my ship from sea
 Comes in with many a goodly thing ;
 Who knows but that for you and me
 A pony, too, my ship may bring."

On the gray shore a golden head
 Watched, from the seaward distance clear,
 The ships that through the bay up sped,
 To reach the city lying near.

At last he sought his mother's knee, —

“ Ah! dear mamma, when will it come,
Your ship from lands beyond the sea,
You hope will bring my pony home ?

“ I've watched and waited every day ;
So many ships went sailing past, —
So many ships sailed up the bay, —
I thought that yours must come at last.”

With tender love his mother bent,
The wistful, rosy face close drew, —
“ My darling boy, I never meant
That you should think my jest was true !

“ My ship? That means a fortune, dear, —
A fortune we may ne'er possess ;
But that need never cost a tear, —
Wealth cannot bring us happiness.

“ The very butterfly that wings
From flower to flower the livelong day, —
The little bird that joyful sings,
Darting from swinging spray to spray, —

“ No happier days can know, dear child,
Than you within this pretty nest
Of home, where love and guidance mild
Surround your days, and guard your rest.

“ How many a homeless little one
Knows nothing of kind looks and words,
Nor ever plays beneath the sun,
'Mid trees and flowers and happy birds.

“ Then let the ships sail past our shore ;
So rich are we in love and health
And comfort, we will ask no more, —
Content is better far than wealth.”

HOW RAILROADS ARE MADE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE MANAGEMENT.

Few persons have any adequate conception of the actual swiftness of the motion with which a locomotive and its train of cars pass along its way, when going at full speed. Thirty miles an hour is not at all an unusual rate. Trains sometimes move at double that speed. But thirty miles an hour is at the rate of a mile in two minutes. Now, a mile contains 5,280 feet, and two minutes contain 120 seconds; and this gives, if I have made no mistake in the computation, a speed of *forty-four feet in each second*, as the rate of motion of the train. That is to say, the train with its ponderous locomotive, and its eight or ten cars, containing hundreds of passengers, is hurled through the air at a rate of speed by which two large rooms of a good-sized house, with a wide entry between them, would be traversed in a *single second*, which is almost as quick as you can carry your *thoughts* over that length of space.

Another way of forming an idea of this speed is to compare it with that of a horse on the road. Six miles an hour would be a fast pace for a horse making a journey. Imagine such a horse trotting by your house, and then reflect that the immense train thunders along its way at *five times* as great a speed. Or you may move your hand

to and fro through the air as fast as you can. The sweep which you can conveniently make with it will be, perhaps, about three feet; and you cannot easily move it faster than once to and fro in each second. That is, you can move your hand through the air at the rate of *six* feet a second, while the train whirls onward over the track at the rate of *forty-four feet a second*, — that is to say, seven or eight times as fast as you can move your hand.

Now, when we look upon any railroad map of the United States, and see what a complicated net-work, covering the whole country, the system of lines forms; and when we consider that countless trains are running at this enormous speed in all directions, and at all times, — and think, too, how many common roads they have to traverse on the way, with teams, and vehicles of all sorts continually crossing the track, and how many towns and villages they have to pass through (often without stopping, or even without slackening their speed), it is amazing that the system can be made to work so smoothly and successfully, and that accidents, and collisions, and interferences, are so rare. The writer of this article has travelled upon railroads upon an average of one or two thousand miles a year, for twenty-five years, — in fact, during the whole time since the first

railroad was built,—and in all countries where the system is extensively introduced,—in England, Scotland, France, Germany, and America,—and never has known a life to be lost, or any person to be injured by any train in which he was a passenger. Nor has he met with any greater accident to the car he occupied, than a somewhat sudden stop, with a little bump, the shock of which was not sufficient to cause any but a few curious ones among the passengers to leave their seats. Terrible accidents do sometimes happen, the magnitude of the evil being in proportion, of course, to the magnitude of the scale which pertains to everything connected with the system. But the proportion of these accidents to the whole number of safe journeys is exceedingly small.

SYSTEM OF BRAKES.

One of the great difficulties connected with the management of moving trains upon a railroad, is to contrive a method of stopping them quick, in sudden emergencies. Such emergencies do sometimes occur; though, when we consider the great number and variety of occasions which may produce them, it is surprising that they are so few. There may be a draw open in a draw-bridge, or a part of the track may be taken up for repairs, and a man stationed with a red flag to stop the train; or a rock may have rolled down from an embankment, or a tree been blown by the wind across the road; or there may be an obstruction made maliciously by some evil-minded person. In these, and in many other cases, it is necessary to be able to stop the train as soon as possible; but in the case of a mass of fifty or one hundred tons moving at the rate of forty or fifty feet a second, the momentum, as it is called (that is, the *quantity of motion*), is enormous; and it is necessary that this motion should be all absorbed in some way, before the mass can be brought to rest.

The way in which this is accomplished is, by the rubbing of wooden blocks against the wheels. These blocks are connected with certain machinery adapted to the purpose; and when the proper moment arrives, they are pressed with great force against the wheels, and so retard their motion. They are managed ordinarily by brakemen, though they may be connected with the engine, so as to be worked by steam power.

MECHANISM OF THE BRAKES.

When they are worked by men, the one in charge stands on the platform of the car, as

everybody knows, and turns a wheel carrying a *vertical axis*, which axis is connected beneath the platform by means of what is called a *bevel gear*, with a *horizontal axis*. This bevel gear consists of two wheels, the circumferences of which are beveled, and which engage with each other by cogs in the beveled edges. By this means the vertical axis causes the horizontal axis to revolve, and thus vertical is converted into horizontal rotation.

The inner end of the horizontal axle forms a screw, which acts on a system of levers by which the blocks of wood are pressed with great force against the tires of the wheels, or withdrawn from them, according to the direction in which the wheel is turned by the brakeman above.

The friction of the brakes upon the rims of the wheels has the double effect of both wearing away the wood, and heating the iron. This affords a curious illustration of certain great truths which have recently been established by scientific men, and which are found to be of fundamental importance. The doctrine in respect to heat now is, that it is one of the *forms of force*, and that just as no particle of matter can by any natural process be ever destroyed, so no portion of force, in whatever form it may exist, can ever be extinguished; it can only cease to exist in one form by being changed into another. That is to say, it can never be *extinguished*, it can only be *transformed*.

Thus the immense force with which the train was moving, is converted by the friction of the brakes upon the tires, into *heat*; which heat is rapidly conveyed away into the air, and into surrounding objects, by the swift rotation of the wheels. None of it is lost. It is only *dissipated*; and it continues to produce its proper effects, wherever it goes. Thus, the heat which was originally stored in the coal, is first converted into *moving force* by the action of the steam upon the piston in the engine, and then a portion of this moving force is reconverted into *heat* by the action of the brakes upon the tires, and from them is distributed along the course which the train pursues over the ground and through the air.

CARRIAGES AND CARS.

The number and variety of the cars and carriages required upon a first-class railroad is very great, and adds very much to the complication of the system of management. In England there is the royal train, consisting of a set of carriages, set apart expressly for the queen and her suite,

when she takes a journey. In France there is an imperial train, which was built at a great cost, and presented to the emperor for his special use. It consists of five carriages, all fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, and arranged each one for its own special purpose. Thus, one is furnished as a bedroom, another as a parlor, another as a dining-room. There is one which is made open, for convenience of viewing the scenery. The imperial emblems of France are placed as decorations upon the roof at either end, and at the centre, to announce to all the world, as the train passes by, that the emperor is the traveller that it is conveying. So superbly built and furnished are these carriages, that they are said to have cost twenty thousand dollars a piece in gold.

Most trains at the present day have a car attached to them, which is devoted to the postal service. In these cars letters are sorted which are received, or are to be delivered, at the various way-stations, as well as those which are to be forwarded in different directions at the end of the route. In this way much time is saved, and the letters reach their destination sooner, not only because the mode of transportation is more rapid, but also because a great deal of the work of arranging and distributing them is done while they are on the way.

In time of war in this country, and in all times in the old countries of Europe, special cars are required for military purposes. Some of these are arranged and furnished in a very complete and substantial manner for the transportation of troops, arms, artillery, and horses.

The railroad organization has become expanded and developed in various ways, to an extent which was never dreamed of when the system was first introduced; and if it goes on at the same rate for another century, the imagination is lost in attempting to conceive the dimensions which it will by that time have assumed. It shows at present no signs of anything like maturity, but is enlarging and extending itself in every direction, and is assuming new magnitude and importance in every aspect of it. As an example of its expansion in the great centres of population and commerce, it is said that within the limits of London there are no fewer than three hundred stations, — though it is true that London has swallowed up, and now contains within its boundaries a large number of towns originally distinct. Even the Hudson River Railroad has already three or four stations on its line before it reaches the limits of the city of New York.

There are, moreover, several new forms of de-

velopment of the system that have recently appeared, and are yet in their infancy, which may in their future progress greatly add to the extent and complication of the system: such as elevated railroads, in which the rails are raised into the air; and subterranean roads, in which they are carried in tunnels under the streets, and dwellings, and warehouses of cities; and pneumatic railroads, in which the train is forced through an enormous tube by the pressure of the air. There is no knowing to what these new devices, now in embryo, may yet lead.

WHAT MAY COME.

We have no royal or imperial trains in this country, for we have no royal or imperial personages to use them. But some of the great railroad managers, it is understood, have their own private cars, ostensibly for their use in the service of the road. If, however, the progress of private luxury and extravagance goes on for another half century at the present rate, it would not be surprising if it should then be the fashion for each millionaire lady in the great cities to have her private car, as she now has her private carriage kept at a public stable. The great companies would then have enormous yards roofed over, where these cars would be stored, so that a family pretending to live in style, — in going to the springs, or to the sea-shore, or in making a summer tour, — would have their own elegant private car to convey them, fitted with drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom compartments, and supplied with furniture, books, plate, and china-closet complete, and perhaps a little smoking-cabin in some corner for the gentlemen; the whole forming, as it were, a kind of yacht on wheels, in which the lady, with her family and friends, can journey all over the country, wherever the gauge was right, and be, as it were, at home all the time. The only difference would be, that instead of paying five dollars for a ticket for herself, she would pay a hundred dollars for one for her car, which would then be taken, with others like it, along the various roads, at the head of the great public trains.

VAST EXTENT OF THE ROLLING STOCK.

But without looking forward to the realization of any such extravagant anticipations as these, the extent and complication of the system of rolling stock, as it is called, on the great lines, have already reached an enormous development; and perhaps there is nothing more surprising in the management of a great railroad, than the perfec-

tion of the system, by which those who are in charge keep an exact account of the movements, and the position at any given time, of the vast number of locomotives, carriages, and cars of every description that belong to the line. The number is in some cases enormous. The road in France which leads from Paris southward to the Mediterranean, has in service about a thousand locomotives, a thousand tenders, and nearly twenty-five thousand carriages and cars, all of which have to be followed up and registered in all their movements, so that there shall be on the records of the offices the means of determining at any time, in respect to every one of them, its place, its condition, and the duty which it is performing.

The state of the case is in one respect more remarkable still in this country, inasmuch as the cars of each line are here very frequently employed in services which take them away from the line where they belong. You will, for example, often see a long freight train in Massachusetts, made up of cars belonging to a dozen different railroads, — Eastern, Western, and Southern. Thus, each company has its cars scattered all over the country, and mixed with those of other companies in what would seem to be inextricable entanglement and confusion. And yet there is no confusion at all. Everything works with the utmost smoothness and regularity. The work of forming and keeping in operation a system which can accomplish these results, requires administrative ability of the highest order; and it is the possession of this ability, in part, which gives to successful railroad men the high position, and the high degree of consideration which they enjoy in the business world. For what is true thus in respect to cars, applies perhaps with still greater force to other departments: such as the management of the accounts, so that all the expenditures shall be under strict control, and that all the receipts shall be properly accounted for, and that all connecting lines shall receive their share of the avails of through tickets; and that all salaries be paid, and all wages, in just proportion to the time that each laborer works. These, and a thousand other things of a like nature, form a mass of complication, in which interests of enormous magnitude and importance run into such an endless minuteness of detail, that it would seem impossible that any method, or any ingenuity, could organize them into a system that would work smoothly and well.

TELEGRAPHIC HELP.

The difficulty would, in fact, have been very much greater than it is, — and, indeed, might

have been well-nigh insurmountable, — were it not for the aid and coöperation derived from the telegraphic system, which now forms an essential part of the machinery of every road. By means of it one common intelligence reigns along the whole line. Everything that is known in one part is known in every other. An accident, a detention, the starting of an extra train, occurring in any one section, is as well known, instantly, in every other section, as in the one where it occurs, — in the same way, and possibly by the same agent as in the human frame, the intelligence of any injury to the foot, or to a finger, is immediately transmitted to the brain. Indeed, the system of telegraphic communication, by means of which every part of a long railroad line is made to participate in the knowledge possessed by every other part, may be almost said to endow the system with a complete nervous organization, and a real consciousness as the result of it; and thus to make of it, as it were, a living being, with its circulation, its strength, its intelligence, and its members, all under the immediate direction and control of the superintendent's office, which constitutes its brain.

SELECTION OF MEN.

Of this vast organization, each individual man employed is, as it were, one of the *vital organs*, — an organ in this sense, namely, that he is to act not independently, but as a subordinate part of one great complicated whole. And one of the most delicate and difficult things in the management of a road, — one which calls for the highest qualifications on the part of those intrusted with it, and on which the working of the system most closely depends, — is the selection and appointment of the men to be employed; the engineers, the conductors, the brakemen, the superintendents of the different sections of the road, the station-masters, the clerks, the accountants, the ticket-sellers, and a host of others, forming, in the case of a great road, almost an army. All these men, however, must be selected with care, and after a deliberate examination of their qualifications and character; and must each be under a proper surveillance, and the vacant places made by death, by resignations, or by removals, must be promptly supplied. When the railroad was first introduced, if any one had foreseen the magnitude to which the system would have grown, he might have said that it would be impossible for any man to contrive a system by which such vast and complicated duties could be regularly performed. And the truth is, that no single man has contrived the system. It has

gradually grown up by the joint labors and inventive powers of many men. It is said that the locomotive, as it now exists, is the result of the labors of about *one hundred* inventors, each of whom has devised some part of the contrivances now combined in the machine; and that no one of them, perhaps no fifty of them, could ever have invented the whole. It is the same with

the system of railroad management. No one man, probably no hundred men, could have organized it. It has gradually been built up as the joint result of many generations of railroad managers, and is now, perhaps, on the whole, one of the most perfect working, as it certainly is one of the most complicated systems of organization that the world has ever seen.

A CHAIN OF STORIES.

BY F. JOHNSON.

THE FOX'S STORY.

WHILE the Stork was telling his story, the Magpie had already composed herself for talking, and raised her tail in an agony of impatience. No sooner had the Stork finished his story, than she began immediately, "Well, now listen to my story. My late grandmother" —

"Pray, Magpie," interrupted the Stork and the Badger, "we should like, above all things, to know what is the meaning of those marks on the legs of the Fox; and so we request him to tell us his story first."

The Fox then narrated to them the following story:—

"Although my life abounds with adventures, I do not know of anything that would interest you more than this.

"I was born at no great distance from here, with my four brothers, in the kennel of my parents. My mother had made us a soft nest of moss, and lined it with downy rabbit-skins, so that we felt exceedingly comfortable in it. As soon as we had been weaned, our parents brought us palatable food, — delicate young grouse, rabbits, and other choice morsels; sometimes also mice, which, however, we did not relish much; but mother said, 'You must get accustomed to everything. Time will be, perhaps, when you will be glad to have such food.'

"Thus we grew up; and as the kennel of our parents seemed too narrow to us, we tried to slip out of it. But our parents sternly forbade us so to do. 'Without,' they said, 'nothing awaits you but danger and trouble. As soon as you are big enough, we shall take you out of our own accord, and convey you to another safe place.'

"But, unfortunately, there are a great many children who make light of what their parents

tell them. And so we did also: when early in the morning in May the sun shone so gloriously into the door of our kennel, we longed intensely to see how things looked without; then when our parents went out hunting, and seeking food for us, we slipped secretly out of the door, and gambled about in the sand in front of the kennel, and when we thought it was about time for our parents to return, we hastened back into the kennel.

"This went on for some length of time. One day, however, as we were chasing a mouse in front of the kennel, and gamboling and dancing, we perceived a man in the thicket. Thunder-struck with terror, we hastened back into the kennel, and were overjoyed when we no longer heard and saw anything of that man; but we did not suspect that we had brought about our own ruin. For on the following morning, when our parents had gone out, we heard the footsteps and voices of men; and all at once, a dog, barking furiously, penetrated into the kennel. Our terror and anguish beggared description. We retired into the most remote corner of the kennel, and barked noisily, which, however, did not deter the dog; and, encouraged by the men, he seized the foremost of us. Despair imparts courage to the weakest. We rushed at our black enemy and scratched his face, which induced him to beat a hasty retreat. Already we believed ourselves to be comparatively safe, but the most imminent danger came from a quarter where we looked for it least; for we did not suspect that the hunters had sent the dog into the kennel in order to see whether we were in it, and to hear at what point the kennel terminated beneath the surface of the earth. For this purpose one of the men had applied his ear to the ground, and listened to the barking of the dog. They imme-

diately dug a hole at the point he indicated, and we heard with deadly anguish the sounds of the spade and pickaxe, which were coming closer and closer to us. At last the ground gave way, and the hunters burst into a loud cheer. All further resistance on our part would have been useless; we only burrowed our heads deeper and deeper into the sand. One of the hunters then stretched out his arm, seized my brothers one by one by their tails, and killed them by knocking them with a club on the head.

"After dispatching them, he lifted me up, and burst into loud laughter. He now brandished his club, and I looked already for the fatal blow, when a passer-by said to him, 'Stop, my friend; let me look at the little animal.' The newcomer stepped up and looked at me. 'Say,' he said, 'will you not let me have the little fox? I think he would be useful to me.' — 'What?' replied the hunter, 'do you want to raise a chicken-thief?' — 'No,' said the stranger, 'I will make an apprentice of him, and use him in my trade.' — 'Well, you may have him,' replied the hunter, smiling; and the stranger put me into a large leathern bag, and took me to his house in the city.

"See here," he said to his wife, playfully, 'what a nice little dog I have got here.' So saying, he took me out of the bag. 'He is to learn by and by how to run my bellows.'

"These words indicated to me that I was at the house of a locksmith. He had connected with his bellows a wheel, in which a dog had to run, and thus move the bellows. The dog recently died, and his master did not intend to buy another, because the city authorities had lately imposed a tax on those who kept dogs. Inasmuch as he had now got a fox, he could avoid paying that tax. The locksmith thereupon put a collar round my neck, fastened a chain to it, and took me to the dog-kennel, where he gave me something to eat and drink.

"For the rest, my new master treated me kindly. When he went to his work, or returned from it, he stopped at the kennel, patted my head, and fed me. 'How are you, foxy?' he would say. 'You will soon help me in the shop.'

"A few weeks afterward he showed me the wheel, caused me to enter it, and taught me how to run in it. Having been chained for some time past, the exercise agreed with me, and I was not long in learning what was required of me. When he did not work at his forge I was allowed to rest, and looked on as he was filing and hammering, and making large and small locks.

"I had no cause to complain of the treatment I received at his hands, for he gave me plenty to eat, and always kept a dish full of food for me close to the wheel. But there were two things which I longed for from the bottom of my heart. Fresh air and liberty were wanting to me. How I yearned for the woods, the mountains, and the sunny hills, where the other foxes, despite the dangers always menacing them, were leading so merry a life! Besides, I had an enemy. A neighbor had a black tomcat, an envious, thievish animal. For hours he would sit in a hole in the wall and look at me coldly with his fiery eyes, while I was sweating in my wheel; but whenever my master turned his back to us for a moment, the Tomcat never failed to rush to my dish, snatch from it the best morsels, and run away at the top of his speed. In my master's kitchen, also, he stole as much as he could; and as I was sometimes allowed to run about the house, I was charged with these thefts, and was whipped for them.

"At length I got rid of my enemy; and what was still better, he assisted me against his will in regaining my liberty, though I did not remain free for a long time. One day my master was absent, and as I happened to be in good spirits, I danced merrily in my wheel, and, for fun's sake, moved the bellows so that flames burst from the fire-place. I then sat down to eat my dinner. The Tomcat came to me, and, contrary to his habit, entered into a conversation with me. 'To judge from appearance, Fox,' he said to me, 'you must be very comfortable. I wish I were in your place.'

"Well," I replied, 'that is true. You see, I have plenty to eat and drink, and can take in the wheel here as much exercise as I care for.'

"I wish I were in your place,' repeated the Tomcat.

"Well, then, come in to me just once,' I said. 'I will show you what a good and merry time I have got in here.'

"The Tomcat stepped in, and we ran the wheel for a while so merrily, that the Tomcat assured me again and again that it afforded him a great deal of pleasure.

"Now," said I, 'sit down and eat,' for I had intentionally left for him a large piece of ham, which he devoured with great relish. While he was eating it, he said to me, 'Say, Fox, I like this sort of thing; I should like to learn your trade, and then enter a locksmith's service.' — 'I will instruct you with pleasure,' I replied; 'all you have to do is to put on my collar, and then

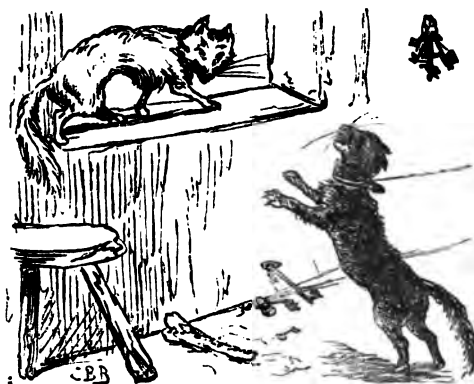
run at the top of your speed; you will learn it very easily.'—'Very well,' said the Tomcat, 'let me put on your collar; I will try it.'—'That will be a rather hard job for me,' I replied, 'but I will do it, nevertheless. Now, you must help me. You see this thing here on my collar? That is what is called a lock, and on the nail yonder hangs an instrument which is called a key. Now, if you put the key into the hole of the lock, and turn it, the lock opens. I can then take off the collar, and put it around your neck.'

"The Tomcat fetched the key, and succeeded, after many fruitless efforts, in putting it into the hole. 'There,' I said; 'now take it between your teeth, and turn it.' The old Tomcat could do that to perfection, for he had already turned many a sinew from bones in that manner, so that it was easy for him to open the lock. 'Now take it out of the ring,' I said to him. He did so. I was overjoyed, put the collar hastily around the Tomcat's neck, and turned the key in the lock. 'Now,' run as fast as you can,' I said; 'I am sure you will have a good time of it. Good-by, Tomcat!' So saying, I jumped into the open window. 'Hold on!' cried the Tomcat, anxiously, trying to jump after me, and finding out only now that the collar was fastened to a chain. —'I have no time to spare,' I replied to him, and jumped out of the window; but I still heard the Tomcat vainly attempting to break the chain, and mewing in the most piteous manner.

"But the recovery of my liberty was not to avail me much; for scarcely had I reached the street when a dog saw me, and pursued me so furiously that I was barely able to escape him. In the middle of the market-place there stood a large wooden booth. Monkeys and parrots were sitting on long poles, and a bear was on guard at the entrance. 'Brother Bear,' I cried, panting for breath, 'take me under your protection!' —'Just slip in here,' replied the Bear, pointing to the entrance. I did so, and, to my astonishment and terror, I found myself in a large room, where a great many wild beasts were kept in iron cages. I at once tried to get out of the room again, but, terrified as I was, I could not find the entrance. The proprietor of the booth, and his men, now pursued me; they drove me from corner to corner. At last they seized me, and what do you think the proprietor of the booth did with me? He threw me into a cage, in which a big lion was confined. I crept, trembling with terror, into a corner of the cage, and looked anxiously at the majestic lion. He came slowly toward me, looked at me, and then lay

down again. Seeing that he did not intend to kill me, I approached him timidly. 'I shall not hurt you,' roared the Lion; 'never fear.' I then took heart, and sat down by his side, licking his paw, and glancing fearlessly up to him.

"When dinner-time came, a bone was thrown to me, too, and I made a hearty meal of it. Af-



ter dinner was over, I amused the lion by my merry gamboling. I jumped over him, and asked him to play with me.

"Thus we passed day after day, and the Lion grew very fond of me. A few days afterward, the cages were put on wagons, and we drove to another city, where as many curious spectators desired to see the Lion and the Fox.

"But before long, this mode of life commenced wearying me, and I grew quite melancholy. 'Lion,' I said one day, 'we must try to regain our liberty.'

"'That is easier said than done,' replied the Lion. 'Can I break the iron bars with which the cage is closed?'

"'None of us can do that,' I replied; 'but, force being of no avail, we must resort to a stratagem. I believe I shall succeed in opening the cage.'

"The proprietor of the menagerie had among his animals a tame baboon, whom he allowed to walk about the room. Now I had noticed that the servant, who fed the animals, fastened the door of our cage only with a bolt, and did not put the lock on it; and I now turned to account what I had learned at the locksmith's shop. For this purpose, I said one evening to the Baboon, 'Say, friend Baboon, do me the favor of drawing back that bolt from the door.' He did so, and the door opened of itself. 'Now is the time, Lion,' I said; 'jump out, take me with you, and protect me.' As soon as the Lion had left the cage, and felt again the free use of his limbs, he

rushed toward the entrance. Tables and chairs broke under his feet, and, in leaping, he tore several curtains. The proprietor and his men rushed aside in great terror, and the Lion and myself were not long in reaching the open air. A few leaps more, and we were in the fields, outside of the city. All who met us took to their heels, and we shortly afterward reached a large forest, in whose thicket we passed the night. The Lion intended to stay here, as he greatly liked to repose in the shade of the forest; but I advised him to continue his flight. We left the forest early in the morning, and hastened toward a distant wooded mountain, which we reached on the same day. Here we rested, and devoured a few rabbits which we had caught on the road.

"However, the people living in that part of the country, soon discovered that we were so close to them. Hunters from distant places came to join the people of the neighborhood in pursuing us. We were surrounded, and succeeded barely in breaking through the ranks of our pursuers, and escaping into another forest. But we could not stay there either. The number of our pursuers were constantly on the increase, and we were chased, night and day, from one forest to another.

"On the fifth night we were lying on the edge of a rather deep gorge. After a while we saw lights approaching through the forest. 'Fox,'



said the Lion, 'I do not want to be chased any longer; if I must die, they may as well kill me here.' I tried to persuade him to flee, but it was of no avail. Presently we perceived a number of armed men, bearing torches. In their midst rode a fine-looking young man, accompanied by a large and splendid dog. On reaching a clearing in the forest, they kindled a fire, sat down in a wide circle, and took supper. There-

upon the following conversation took place among them. 'I wonder where the Lion may be,' said one of them. — 'God knows,' replied another. — 'But suppose he were close by,' continued the first speaker, 'what would you do?' — 'In that event, no one shall kill him but the king's son,' said the other. — 'Just take the dog by the leash,' said another speaker; 'it seems to me as though he were scenting his trail.'

"The young man was the king's son. He rose, and crossing his arms on his breast, he gazed into the wilderness, which was now shrouded in the pall of night. Quiet reigned all around, and no sounds were to be heard save the noise of his attendants, who were following the dog, who had really discovered the Lion's trail. Suddenly there was a rustle in the bushes on top of the rock, and, at one bound, the Lion was in front of the king's son, rising on his hind legs, and ready to tear him. The king's son drew back for a moment, — drew his short, but broad sword, and faced the Lion. But the latter lay down before him, and held out his paw, as if to say, 'Let us be friends!' At that moment the attendants of the Prince returned, and rushed upon the Lion with their swords and lances. 'Stop!' exclaimed the Prince. 'Do not hurt him. He has placed himself under my protection.'

"He approached the Lion fearlessly, and laid his hand on the head of the noble animal. 'We will tie him,' said one of the attendants. — 'It is unnecessary,' said the young man, sitting down by the Lion's side. 'I know he will follow me, even without fetters.'

"And so he did. The king's son lay down and slept without fear, while the Lion was reposing by his side; and the attendants of the Prince remained awake all night long, lest harm should befall their young master. When the Prince awoke next morning, they set out, and the Lion followed his master of his own accord, walking by his side with Ossian, the faithful dog.

"Now I emerged also from my hiding-place, and as I wished to remain with the Lion, I hastened to him, which excited great surprise among the men. 'Ah! there is a new voluntary subject of mine,' said the Prince; 'come, Fox, I will take thee, also, under my protection.'

"We then passed through the forest, and reached the capital toward noon. The news of the wonderful event spread immediately like wildfire through the city, and all the people came to see the strange animals. Upon our arrival at the royal palace, the Prince ordered handsome fe-

the houses to be built for us to the right and left of the principal gate. In the night, however, the Lion had to sleep in front of the door of the royal bedchamber. For the rest, we had plenty to eat and drink, and our master bestowed daily upon us new proofs of his kindness and attachment.

"We were soon to have an opportunity of rendering him a service for his kindness. Some desperate villains had conspired for the purpose of assassinating the Prince. In order to carry their plan into execution, they had concealed themselves in the shrubbery of the park surrounding the palace, and in which the Prince promenaded every day, and awaited the moment when he would pass by. It was my habit to stroll repeatedly through the park during the day, and I saw those three men, who looked suspicious to me. I communicated my misgivings to the Lion, and we repaired (even before the Prince had entered the park) to a point close to their place of concealment. When the Prince rose from the dinner-table, he, as usual, wended his way to the park. But no sooner had he reached the spot where the assassins were concealed, than they rushed at him with uplifted daggers. But just when they thought to be sure of accomplishing their fell design, an animal burst with a powerful leap through the shrubbery. It was the Lion. At a bound he felled two of them to the ground, and before the third had recovered from his terror, he had seized him by the breast, and shook him so violently that the villain burst into loud cries of dismay. Now the palace guard rushed to the spot, and took the three assassins into custody. They were sentenced to death, and were beheaded on the same day. But since that event the Prince never left the palace again without taking us with him.

"Thus we led an honorable and tranquil life for several years; but the time came when we were to be separated. The King was involved in a war, and the Prince, accompanied by us, took the field.

"The Lion fought faithfully in battles and skirmishes at the side of his master, while I officiated as a spy, and, in my humble way, rendered important services to the Prince. But one day, when I had just been sent out to spy the enemy's designs, the Prince, accompanied only by

a few attendants, fell into an ambuscade laid by the enemy. All offered the most heroic resistance. The Lion broke through the opposing ranks, and struck down whosoever stood in his way. Already the enemies were routed, when an arrow, shot from behind a tree, pierced the Lion's heart. He sank down, and expired in the arms of his master, who vainly tried to save him.

"The Prince was almost inconsolable at the loss of the noble animal, and not only caused the Lion to be buried amid imposing ceremonies, but erected a fine monument over his grave. I was present at the funeral, and loudly lamented the



death of my generous companion and protector. Suddenly the Prince said to me, 'Methinks, faithful Fox, you would like to regain your liberty, since you have lost your excellent friend. I thereupon drew back from him a few steps in order to give him to understand that such indeed was my desire. 'Well, then, go,' he said; 'I am thankful for all the faithful services which you have rendered me, and I shall order all my subjects never to hurt and molest you.' And in order that every one might know me, a royal crown — the marks of which you still see on my legs — was tattooed on each of them.

"I then left for my old home, where I had passed the first months of my life so happily; and since then I have never been molested by any hunters.

"That is my story," said the Fox.



THE PRINCE CHARLES SPANIEL.

As my stories are true ones, of just the simple facts, do not judge of them as by a standard of invention.

My son came home one evening, deeming himself fortunate in having had presented to him a Prince Charles spaniel. He was a nervous, twittering, silken little fellow, dancing about everywhere, as restless as water, or a piece of tissue paper in a gale of wind. We protested against his admission into the family, and voted him at once, upon first sight, a most annoying and disagreeable little cur. Every one, male and female, screamed out an exclamation of disgust. The little animal took no other notice of this than to jump into everybody's lap, whether willing or not, poke his nose into every face, and lick and kiss everybody, in spite of screams and pushes.

Now, how strange and subtle some elements are. I call some things elements, — electricity, love, hate, — for they get into us and out of us we can hardly explain how, or why. We had begun by determining to hate little Prince. We would with one consent have turned him out of doors, and have perhaps hastened him with a kick, or some other piece of cruelty and rudeness. But wherever he got the elements of his education (and I think he had them directly from his Creator), Prince was a practical Christian. He returned love for hate, — and what then? He made all of us love him. I never saw anything like it in a human being. Yes, I have seen something of the same quality, but not so unreserved, so full and complete.

In twenty minutes after his introduction, Prince was on loving terms with everybody, money could not have bought him, and to have turned him out of doors would have been shocking! How strange that we should be so governed by impulses, when, if love is worth anything, it should be a settled principle. Then all good and charitable people would always have a little love to spare even for dogs.

So we had a prince in the family, who for a time behaved like one. He was always affectionate and loving; and if people came to visit of frosty natures, he would compel them to warm up and melt down a little, and be on affable terms. If at times he was sportive, and insisted upon kissing when other people didn't like it, and got a pretty hard rap or kick therefor, he never laid it to heart, but watched his opportunity, and soon after, perhaps, would come again, when the human

animal, subject to spleen and repentance, might be in a better mood. Then Prince was kissed and fondled in return, perhaps twice as much, to make up for the injury; so all was right, and both parties were better.

Now I do not mean to make a long story. I shall not write out Prince's history, nor pronounce his eulogy, further than to say, — he never bit anybody, he never did an unkindness. Whatever people were in the same company, and however much they hated each other, he ran through them like a silver cord of love, tending to unite them all.

There came a change. Just in the heated time of the dog-days Prince betrayed strange symptoms. He was not as loving as usual, though he seemed to try to love, and would not eat or drink. His eye was very glassy, and he shivered all over. "Perhaps," said some of us who had been his friends, "the dog is getting mad." Getting mad! O, horror! What a terror there is abroad of hydrophobia. We stuck Prince's nose in the water, and he would not drink; so this was a sure symptom, we foolishly thought. At any rate, it would not do for human beings to run the terrible risk of hydrophobia. So we put poor Prince out in the yard, shivering, yelping, and moaning, — and what did he do? He took a maddened run up to the high fences, and evidently did his best to jump over them, running all the way around the yard, jumping up convulsively, and yelping. He might as well have tried to jump over the moon.

Well, this spasmodic action gave place to perfect quiet, and seeming exhaustion; then we approached him with great care. He gave no sign of offense by any attempt to snap or bite. We chained him unresistingly, and tied him fast near the house, with some food before him, that he might eat if he would, but he seemed little inclined to do so.

In the house, the debate of hydrophobia went on. The hydrophobists had it all their own way. A feeble argument was raised that Prince might be only sick; but who knows anything of dog diseases? He might possibly be mad, — and that was enough. You may be "as sick as a dog," and no one charge you with having hydrophobia; but if a dog is sick, he is mad. Enough to say, Prince was declared mad. So it was determined that, however much we had loved him, Prince must be killed. He was a doomed dog. Judge

and jury all had steeled their hearts against him. Who was to be his executioner? Who, of course, but I, who was the head of the family, and bound to undertake a task of so much danger. Of course neither Christianity nor courage would allow me to put it upon any one else. The various forms of dog execution were canvassed, and it was decreed that Prince should be drowned.

My residence (luckily for such humane and righteous purposes) is on a street near the East River. Of course there was some risk that the little dog might snap, and scatter his saliva, and all that; but the thing had to be done, and most reluctantly did *Judex inexorabile* and *Paterfamilias* go about it. But little Prince stood trembling, and thus making his chain rattle, moaning piteously, and showed not the least disposition to snap, as I approached him. He tried to lick my hand; but I said in my prudent heart, "No you don't, Mr. *Hydrophobia*,—you can do no such thing, under present circumstances. I then untied the little rope at the end of his chain, leaving his chain and pretty collar upon him,—while all the family, out of harm's way, looked into the yard from the windows,—and led him by his chain through the house into the street, all his old friends jumping timidly out of our way. He followed nicely through the street. It was but a few rods to the wharf at the foot. My son went with me. We selected carefully a large stone, which, attached to his chain, would be sure to carry him down by the head. When about half the distance to the wharf, poor little Prince seemed too weak to proceed, and held back to such an extent, that, although rather reluctant, I felt that I must take him up in my arms. I did so; and he would have licked my face after the blessed and loving old fashion, but I had carefully protected my hands with gloves, and kept his nose at a reasonable distance. He moaned, whined, and shivered, but sat comfortably on my arm, while my son followed with the sacrificial stone, which was to drag him down to the deeps.

Now my little reader, or large reader, do you believe in a dog Providence? I know my larger readers believe in a dog pound, but truly is there not a dog Providence for good little dogs like Prince. I think and believe so. Nobody, at least nobody possessing a soul that acts, like a heart that beats, doubts, or can doubt, that there is a Providence for a good man, taking better thought than himself of all his ways, and helping those who trust in Him, in the most difficult trials.

Now, I must say here, that had I been made

the executioner of a human being, I could not have felt worse than on this trying occasion; nay, I felt in some sense as though little Prince was akin to me, like my own child. Yet he was but a dog, and the plea of a strong sense of duty had come in. And yet I would have given a large sum of money (if I had had it) that anybody else should have sacrificed little Prince. We walked slowly, my son and I, as at a funeral.

Now, I ask you all again,—do you believe in a dog Providence? I do. I will finish my story, and then we shall see whether you do not believe also.

We were approaching the pier, and had not met a single human being on our painful march. This I was glad of, for, to tell the truth, I hated sorely my enforced duty; it wounded my humane feelings, and besides, it touched my pride. I should not have liked it, that any man—least of all, any of my friends—should have seen me going to drown a dog. So, we were all ready; and what hope had poor Prince?

Just as we reached the pier, a bluff, well-dressed sailor made his appearance, coming from a ship fastened near by. He marched directly up to us, and, far from fearing little Prince, put his hand directly upon him in a caressing way, and suffered him to lick it.

"Take care," said I; "this dog is thought to be mad, and we are about to drown him!"

"What!" said the sailor, "about to drown so beautiful and valuable a dog as that? I know all about dogs. He is not half so mad as you are; give him to me. I have seen many dogs, but never one so handsome. He is only sick. Dogs at this season of the year become sick and constipated, from a want of judgment in those who feed them. You should change his meat for a milk diet, or some such thing. At any rate, if you will give him to me, I shall think it the best day's work I have done in a long time. My wife is on board the ship; she needs just such a pet, and will give me a warm welcome when I place him in her arms. She will give him some medicine, and cure him in a few days, and set as much store by him as if he was her own child,—for we have no children."

So, with delight we agreed that Providence, in this sailor, should have little Prince in his holy keeping. We loosed the rope and chain from the drowning-stone (we had intended to throw him in, pretty collar and all), and made him and all his trappings a free gift to the sailor, who took him in his arms, hugged him up to warm him, and handled him as though he loved him. The

two went their way toward the ship to make his wife happy, and Prince, receiving kisses back, was kissing the sailor all over his face.

I have often, as a child, had my heart touched by a picture of one of the celebrated masters, representing the Saviour as a shepherd, folding a lamb in his arms. Is it at all irreverent to liken this picture to that of the sailor fondling dear little Prince, whom he had saved from death; while the innocent dumb creature, as if he felt the full miracle of his rescue, was kissing him all over? I trow not. If I were rich enough, I would have the last picture painted and engraved by first-rate artists, for the children to whom I tell this story.

Well, so little Prince found in the sailor and his wife the friends who could understand him, who could love him, and return his love without fear, and who would not call every trifling ill-

ness hydrophobia, and sentence him to death for it.

Well, that is the whole story. Did I ever see little Prince afterward? Never. That is, never except in my mind's eye. There I have often followed him and his fortunes. I have seen him taken in his ship to foreign parts, and introduced to many ladies, and perchance to other princes. I have known that his master and mistress must have continued to love him, and that those who understood his language (the language of love, which is a little understood, and should be taught more widely in all nations) would love him also. And then I thank God that this sailor lifted a burden which was heavy on my heart, and I now know would have rested cruelly on my soul. And I know if I should meet dear little Prince again, I should kiss him, and let him kiss me, and have no fear of the hydrophobia.

HITTY'S WALK.

BY ROSE TERRY.

It was late in October, and Reuben Sawyer's wife lay on her bed in their log-cabin quite unable to rise or to work. She had been very sick with a fever, and the doctor had forbidden her to leave her bed for a fortnight at least, for a relapse would surely be fatal. It was not so very much matter she thought, as she glanced from the tiny baby lying at her side to Hitty, moving about the room with so much energy and handiness.

"She's got a sight o' faculty, Hitty has," Mrs. Sawyer said to herself. "She's real handy, 'nd baby don't need no tendin', he'll lie jest as still as a mouse 'long o' me: so Hitty'll have plenty o' time to do the chores, and Reuben won't want for nothin'."

Nobody could have disagreed with her, who had been there to see that strong straight figure going about the shanty, mixing bread, washing potatoes and beets, cleaning a head of cabbage, and preparing with care and skill that favorite dish in New England, a "biled dinner," and between whiles coming to her mother's side to lay the patchwork quilt a shade straighter, freshen the pillows, and give a peep at baby, — a red and wrinkled little morsel as yet, but in Hitty's eyes an embryo angel. Mehitable Sawyer, to give her whole name, was only thirteen years old,

but tall for her age; she was not handsome or even pretty; but no artist would have passed without a long look at her dark bright face. Her head well shaped, covered with short, glossy hair, black as the blackbirds are in April, and waved all over in its eagerness to curl, — a desire laudably repressed by Hitty, who had no time to spare. Then she had a clear, cheery voice with no whine about it, and a set of firm white teeth, always glancing under a smile or a laugh, and, better than all, a sunshiny, generous nature that would have made less picturesque shape and tint attractive. An entire contrast to the little lady of just her age, I met in the street cars last summer, flounced, frizzed, parried, and hung in chains: with high-heeled, yellow boots and crooked ankles, a pale and languishing face, and feathers enough in her hat for three game-cocks to wear. How she patronized and overawed me! How very young and ignorant I felt under her suave and flattering attentions! How I ached in a cowardly way to bestow upon her a little peppery advice which politeness and humiliation both forbade! Brave, bright little Hitty with her straightforward look and honest tongue was worth a dozen of Marie Gardiner, as the little idiot called herself, having been christened in my own hearing Maria Jane.

The log-hut Reuben Sawyer had built when he went on to the Wantash coalings, was set in a place that should have been painted, but Reuben only put it there for shelter. Directly behind it rose a great gray rock crowned with hemlocks, that stretched its mighty buttress far away to the east, and kept off the bitter north winds that wrestled long and fiercely with its evergreen plumage, but could never find any way by gust or eddy to reach the shanty below. To the west a thick belt of spruces, some half dozen rods off, afforded still more protection, and the sun beat so warmly on that granite wall, that the snow melted there earlier than on any other ledge of the mountains; and there the earliest wild-flowers — saxifrage, and sweet-faced liverwort, bloodroot, like the eggs of some unknown bird, and quaint "Dutchman's breeches," — blossomed for Hitty's delighted eyes: a little later, from every crevice the gay and daring columbines, balanced as it were on one foot, hung their dangling jewels of coral and gold; and the lovely blue clematis clung with its rare spiritual blossoms to each projecting cornice. Hitty had a natural love of flowers and colors, and her play was as vivid as her work; those brown bare feet stepped in and out of the house till her mother would say with a little laugh, "I declare for't, I don't know whether our Hitty lives in the house or out on't! It's a real blessin', father, 't you put up the shanty in sech a dreadful sightly place, she doos set so much by them posies 'nd things under the Ledge."

"I didn't locate it nowadays for the sightliness on't, 'Lizy," growled Reuben. "It's so kinder sheltered here I thought 'twas a reliable place to settle onto: there a'n't no drip to the Ledge, ye see; it kinder slopes off back'ards; what springs there be on't, all run daown 'tother side, and there a'n't never no drifts on top on't to thaw 'nd come travellin' daown in spring-time. I guess you 'nd me won't ketch no rheumatiz here."

Nor did they; but other things came in its place, first a baby, and then a fever; a month "mother" had been in bed, and was to be there at least a fortnight more. Her pale, thin face with its great, tender hazel eyes looked wistfully at Hitty, and seemed to run over with a love she could not speak.

No wonder! her little daughter had proved herself almost a woman in those weary weeks; had done all the work and part of the nursing; had kept Granny Lucas, the old woman from Hollow Pond village, who came for a week's nursing, in the best of humor; and made her father so comfortable, when he came home from

a long day's work at the coal-pit, that poor Mrs. Sawyer lay there and thought, with a certain melancholy pleasure, how well it was that Hitty had grown so handy, if she herself had got to die.

To-day, after dinner was got and eaten, the shanty was set in its best order, the floor wiped up, the doors cleaned round their latches, pots and kettles all banished into the shed, and a bunch of bright leaves and evergreens hung to a nail on the wall beside mother's bed.

"Jest so's you kin see how it looks out doors," said Hitty.

"Set open the door a bit, dear," said her mother, "so's't I can get a breath of air to kinder freshen me up, it's so hot to-day."

Hitty opened the door and sat down on the step, her chin on her hand, to look at the gorgeous picture before her. The shanty stood in quite a little clearing, perhaps two acres, part still bristling with stumps; but a few square rods about the house had been grubbed and planted with corn and potatoes, and Hitty had her own posy beds, that she had herself made and planted, on either side of the door where she sat. Through that spruce wood lying to the west, a wood-road ran up to the coalings, and, skirting the corn-patch, went away southward through the forest to Hollow Pond village, three miles.

Suddenly Hitty's quick eye saw something moving down the vista of the road through the spruces. Her clear dark eyes opened wider as she watched the staggering approach of something like yet unlike a man; but the eyes were keen as well as clear, and in a second she perceived that the thing was Jim Silver, her father's partner, a great Vermonter, six feet five in his stockings and proportionately strong, but the burden he carried now bent and staggered him.

"O, mother!" cried Hitty, "here's Jim Silver a-comin' down from the kiln with somethin' real big on his back."

"O dear!" said the poor woman, with an instinctive dread, "run Hitty 'nd see what it is: my mind does misgive me dreadfully."

Hitty bounded off at the word, and ran like a squirrel through the trees. Jim Silver had indeed got a heavy burden on his back, — no less than Reuben Sawyer, apparently lifeless, blackened, bruised, and ghastly, with but burnt rags hanging about him for clothes.

Hitty stopped, as if turned to stone. "Yer father's ketched it pooty severe," said Jim; "you'd better run home 'n tell Miss Sawyer, 'nd get a kind of a place fixed to lay him onto."

Hitty flew; she said nothing in reply to Jim, for she could not speak; but her pale face and dilated eyes, as she entered the shanty door, told her mother enough.

"What is't, Hitty? is father killed?" gasped the poor woman, rising on one elbow.

"No, dear; he's hurt awfully, though, 'nd I must fetch my bed down here" —

Before the last words were finished, Hitty was up the ladder into the loft, and had dragged her straw bed down-stairs, smoothed and spread it; even arranged a cushion from the chair, and a pillow from the other bed on it, before Jim Silver had got into the door, and laid his pitiful burden down. Luckily, Mrs. Sawyer had both sense and courage in her frail little body; she did not scream, nor faint, nor have hysterics, nor even try to get out of her bed; she knew what any imprudence of her own would do to the whole family, so she only lay still, and told Hitty what to do, while Jim Sawyer, with shears and knife, cut off the remnants of clothes and boots that clung to the poor man's legs, and laid some cool linen rags against the burnt and bleeding flesh.

"Fetch the goose-ile bottle, Hitty; it's in the press in the shed; 'nd then rip up that new comfortable in my chist up-stairs, — jest tear it open, and pull the cotton out on't."

Hitty never was so nimble before; it seemed but a few seconds to her, though ages of pain to him, before her father's legs, from half way above the knees to the soles of his feet, were swathed in cold oil and cotton; but, in moving one to dress it, Jim discovered it was broken!

By this time Reuben had roused himself, or rather a spoonful of raw whiskey had dispelled the swoon of pain, and his groans were fearful.

"That a'n't a-goin' to do," sighed his wife, sinking back on her pillow. "Hitty, fetch that laudlum bottle out o' the corner-cupboard on the top shelf, 'nd give him 'most a teaspoonful on't in some water. I've seen this kind o' thing afore!"

She might well say so! her own father had fallen, as Reuben had, into a burning coal-pit, that gave way under his tread, and caught his foot in a stick, so that even immediate help 'availed little; he was dragged out alive, it is true, but life lasted only for three days. However, Reuben had escaped better; he was badly burned, but the worst injury was the broken leg.

"I must be a-goin' straight back to them pits," said Jim, getting up from the bedside; "ef I don't, our job's all up, 'nd we'll hev to whistle

for't. I've left that one a-blazin', 'nd I'll hev to make double time back."

"But the doctor?" said Mrs. Sawyer, turning paler than ever.

"I know it; doos seem dreadful unaccommodatin', but I've got to kalkerlate for the hull on us now; 'nd ef it does spile, — that are coal, — why, we shall be cryin' for vittles afore spring. I tell ye; I must fix them pits, 'nd go over Wantash to-night, so's to get Peniel Bangs to help me till he gets raound agin. Can't ye send Hitty?"

Mrs. Sawyer looked at her husband, her baby, her daughter. "You're in the right on't, Jim, there's more days 'n to-day; but we women folks ain't so liable to think about the futur' as men be, — we'd oughter be more forecastin'. I guess Hitty 'nd me'll fix it."

So Jim went, without one word of sympathy or regret, much as if he had been a man of wood; and yet his honest heart was full of both. And if his judgment had not sent him off to the coal-pits, he would have stayed there and nursed Reuben day and night, with the patience and tenderness, if not the skill of a woman. Mrs. Sawyer did not ask Hitty if she was afraid to go for the doctor, but took it for granted she must go. She had asked Jim to draw her husband's bed close to her own before he went; and lying on the edge of hers, she could reach him with one hand easily enough to moisten his lips with a spoonful of water, or wet the bandage on his hot head.

"Set the pitcher right here by me, Hitty; shove the table a bit closer, 'nd get me the camphire bottle, 'nd a mug o' that beef tea you made this morning. It's real fort'nate there a'n't no fire a-goin', and it's a warm day. Now, dear, go'n git your bonnet; 'nd you'd better take your sack along, it'll be kinder chilly comin' back; but I guess the doctor'll fetch ye, 'nd it's near on to four o'clock now."

Hitty's heart beat very fast as she dressed herself; she had a deal of courage, but it was of the kind that acts in spite of fear, not in its absence. Hitty did not think of ghosts, or robbers, or spirit rappings, as a sillier girl might have done; but there were bears on Wantash, — three had been killed there only last winter, — and, worse than that, a wild-cat was shot in the spring, somewhere in those very woods which the coaling road to Hollow Pond traversed; and, worse than all, Hitty had that terror of the dark that is so instinctive in some people; so innate, that no reason and no force of will can abate it: a terror that seems to suffocate and bewilder, that sets the heart beating like the pulse of a mill-

dam, blinds the eyes, and cramps the limbs; and Hitty knew there was not one chance in a thousand that Dr. Hall would be at home; and then, if he were not, she must come alone three miles through the woods; but she put on her bonnet and went. The child was tired, not with her day's work, but with fright and excitement, so that her steps were not so swift and elastic as usual; however, the road to Hollow Pond was all down-hill, though the doctor lived up another hill a mile and a half beyond; of that she thought nothing,—her healthy nature never troubled itself long with the next hour's duties or fancies, but was child-like enough to go willingly from step to step; so, before long, Hitty was skipping merrily down the road, absorbed in the splendor of the trees, the wonderful autumnal sunset, that filled the blue heaven above with fleeces of rose and gold, the soft air full of perfume, and the mosses and berries that so bewitched her eyes on either hand of her fragrant path. It did not occur to her to think of her mother and father, or of the coming darkness,—present pleasure was enough. Had Hitty only known it, that temperament was a gift no fairy godmother's fabulous endowing could transcend, or even equal. It seemed to her but a little while before she left the wood-road for the highway, and caught sight of the small cluster of white houses in the hollow; but the sun was just ready to drop behind Wantash, though his beams lay brightly on Spinner's Hill, where Dr. Hall lived. Old Granny Lucas called to her from the shed-door, where she was taking down long festoons of dried apples, to know what was the matter.

"I can't stop now!" said Hitty, and away she went up Spinner's Hill, her steps quickened by one look toward the western hill-tops. When she reached the back-door of the doctor's big white house, and knocked on it sturdily, it was opened at once by Miss Malvina Hall, the doctor's elderly sister and housekeeper.

"Well! what do ye want, child?"

"I want the doctor, ma'am."

"Ain't to home, 'nd I don't know when he's a goin' to be; he's gone down to Franklin, I expect."

"O dear!" half sobbed Hitty.

"Why, what's the matter? come right along in, child; set down, there! I don't know but what he'll be along in two minutes."

"Father's hurt him!"

"Well, what's his name? folks will get hurt sometimes, 'nd get better on't, too."

"His name's Reuben Sawyer."

"Do tell! your mother's real sick, too, ain't she? has ben, quite a spell."

"Yes'm, she can't set up any yet."

"Well, 'n how did your pa get hurt?"

"He was a coalin', 'nd fell through into the pit, ma'am, 'nd Jim dragged him out, and fetched him home on his back."

"Sakes alive! wa'n't much hurt, was he?"

"Yes'm; we 'xpect he's broke his leg! and both on 'em is burnt dredful bad."

"Who's there, 'long of your ma?"

"Nobody, ma'am."

"You don't mean to say she's a-takin' care on him all this time, 'nd the baby too, do ye, 'nd she in her bed?"

"She is," replied Hitty, rather curtly.

"And who's done the chores along back?" pursued the persistent spinster.

"I have."

"Well, I never did!" Step along here into the pantry, child, your hands'll be dredful full for a while, I guess; 'nd we're neighbors, so we must be neighborly."

Miss Malvina's interpretation of this word at four or five miles' distance, meant a basketful of biscuit, cookies, soda-crackers, fresh eggs, and a package of tea on top, which she put into Hitty's hand as a matter of course, stopping her thanks with a great doughnut, and filling her pocket with red apples.

"There now, git along, child; I'll send the doctor along jest as quick as he gets back,—he sha'n't get out of the gig."

Hitty ran down-hill as fast as she dared, remembering the frail freight in her basket; stopped a moment to tell Granny Lucas what was the matter, and received another series of questions and cross-questions, from which she at length finally wrenched herself away.

"I must go, now, Miss Lucas! it's all but dark, 'nd all the way in the woods."

"Well, well! wait jest a minnit, can't ye, child? I've got some salve up-stairs that's the dredfulest healin' stuff for burnt flesh ever ye see! it's real powerful; it's made o'—Le'me see—why, there's a heap of things into it; but jest you set down onto the steps; mebber the doctor won't come to-night, 'nd he'll lie a groanin', 'nd you'll be dredfully on't to think you didn't fetch the salve."

Hitty could not resist this last argument; down she sat, while Granny Lucas hobbled into her garret, to rummage for the salve.

By the time she reappeared all the stars were

shining in the tranquil sky, except that just where the sun had set, a black cloud was rising rapidly. Hitty took the box, and hurried away; in a few moments the forest-road opened from the highway, and she found herself in solitude and darkness.

At first she would not think about it, but pressed straight on, guided by the sky above her head, which showed clear and pure between the tree-tops, with its sparkling ranks of stars; but soon the cloud that had threatened drew its



blackness over all those heavenly lights, — the first snow-squall of the year set in; the flakes beat in Hitty's face and stung her eyes. She did not stray from the road because a furrow had been drawn on either side for drainage, but she stumbled into that many a time. How her ears rung with all sorts of sounds, such as that imaginative organ makes for itself when the soul to which it speaks is full of electric fears; how her knees trembled, as if ready to give way under her; while her heart beat so loudly, she fancied

more than once rapid footsteps were following her, and stopped to listen: anything was better than conjecture. Through the tiny fluttering flakes, that filled the air with a sort of dim whiteness, she strained her eyes in vain to see some familiar object; like all dark eyes, they had none of that power to pierce the night, which belongs to the more phosphorescent gray or blue; she could perceive nothing but a blank darkness at first, that after a while peopled itself with shadows vague and yet fearful. Hitty was very tired, and terribly frightened, to tell the truth; and many a time her trembling little heart urged her to turn back, and run with all speed to Granny Lucas's house, and stay there till daylight. But, with the courage of a soldier, Hitty fought her fears; she knew that her mother was already anxious and exhausted, her father perhaps aroused already from the influence of his anodyne, maybe that precious baby was crying! She choked down the tears that almost choked her, and pushed on faster yet. Hark! what a scream! her heart stood still in a spasm of horror; there was the wild-cat, whose yell, and fangs, and glittering eyes were so well known to her dreams! For a second she stood like a stone, — a second, that seemed to her an hour; then came the scream again, and a long, loud "Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-oo," — as a great gray owl, slowly flapping its wings, "whisked" across the road on a mousing expedition. Hitty laughed! but the fright had laid its tax on her strength, and as the way grew steeper, she went like a person in a nightmare; her feet grew numb, and seemed to make no progress forward, only to lift up and down; her breath was hurried, and her legs fairly ached; she *must* sit down for a moment, just one minute to rest, — it would be no matter to be just a minute later, but it would be a great matter to get too tired to walk at all; so she stumbled into the furrow, and stretching out her hand to save herself, felt the trunk of a great tree behind her, and sat down with her head against it; a certain sense of protection and comfort in the assurance of one familiar object close beside, filling her mind with more security than she felt before.

How long she sat there the child never knew; but she was roused from her dead sleep by a warm tongue on her face, a rough hairy paw on her hand; and opening her eyes, beheld down the road a pair of fiery eyes swiftly approaching; this time there was no mistake about it, — this was no owl. As she struggled away from the wild beast, it sprung upon her again, — the fiery

eyes glared yet nearer, — a horrid shriek escaped poor Hitty's lips, she fell forward on the ground, and the next minute was lifted in Dr. Hall's arms! Bose, his great Newfoundland dog, running on before the gig, had found an old friend in sleeping Hitty; and the doctor's gig-lamps had played bear number two!

Hitty was not one of the fainting kind; but until Dr. Hall had poured a spoonful of wine from his pocket-flask into her open white lips, she could not speak a word; and then her story was so broken by sobs, that the doctor bade her keep quiet till they got home. In the mean time Miss Malvinn's basket, strange to say, had escaped all injury from bears or bruises, but the doctor and Hitty overlooked or forgot it; so Bose took the handle carefully between his teeth, and carried it on to the shanty, not a great distance off, for Hitty had sat down to rest within half a mile of home.

The doctor carried her into the house, and put her down in a chair, before he blanketed his old horse; and when he had at last set Reuben's leg, and dressed his burns, arranged his bed for the night, and given him a dose of anodyne, while Hitty made tea, and set out bread and tea and doughnuts for supper, he said, "Now, Hitty, let's hear what you were screaming about down there in the road."

So Hitty told her story; and when she had got through, the doctor drew her on to his knee, and looked at her mother's great shining eyes, just ready to brim over with tears.

"Why, Hitty! you ought to have gone to the

war; there's the making of a regular soldier-boy in you. You're a brave one!"

"Why, doctor! I wa'n't brave a bit. I was frightened 'most to death."

"Well, why didn't you go back to Miss Lucas's, then, and stay all night?"

"Mother wanted me."

"Hm!" sniffed the doctor; "you're goin' to make a real woman; but I tell you, Hitty, there's more men that fight when they ain't afraid, than fight when they are, — a thousand to one; and I call them that are the scarcest, the bravest!"

So Hitty crept up-stairs, and made herself a funny little bed on "the soft side of a board," with a cloak and a shawl, an old buffalo robe and a chair cushion, where she fell fast asleep; for Dr. Hall would stay all night for the very purpose of letting her rest, knowing far better than she did how much her body and brain needed it. In the morning he drove off, and brought back Granny Lucas, who stayed till Mrs. Sawyer was able to sit up, and Reuben's burns almost healed. It is true Hitty had a hard winter, for it was long before her father's leg was thoroughly knit; her mother was still weak, and there was baby; and they all depended upon Hitty's laugh and cheeriness as much as on her strong and ready hands. But spring came at last, as it always does; and when our little maid begun to go to school at Hollow Pond, and traversed the coaling road twice a day, she thought very often of her walk in the night, but she never saw any more bears.

BEECH-NUTTING.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

THE red and yellow colors of autumn had all faded from the tops of the mountains, and only a few maples and birches flamed or smouldered in the valley, and on the lower hills. But the days were warm, and the grass green as if another spring had already come. One of these days, when it was a delight to be out-doors, and, above all, upon the hills, Ida and Lolo went beech-nutting with Aunt Gitty. They went across the bridge, and up to the forest, which crowned the summit of the hill beyond. As they climbed the wide belt of rocky pasture below the woods, Lolo found a ripe strawberry, and ran to show it to her aunt.

"You wouldn't think we'd find a strawberry this time of day, would you?" she said to Aunt Gitty.

They passed scattering thorn-trees, and Ida and Lolo often stopped to pick up the pretty red and yellow thorn-plums; and often they all sat down to rest, and looked back at the beautiful, deep valley. At the edge of the woods above they found a beech-tree whose branches almost swept the ground on the upper side, and were dotted with burrs, in which the ripe, brown nuts sat ready to fall out as soon as the wind should shake them hard enough. It was easy to pick them off; and while the children's fingers flew

after the cunning little nuts, their tongues were busy too.

"Here, Ida," said Lolo, "you may get on my branch; mine has got more on it than yours. I'm going to give mamma all my beech-nuts; no, I'll

wish I could carry him home, and had a little house to keep him in."

"What makes them call them grasssoppers?" asked Lolo; "because they eat grass?"

"Grasssoppers," repeated Aunt Gitty; "how do you spell that, Lolo?"

"G-r-a-s grass,—h-o-double p-e-r-s," spelled Lolo.

"I don't spell it so," said Aunt Gitty; and she spelled it for Lolo. "O!" said Lolo, "that's the way. They're grasshoppers. It's because they hop."

On a grassy ridge, which reached out from the woods, they found two trees side by side, which dropped their nuts together, so they lay very thick on the short, clean sward beneath. Here they stayed a long time, for the pretty three-cornered nuts were unusually large and glossy. Lolo said, "I

like to pick them up, they're so big and beautiful."

Ida found a dead butterfly, and Lolo cried out when she saw it, "O, the poor little darling! Come Ida, let's dig a grave for it; and we'll put up sticks for grave-stones. That will be a good way to do for butterflies, won't it, Aunt Gitty?"

When they had enough beech-nuts they went home; and on the way they met on the bridge two shy, pretty little girls, and Lolo gave each



Giving Carrie and Eva beech-nuts.

give some to Charlie and the baby, and I'll shuck some for papa,—he likes them awfully."

When they had picked all they could reach, Aunt Gitty shook the boughs, and the beech-nuts rattled down like hail. Then they hunted for them in the grass. Lolo found a grasshopper, which she called a grasssopper. She said, "What a boy Charlie Bunny is. He'll say,—

'Grasssopper gray,
Give me some honey to-day,
Or I'll kill you!'

and then he'll smash it. Poor little harmless things, they don't hurt anything. I don't kill them; I'd say,—

'Grasssopper gray,
Give me some bouey to-day,
Or I'll kill you!'

But I wouldn't kill it; I'd set it down carefully, and let it hop. Next time I'll say,—

'Grasssopper gray,
Give me some honey to-day,
Or I'll keep you.'

But I wouldn't keep it. I'd let it go."

"Some boys kill toads," said Ida.

"We wouldn't kill them," said

Lolo. "We used to bother them, though; we'd tickle them under their little arms, to make them hop."

"Here's another grasssopper," said Ida. "I



The butterfly's funeral.

"The sun is going to clap his hands. He's so tickled because we are burying the butterfly. He's a funny old chap. That first Billy isn't a good one, so I made one behind him. Looks more like Billy, don't it?"

of them a handful of beech-nuts, saying, when they were past, "Carrie and Eva are awful good little girls."

When they reached grandma's, baby Alice was

there, and they gave her some beech-nuts, Ida and Lolo "shucking" them for her. Aunt Dorcas was baking in the kitchen, and they all went out there and played "dinner."

"I'll make some toast," said Lolo; and she got the toasting-fork, and hung first one square patchwork holder on it before the fire, and then another, till they were toasted enough; and then the table was set in a chair. Toasted holders and "popped beech-nuts" furnished the table. Baby thought it was her part to whine, "Now, mamma, what can I have?"

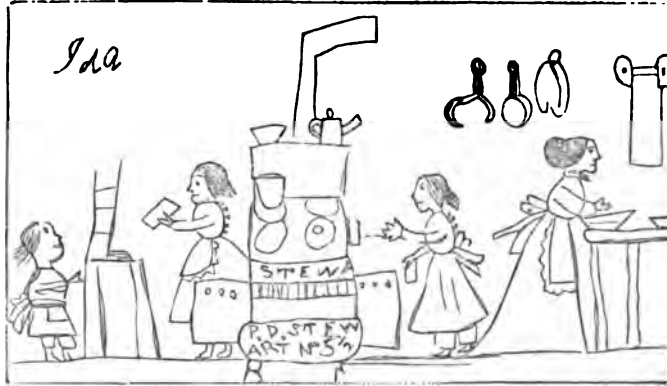
"O, you can have all the toast, baby," said Lolo, "because you're not very well. Come, now, all of you. But first I must get the mahl, and mahl my child;" and she took the long iron poker off its nail. Aunt Dorcas was horrified, and asked, "What are you going to maul her for?"

"O," said Lolo, "I'm going to touch her, and make her pretty. There, baby," she said, tapping her lightly with the poker, "Now you're pretty."

"I should think you had better touch yourself," said Ida, dryly.

"Well, I will," said Lolo; and she touched herself, saying, "Now I'm pretty." She had seen

could knit. They had known how a whole day, and had knit about an inch of a narrow strip, set up on hens' quills. As they sat showing her how they could pick up the yarn and put it round, and pull the loop through, Nelly said,



Playing dinner.

"Eva Biller knows how to knit." Ida laughed, and repeated softly, "Eva Biller!"

"Well," said Lolo, "Nelly has got such a cold, she is hoarse in her nose, and can't say Miller."

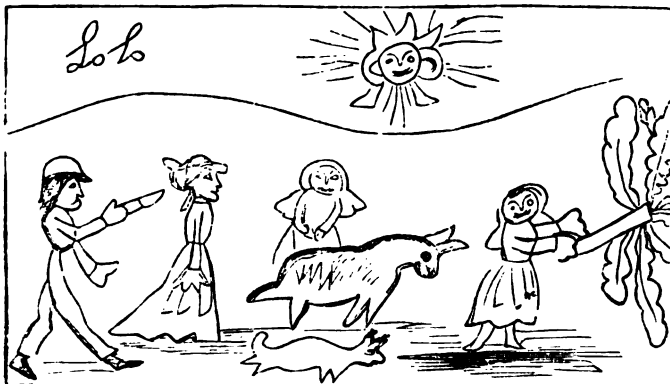
"We mustn't laugh at company," said Ida, straightening up.

Another pleasant day, Ida and Lolo went beech-nutting with Aunt Gitty, and Lucky was with them. They went further off, across Roaring Brook, and up the hills, to a beautiful place

on the side of a mountain. The beeches were on the border of a grand old grove of rock-maples. This grove was the "sugar-works" of a neighbor, and they went past the boiling-place, which was against a huge rock by the side of a brook. They had never found the beech-nuts so plentiful as here; and the children flew about with exclamations of delight, and found it hard to settle anywhere. Lolo, rustling among the fallen leaves, called out, "O, here's a poor little snail-shell! the snail has gone off and left it."

Lucky laughed at that, and in a few minutes called out as she did, "O, here's a poor little bug's wing! the bug has gone off and left it."

Running about to find new trees, and different shaped beech-nuts, they reached the edge of the dark evergreen woods, that bounded the maple grove. Lucky knew that, only the year before,



"This is me whaling a bear. Lucky has got his jackknife out. I can make boys' legs good now, can't I? Ida, she is so scared, she puts her hands together. The sun is scared too: he is so scared, he is pulling his mustache as hard as he can."

pictures of fairies with wands like mahl-sticks, or rest-sticks used in painting, and called the wands mahl-sticks.

After the dinner was over, Nelly (the little girl who was their "company" when they were "little housekeepers") came in. Ida and Lolo brought out their knitting, to show how they

bears had killed sheep in the pasture below ; and perhaps was thinking of this when he said, "If a bear should come here and show fight, I know what I'd do. I'd take out my jackknife (he had a new one) and open it ; and when he came at me, I'd stay still, and let it cut him right through."

"I know what I'd do," said Lolo ; "I'd pull up a tree, and whale him with it." Lucky laughed. "Well," said Lolo, "if I were strong enough, I could whale a bear."

Talking about bears made them think of other animals, and Lucky said, "I've seen a lion."

"Was it a meat lion?" asked Lolo.

"Yes, it was a meat lion."

"Well, I've seen a meat elephant," said Lolo, triumphantly. But Lucky thought he had seen more wonders than Lolo ; he had seen the cars, and some "white marble houses."

"Ho," said Lolo, beginning to be nettled, "don't you think I know anything? Haven't I been to Eastport, and seen the lake that is bigger than any river around here?"

"Yes, yes," said Lucky ; "isn't it nice out there, with the big steamboat coming in?"

"And the boats with white sails," said Ida ; "don't they look pretty?"

"And the stores," said Lolo, "and the grave-stone factory, with a pile of graves before the door."

"A pile of graves!" repeated Lucky ; "I guess you meant a pile of grave-stones that time, Lolo."

Here Lolo cried out, "O, there's a toad's cupboard! Ida, let's get it to put in our play-house."

Aunt Gitty had never heard of a toad's cupboard before, and looked with some curiosity as Lolo clambered after it over a mossy log. The

"toad's cupboard" proved to be a large scalloped fungus, growing like a shelf, on an old, decaying tree. Lolo could not get it, so Aunt Gitty broke it off for her. By and by they went home ; and as they were going down the beautiful wood road, they loitered along, and gathered mosses and vines, and wintergreen berries. Then Lolo began to sing, —

"O, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."

She knew only a line here and there, but went about humming them, till she finished this, —

"And all alone went she," —

when she stopped suddenly, and asked, "Why didn't he go hisself?"

In the pasture below, where they sat down to rest, Lolo found a frozen grasshopper, and wrapped it in leaves. It was too near winter for the poor little grasshoppers to live. Their merry life was at an end ; and so for this year was the beech-nutting for the children, and the running about on the hills. The next day the snow-flakes came whirling down, — the first of the countless millions that were to come.

Aunt Gitty was out for a walk when the snow began falling, and at every house the children were out - doors, or at the windows, watching it as it came down. Some held out their hands, to catch the flakes ; and one fat little boy set a trap for them by running with his head thrown back, and his mouth wide open.

"Your hat looks all frosty," said one boy to another. "Has mine got any snow on it?"

At her brother's, Charlie was out in the yard with his mittens and cap with ears on, his face shining with delight. "Aunt Gitty," he called after her, "you'd better run home, or you'll get snowed on."

THE SETTLE.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 1, 12, 13, is a domestic animal.
- My 6, 8, 13, is used for the feet.
- My 3, 10, 7, 11, is an ornament for the fingers.
- My 4, 12, 2, 7, was Adam's son.
- My 8, 11, 10, 13, 12, 13, 14, is to stir, or put in motion.
- My 4, 5, 3, 14, is to heal.
- My 6, 12, 10, 7, is one of the United States.
- My 9, 8, 10, 7, is to be proud, or conceited.
- My 3, 10, 1, 14, is an esculent grain.
- My 8, 10, 3, is what we breathe.
- My whole is to sail round.

G. N. R.

2. I am composed of fifteen letters.

- My 1, 2, 3, 4, is what little boys and old men are pretty sure to have.
- My 8, 14, 6, 5, 3, is a creeping reptile.
- My 6, 7, is a verb.
- My 9, 6, 7, is a proper noun.
- My 6, 12, 5, 8, is the Latin for bird.
- My 11, 6, 10, is what persons do.
- My 15, 13, 4, 3, is what storekeepers do with their goods.
- My 8, 13, 12, 11, 14, is a number.
- My 9, 7, 6, 4, 3, is about my size.
- My 12, 13, 15, 10, is what I mean to have when I grow up.



The Happy Family: Find the Wild Beasts in it.

My 5, 8, 3, 11, is sea-girt.
 My 14, 11, 10, is sometimes full of hair.
 My whole is my name.

L. P. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

Since Time began, my *first*, a mighty king,
 Has ruled my *second* with a potent sway;
 My *whole* a blessed rest and peace doth bring
 To all who love to walk in wisdom's way.

CROSS WORDS.

1. I greet your eye when upon the map you look;
 I greet your ear in the gentle rippling brook,
 In the ocean's loud roar, and the thunder's groan,
 In the nightingale's song, and the wild wind's
 moan.
2. The tempest may beat, and the rain may fall,
 I'll shield and protect you safe from it all.
3. I go from door to door in shine or in rain,
 And bring news of marriage, birth, death, loss, or
 gain.

M. H.

The answers to the Enigmas in the October number, are —

Enigma. — Canvas. *Anagrammatic Enigmas.* —
 1. Baton Rouge. 2. Geography. 3. Addison F. Andrews. 4. The Pacific Railroad. *Charade.* — Dumb-bell. *Double Acrostic.* — Foundation words — Athens, Boston. Cross words — Arab, tornado, homes, et, no, son. *Patriotic Question.* —

The Lily must droop, and its leaves decay;
 The Rose from its stem must sever;
 The Shamrock and Thistle must fade away,
 But the Stars will shine forever.

The "Buried City" letter in our last brings from A. H. an answer of forty-eight cities and four countries, as follows: —

Belmont, Sidon, New Haven, Lima, Rome, Washington, Thebes, Lisbon, Oneida, Hyannis, Venice, Nice, Ghent, Lynn, Ithaca, Albany, St. Louis, Tyre, Geneva, Raleigh, Hyde, Dean, Hartford, Buffalo, Berne, Perth, Otis, Cairo, Newton, Salem, Macon, Easton, Toledo, Taunton, Ayr, Augusta, Sodom, Ems, Verona, Genoa, Pisa, Andover, Sandover, Edisto, Bath, Arma, Sur, Nahant. Countries. — Turkey, Peru, Siam, Cuba.



NOVEMBER.

Tuesday . .	1	All Saints Day.
Wednesday	2	All Souls Day.
Thursday .	3	William Cullen Bryant born, 1797.
Friday . . .	4	
Saturday . .	5	Battle of Inkermann, 1854.
Sunday .	6	
Monday . .	7	Battle of Prague, 1620.
Tuesday . .	8	John Milton died, 1674.
Wednesday	9	Prince of Wales born, 1841.
Thursday .	10	Trial by jury established in Constantinople, 1857.
Friday . . .	11	
Saturday . .	12	
Sunday .	13	Curran died, 1817.
Monday . .	14	
Tuesday . .	15	Accession of Christian IX., King of Denmark, 1863.
Wednesday	16	Garrison at Lucknow relieved, 1857.
Thursday .	17	Accession of Queen Elizabeth, 1558.
Friday . . .	18	Empire of Brazil established, 1825.
Saturday . .	19	Nicholas Poussin, painter, died, 1665.
Sunday .	20	King Edmund martyred by Danes, 870.
Monday . .	21	Princess Royal of England (now Princess of Prussia) born, 1840.
Tuesday . .	22	Lord Clive, founder of the British Empire in India,
Wednesday	23	Old Martinmas Day. [died, 1774.]
Thursday .	24	Peace declared between Great Britain and America, 1814.
Friday . . .	25	Battle of Lookout Mountain, Georgia, 1863.
Saturday . .	26	
Sunday .	27	
Monday . .	28	
Tuesday . .	29	Sir Philip Sidney born, 1554.
Wednesday	30	



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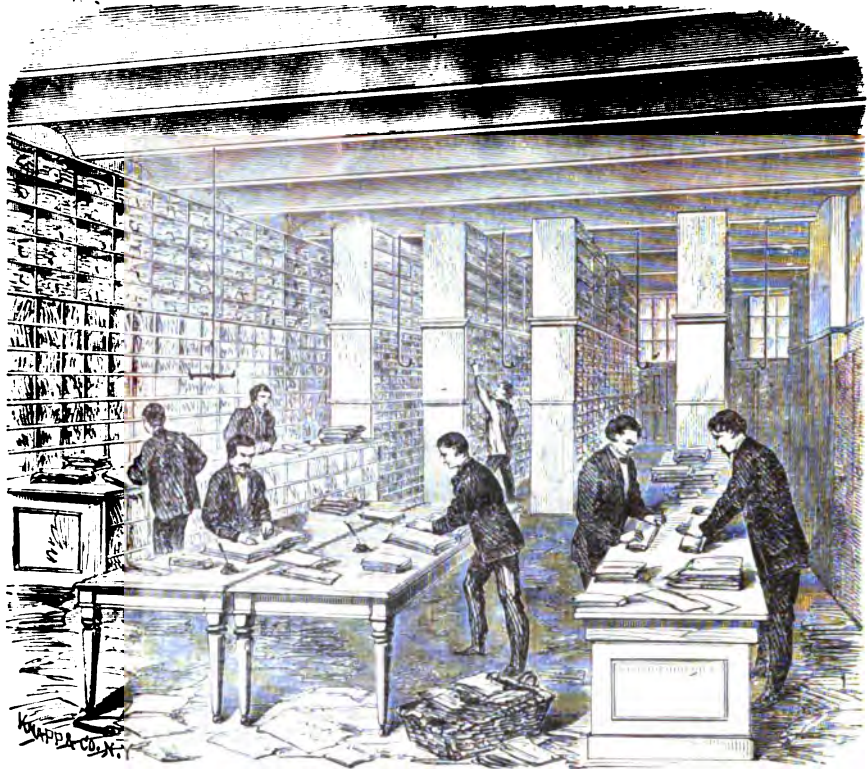


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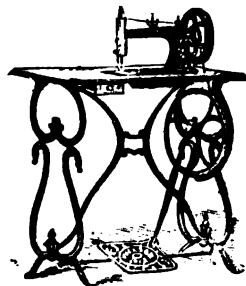
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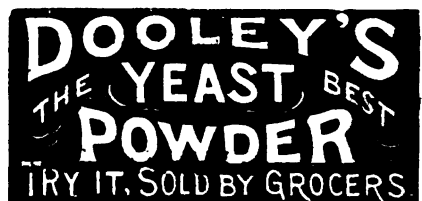
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The Riverside Magazine for Young People.

NO. XLVIII. DECEMBER, 1870.

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THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — DECEMBER, 1870. — No. XLVIII.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY M. D. S.

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SCENE I.

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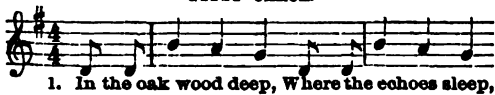
"Like the gay birds we,
Roving wild and free,
Choose our nest in the forest lone;
Our bed shall be
'Neath the broad oak-tree,
And our pillow the moss-covered stone.
Tra la, etc.

"Like the wild deer fleet,
Like the wild rose sweet,
Is the dark-browed gypsy maid;
We sing to her praise
In our gypsy lays,
That resound through the forest shade.
Tra la, etc.

"We live but to roam,
All land is our home,
Where the warm sun pours his light;
No man do we harm
Till he raise his arm
To strike at the gypsy's right.
Tra la," etc.

Gypsies all join in singing the last verse, with passionate gestures. As they finish they all join hands, and dance round the old gypsy, with wild shouts and laughter.

GYPSY CAROL



Old Gypsy (looking up). "Now, children, it is time to scatter. Franco and Linda may go and tell fortunes at the inn. Blanche and Orta, put on your ragged hoods and cloaks, and go to ask charity at the shops; and the rest of you may hide about among the farm-houses, but don't come in each other's way. Be quiet, be courteous. Do kindness whenever you have opportunity, and make all the friends you can. Use no violence unless you are assaulted, and when you cannot otherwise escape. Go, then."

SCENE II.

Room at the Adler. Gay music without.

Enter FRANCO and LINDA, dancing to music.

Franco. "Hush, Linda! they will hear us."

Linda. "O, no danger! they are all out on the piazza, watching the soldiers come up."

Franco (looking about). "Now, where shall I hide?"

Linda. "Not in a dusty place, where you will be obliged to sneeze."

[They run about, and peep everywhere.]

Franco. "I think behind this sofa will be the best place."

Linda. "Suppose one of them should drop a piece of money, and it should roll under there, and they should go to look for it."

Franco. "I should bring it out and give it to them, and say, 'Here is your money, sir. I was just looking for my cap.'"

Linda. "No fear of you. It is all owing to your assistance that I am the best fortune-teller in the country. Now, keep quiet, and listen well."

[Exit.]

Enter CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT, and PAGE.

Lieut. "Thank heaven!"

Capt. "Amen! but for what in particular?"

Lieut. "That the war is over! that peace is established, and that we are so far on our way to home and Helena."

Capt. "I prefer peace to war, and am glad to return home, though I have no lady-love to greet me there." (Linda appears, looking in at the door). "I have no one in the world dearer to me than my old mother, and this little page (pats Carl on the head), who, though he is a great coward, and trembles at the sound of the cannon, is a kind and faithful boy to me."

Lieut. "I like your little page, too, because he was so kind to me when I was wounded; and because he so strikingly resembles Carlina, the young sister of my fiancée." *[Carl turns away.]*

Capt. "Ah, yes! that pretty little girl—I remember to have seen her. Have they yet no news from her?"

Lieut. "None, whatever; they are still in great distress on her account. I have promised Helena that, immediately after our marriage, we will go in search of her. But come, let us go and look to our quarters."

Capt. "Carl! stay till we return." *[Exit.]*

Carl. "O! what shall I do? I am sure the Lieutenant has discovered me. He shall not expose me to the Captain." (Linda is peeping in at the door.) "I will tell my master myself, and throw myself upon his mercy. Perhaps he will still love me, when he finds I am only Carlina." (*Linda raps.*) "Come in."

Linda (humbly). "Will the young gentleman please to have his fortune told?"

Carl. "No, gypsy. I don't believe in fortune-telling; but here's money for you. I like your good-natured face."

Linda. "Thank you, sir; but please let me tell your fortune; you'll find it will come true."

Carl. "Very well, then; you may try." (Holds out his hand.)

[LINDA taking it and looking at it, lifts up her eyes to heaven, and bursts into a cheery laugh.]

Carl. "What now?"

Linda. "O, what a beautiful little hand! O, what a happy fortune!"

Carl. "Tell it, then."

Linda (slowly). "Let me see; you have been to the war; you have a kind master; you love him tenderly; you nursed him kindly when he was wounded; you are not brave; you tremble at the sound of the cannon, and dislike the smell of powder; but you are very good and gentle, and by and by your master will fall in love with you, and marry you."

[CARL starts back, and covers his face with his hands. LINDA claps her hands, laughs heartily, dances round him, snapping her fingers like castanets, and singing.]

Carl (recovering). "Gypsy! how did you find that out?"

Linda. "Didn't I read it all in your beautiful little hand?"

Carl. "Incredible! but now, good gypsy, you have my secret; will you help me in my difficulty?"

Linda. "With all my heart, sweet Carlina."

Carl. "What! you know my name, too! I'll give you all my money, if you will help me."

Linda. "Not for money, but for love. I and my brother Franco will help you. I will see you again."

[Runs out as CAPTAIN and LIEUTENANT enter.]

Capt. "Nice quarters our old hostess has prepared for us."

Lieut. "Yes. I hope the supper may be as good, for I am ravenously hungry."

Waiter. "Will the gentlemen walk out to supper?"

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter LINDA. FRANCO comes from behind the sofa.

Franco. "Now, Linda, you see how it is. This page is the youngest sister who has run away."

Linda. "Yes, I think so, really."

Franco. "To be sure. And now, Linda, I'll tell you how we will plan it. First, you will tell the gentlemen's fortunes when they come in from supper. Then you must see the page, and tell him to tell his master that he is the twin brother of the missing young girl. That his father thinks he is still at a distant school. That his sister knows he has run away, and will not betray him to her father, but has probably gone in search of him herself. He must make the Captain promise not to tell the Lieutenant of this, but ask him to help her search for her sister."

Linda. "Well then, what next?"

Franco. "Then you must take her away, and lend her your nun's dress, and she must come to the Captain to inquire if he has seen anything of her brother."

Linda (clapping her hands). "O! I understand it all now!" [Music without; they dance gayly.]

Franco. "Hush! Linda, somebody is coming." [As WAITER comes in, FRANCO drops behind the sofa.]

Waiter (to Linda). "Hullo! what business have you here?"

Linda (with a courtesey). "Please, sir, I came to tell the gentlemen's fortunes."

Waiter. "You are come to steal. Off with you, I say."

Linda. "Please, sir, there's nothing here to steal; but I'll tell you a beautiful fortune, sir."

Waiter. "Will you? You shall, then. You are a nice looking girl; how much shall I pay you for it?"

Linda. "No money, sir. I will do it for the sake of your handsome face, and your kindness to a poor gypsy girl."

Waiter. "So you shall, and I'll stand your friend for it."

[LINDA looks at his hand, and sighs deeply.]

Waiter. "Well, then, be quick, before any one rings the bell for me."

Linda. "There's a beautiful lady in a very grand castle, who loves you dearly. She cannot tell you so now, because you are only a servant. But by and by you will be a handsome gentleman. You will be kind to the poor gypsies, and me and another of them will help you, and they

will carry fine stories of you to the lady; and, after a while, you will marry her, and live in the grand castle."

[WAITER claps his hands, and goes off in a riotous dance. LINDA imitates him.]

Enter CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT, and CARL.

[LINDA drops behind the door, and then runs out unseen, followed by WAITER.]

Capt. "That boy seems to be economizing his leisure to practice his dancing steps."

Lieut. "He must have taken lessons of the bear in the garden. Now I am going to write to Helena to inform her of my return; and shall I tell her that I will bring you with me?"

Capt. "Yes. It will be on my way to see my mother."

[A rap at the door.]

Lieut. "Come in."

Enter LINDA.

Linda. "Will the gentlemen permit me to tell their fortunes?"

Capt. "Yes. I have nothing to do, you may tell mine."

Linda (looking at his hand). "You are a brave officer. You have no lady-love. You shall have one before to-morrow, — one who has loved you long. Within a week you shall be married."

[All laugh heartily.]

Lieut. "Bravo! bravo!"

Capt. "Here is a thaler for that."

Linda. "Thank you, sir." (To Lieutenant.) "And now, sir." (He gives his hand.) "You have been in the war. You were wounded. Some one nursed you tenderly. You have a lady-love. Soon you will be married to her, and live very happily."

Lieut. "You little witch! you must have been listening at the key-hole."

Linda (grieved and offended). "Me, sir! listen at a key-hole!"

Lieut. "Well, well. I beg your pardon. Here is some money." (Suddenly catching Carl by the arm.) "Now you shall tell this boy's fortune."

Carl (shrinking back). "O no! no, indeed!"

Linda (assuring him by a look). "Young gentleman, the poor gypsy girl can do you no harm."

Carl (giving the hand). "Well, then, don't give me a bad fortune."

Linda. "No bad fortune could come to so sweet a face." (Studies the hand.) "You have some secret sorrow. You are afraid of everything, — of swords, and guns, and all danger."

[CAPTAIN and LIEUTENANT laugh heartily. CARL covers his face with the other hand.]

Capt. "Stop, gypsy! you are not going to tease my good boy."

Linda. "Sir, I will not." (Looks at the hand.) "You are very honest and truthful. You love your master more than you will ever love any woman; and though you are not brave, yet for him you would cheerfully die."

Capt. (agitated). "You have spoken the blessed truth this time, I believe."

[CARL nods assent, but covers his face with his handkerchief, and weeps.

Linda. "You will never leave your master, but will go with him to his home, and serve him faithfully all your life."

Carl (joyfully). "O, thank you, good gypsy, thank you! You shall have all my money."

Capt. "No, Carl, let me pay her. That is as grateful intelligence to me as to yourself, supposing it were true."

Linda. "It is true, sir, and so you will find it. I wish you each a thousand blessings."

[Runs out, making a guarded sign to CARL to follow.

Capt. "Ah, I am afraid she is the one to rule my fate; she is really perfectly charming."

Carl. "Dear sir, don't think of her. She is only a gypsy girl, and no doubt she has some brown gypsy lover ready to fight you."

Capt. "No doubt, no doubt! Well, I must apprise my mother of my coming. I think I will write here. Carl, you may have an hour or two to yourself, if you wish it."

Carl. "Thank you, sir."

[Takes his cap and goes out. FRANCO steals out after him, unseen.

Lieut. "I must write a letter, too." [Exit.

Capt. (alone; writes some time; then speaks). "Poor old mother! how glad she'll be to see her only friend again! I wish I had a good, pretty young wife to take home to her, — one as gentle and quiet as Carl. This Bohemian! Bah! she is only a gypsy, and she has a lover. No, no! Carl shall stay with me, and I'll have no wife." (Looks up, and sees Carl standing with his cap in his hand.) "So you shall, Carlomein. What have you to say to me?"

Carl. "Sir, if I do not interrupt you, I want to tell you something. Please do not tell the Lieutenant."

Capt. "I will not tell him."

Carl. "Sir, his lady is my own sister Helena."

Capt. "Possible!"

Carl. "Yes, sir. And that young Carlina who has run away is of the same age as myself; she looks exactly like me; she loves me as her

own soul, and probably knows that I have run away from school. She does not betray me to my father, but she will search for me till she finds me. Will you help me to seek her?"

Capt. (takes his hand). "Why, certainly! certainly will I! Did I not see her the evening I passed at your father's house?"

Carl. "Yes, sir; she sat away in a corner, with me."

Capt. "I recollect seeing her, but not you."

Carl. "But I saw you, sir, and I resolved to follow you to the war. And Carlina! O, how she admired you, sir! She said she would like to go over the world with you — all for love."

Capt. "Did she! did she! and she is like you, and she is the Lady Helena's sister! My boy, we'll find her!"

Carl. "Thank you, sir. Now, if you please, I will take my walk, while you write your letter."

[Runs out.

[CAPTAIN walks about a while, and then resumes his writing. Ring at the door.

Capt. "Come in."

Waiter. "A young lady wishes to see you."

Capt. (amazed). "Donner und blitzten! a young lady!"

Waiter. "I think she is a nun, sir!"

Capt. "Well, let her come in."

[Exit HANS, the waiter.

"Who can she be! I wish she might be the young Carlina."

Enter CARLINA.

Carlina. "Have I the honor to address Captain Ermann?"

Capt. "My name is Ermann."

Carlina. "Excuse me, sir; I have heard you have with you a boy named Carl, who — who — who resembles me."

Capt. "Are you his sister Carlina?"

Carlina. "I am Carlina; where is my dearest Carl?"

Capt. "He has just gone for a short walk. Sit down, my dear young lady, and wait a little: meanwhile I will call Lieutenant Mühler, the betrothed of your sister."

Carlina. "O! please do not, sir! Let me only see my dear Carl!"

Capt. "But wouldn't you like to see Lieutenant Mühler?"

Carlina (agitated). "Yes, sir — yes, sir — but not now; only let me see Carl. I cannot wait any longer; please send him to see me at once; here is my address." (Gives a card.) "Farewell, sir."

[Exit.

Capt. (alone.) "How strange she will not

see Lieutenant Mühler! and Carl does not wish the Lieutenant to know about *him*. Something is wrong. I cannot comprehend it. Why was not Helena's brother ever mentioned to me before? Something wrong."

Enter CARL.

Carl. "O, what a fine place! and such a pleasant walk as I have had!"

Capt. "Carl, my boy, somebody has called to see you."

Carl. "Me, sir!"

Capt. "Yes. A lady. Now, don't faint. Here, drink some water. Steady, now."

Carl (faintly). "Who was it, sir?"

Capt. "Steady, now! There! It was your sister Carlina, the image of yourself. Come with me to find her." [They rush out.

FRANCO peeps in; comes and reads the CAPTAIN'S letter, then hides behind the sofa. WAITER comes in with a dusting-brush, and begins to dust. Stops to read the letter. Reads —

Waiter. "My dearest mother, your soldier-boy is coming back to you" — (Speaks). "O, how I wish I was a soldier! Wouldn't I charm the beautiful lady in the grand castle! I shall be the friend of all the gypsies. I stole a sausage this evening for that pretty girl that told my fortune. I might be a soldier. Let me see." (Picks up his brush.) "Forward! March! Stop! Halt!" (Goes through the exercise all wrong. Franco meanwhile grinning, unseen by waiter. Linda peeping in at the door. Waiter hears some one coming, and is rushing out as Linda enters.)

Linda. "Pray, good Hans, give me a pie for my little supper, and I'll tell you what the beautiful lady said about you last week."

[Whispers in his ear.

Hans. "Did she, now? truly? I'll give you a roast fowl." [Exeunt.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. "What! all gone! the Captain's letter left open for every one in the house to read. I will at least guard it till his return." (Walks about.) "This gentle little Carl! Yes, I am sure! How he shrinks from my glance."

[FRANCO creeps out and steals his handkerchief.

Lieut. (continues). "How he shuns me! Yes! I am sure it is Carlina." [Rings the bell.

Enter HANS.

Lieut. "Where is Captain Ermann?"

Hans. "He has gone out with his little boy. There was a lady in black to see him. I heard her say her name was Carlina. Maybe you know her."

Lieut. "You may go."

[Exit Waiter.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Lieut. "Well, Captain, so you've found my lady's sister, Carlina."

Capt. (amazed). "What!"

Lieut. "And where is she? and where is Carl?"

Capt. "She came to see Carl, and he was out."

Lieut. "Ah! what then?"

Capt. "I took *him* to see *her*, and *she* was out."

Lieut. "And what next?"

Capt. "I left him waiting for her."

Lieut. "Then you did not see them together?"

Capt. "No, I did not."

Lieut. "And never will. Ha, ha, ha!"

Capt. "And pray, sir, why not?"

Lieut. "Because there is but one of them, and that is Carlina."

Capt. "Possible! but where is the brother? The twin of Carlina?"

Lieut. "He died in infancy. This poor young girl has followed you all for love."

Capt. "Bless her! bless her! Can it be so?"

Lieut. "Ask her yourself, here she comes."

Carl (running in). "O! I have seen my darling Carlina."

[Sees LIEUTENANT, and starts back.

Lieut. "O, have you found her! Take me to her at once, I beg of you."

Carl (confused). "I cannot now."

Capt. "Let me see her, my dear Carl. I have fallen in love with her; and if she will consent, I will marry her to-morrow, and be the happiest man in the country."

Lieut. (taking Carl's hand, and leading him to the Captain). "Let me present her to you." (Captain extends his arms to her, and the curtain falls).

SCENE III.

A library at General WERNER'S. Helena and her father.

Hel. "Dear father, you must not grieve about Lina. I am reading over her farewell letter, and she speaks so confidently of returning soon, that I should not be surprised to see her at any time."

Gen. (sighs deeply). "I wish she might soon return."

Enter FRITZ.

Fritz. "Sir, there are two strange people who wish to speak to you."

Gen. "I will see them."

[FRITZ withdraws, and returns with FRANCO and LINDA.

Linda. "Please, sir, let me tell your fortune?"

Gen. (looking attentively at her before answering). "Really, I will, for the pleasure of looking at you meanwhile; we don't often see such a happy young face."

Linda (studies the hand). "There is a heavy trouble on your heart, sir; you have borne it a long time; this night the sorrow shall be removed, — you shall be perfectly happy again."

Gen. "Why! that is worth a piece of silver, whether it is true or not."

Linda. "Thank you, sir. And now, young lady." (Helena gives her her hand, which she brings nearer to the light, and studies carefully.) "Lady, a brave young soldier is coming, who will make you his bride. He has been in the battle, stricken down, and wounded nigh unto death; but the sight of you, and your love, will compensate him for all his sufferings." (Helena bursts into tears. General gives gypsy another piece of money, and rings bell. Fritz instantly presents himself.)

Gen. "Take these young people down-stairs, and give them a good supper." (The General turns to comfort Helena, while Fritz leads out Linda, Franco following, when he has abstracted the General's handkerchief. Reënter Fritz with letter, which he gives to the General.)

Gen. "From the Lieutenant."

[Opens it, and gives an inclosure to his daughter. They read the letters.

Helena (springing up). "O, father! he is coming to-day, and will bring with him Captain Ermann and his bride. Let me go to prepare for them.

[Exit HELENA.

[GENERAL sits down, and rests his head upon his hand.

Gen. "Will this heavy sorrow be removed? Only can it by the return of my lost child."

Enter FRITZ.

Fritz. "Please, sir, I am afraid these gypsies are very dangerous people; the boy has your handkerchief hanging out of his pocket."

Gen. "Well, get them away as soon as you can."

Fritz. "Yes, sir. [Going.

Gen. "Stop, Fritz! you have my handkerchief hanging at your back."

Fritz. "O! I beg pardon, sir, but it must have been the gypsy that did it."

[Takes off the handkerchief and gives it to the General.

Gen. (laughing). "No doubt; but send them away at once."

Fritz. "With the extremest pleasure, sir."

[Exit.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. "All is ready for our friends. I have arranged a little supper, and (looking out of the window) O, here they are!"

[Runs off, followed by GENERAL.

Enter FRANCO whistling and dancing. LINDA following. They run about, peep into everything, then hide themselves. Enter GENERAL, leading CARLINA veiled. CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT, and HELENA following.

Gen. "Madame Ermann, I am delighted that you honor us with your company; let me place you on the sofa."

Hel. "Madame Ermann, allow me to remove your hat." (Lifts the veil.)

Hel. "O! 'Lina! Sister! O, father, it's 'Lina!"

Gen. "What! my lost child!" (Holds her to his heart.) "Is it possible!" (Franco and Linda come out and dance unnoticed behind them all.) "That was true which the good little gypsy told me. I wish they were here to witness the fulfillment of their prophecy. O, here they are!" (Perceiving Franco and Linda standing demurely beside him.)

Capt. "What! my little gypsy — and her lover, to be sure. Well, I wish them as much happiness as they have truly predicted for me."

Carlina (springs forward, and throws her arms around Linda, exclaiming). "O, my good fairy! it was you who counseled me and assisted me in my difficulties! And now you must come to live with me: you and your lover."

Linda (laughing). "O, thank you kindly, young lady, but Franco and I cannot breathe long away from the forest."

Franco. "No, madame; we thank you, but we can live no life but the roving life to which we were born."

Carlina. "Then you must let us be your friends; and come to us if you are in trouble, or send me this ring if you cannot come.

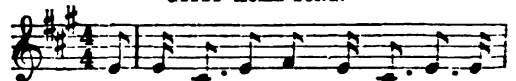
[Gives ring.

Linda (taking it, and kissing her hand). "Thank you, thank you! and so I will."

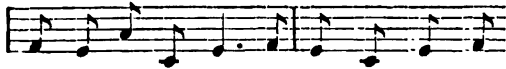
Franco (reverentially kissing her hand). "Thank you, madame!

[Franco and Linda withdraw to one side, and sing.

GYPSY HOME SONG.



1. The for-est broad, the for-est old, With



branches wav-ing free, Where wild birds sing, Where



sweet flow'rs spring, No other home have we. When



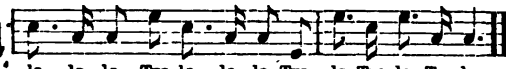
an - gry storms its si - lence breaks, No



lonelier place can be, Yet still we love the



for - est old, No oth - er home have we. Tra



la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la.

"The convent rears its massive tow'r
To heaven all in vain;
The wandering eye, the weary heart,
Its sacred rest profane;
Within the old cathedral wood
A kindly presence thrills,
A voice is in the waving pines,
An echo from the hills.

Tra la," etc.

All. "Bravo! Bravo!"

Gen. "They shall at least stay, and share our hospitality to-night."

Linda. "And if you please, sir, we will sing and dance for you after supper."

Franco (to Lieutenant, who is standing by Helena). "I believe, sir, this is your handkerchief which I have found."

Lieut. (regarding it rather suspiciously at a distance). "You may keep it, my boy."

Franco. "Thank you, sir. (He leads Linda forward to the audience.) "If there are any persons here who would like to have their fortunes told, or their handkerchiefs found, the poor gypsies are entirely at their service."

Grand Tableau, including FRITZ, who has been peeping in at the door. [Curtain falls.

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VIII.

THE HOUSE.

It was very evident to Mr. Tabb, when he found that Big Tom had undoubtedly crossed the Ohio, that the man had planned the robbery some time before, and had had a canoe here in readiness for his escape. The question now to be decided was, which way did he go when he reached the Virginia shore? Mr. Tabb's opinion was that he would strike for Pittsburg, because from there he could readily be conveyed to New York or Philadelphia, where he would be comparatively safe from pursuit or detection. If he went South, he could not go by the river, for he was well known along the Ohio, and many a barge would bring tidings of his misdeeds; and escape through the woods to the south would be very difficult, on account of the unsettled character of the country, and the fact of the streams running in a northwesterly direction, thus giving him very little chance of water travel. But if

he went to Pittsburg, he need but traverse a section not forty miles in width, when he would strike the west fork of the Monongahela. Here he could buy or steal a canoe from some of the settlers or Indians, and go with the current directly to Fort Pitt, as it was still called by many persons. This conclusion, which was to a great degree formed upon the information given him by Fish-tail, determined Mr. Tabb to make a great effort to overtake the thief. So he rode back to his house at his utmost speed, having first desired the Indian to hasten to his encampment and prepare a large canoe. When Mr. Tabb reached home he hurriedly filled a bag with horse-feed, something for himself and attendant, and a few other necessaries; informed his family that he would perhaps be away for two or three days; requested them to urge the others to continue their researches in the vicinity, for he might be on the wrong track, and then he rode away to the Indian encampment. The canoe was ready;

two Indians, one of them, Fish-tail, took the paddles; Mr. Tabb sat in the stern, and the horse had to swim. This, however, was not a very difficult performance, as the river was very low. When they reached the opposite shore the canoe was sent back, and Mr. Tabb and Fish-tail continued up the bank, the Indian carefully scrutinizing the beach, to discover signs of the landing of a canoe.

After an hour's travel these signs were found. Into the reeds, which lined a small creek, a canoe had evidently been pulled, and in a very few minutes the practiced eye of the Indian had led him to the spot where the canoe itself was hidden. This fact encouraged Mr. Tabb very much, for he now felt sure that he was upon the track of Big Tom; but another discovery gave him anxiety. The tin box, empty, was found near the canoe. The thief, evidently not wishing to hinder himself with an unwieldy box, had emptied it at the first opportunity, and had distributed its contents about his person. If Mr. Tabb had been certain that all the papers would be carried safely by Big Tom, he would not have been so uneasy, for he had a lively hope of catching him; but he was very fearful that they would be thrown away, or lost, and no one knew so well as he did the value of those deeds to John. In the unsettled state of land claims in many of the Western States at that time, it was highly necessary to have positive proof of one's possession of the soil he called his own; and as no one thereabouts owned a more valuable farm than that of John's was sure to become, it would be very disastrous, perhaps, if these deeds were not *known* to be recovered. But Mr. Tabb did not stop to think all this out. Accompanied by Fish-tail, whom he had hired to accompany him as guide as long as he should be away, he rode off in a road through the woods, which led in an easterly direction. As he rode he formed his opinions, and made his plans. He concluded very soon that it would be useless to attempt either to track Big Tom, or to follow on his path if it were found, for the latter had now too great a start for them to expect to come up with him in that way. He must be circumvented, or lost. Reasoning in this way, Mr. Tabb determined to keep on in the road in which he now was, because it was a very good one for a common woodland road,—or portage, as they called them thereabouts,—and because it led directly to Morgantown, on the Monongahela. This town Big Tom must pass, and it might be that Mr. Tabb would get there first; or, at any rate, he

would hear of him if he had gone past in the daytime. But Mr. Tabb calculated that if Big Tom struck for the nearest part of the West Fork, as he probably would, that he on horseback, and the Indian with his sinewy legs, had a very good chance of reaching Morgantown first. They had not travelled more than ten miles when they were obliged to stop for the night. The weather was mild, and they slept soundly on the ground by a large fire, and early in the morning they were off again. By dark they were in Morgantown. But no one here had seen a canoe pass the town, and it was impossible that Big Tom could have got so far on his course as to pass on the previous night. That night the Indian watched the river in a canoe that he procured in the town, and by earliest dawn he was relieved by Mr. Tabb. But nothing could be seen of a canoe propelled by Big Tom. Several of the principal persons of the town, with whom Mr. Tabb consulted about the matter, were of the opinion that it was useless, and indeed ridiculous, to search for the thief in a place so distant from the scene of the crime, and to which locality there was no certainty that he had fled. But Mr. Tabb stuck to his own opinions. He believed that the man was bound for Pittsburg and the East,—for here in the West his money would be comparatively useless,—and he believed that he would go to Pittsburg by water, because, circumstanced as he was, it was by far the easiest and most expeditious way. This opinion was confirmed about noon that day by a man who came to town from his place on the Cheat River, and who said that he had seen a person answering exactly Big Tom's description, pass his farm in a canoe but an hour before. The Cheat River is distant from the Monongahela, at Morgantown, not more than three or four miles, and runs into the former about seven miles below. Therefore it was now quite clear that if this man in the canoe was Big Tom, that he had gone on shore a little above the town, carried the bark canoe over to the Cheat River, and had then taken up his course again, thus avoiding passing Morgantown, where he had acquaintances by whom he might afterwards be traced. Those who had just been advising Mr. Tabb to return, and continue the search nearer home, now gave him very different advice. They told him that if he would ride at his best speed to the fork of the two rivers, he would find a ford. Then he was to keep up the right bank of the Monongahela, on a road which led almost due north, and which thus avoided all the turnings of the stream (which

were considerable, some fifteen miles below), until he struck the high-road to Wheeling. Turning then down to the river, he would in all probability be ahead of the thief.

Mr. Tabb determined to adopt this plan, but he could not take Fish-tail with him, for he expected to push his horse (for twenty-five miles at least) to the utmost speed compatible with prudence. But the Indian was a fast paddler in a canoe, and so he was to descend the stream in a canoe from the town, and to endeavor to overtake Big Tom on the water. If he discovered him, however, he was not to make himself visible if it could possibly be avoided, until the Wheeling road was reached. There Mr. Tabb hoped to be in waiting. But if the latter should not be seen on the shore when Fish-tail should pass, the Indian (who knew the spot well) promised to stick two short rods into the ground, on the west side of a great sycamore-tree that stood in the angle formed by the road and the river. If he had caught sight of the thief, and was in pursuit, he would stick up three rods.

This quickly arranged, each of the pursuers set out at their best speed. Mr. Tabb's horse had been well fed, and had rested half the day, and therefore, as he was a good animal, he reached the point where the road crossed the river an hour before sunset. Mr. Tabb immediately dismounted, tied his horse in a bit of thick shrubbery, and ran to the sycamore-tree to look for the rods. But there were none there. The Indian had not yet passed.

For half an hour Mr. Tabb stood there on the shore, anxiously gazing up the river. Owing to a sudden turn above, he could not see more than a mile, and he was afraid that darkness would soon deprive him of the opportunity of seeing at all. At last, however, he saw a canoe shoot around the curve! Trembling with excitement, he cocked his pistol, examined the flint and priming, and partially concealed himself behind the sycamore. Was it the Indian, or the other?

The distance was still too great to decide; but as he strained his eyes upon the river, he saw another canoe, closer to the bank, glide around the curve. Now he was sure that the first man was Big Tom. As he came swiftly down the very centre of the river, so as to gain all the advantage of the current, he was soon near enough to Mr. Tabb for the latter to recognize him perfectly. And the Indian was now near enough to be very plainly seen. Apparently desiring to get as near as possible to Big Tom at this important point, he paddled very fast, and gained upon the

latter when he was about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Tabb, when Big Tom turned around, probably from a mere instinct of insecurity, and saw Fish-tail, who for the first time had neglected to keep himself concealed by the curves or the banks. When the thief saw that he was pursued by a man who paddled faster than himself, he turned the prow of his canoe toward shore, and with all his strength propelled it toward the road,—toward the very spot where Mr. Tabb was standing! Fish-tail, seeing this bold push for shore, where Big Tom would probably either defend himself, or strike away through the woods, rose in his canoe, quickly fitted an arrow to his bow, and let fly at the furiously paddling white man. But the distance was too great, and the arrow fell harmlessly in the water. So Fish-tail seized his paddles again, and made his canoe fairly dart over the water. But Big Tom's canoe had now touched the shore; and without hesitating a moment, he threw down the paddle, sprang on land, and was just about to rush past the sycamore, when Mr. Tabb stepped out in front of him, pistol in hand, and ordered him to halt. The man stopped as though he had run up against a rock, then he gave a look behind him; there was the Indian coming in with rapid strokes, and he saw himself attacked in front and behind! There was no time to hesitate. Stepping back a few feet, he drew a hatchet and hurled it at Mr. Tabb, who, a second before the missile had left the desperado's hand, pulled the trigger of his pistol. The hatchet struck Mr. Tabb on the left shoulder, but the aim had been disturbed, and he was only bruised by the head instead of being cut by the edge. But Big Tom fell dead.

When Mr. Tabb searched the body of the thief, and had found the deeds all right, and had recovered so much of the money that he was sure it must be nearly all that was stolen, although he did not stop to count it, he sat down by the roadside, feeling sick and faint. He had never seen a man killed before, and this one he had killed himself. But Fish-tail had no such sensitiveness. After despoiling the body of all that might be useful to himself, he dug a hole with his hatchet and his knife,—not very deep, to be sure,—and buried the dead thief. When Mr. Tabb came down to the canoes the funeral was over.

The two crossed over the river and camped out that night, and the next day Mr. Tabb and Fish-tail jogged slowly on to Wheeling by the road, saving horse-flesh and Indian legs as much

as possible, and camping out once on the way. At Wheeling they found a barge just about to descend the river, and taking passage therein, they arrived off the Indian encampment early the next morning. When Mr. Steiner (who had been scouring the woods ever since the departure of Mr. Tabb) heard his friend's story, and saw the recovered deeds and money, he was so delighted that he gave a party to all his friends and neighbors. The whole Tabb family, the men from the cabins, and even as many of the Indians as would come, had a grand supper (settler style — no ice-cream or French confections) in the big living room of the Steiner house. Fish-tail got drunk; but the rest, though boisterous enough, were not disorderly, and everybody went happy to bed. The money and the deeds were deposited in Mr. Tabb's strong box, and everything soon flowed on in its accustomed channel.

It was not until the following spring that John made his appearance in this neighborhood; but when he did come, he came in style. Two great barges conveyed him and his goods down the river from Pittsburg; and when they came to anchor before his farm, great was the enthusiasm on shore. And when they were pulled up and were unloaded, great was the astonishment and delight of everybody, from Mrs. Tabb down to the dirty little half-breed who cooked for the men. There were goods and chattels, and things of use for farm and horse, that had been brought from England, from New York, from Philadelphia, and even from Pittsburg. There were wagon-bodies and wheels, and tenpenny nails, and ploughs, and looking-glasses, and grindstones, and china cups, and chairs, and beds, and tea-pots, and dish-pans, and brooms, and corkscrews, and — Betty!

In a joyful procession, Mrs. Betty Steiner, blushing, beautiful, and not a bit forlorn, was led up to her husband's log-cabin, and escorted to the large new room which was to be hers. It was a fine high room, although bare and empty; but it did not remain so long. Everybody went to work to arrange what John had brought for it; and as he had had all his plans made long before, it was scarcely dark before a fine bedstead had been put up, and made up beautifully with a lovely feather-bed and the finest sheets and pillow-cases. Covering the middle of the floor was a handsome carpet, and comfortable chairs stood around the room. A table, with a red cover, held two bright, tall candlesticks; and window-sashes, brought from Philadelphia, were put into the open frames, where they exactly fitted, so

precise had been John's measurements. Pictures and a looking-glass adorned the walls; there was a chest of drawers, a pair of handsome fire-dogs, and a blazing wood-fire.

Betty thought it was splendid. Everybody else was hushed into silence by the magnificence of the room.

For an hour or two the woman, whom Betty had brought over with her from England, had been getting supper; and when it was ready, John sat down with his father and his wife, and Betty poured out the tea. It was all charming, I assure you.

As soon as John had got settled down, he set about spending the money that Big Tom had stolen. And he spent it nearly all in building a house, and surrounding it with every necessary convenience. Betty's room was not touched, because that was good enough for anybody; but the rest of the old cabin was torn down, and a handsome house of hewn logs, plastered within and framed without, was erected in its place, and the door of the large sitting-room opened into Betty's chamber. Then, behind the house rose a barn, stables, cow-sheds, pig-sties, and chicken-coops. A well was dug, and covered in on one side; and on the other a garden for vegetables was laid out and fenced in, and a big plat of ground for marigolds, and pansies, and roses — such as Betty had brought seeds and cuttings for from her own old garden at home — was prepared at the front of the house, and the whole was fenced in; and so, after a time, were the fields. Everything showed that John had not lived on well kept and ordered estates without learning something.

After a time John began to sell some of his land, and to buy more. And he always sold that which was nearest the town, and bought on the side farthest from it. The difference in price made him feel very comfortable indeed. If he had not intended to be a farmer, and nothing else, he might have held on to the land he sold, and in a few more years he might have made more money. But Betty did not want him to do this. She had had an uncle who speculated in land, and who now drove a stage-coach. She thought farming was so independent and safe. And so John found it, as the years rolled on.

And the years continued to roll, until some nine of them had rolled away, and John was thirty years old. And then, upon a pleasant summer evening, he came out upon his front-porch and sat down and lighted his pipe. Supper was

over, and the war with England was over; he had heard from his mother-in-law, who was still hearty; Napoleon had been sent to Elba, and the wheat was almost ready to cut, while the corn was looking splendidly. Below lay a wide, rich

pasture; and up a well-worn path were coming, slowly and deliberately, a long line of sleek, fat, comfortable cows. To the north stretched long fields of wheat already yellow and heavy-headed, while the bright-green young corn stood up bravely as far as he could see, in the fields to the south of him. Great forests of oak, and chestnut, and walnut, and maple, and hickory, and elm, and ash, and sassafras, and gum-trees, and rube bark spice, fringed the horizon to the north and west, and were all his own. At the back of the house were now two large barns, and they had yet stowed away within them enough of last year's hay, and oats, and wheat, and corn, to make a famine impossible, even if this year's crops had all of them failed. In his cellar were great barrels of salt-beef, and hams, and shoulders, and salt fish. Enormous cheeses hung from the rafters, and barrels of flour and corn-meal graced the sides of his store-room. Hundreds of chickens and turkeys were assembling in the poultry-yard, and great hogs were coming up out of the woods, where they had been taking a little drove of this year's pigs to eat the savory acorns, which were plenty enough if one liked them green, and in reasonable good numbers if one

liked them a little withered, and were willing to root. Down in the pond, by the upper meadows, the geese and the ducks were beginning to think it was about time to leave off swimming, and the fat horses in the stables were contentedly munching their evening oats. The bees were swarming into their hives, — those hives, that had but a few months before held all that yellow honey that now was packed away in jars in the store-room, among countless reservoirs of delicate "preserved" gooseberries, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, strawberries, raspberries, and some that I have never tasted. The orchards

were beginning to bend beneath the apples and peaches, which were getting bigger and heavier every day, and the cherry-trees and early pears were now a joy to any reasonable heart.

And John smoked his pipe in great peace.



And then Betty came out and stood beside him, — Betty, prettier, plumper, sweeter, dearer than she ever was! And she sat upon his knee, and they talked and laughed so gayly about something or other, that old Carl Steiner with his pipe came out to see what was the matter; and they all three sat there until the sun went down, and the moon rose, and the river shone like silver, and a calm and holy quiet rested on all the scene. Then, with John's arm around his wife, and Carl Steiner's hand upon his son's broad shoulder, they all arose and went thankfully into

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.



CRAZY TIMMUTCH.

BY EUPHEMIA THORNE.

MANY years ago, when I was a little girl, there lived in New Hampshire a half-witted man by the name of Timmutch. "C. Timmutch" he used to sign his name, but whether the C stood for Charley or Caleb, Christopher or Columbus, no one knew. When he was asked for his name, he always said it was "C. Timmutch;" and no prying or cross-questioning could ever induce him to disclose more than the initial of his Christian name. So the boys used to call him Crazy Timmutch, and although it was not very polite of them, I think it was not far from the truth.

Timmutch was not a native of our State, or some of the neighbors of his own age would have known about him; but he came, when quite a young man, to our village, and after idling round for a few weeks, took possession of a little spot of ground on one of the high mountain sides, and built himself a hut (for house it could not be called), and there he had lived alone, far from neighbors, for many years, until his beard had grown white, and a few straggling silver hairs about his ears, were all that were left of the dark curls which the old folks used to say Timmutch brought with him.

When I knew him, he used to mumble to himself as he rode along; at which the children of the village were frightened, and scampered away, but he never meant any harm, although he sometimes acted queerly enough to startle the men and women, as well as the little ones.

I never could get any one to tell me what Timmutch said, only "He talks so strangely!" and "He says such queer things!" and I made up my mind that when I next encountered him, I would keep in his company and endeavor to understand his mutterings; and so it happened that I found out the cause of his queerness or craziness, and was thereby the means of rendering a service to his family after his death, which happened when I was about fifteen years old.

Timmutch used to support himself, wretchedly enough, by picking berries and herbs, collecting spruce gum, and occasionally assisting at farm work, — this latter very seldom, however, for he was not fond of labor, and preferred employment that took him away from companionship; but sometimes he was driven to it by necessity. During the summer months he peddled berries, which abounded on the mountain where he lived;

and the arrival of his wagon in the village was the signal for a great deal of fun among the boys.

To this day, I cannot help laughing when I remember what a figure poor Timmutch cut, in a tumble-down buggy, with an ox harnessed to it in lieu of a horse, — the reins, of old bed-cord, attached to the horns of the animal, while Timmutch sat in state on a three-legged stool, surrounded by his baskets and tin measures filled with fruit. In this style he would travel for many miles round the country, sometimes selling for hard cash, but oftener bartering his stock for useful farm products.

It was on one of these business jaunts that I happened one day to overtake him, and in a spirit of mischief, more than with any serious intention, proposed to him to "Give me a lift," offering him my gingerbread lunch as a compensation. After a moment's demurring, he said, rather ungraciously, "Wal! git in behind!" So I got in behind, and, there being no seat, I knelt down, and held myself in by the rickety back-board.

After the blunt question, "Yer don't know any one that want barries, do yer?" Timmutch drove on in silence, and I waited patiently for the spirit of sociability to move him further. But he seemed perfectly oblivious of his passenger, after a moment or two, and I began to think I had been foolhardy, to venture so far away from home in such questionable company, when he began to mutter to himself. I was instantly on the alert. "All her doing," mumbled he; "no one made her do it. She did it all of her own hard heart!" Then, after a pause, he resumed: "Neil had a hard heart! no one told her to do it!"

"What did Neil do?" asked I, with determined boldness, which I repented the next instant; for Timmutch twitched the reins so that the ox went up several feet on the bank and then stood still, as the bed-cord snapped from the overstrain, and Timmutch looked as though a thunder-bolt had fallen on his head, for which I should have to pay pretty dearly. His eyes glared fiercely, and he trembled with passion, as he raised his clinched fist to strike me.

I once was attacked by a furious dog, and had the presence of mind to stand still and pat him on the head, speaking kindly at the same time.

The creature was calmed and withdrew his teeth from my cloak, which he had seized in his fury, and I passed on unhurt, though terribly scared. So, in this instance, I put my hand on this poor crazy fellow's arm, and looking him in the face steadily, said, "Yes, Tim," for we called him Tim for short, "it was too bad for her to be so hard-hearted — too bad! I am so sorry, 'Tim!'" and I softly stroked the resentful hand which had fallen harmless by my side. As I kept my eye on him, I noticed his glance gradually softening, and the stern muscles of his face relaxing, till presently tears gathered in his bloodshot eyes, and found their way over the wrinkles with which his cheek was absolutely *crimped*. Then the drops became streams, and old Timmutch sobbed for some minutes like a heart-broken child. Meanwhile the ox stood patiently eating the roadside grass, and willing to eat on all day, if such were the will of his lachrymose master.

I imagine that, owing to Tim's reticence on the subject of his trouble, and his general unsocial character, he had never received a word of sympathy since his arrival in our village, thirty years before; so that, to have a woman's hand on his, and her words of kindness in his ear, were more than his morbid sensibilities could bear unmoved, and he cried on, but less violently, soliloquizing in part, and partly addressing me, after this fashion: "Yes! hard and cruel! yer know, don't yer? You're real kind, but Nell, she was so hard-hearted!" — this with a fresh sob, — "it's used me up, it has; but she didn't care, her heart was so hard!" I could do no less than agree with him, by sympathizing in tone, glance, and touch; and how long this scene might have continued, had there been no interruption, I cannot tell; but glancing along the road, I saw a wagon approaching, and thankful for anything that might stem the current of Tim's overwrought emotion, I said, "See, Timmutch! here comes a load! we must move out of the way; you have broken your reins; jump out, and gee the ox off of the bank, and get the cart on one side, to let Farmer Gooche pass." This practical counsel had the desired effect. Tim descended with awkward precipitation, and I sprung from my undignified position at the tail of the vehicle as the farmer slowly passed us, looking out with an air of great perplexity to see no one but crazy Timmutch and myself, with his burlesque equipage, far away from the village, and on one of its most unfrequented roads.

The case was too much for the old man's curiosity, so, reining in his own animal, he ex-

claimed, "Wal! I dew think! Why Phemy, gal! what *aire* you a-doin' off here? Good-day, Timmutch; how's plums to-day?" "Plums" was then, and is now, the generic term for all small fruit. Among the country folks, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, and blackberries are all "*plums*." Sometimes they go "berrying," but far oftener they turn an honest penny by what they call "plumming," and it amounts to the same thing.

Timmutch gave the farmer no reply, but leered villainously at him. It was evident that his dark mood was on him again; and not wishing to encounter another gush of tender memories, nor daring to expose myself to a reaction, I claimed the charitable aid of Farmer Gooche, and with a cheerful good-by to Tim, to which he responded civilly, much to the amazement of my companion, I drove off, the farmer letting me out by the side of a stone wall, over which I took a short cut across the fields, home.

Ever after that, I was the subject of delicate attentions on Tim's part, whenever he came down from the mountain. Many a handful of "plums," many a bright hill-side nosegay, or bunch of variegated autumn leaves, reached me from the horny, warty hand of crazy Timmutch; and to balance these gains, many a jeer, or shout of ridicule from my young companions, made my cheek tingle and my temper rise, I am sorry to say, against the innocent, but ludicrous cause of my mortification.

"Phemy, your old beau is dead; shall you put on black for him?" said one of my schoolmates to me, one day, as I hung my "shaker" on its accustomed peg, before recitation. "My beau!" retorted I, unsuspectingly. "I never owned such a thing."

"O! don't pretend now!" was her answer; "folks don't go riding behind an ox-team with old Timmutch, unless they intend to have him, so no denial! I declare, girls, if she isn't blushing! Get out your handkerchiefs and dry her tears! Remember, she's all the same as a widow, now Crazy Timmutch is dead!"

Lightly as my tormentors spoke, the announcement shocked and solemnized me too much to allow of my being angry. Young and giddy though I was, my mind ran back over the long years of loneliness and neglect that had been the fate of the solitary man, and to the wreck which some girl's unhallowed vanity had made of his young mind and heart, before he ever sought refuge on the dreary mountain-side, where he had hidden his woes, — those dragging years, which now, happily for him, had come to an end; and I felt

that joy had at last reached that overshadowed spirit, and that the disappointed affections of earth had found rest and peace in the bosom of the Eternal Love.

Crazy Timmutch was buried on the mountain where he had lived, near the hut, which was as crazy and broken down as its owner, and which contained only enough furniture to defray the expenses of his humble funeral.

It was a raw November day when the poor clay was laid on its mother's breast. The sexton and the minister, for charity's sake, performed the last duties; the autumn blasts wailed in the naked branches, and poor Tim's grave was thickly strewn with withered leaves; fit emblems of the faded hopes of his sad life. One or two farmers, drawn hither by curiosity stood by on horseback, with hats partly raised while the short prayer was made, and then wound their way slowly homeward, talking over the peculiarities of the deceased, and agreeing that he was, as they expressed it, *love-cracked*. Quickly the sexton shoveled in the earth and stones over the ashes of poor Tim, and then spade and pick in hand, sprang into his wagon, which had been tied to a tree near by, and left the scene to solitude.

Led by an unaccountable interest I had been a hidden spectator of the funeral service; and when the sounds of the departing wheels could no more be heard, I came out from a clump of trees, and laid an evergreen wreath, brightened with "*immortelles*" (the "everlasting" of our hills) over the grave, sure that no eye but the All-seeing would ever fall upon the simple tribute; and then, with hurried pace soon reached home, and found to my satisfaction that I had not been missed.

It became a popular belief that on stormy nights the ghost of poor Timmutch might be seen on the mountain, and those who had been belated on the road in that neighborhood, had heard his voice on the wind, in its old familiar wail, "*She was so hard-hearted!*"

Time went by, and the old man with his queer ways had nearly passed out of remembrance; when, one morning, as I was marshaling my own little troop to school, our minister stopped at the door, in company with a stranger, a man apparently about sixty years of age, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Allyne from Ohio. The latter at once entered upon the object of his visit, saying that a short time since an old copy of our county newspaper had fallen into his hands, containing a notice of the death of Mr. C. Timmutch, and a few remarks upon his peculiar life and

habits, together with the date of his coming to reside in our town.

Mr. Allyne explained that, in the same year, a twin brother of his wandered from his home in Ohio, in a state of partial aberration, and had not been heard of since. Whether he had met with accident or violence, was dead or living, his family had never been able to ascertain.

When the notice in our paper fell under his eye, he was struck first by the singularity of the name, and then by the coincidence of the peculiarities of the deceased; and the hope was awakened, that at last he had a clew to the fate of his long mourned brother. And this was the errand on which he had undertaken the long journey to our village.

"I have heard from this reverend gentleman," pursued my visitor, "that you were the only one in the place who ever had anything like friendly association with this unfortunate person, and I have taken the liberty to seek you, hoping to be able to identify him with my lost brother. The description of his personal appearance when he was young, exactly agrees, as I have learned from one of your oldest residents, with my remembrance of my brother at the time he left home; but I cannot be positive that it was he. Pray be so kind as to relate to me what you can recall about him."

Alas! I had little to relate that would be received in a court of justice as direct testimony, but poor Timmutch, as far as we knew, had left nothing for hungry heirs to fight about, and it was a simple question of fraternal affection, *Was he or was he not Charles Timothy Allyne*, the twin brother of the earnest man who sought in him the object of a life-long search?

I briefly related the incident of the ox-wagon, softening, though I could not obliterate, its ludicrous features.

"It was he! it was he!" exclaimed my listener in tones of conviction, as I repeated the words of old Timmutch on that memorable occasion: "*Nell was so hard-hearted!*" "Yes! I have no more doubt; I have found my twin brother!"

He sat for some minutes with his eyes covered by his hand, and then resumed: "C. Timmutch" was in reality Charles Timothy. It was a baby name which he gave himself when too young to articulate distinctly, taken up in mirth by the family, and continued as a sort of endearing nickname, long after his babyhood was forgotten."

"And Nell?" I asked, with great interest.

"Ah!" he answered, a shade falling over his face, "she was all that the poor fellow said—

hard-hearted as a stone. Reckless and selfish in her vanity, like many another woman, she played with his affection like a child with a toy, and then threw it away with as little consideration as your child would this plaything," — shoving aside a doll, which my little Fauny had left on the sofa.

"Sometimes," pursued Mr. Allyne, after a silence of some moments, which I did not care to interrupt, "Nature revenges herself of her prodigality in twins, by a mental deficiency; and this misfortune fell upon poor Charles. He never had what could be considered a strong, sound mind. He was always weak, but this only served to endear him the more to us. This fact was so strongly impressed upon us, that we preferred that he should never think of marriage, knowing how unfitted he was for its responsibilities, and should have esteemed it a lucky thing for him, that his unprincipled sweet-heart broke their engagement, if his whole soul had not been absorbed in his attachment; but the disappointment fell upon his nervous system with a shock that he had no power to withstand. His mind wandered from everything but his own grief; he sought solitude, that he might brood unreprieved over his loss; and from being the gentlest of spirits, he became morose and irritable; resenting all efforts on our part to win him from the perpetual contemplation of his sorrow. Suddenly he disappeared, leaving home apparently for an afternoon's stroll, and never returning. We were unremitting in our exertions to discover him, but

all in vain. Our persistent advertising brought no response, even if it ever reached him; indeed I am now persuaded that he never knew of it. This little scrap," — taking a slip from his pocket-book, — "from a paper published some years ago, falling by the merest accident under my eye, awakened the hope within me to learn something of him, even though it forbade us to think of him as alive."

Mr. Allyne rose, and buttoned his overcoat, and drew on his gloves in silence, while I stood by, unable to offer a word of consolation beyond a faltering, "I feel for you, sir, in your affliction!"

"Fifteen years ago," he answered, "this would have been a great affliction to me, but I have long counted him among the dead; and now it is a relief to believe that I have found the ashes of my unhappy brother, and that I can take them home with me, and lay them by the side of our dear mother, whose life was shortened by her grief for him; for I cannot think that your selectmen will offer any opposition to the removal of his remains."

It was as he supposed. He was allowed quietly to disinter poor Tim's body; and last year, when passing through the town where the Allyne family had lived and died for many generations, I stood with this faithful brother by the side of a simple tablet inscribed, —

"Sacred to the memory of
CHARLES TIMOTHY ALLYNE."

A GLIMPSE AT RICHMOND.

BY SALLIE A. BROCK.

THERE is perhaps no city in the United States more replete with romantic interest than Richmond, the seat of government of Virginia.

It is needless to remark that very much of this interest arises from the relative position accorded Richmond during the late unfortunate war between the northern and southern sections of the Union. The circumstances and events which robbed Richmond of its provincial character, and constituted it the central objective point in the mighty struggle between the fierce contestants, have given it the most conspicuous place in the recent history of the country, and clothed it in an individuality little dreamed of before. But

these are too fresh in the memories of the readers of the present generation to require more than passing attention. We would rather tell a little about the Richmond that has had an earlier historic interest, and the characteristics that still give it a charm to residents and visitors.

Richmond is situated on the north side of James River, at the Lower, or Great Falls, distant 117 miles from Washington, 342 from New York, and 106 from Norfolk, the principal seaport of Virginia.

Although it is comparatively a modern town, its site is frequently alluded to in the early history of the Old Dominion, but passing over the

well-known story of Powhatan and Captain John Smith, we come to more exact beginnings.

In the year 1679 certain privileges were granted Captain Daniel Byrd, upon the condition that he should settle fifty able-bodied and well-armed men in the vicinity of the Falls, to act as a protection to the frontier against the Indians; and in exploring the neighborhood he makes mention of an island, where he went to look for iron ore. This was Belle Isle. The river at this point is about three quarters of a mile in width; the channel lined with rocks that protrude quite above the water, except when very high from spring freshets, and more frolicsome waters never sent up an uproarious and indefatigable gurgle. The bed of the stream is interspersed with numerous small islands, upon which willows grow in great abundance, fringing these islets, and bending their fragile boughs to lave in the stream, to which they owe their beautiful luxuriance. Some of these islets are inhabited. Upon one was a laboratory during the late war, destroyed by an explosion, and thus depriving of life numerous operatives engaged there. Upon some of these islets are haunts of pleasure, one of which bears the not unfamiliar name of Vauxhall.

Richmond was founded by Colonel Byrd; and in his journal, among the Westover MSS., is found the following extract:—

"September 19, 1733.—When we got home we laid the foundation of two large cities,—one at Shacco's, to be called Richmond; and the other at the Falls of the Appomatox River, to be named Petersburg. These Major Mayo offered to lay out in lots without fee or reward. The truth of it is, these two places being the uppermost landings of James and Appomatox Rivers, are naturally intended for marts where the traffic of the outer inhabitants must centre. Thus we did not build castles only, but cities in the air."

Peter Jones was one of the party embraced in the term "we," and to him, as the proprietor of the land, Petersburg is indebted for its name, and not to Peter the Great.

In the year 1742, during the reign of his Majesty George II., the Assembly of Virginia passed an "Act establishing the town of Richmond, in the County of Henrico, and allowing Fairs to be held therein," in the months of May and November, "on the lands of William Byrd, Esq., at the Falls of James River." (That gentleman at the time had a warehouse near where the Exchange Hotel now is.) Shockoe's Creek

was the northern and eastern boundary. The river, and a line therefrom along First Street to the creek—probably Bacon Branch—was the southern and western.

In 1779, "An act was passed for the removal of the seat of government" to the town of Richmond, growing out of the assailable situation of Williamsburg to the aggression of the enemy, during the Revolutionary War.

At this time Richmond was an insignificant place, scarcely offering sufficient accommodation for the officers of the government. The legislature bestowed upon it the name of city; "but," as says a historian, "it was only a city in embryo, with scarcely anything of interest, except the grandeur of its natural scenery." The public buildings were temporary. The *Old Capitol*, which was private property, stood upon the site afterward occupied by the *Custom-house*, and some of the adjacent buildings.

Mrs. Carrington, one of the earliest residents of Richmond, writes, at the time of the removal of the seat of government to that city, "It is indeed a lovely situation, and may, at some future period, be a great city, but at present it will scarce afford one comfort of life. With the exception of two or three families, this little town is made up of Scotch farmers, who inhabit small tenements here and there from the river to the hill, some of which looking—as Colonel Marshall (afterward Judge Marshall) observes—as if the poor Caledonians had brought them over on their backs: the weaker of whom were glad to stop at the bottom of the hill; others, a little stronger, proceeded higher; while a few of the stoutest and boldest reached the summit, which, once accomplished, affords a situation beautiful and picturesque. One of these hardy Scots has thought proper to vacate his little dwelling on the hill; and though our whole family can scarcely stand up all together in it, my father has determined to rent it, as the only decent tenement on the hill."

In 1780, "An act for locating the public squares, to enlarge the town, and for other purposes," locates the *Capitol*, Halls of Justice, State-house for Executive Boards, and a house for the Governor on Shockoe Hill; and a Public Market below the hill, on the *same* side of the creek. Thomas Jefferson, Archibald Cary, Robert Carter Nicholas, Richard Adams, Edmund Randolph, Turner Southall, Robert Goode, James Buchanan, and Samuel DuVall, Esquires, were appointed to lay off in such form, and of such dimensions as shall be convenient and requisite

Two hundred more lots, we are told, of a half-acre each, were added, and authority given to clear the navigation leading to Shockoe Landing, "which was much obstructed by late freshets, the natural course of the creek being altered, by which large banks of sand have been thrown up, which, if not quickly removed, may render the navigation to the upper landing useless."

At this period the principal merchants of Richmond, as indeed of all the large towns in Eastern Virginia, were Scotch, and Scotch-Irish, — so says a historian; though it is generally understood that the descendants of the Scotch and Irish were mostly settled in the Valley of Virginia, and in the mountainous sections which border on what is now the Lynchburg extension of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and on the Virginia and East Tennessee road. There are certainly, at the present time, very few living in Richmond who claim to be of Scotch-Irish descent. These worthy people were of later origin in Virginia, and now their descendants are among her most useful and enterprising citizens. About the year 1800, Paulding describes the inhabitants of Richmond as being generally "a race of most ancient and respectable planters, having estates in the country, who choose it for their residence for the sake of social enjoyment. They form a society now seldom to be met with in any of our cities, — a society of people not exclusively monopolized by money-making pursuits; of liberal education, liberal habits of thinking and acting; and possessing both leisure and inclination to cultivate those feelings, and pursue those objects which exalt our nature rather than increase our fortune."

Richmond steadily increased in population and wealth from the time it became the metropolis of the State, until its destruction in the late fratricidal war. The population in 1800, was 5,787; in 1810, 9,785; in 1820, 12,067; in 1830, 16,060; in 1840, 20,153; in 1850, 25,570; in 1860, 37,910; and, during the war, by a *flotant* population, was supposed to have more than doubled the resident population.

Its situation is romantically beautiful; being built on *seven* hills, it has acquired the title of "the Rome of the South," and takes its name, from the resemblance in its locality on the James, from Richmond-on-the-Thames. A writer, in describing the scenery around this city, says: "The picturesque falls and rapids of the river, which extend more than six miles; the islands; the town of Manchester, connected by two bridges with Richmond; the rich plantations adjoining

the town; the river winding and stretching below to a great extent; the waving hills on its north side, and the valley through which Shockoe Creek passes, are the principal objects on which the eye fixes; and from every eminence they are seen in some new form, and under some new coloring of light and shade; the whole presenting the three great requisites of landscape, namely, grandeur, beauty, and variety."

The climate is delightful. The cold of winter is rarely ever excessive, and the heat of summer always tempered by a breeze from the river. It would be almost impossible to imagine a more agreeable climate in spring and fall. The spring is lush with the varied and exquisite tints of green, variegated and redolent with the odor of myriads of flowers; and the autumn engenders that delicious *dolce far niente*, so much talked of in romance, but seldom realized. It is proverbially healthy, the average of deaths being but *one* in *eighty-five*.

In the western division of the city, on Shockoe Hill, stands the Capitol, in a commanding situation, in the centre of a beautiful square of eight acres, shaded by lindens, acacias, maples, poplars, and willows, beneath whose pendant branches two fountains send up their sparkling spray. Upon this square is the Washington Monument, surmounted by an equestrian statue in bronze, by Crawford, and surrounded by six pedestals, upon which are intended to be placed bronze statues of six of Virginia's most illustrious sons. Already, those of Jefferson, Henry, Mason, and Marshall, have been lifted to their pedestals. The remaining two are not yet completed. These statues were cast in Berlin. Near by is a marble statue of Henry Clay, which is considered a creditable work of art, now somewhat mutilated by the vandal propensity of selfish relic-hunting.

The Capitol is a fine old building of brown freestone, in the "manly Doric" style of architecture, and is spacious and imposing. The marble statue of Washington in the area of the Capitol is the work of Houdon, a French sculptor, and was made from actual measurement of the person of General Washington, and is said to be the most perfect likeness of him ever executed. It was made by order of the General Assembly of Virginia, and finished at Paris, under the direction of Mr. Jefferson, during his ministry at the French court. The costume of this statue is the military dress of the Revolution. One hand holds a cane, and the other rests upon the fasces, with which are united the sword and the ploughshare, and over it a martial cloak. The

inscription, by James Madison, on the pedestal, is as follows : —

“GEORGE WASHINGTON. The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected, as a monument of affection and gratitude to GEORGE WASHINGTON ; who, uniting to the endowments of the *hero* the virtues of the *patriot*, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory. Done in the year of Christ, One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth.”

Near the statue of Washington is the marble bust of his friend Lafayette. In one corner of the Capitol Square stands the governor's house, a large but simple structure of brick, surrounded by tasteful grounds, richly adorned with flowers. Opposite the Capitol Square is the city hall, — an imposing building, with a fine Doric portico at either end.

One of the most startling events in the history of Richmond is the burning of the Richmond Theatre, in the year 1811. There were said to be not less than six hundred persons in the house. Just before the conclusion of the last act the scenery caught fire, and in a few minutes the whole building was wrapped in flames. More than *one hundred* persons lost their lives, among whom was the governor of Virginia, Hon. Geo. W. Smith. An old lady is still living — a noble relic of former times — who was then a beauty and a belle. She had many times rejected her lover ; was in the theatre at the time of the sad catastrophe ; he periled his life to rescue her, and succeeded in bearing her out in his arms, insensible from suffocation. The life he had saved she thought it her highest duty to devote to him ; and accordingly, very soon thereafter, gave him her hand in marriage. He was for many years a representative from his county in the Virginia Legislature, and his devotion to his wife quite equaled the stories of romance.

Upon the site of the old theatre was erected the Monumental Church, a handsome octagonal edifice, belonging to the Protestant Episcopalians. The remains of the unfortunate victims of the lamentable catastrophe are deposited in a marble urn, which stands in the front portico of the church, a monument, *In memoriam*, from which the church derives its name.

St. John's Church, on Richmond Hill, — now most frequently called Church Hill, — is the oldest colonial place of worship in the town, and

one of the oldest in Virginia. It is preserved with religious care, and has been somewhat modernized by the addition of a tower. This church stands in the centre of a cemetery, embosomed by trees, and all around are mouldering hillocks and crumbling monuments, indicating the mansions of the dead.

St. John's Church, in colonial times, was now and then devoted to other purposes than those usually of the sanctuary. It was within its walls, in the Virginia Convention of 1775, that Patrick Henry raised his eloquent voice in thunder tones against the common oppressor of his country, and uttered that memorable and immortal sentence : “ *Give me liberty, or give me death !* ”

The celebrated Virginia Convention of 1788, which met to ratify the Constitution of the United States, assembled in old St. John's Church. It is said, “ The transcendent talents engaged in its discussion tempted industry to give up its pursuits, and even dissipation its objects, for the high intellectual feast here presented. Among the crowd from far and near who filled the hall, no bustle, no sound was heard, save only a slight movement when some new speaker arose, whom they all were eager to see, as well as to hear ; or when some master-stroke of eloquence shot thrilling along their nerves, and extorted an involuntary and inarticulate murmur. Day after day was this banquet of the mind and the heart spread before them, with a delicacy and variety which could never cloy.” Among the illustrious members of this illustrious convention, were Madison, Marshall, and Monroe ; and “ there were those sages of other days, — Pendleton and Wythe ; there was seen the Spartan vigor and compactness of George Nicholas ; there shone the radiant genius and sensibility of Grayson ; the Roman energy and Attic wit of George Mason was there ; there also the classic taste and harmony of Edmund Randolph ; the splendid conflagration of the high minded Innis ; and the matchless eloquence of the immortal Henry ! ” “ There were *giants* in those days ! ”

Richmond is well situated for commerce. Vessels drawing ten feet of water come to Rockets, and those drawing fifteen to Warwick, three miles below the city ; and ships of heaviest burden come to City Point, sixteen miles below. For manufacturing advantages it is not equaled by any city on the Continent of America. The Falls of James River afford a water power of unlimited extent. It has long been celebrated for its flour mills, which are said to be the largest in the world ; and the climate possesses the peculiar ad-

vantage of making the only flour that can stand the test of the tropics.

"The old Stone House," situated on the northern side of Main Street, a few rods below the First Market, is the oldest dwelling standing in Richmond, and one of the first built in the city. When President Madison was a young man, attending school in Richmond, he is said to have boarded in that house. It was the property of a Mrs. Welsh, inherited from her grandfather, Mr. Jacob Ege. Mr. Samuel Ege, the father of Mrs. Welsh, resided there during the War of the Revo-

lution. At that time it was one of the best houses in the city. It has been honored by the visits of Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Madison, Henry, and other distinguished personages; as well as invaded by Arnold and his soldiery, at the time of his invasion of Richmond, in 1781. It is still preserved with pride as a relic of the past, around which cluster many interesting traditions.

Several railroads centre in Richmond, and only a sufficient degree of energy is necessary to make her the *entrepôt* of trade between the North and



St. John's Church, Richmond, Va.

the South. Though so nearly destroyed by the great fire of 1865, — the closing conflagration of the war, — the city has been to a great extent rebuilt, and in a style far superior to what it presented before. There are many business houses now on Main, Cary, and other streets, that would be noticeable even amid the towering structures of Broadway, New York. For Richmond there seems a great destiny in reserve. Her climate invites it; her geographical position courts it; the intelligence, industry, and enterprise of her

inhabitants will compel it; and by her side the flowing waters of the classic stream upon which she proudly looks, send up a never ceasing cry to expend their might in works for her prosperity. The dust and rubbish must be removed, the city thoroughly rebuilt, her wharves multiplied, the waters of the James made to turn hundreds of mills; and Richmond may some day be the great manufacturing metropolis of the Western Continent. We hope the young readers of this "Riverside," when grown up, will so find it.



THE BOGIES AT SCHOOL.

ONE dismal dark day, when the rain was dropping,
 And on very wet feet little pigeons were hopping,
 My Alice had been kept at home from school,
 And had used up the thread of a number six
 spool,—

Such a quick-fingered child, so swift with her
 needle,

So prompt to begin, so unwilling to deedle.
 But Alice was tired, and about four o'clock
 She knocked at my door with a sort of a knock,
 As if she would say with her knuckles so shy,
 "If you are not busy, I think this is I."
 But busy I was; so I said to the maid:
 "Now all day long from school you have stayed,
 Why don't you find some poor little chair
 And teach it its letters; for is it quite fair
 That you with your four legs should know A
 B C,

And a four-legged chair should so ignorant be?"
 Then away ran Alice, for some happy thought
 Her busy little brain-whoels had suddenly caught,

And round in her head it went with a whirl,
 And off to its tune danced the little girl.
 I went back to my work,—some literary spool.
 That I was unwinding on my three-legged stool.—
 But after a while the dusk grew so deep,
 That I laid down my pen, and put the ink to
 sleep.

What had become of Alice I wondered,
 And down the dark stairs I stumbled and blundered;
 I opened the door, and almost cried out
 As I saw the queer scene this picture's about;
 For Alice had made out of coats and boots
 Two such enormous, big-eyed "coots,"
 That I almost feared I should see them arise
 And tumble upon me; and there was Alice so
 wise,—

A gravo little school-dame, wiser than her betters:
 She made her own scholars, then taught them
 their letters.



HOW WE PLAYED "HARE AND HOUNDS."

BY ERIC.

IT wasn't very long ago, in fact it was only last November, that we had our Grand Run at Hare and Hounds. You don't know what Hare and Hounds is? Well, then, I shall have to tell you a bit.

You've never read "School Days at Rugby," I see, or else you would remember how Tom Brown, and East, and the Tadpole, went out on Big Side Hare and Hounds, and had to fall behind, and the Tadpole got stuck in a ditch. So, advising you to read it at once, I'll tell you the principles of the game. Two or three fellows start off with bags of "scent," — the "scent" consisting of torn bits of paper — which they scatter at intervals of twenty or thirty feet while they are running. They take whatever course they choose, leaving the pack of hounds to follow their track by means of the paper. After allowing them a certain time, called the "law," in which to get some distance in advance, the hounds — including all the others who are to run — start on the trail. It is fair for the hares to give the hounds a hard run by leading them over rocky or marshy ground, or to attempt to mislead them by doubling on the trail, or laying false trails, about which I'll explain further on.

The object of the hounds is to arrive at the end of the race within a fixed time after the hares. Where is the end of the race, you say? Well, that may be either the starting-point, or some other place known to all, as it was in "Tom Brown," or it may be left to the will of the hares. All are counted "in at the death" who arrive within the specified time, which is generally about twice as much as the law given the hares; and if the time between the arrival of the hares and the first hound at the goal is less than the law, the hares are fairly caught.

There had been a good deal of talk in the school that term about getting up a game of "Hare and Hounds," and we had been out running twice a week for a month or so; we used to meet about nine o'clock in the evening, and run at first only a short distance, — half a mile out, and back. Lots of fellows used to run then: I remember one night we had fifty or sixty; and when the order would be given, about half way home, to put on a "spurt," and "Hit her up lively," how you would hear the little chaps panting, and every now and then, "Say, Bill, let's

drop behind;" "Waxy, tell the Digger to hold on a bit, and we'll walk home!" We increased the distance to two miles or so, and then as the novelty diminished, and the distance increased, the fellows began to fall off, until only eight or ten were left; and the week before the "Great Run," we gave up our evening training.

We fixed upon Wednesday afternoon for the run; Tom, and Knock'em, and I, were the hares, and had been busy for some days tearing up scent; all the old exercises in Latin prose and Algebra were at last made of some use, besides newspapers by the quantity. We were afraid we shouldn't have scent enough, although we had each about half a pillow-case full. I invented an ingenious system of cords by which my bag was tied on to my back, and the mouth brought under my left arm, while the bag was kept from jolting about by being attached to my belt. It is hardly necessary to say that before I had run half a mile, the whole arrangement came to grief, letting the bag fall, and spilling the scent.

We were to start about three o'clock from the school-house steps, and almost the whole school was there to see us off. The course had been kept secret, and we had heard that only a few were going, because it was rumored in the school that it was to be a hard run, — fifteen or eighteen miles, at least. So I spoke to them, and said that the course wouldn't be a long one, — not more than six or eight miles; and even this wouldn't be such hard running as the same distance on level ground, because you could walk up the hills and over the rough places. I saw some of the boys taking off their things at this, and was very glad to find out afterward that about sixty or seventy started. It was agreed that we were to have ten minutes' law, — more than usual being given to allow us to leave our coats in the hall, — and were to commence laying the trail up by the play-ground. One of the teachers was to lead the hounds; so, after comparing our watches with his, off we started at about quarter before three o'clock.

The weather was just right for running, — neither too warm nor too cold, — and although the sky wasn't perfectly clear, yet the sun kept peeping out through the clouds; and as we went across the play-ground, where you can see a line of hills in the distance, and one or two blue moun-

tains beyond, the shadow of the clouds would be on one hill, making it brown and dark, and the very next one perhaps would be all golden with the sunlight. And before we came home the sun had fairly bundled all the large clouds off into a corner, while the little ones floated about him and across his face, and came us near playing as is consistent with the dignity of clouds.

We had heard that some of the boys were going to follow close after us unperceived, and lay a false trail off in some other direction from the one we took, so that the pack might be bothered when they came to two trails leading in different directions. Although we were intending to bother the pack in this way ourselves by and by, we didn't want anybody else to do it for us; so we took the Governor along with us, and stationed him on the play-ground at the top of the hill, where he could overlook the first quarter of a mile of our course, and see that no one disturbed the trail; and when the pack came along, he was to join in with them.

We started for the Missionary road, Tom laying the trail, Knock'em and I holding our bags in reserve. When we got to the corner where the Missionary road turns off from the other, Knock'em said he'd continue straight ahead, and, making a cut across the field, would rejoin us on the Missionary road, and so give us a few minutes to walk, while the pack would have to follow him through the woods, and across a swamp he knew of in the angle formed by the two roads. So Tom closed his bag, and we walked on, wondering whether the pack had started yet, and calculating that the law must be nearly up, and consequently they would be on the way in a little while. But soon Knock'em came crackling through the bushes, and we started off. But just as we got under way, Knock'em's bag dropped, and spilled all the scent. We gathered up as much as we could, but were hardly on the road again before we heard coming across the fields the shouts of the pack, who were just starting. We sprung forward, I tell you; for here we were not more than half a mile in advance, and they coming after us (we knew) like veritable hounds after a hare. They had chaffed us a good deal about overtaking and literally catching us, and we had laughed at them, and told them to do it if they could; so we were sure they would waste no time in lounging, but meant work.

Pretty soon we struck off from the Missionary road into the fields, and then came the first really hard pull, for the ground wasn't very even, and I was just losing my first wind; my legs lagged

horribly, my side ached, and I began to think of the awful consequences if I should have to drop behind, and leave them to go on without me. But in a minute I began to get my second wind; my breath came freer, and I felt as if I could run all day, and started forward to catch up with Knock'em and Tom, who had got a little in advance.

There was a broad wall just across the field in front of us, and here we resolved to try our first stratagem. I walked along on top of the wall for twenty or thirty feet, dropping the scent in between the stones, where the pack wouldn't be likely to find it quickly; and then when I jumped down from the wall on the other side, concealed the trail as well as I could behind bushes, and tufts of grass. The scent would lead them up to the wall, and then seeing no corresponding trail on the other side, we hoped they would be baffled for a few minutes, and so we should gain a little time.

Between Prospect and Boston Hills there is a large swamp; and as I wasn't sure of the way which led around to the left and avoided the swamp, Tom took the lead, and we went down a green lane, and across a ditch at the bottom, and then up the rise beyond, and were in a woody pasture, with a good cart-path under our feet. And now we began to feel how jolly it was to be off there in the woods, where all was quiet and still, and yet to know that something prevented us from stopping and being quiet too, and that there was work for us on ahead which we felt able to do, and that in a few minutes the place where we were would be full of fellows, panting, and eager after something, and that something was ourselves. So on we went all the faster, until we came to where a pair of bars divided a path into the woods from the cart-track in which we were. And here our first false trail was commenced. Tom and Knock'em got over the bars, and went slowly along the path, laying the trail behind tufts of grass, so as to conceal it as much as possible, while I kept on in the cart-track, scattering the scent thickly and in plain sight; after a few rods the track led down a slope covered with fern bushes, and across a brook, which here spread out, and made the ground marshy all about. I carried the trail up to the edge of this, and then, throwing a handful of scent as far as I could into the marsh, closed my bag, and ran back to the bars, where the other two fellows had left me, and by following their trail came up with them in a few minutes. We found out afterwards that the pack had been misled, as we hoped, by the false trail, and had

gone down to the marsh, and wandered round for some time before they found the scent again on the other side of the bars in the path. On we went, with another false trail a short distance beyond, leading off to the right into another marsh, by which I believe nobody was deceived; and then still further on the genuine trail, taking a turn into the underbrush, and winding in and out, and finally coming back to the path again,—a proceeding which caused them some trouble.

Now came a steady pull for half a mile or more, and we were in a lane which led up a steep bit of a slope, along by Boston Hill, and then off to the westward. It's a beautiful, quiet place, with the pine-trees hanging over it on one side, and lovely beds of moss near the wall by the road; and on the other side there is a little valley, with a brook so small you can hardly see it; which, however, makes the grass green, and the ground marshy all about it; and then rising directly from the brook is Boston Hill: and when you look up at it you can almost feel the breeze blowing on top, it seems so fresh and bright up there. Well, just as we were climbing over the wall into this lane, we heard the shouts of the pack behind us, and thought we could even distinguish the voices of the different boys; it was plain they couldn't be more than half a mile behind us, so that we hadn't gained on them since the start, with all our doublings and false trails. Off we went again with renewed vigor up the slope,—that did take a fellow in the knees dreadfully,—down the valley and across the brook, and began to climb Boston Hill. The pasture we were in was full of hummocks, and it wasn't what you'd call easy climbing at all; but as we got up we began to feel more of the breeze, and it wasn't so hard on your wind, and when we reached the top it was just splendid. The fields were lying out all yellow in the November sun, contrasting with the dark green of the pines; and then the hills off at a distance looked so sort of friendly,—if you know how a hill can look friendly,—and here and there in among the trees was a blue bit of a pond, or brook, that didn't actually start thoughts of fishing and swimming, and lying off in the water, but just suggested something which might have been that, if you'd had time to think it out; and down at the foot of the hill, where we were going, lay a broad pasture full of brown ferns and dry huckleberry-bushes, with a little clump of alders round a pool by the wall.

But we hadn't time to stop on the hill; so, after Tom had laid another false trail for a short

distance, we rushed down over hummocks and through bushes, and out into the pasture. We thought from here we might see the pack mounting the hill, but we didn't, and couldn't hear anything of them; so we began to feel quite safe again, and Knock'em suggested we should put up a notice for them, telling how much we were in advance. So I took a bit of scent, and using Tom's back for a desk, wrote, "8.45. Fresh and vigorous; catch us if you can." Then we found a bush that stood somewhat by itself, and stuck our telegram on a prominent twig, taking the precaution to lay the scent thickly up to the foot of the bush, so that they would be sure to see it. We found out afterward that they were about fifteen minutes behind us when they came to the place and got the note.

Then we went on through the pasture, and came to the top of a knoll that was covered with old apple-trees run wild, and here we stopped a minute to take breath, and decide on our course. A road ran from the foot of the knoll where we were right across some quarter of a mile to a house on the side of Prospect Hill, and then wound around the hill out of sight. We decided, however, to strike into the fields across the road, through some rough pasture-land, and a swamp at the bottom of a slope, up the slope again, and take the road at the house on the side of Prospect. It was hard going through the swamp; when you jumped from one tuft of grass to another, it would roll under your foot, and let you down into the black mud and water. We had to walk quite a long distance, and were just coming out of the swamp, and ascending the slope toward the road, and laughing to think what a tough time the hounds would have getting through all that, when Knock'em suddenly exclaimed, "There they are, on that hill!" And, sure enough, there they were on the knoll we had just left, and only a quarter of a mile behind us. They caught sight of us, too; for although we were to windward of them, we heard a faint halloo coming up the breeze, and saw them pointing at us. This was the first time we had seen the pack; and now, to our alarm, we saw the leaders leave the trail, and take to the road, which came right across to the house where we were just going, thereby saving themselves all the hard ground at the bottom of the slope, which we had fancied would give them such a tough time. It had been previously agreed that it was lawful for them to leave the trail if they thought they saw a better way to follow us, the main object being to catch us; and consequently, anything which

would help them in this better than following the trail, would be allowable. So we could find no fault with them for taking the road; but all we could do was to push forward as fast as possible, and try to make up by fast running the time we had lost in walking through the swamp. The scent was beginning to give out, so that we could lay no more false trails, but must reserve all the paper we had to get home with.

It took all the run out of me to see the pack so close behind, and I could hardly drag my legs up the slope to the house, and began to think again of the dreadful consequences of being actually caught. Tom and Knock'em, too, were getting blown, and if there had been any more uphill work, I don't know what we should have done; but our path led down the hill for some distance, and then turned into the main road about a mile and a half from home. So we pushed on, making as good time as possible, and trying not to think of the pack so horribly near, until we came to the main road; and then set our faces homeward, and encouraged ourselves by thinking that this was our last pull. It was astonishing how long the road (familiar as it was) became, and how heavy your feet were when you tried to take them, one by one, from the ground. But at last we saw the Gymnasium through the trees, and in a few minutes more were seated on the steps of the hall, taking long breaths and wiping our faces, and wondering how soon the first of the hounds would be in. If they arrived within ten minutes after we got in, they would win, for ten minutes was the law allowed us at the start; while all who came in within half an hour of our arrival, were to meet in one of the rooms and have a cup of coffee. Half an hour

was an uncommonly long time to allow, but then the fellows would have to go for their coats before they came to the room, and so we made the time longer than usual.

It was just an hour and six minutes from the time we started when we pulled up on the steps, and the distance we had gone over must have been about seven miles. Eight minutes after we arrived the first hound came round the corner, followed by another, and a third, and stopped at the steps; and then the race was over, and the hounds had won. How jolly we all felt, even though we hares had been beaten by two minutes; and how the fellows kept coming up, one after another, and asking who was in first, and what time had been made! And then, when the coffee and crackers were going round, what a jolly time we had talking over the run; how, when the trail was lost in one of the doublings through the underbrush, little Mons had been the first to find it, and how he kept the lead for a long time; and how Wilby had sprained his foot, and could hardly hobble along, and yet managed to keep up, and come in with the others; and how the Firefly had got stuck in a swamp, and had to be pulled out!

O, it was great to feel the rest come creeping up your legs, and think that all the work was over, and remember how you felt while you were in the midst of it. And then, after we had drunk each other's health in the coffee, we let out our voices in some good, hearty school songs, and made the old building ring with a noise it hadn't heard for a long time. And so we separated, and went to our rooms, thinking what a jolly place school was, any way, and "Hare and Hounds" wasn't a bad thing after all.

A CHAIN OF STORIES.

BY F. JOHNSON.

THE BADGER'S STORY.

No sooner had the Fox concluded his story than the Magpie opened her bill again and began: "Let me now tell you my story. My late lamented grandmother lived in an old, old apple-tree, and laid" —

"Why, Magpie," said the Fox, "if you please, we will now let the Badger tell his story; he should precede you inasmuch as he is older than you; for I do not believe that many summers have passed over your head."

"Ah," replied the Magpie, "by the time the Badger will be through with his story, I may have forgotten mine. I do not believe that the old gentleman, who leaves his dark kennel scarcely once or twice a year, can tell us anything interesting. He is, moreover, said to be asleep most of the time; and I, for one, don't want his dreams."

"That makes no difference," said the Fox; "in his kennel he has time enough to invent stories if he himself should not have passed through

any adventures. So you may begin now, neighbor."

The Badger then began as follows: "One day in autumn, I had just fetched a nice supply of grapes and apples, and then lain down in my kennel, when I noticed that some one was burrowing in the ground close to me. I listened to the sound with no little uneasiness, when the burrowing animal suddenly broke into my kennel, and I saw that it was a mole. 'What are you doing here?' I said to him. 'Why,' said the Mole, 'let me tell you a piece of news. When I was burrowing a while ago in the ground, and had just got far enough down, I suddenly heard loud sobs and cries. 'Ah, how unhappy we are,' said a child's voice; 'if we do not find an outlet from the forest, we are lost.' — 'Come,' said another child, a boy, 'we will try again.' — 'I cannot walk any further,' said the girl; 'let us stay here overnight.' On hearing this, I raised my head very cautiously out of my hole, and saw two very pretty children sitting under a tree at no great distance from me. I then thought I had better inform you of what I had heard and seen; perhaps you may be able to help them.' — 'Mole,' said I, 'I am willing enough to do so; but you know that it is repugnant to me to appear before men; however, I will see what I can do for the unfortunate children.' After nightfall I slipped out of my kennel, and softly crept up to the tree. The two children had fallen asleep, but I saw very well that they would die of hunger if they did not get something to eat. So I hastened back to my kennel, fetched some grapes and apples, and laid them down before the children.

"On the following morning I watched the children from a hiding-place close by, underneath an excavated rock. The children were greatly surprised when they awoke and saw the fruits lying before them. 'I wonder who brought us these grapes and apples,' exclaimed the boy. 'I do not know,' said his sister. 'Ah, I would he who brought them to us had awakened us and led us out of the forest.' And then she burst again into tears. 'Never mind, sissy,' said the boy; 'let us eat now, and then we will try again if we cannot find an outlet.'

"They ate, and took with them what was left. But in the evening they returned still sadder than before. 'It is all in vain,' said the boy; 'we must perish here; we cannot find the road.' — 'Is not this the same place,' said his sister, 'where we slept last night, and found the grapes and apples in the morning?' — 'I believe it is,' replied

her brother. 'Well, perhaps the man who brought us the fruits may return, and I am sure he will then take us with him. Try to be as wide awake as possible to-night.' They then lay down under the same tree, but, as they were very tired, they straightway fell fast asleep.

"Thereupon I hastened by many intricate paths with which I was familiar, over rocks and through ravines, out of the forest to a vineyard where the grapes were just ripe. I crept at first very cautiously around it; for I knew that the owner had a watchman there. When I saw the watchman at the other end of the vineyard, I broke off the grapes, and was about to leave with them, when my eyes suddenly fell on a small basket in which the watchman kept his bread. I quickly dropped the grapes into it, and, after having appeased my own hunger, I hastened away with the basket, and placed it before the sleeping children.



"Early in the morning I returned to my hiding-place under the rock. When the little ones awoke, the basket was the first thing on which their eyes fell. 'O Charlie,' said the little girl, 'the man was here again, and we did not see him! Let us see what he brought us this time.' She opened the basket, and saw the grapes, and a large piece of bread underneath. 'Why,' she said, 'this is some of our bread, and the basket is our basket in which I so often took old Caspar's supper to the vineyard. I wonder who it is that always brings us food, and yet does not want to take us with him.' She looked at the basket, and wept bitterly. 'But let us eat, Charlie,' she continued, 'and then we will set out once more; perhaps we may find an outlet. I will leave the basket here,' she said, 'that we may recognize the place in case we should have to return here once more.'

"They ate and hastened again into the thicket.

But a few hours afterward they came back. They despaired of finding a path leading out of the forest, and, as they were very tired, sat down in the grass. 'Say, sissy,' said Charlie, 'it is no use wandering about any more. I will build a small cabin that we may at least not get wet when it rains.' Fortunately he had a knife in his pocket. He then commenced cutting props out of thin poles; he fixed them in the ground, and his sister helped him to cover them with branches, and in their joy at the success of their toil, they quite forgot their grief. In the evening they ate the last piece of their bread, and said, 'We will be sure to be wide awake to night.' But in a few minutes their weary eyes closed, and they were soon as fast asleep as on the preceding nights. I then hastened with the basket to the vineyard, and concealed myself behind a low stone-wall.



"'I wish I knew who stole my basket last night,' said old Caspar to himself. 'I am now obliged to lay my bread on the ground. But to-night I am going to keep a sharp lookout.'

"So saying, he went to the other end of the vineyard, and thereby enabled me to creep up to the vines. I quickly bit off a few grapes, put them into the basket, and added to them one of Caspar's large pieces of bread. I then returned into the forest, and put the basket before the cabin of the children.

"When I had reëntered my kennel, my black neighbor, the Mole, paid me another visit. 'Badger,' said he to me, 'don't you know yet how to lead the children out of the forest?' — 'I don't,' said I, 'for it is contrary to my nature to show myself before any human beings. I know you do not

like to do so either.' — 'Well,' replied the Mole. 'I believe you would better consult Hoparo.' 'Hoparo? Who is Hoparo?' — 'Why,' said the Mole, 'you have been a long while in your kennel here, and do not know yet who Hoparo is? Did you not notice every now and then that the earth quaked? It is old Hoparo who does that. He has a huge pillar in his large hall, and whenever he shakes it, the whole earth trembles.' — 'I believe my grandmother once told me something about him in my childhood,' I replied: 'yes, I know for certain that she did. But where am I to find him?' I went on to ask. 'O, all you have to do is to go to the end of your kennel,' replied the Mole, 'and you will then be certain to find the way.' I followed his advice, and advanced, and advanced, and, strange to say, my kennel seemed to be perfectly endless. I was greatly surprised at its wonderful extent; for I was born in it, and had lived there for ten long years, so that I was familiar with its every nook, and every inch of ground in it. What did it mean? But I pressed on; the passage led me now up hill, now down hill, and then it was perfectly level; at length I saw a strange light, and, when the long hole was at an end, I stood on the brink of a deep gorge — a sort of wild vault with an arched ceiling, and on this ceiling hung an enormous lamp whose light shed a weird lustre over the whole scene. The ground was a green meadow, dotted with small mounds, and furrowed with broad ditches. The ceiling was supported in the middle by an enormous pillar; close to the pillar sat an old man, and his children were playing around him. But what sort of figures, do you think, they were? Little fellows who changed their form every moment! Now they were little monkeys, turning merry somersaults; now birds and foxes, engaged in a ludicrous sham fight; now serpents, now assuming the huge proportions of gigantic elephants.

I had stood there, wondering and almost frightened, but a very short time, when a turkey, gobbling very noisily, caught sight of me. He quickly transformed himself into a badger, and hastened to me. 'Brother Badger,' he said to me kindly, 'what do you want? I know that something of importance must have brought you here.' I then told him all about the children, and asked his advice in regard to the best way of getting them out of the forest. 'Wait a moment,' he said; 'I will speak to my father Hoparo about it.' He then went to the old man near the pillar, and returned a few moments afterward. 'My, father,' he said, 'will lead them

out of the forest; he wants you to be close to the children to-morrow morning. Now you may go, or, if you prefer, stay here.'

"Curiosity impelled me to remain. The badger became a turkey again, and returned to his brothers. He strutted up and down among them with a very grave face, flapped his wings, and spread out his tail; he then gobbled again, and the others seemed to listen to him very attentively. I softly crept up to them and said, 'Brother Turkey, what are you doing?' — 'O,' he replied, 'I am giving my brothers a lesson in dancing and good manners.' But as he said so, he could not refrain from laughing, and he and his brothers transformed themselves into deer and dogs; the dogs tried to catch the deer, and all of them jumped merrily and noisily across the ditches. There was a loud burst of laughter whenever one of the dogs fell into the water.

"After looking on for some time, I set out on my way back to my kennel. I was greatly surprised to find that I reached it after making only a few steps. I then lay down to sleep.

"Early next morning I crept close up to the children; they were yet asleep. Before long a nightingale commenced singing. I was surprised to hear a nightingale, as it was already late in autumn. The nightingale sat down close to the children, but they did not awake. The nightingale then skipped on the ground and transformed itself into a very small dog, barking very loudly. The children awoke now, and looked around in confusion. But when their eyes fell on the dog, the little girl exclaimed, 'Ah, that is our dog Hector! — Hector! Hector!' The little dog jumped up to her, and she caressed it tearfully. He now led the way at a brisk run; the boy and his sister took up the basket and followed their little guide. They walked along the path so well known to me, through dense bushes and over several rocks; I stealthily followed them all the time until they reached the edge of the forest. At length they emerged from the thicket. In the distance were to be seen many persons sent out by the afflicted parents in search of their missing children. Old Caspar was the first to catch sight of them. He ran to meet them as fast as his legs would carry him, and took both of them in his arms. 'Ah, your parents have grieved so much since you disappeared,' he said; 'they will be overjoyed to get you back! But what is this?' he continued, laughing, to the little girl. 'I am sure you are the thief that stole my basket and my bread!' The children now told him what had happened to them, — that they

had lost their way in the forest, that somebody had always brought them grapes in the night-time, and that Hector had come to them to-day, and led them out of the forest. Old Caspar said that story was hard to believe, and he looked about in all directions, but he could not see the little dog anywhere. At this moment the parents of the children, who had seen them from afar, made their appearance, and welcomed the lost ones with tearful tenderness.

"However, I did not see much of this touching scene, for, what do you think happened to me? All of a sudden a very strange sensation filled me: it seemed to me as though the earth opened, and I looked down again into the gorge, and on the meadow where the big turkey was still strutting up and down in the midst of his laughing brothers. One of them — it was a monkey — looked up to me with a savage grin, picked up a large, heavy stone, and threw it into the ditch, so



that the spray of the water wetted my face. At this moment I awoke, for I had really been asleep and dreamed a very long dream. All the visions which my imagination had conjured up vanished immediately; I looked about, and discovered that a stone which had been very loose in the upper part of my kennel for some time past had fallen down and crushed one of my grapes, the juice of which had bespattered my nose.

"That is my story," said the Badger.

THE MAGPIE'S STORY.

The Magpie had been waiting already a long time for the conclusion of the Badger's story. No sooner had he uttered his last word, than she cleared her throat, and began as follows: "My late lamented grandmother, as I said before, lived in an old, old apple-tree, and laid every day an egg. Well, when she, therefore, laid one egg to-day, and another to-morrow, there were two eggs; and when she added to them a third egg" —

"Magpie," interrupted the Fox, "the begin-

ning of your story is rather long-winded ; it seems to me you should not be so very verbose."

"Very well," said the Magpie, "I will try to be brief. Well, then, my late lamented grandmother, who had her nest in an old apple-tree, laid three eggs in it, and sat and sat on them until all three of them were hatched. Well, then, one day three tiny magpies made their appearance ; they looked precisely alike, — I tell you the truth, — they looked alike from head to foot, and, strange to say, they could talk very glibly already on the second day after their birth" —

"Very well, Magpie," interrupted the Fox, "and one of these tiny magpies that learned to talk so soon, probably likewise hatched eggs on the same apple-tree as soon as she was grown up, and you no doubt were one of her young, and possessed all the virtues of your mamma and grandmamma."

"Just so, Fox, just so ; pray let me proceed."

"Magpie," said the Fox, "you see the Stork has already grown tired of your story (whose end we shall never live to hear), and gone to catch frogs. I know you passed a year in the city, where they loosed your tongue, — an operation which, it seems to me, was entirely unnecessary, — and where you learned the human language. You must have certainly heard in your cage, in the winter-time, many an interesting story, which you might now relate to us."

"Of course I did hear many interesting stories at that time," screamed the Magpie ; "I know them all by heart, but you are so uncivil that you shall not hear them." It was in vain to urge her, and so they parted company. The Fox and Badger returned to their kennels ; the Stork flew toward the church-steeple, and the Magpie toward the old, old apple-tree of her late lamented grandmother, very much vexed at having been prevented from telling the interesting story of her life.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HAPPY vacation-time it was with Uncle George. How he skated with them, how he coasted with them ! And what alligator stories he told, and what pleasant pictures he gave of Mrs. Ashley and Annie sitting on the broad shady veranda, looking off over the river, while "we are going about shivering with chattering teeth and blue noses," he would end off with.

Effie, however, did not mind blue noses or cold feet, the Christmas holidays were so merry. But all things must come to an end ; Christmas comes but once a year ! Uncle George went back to New York, and school began again ; and then there came troubles, and all the course of events was changed.

"O dear !" exclaimed Effie, "why cannot things go on smoothly and happily always in one way !"

Mrs. Lee fell upon the door-step one day. Her foot slipped, it was supposed, upon a bit of orange-peel that was found lying there, and she sprained her ankle badly, and hurt her wrist in her fall. So for many days she was shut up in her room, in great suffering, and the house had to be kept very quiet, and Alice had very little time to give to Effie and Gertrude.

Effie now did her best to move about noiselessly in the house, and managed to carry cups and tumblers up and down without many smashes, and when Mrs. Lee was well enough went into her room with Gertrude, to help keep things in order ; to water her plants in the dressing-room, or bring her what she wanted. One day Mrs. Lee overheard a dispute between Effie and Gertrude in the dressing-room.

"O no, Effie, you must not put that coal-dust on the heliotrope !" she was exclaiming, with more than usual energy ; "you will kill it."

"Gertrude, I know as well as you," answered Effie. "I have seen Jonas put ashes on the plants, many and many a time, with my own eyes. I am very sure about it."

"It must have been the paths, you are thinking of," persisted Gertrude ; "he uses coal-ashes under the gravel" —

"I am very sure, for I saw it myself," began Effie again, when Mrs. Lee summoned them both in.

"O, mamma !" began Gertrude.

"O, Mrs. Lee !" exclaimed Effie, "didn't you tell Jonas to put ashes on that plant" —

"Not coal-ashes," said Mrs. Lee, looking with dismay at the pan of ashes in Effie's hands, that

she had just scraped out from under the grate; "he put some wood-ashes once round a rose-bush, but that painful of cinders would kill my poor heliotrope!"

It was one of Effie's "very sures."

The snow now for a while put a stop to the skating. There were great snow-banks behind the house, and Arthur Lee and his friends had famous works over a splendid snow cave, and did not disdain the help of the girls in their undertaking.

Effie was now, much to her own surprise, on very friendly terms with Arthur. For the first week or two she had thought him "horrid," and had imparted her feelings to Susie Parsons, who, however, felt herself bound to defend Arthur, because her brother Sam was always of the same party, and his behavior was much the same.

One day, early in Effie's stay at the Lees', before they had left off their games of croquet, Arthur and a set of his friends made their regular tramp across the croquet ground, and there were the usual exclamations of distress from the girls. The boys made some answer; but as Arthur passed Effie, she felt quite sure he exclaimed, "Coal-heaver!" Was it possible he was recalling the old scene of disgrace, that seemed now to have taken place so long ago? "For shame, Arthur!" said one of the boys; and the exclamation made Effie think the more that he had some meaning in what he had said. She turned round, to find Miss Alice behind her, who gave her a quick glance, and followed Arthur. The other girls had heard nothing of it; so, not feeling quite sure whether she ought to be angry or not, she went on with the game; but she was much disturbed, and decided Arthur was more hateful than ever. She was surprised then in the evening, when Arthur came up to her after tea, and in an awkward manner, fumbling with his dog-eared Latin Grammar, said, "I'm sorry about this afternoon, Effie; I did not mean anything; you know I was only chaffing; I guess you'd better forget about it"—and he then plunged out of the room, before Effie had time to say anything.

"That's Miss Alice's work," thought Effie afterward; "she heard it all, and went to speak to him. But I don't like him any better for reminding me of those dreadful old times."

But afterward Arthur took such pains to make amends for his rude speech, that Effie could not help forgetting it. He actually lifted down her coat for her from a high peg, once; and more than once helped her and Gertrude up

the slope with their sleds, when they were very tired. And when she talked of it afterward with Alice, she said, "I'm not sure but I'm glad that he did once remind me how ashamed I am of those careless days of mine,—that was before I was eleven years old."

She was still much afraid of Arthur. Her favorite "I don't care" slipped out now and then; but a certain grunt of Arthur's that followed some of her "I don't cares" and "I am very sures," almost terrified her from using them.

The snow cave turned out a great success, and brought the girls and boys together. It was more than a cave,—it was a fort, with walls built of snow blocks, made by mixing the snow and water, and leaving them to freeze into "bricks." Effie and Gertrude toiled upon this work,—Effie more than Gertrude, for she did not mind the cold; but Gertrude was all the time running into the house to warm up, and did not enjoy the feasts of snow sherbet that took place within the fort. But Effie got quite into the boys' ways, picked up their slang, and came into the house with a slam, just before tea, as they did. Alice was too busy to notice this.

Effie woke up one night to hear Gertrude coming back into her room. She looked in upon her, and found her all wrapped up in cloaks and shawls. "Why, Gertrude! where have you been in the middle of the night?"

"It is only a little after eleven," answered Gertrude, "the entry lamp is not out. I suddenly remembered we had left the red and blue china bowl in the snow fort, and I was afraid it would freeze up and break."

"That lovely Chinese china bowl!" exclaimed Effie, "with the Chinamen and pigtails on it! And I took it out, and promised to bring it in!"

"It was just outside the door, and it is beginning to snow, so it is lucky I thought of it," said Gertrude, getting into her bed shivering.

"O, Gertrude, you are so good!" exclaimed Effie; "you hate to go out in the cold, and I never thought of the pretty bowl again; and it would have been cracked to pieces. I was 'very sure' that I would remember to bring it in."

"Perhaps in time," thought Effie to herself, "if I am with Gertrude long enough, I shall learn to be more conscient"—She went to sleep before she had finished the long word "conscientious."

It was not many days after that Effie stood by Gertrude, teasing her to go out and coast. Gertrude was in an arm-chair in front of the fire, with a book in her hand, and did not want to stir.

"You must come out," Effie urged. "It is a splendid afternoon; come and get the Leonards to bring their sleds, and we will have some fun coasting. And on the way we can see the boys go down the side-hill to the pond. They are to have three double-runners, and it will be jolly to see them."

Gertrude did not want to go; she gave one appealing glance to the fire. "I shall freeze, I know," she answered.

"You'll go so fast you won't have time," urged Alice, and she prevailed upon Gertrude at last to go. They took their sleds with them, and Effie drew Gertrude a part of the way.

When they reached what Effie called the "side-hill down to the pond," they found a gay scene. It was a famous place for a coast, over an unfrequented road, that led down to the edge of the pond; but there was one dangerous spot, near the beginning of the descent, where the road made a sudden curve, and it required some skill to keep away from the steep bank on the right. For this reason the girls and all small boys had been forbidden to coast there; but the older school-boys delighted in it, as it wound down a long slope, and brought them out on the broad smooth ice of the pond, and there was but a short hill to climb on their return with their sleds.

"Do see Sam Parsons!" exclaimed Effie, as they stood at the top of the hill; "he has gone all the way across the pond. It must be splendid fun! And Arthur says that there is no danger at all, and that you and I might go perfectly well on my sled. He didn't seem to want to take me on his double-runner!"

"O, I should think not!" said Gertrude, "with all this troop of boys."

"There are no boys here now," said Effie; "they are all down at the foot of the hill. Suppose we try. I know exactly how to do it. You have only to steer off by the willow stump, and make a wide circumbendibus, and all the rest of the way is perfectly safe."

"But you know mamma and Alice don't like to have us coast here," urged Gertrude.

"They neither of them have ever said a word to me about it," said Effie.

"They never have to me," said Gertrude; "but that is because it never entered their heads we should think of going, and I don't think Arthur would call it safe for us all alone."

"O come, don't stand shivering there," said Effie, settling herself on her sled; "it will set you all of a glow, if you will only come. I'll

tell you what they make me think of when I see the boys go,—it seems like the fox that went so fast that the wind whistled through his tail! I mean to go, anyhow."

"O no, you must not go alone," said Gertrude; "you are too light. Wait for Arthur, or somebody, to come to steady you."

"Arthur or 'somebody' will stop me," said Effie, "if I wait any longer; so, here goes."

Gertrude, terrified at Effie's going alone, flung herself on the sled behind her. But Effie found the hill far steeper than she was prepared for, and they were launched off sooner than she expected. With a sudden rush they went straight down the hill, so quickly, that Effie quite forgot to steer to the left,—quite forgot her presence of mind, indeed. Instead of turning at the willow-stump, her light sled kept on over the edge of the steep precipice, and, dizzy with terror, she closed her eyes, as she heard voices from the hill crying, "Are those girls mad! Can nothing stop them?"

A clump of bushes did stay them as they passed, and Effie and Gertrude were flung off with violence from the sled, which went bounding on down the slippery slope.

Effie found herself scrambling in the snow, but looked up to see Arthur lifting Gertrude in his arms, pale and unconscious.

"Is Gertrude hurt!" exclaimed Effie, as she started up.

Gertrude lifted her head a little, to answer "No, I believe not!" but she fell back again upon Arthur's shoulder. Effie had been thrown into the deep snow, and was not hurt, only trembling with terror and anxiety; but Gertrude had struck against the ice-covered rock, and Arthur was obliged to take her home in his arms. Some one else took up Effie, who, at first, wanted to resist; but her head was quite dizzy, and she was not sorry to be borne home as quickly as Gertrude. "I did it, I did it," she kept saying to herself as she went, that she might have the confession ready on her lips, when she should meet Gertrude's mother and Alice. But there was too much anxiety, on reaching home, for any questionings or explanations. It was soon found that Effie was not hurt; but the doctor was summoned directly, for Gertrude was now unconscious, and Mrs. Lee and Alice were busy watching over her. It was not till the doctor was gone, that Alice went to find Effie, whom she had not seen for some minutes.

"My poor child, where are you?" she exclaimed, as she came upon Effie in her room.

"Miss Alice," said Effie, with pale face and wide-open eyes, "I am going to pack up; I think I must go!"

"Go where?" asked Alice.

"I must go to Aunt Katharine's," said Effie, "I am only a trouble to everybody here. I think very likely it was I who left the orange-peel on the step, that made Mrs. Lee fall and hurt her wrist. And now it is I that have let Gertrude be hurt, and be almost killed; and I think I must leave the house, and ask Aunt Katharine to shut me up."

Alice could not but smile at Effie's earnestness, yet she felt the seriousness of it. "My poor Effie," she said, "I think you are almost right to talk of going. For mamma is scarcely able to do much yet with her hand, and cannot walk far, and I must be very busy with Gertrude. But, Effie, the doctor says that the blow upon her head is not a serious one; that her faintness and weakness now is from her fright and nervousness. And he thinks she has not been well for some time, and that she ought to be kept very quiet, and should not be allowed to stay out in the cold. He says she ought not to go to school for a long time; she must be entertained in the house, and amused. Now, Effie, there is no one can do this better for Gertrude than you can do. Mamma says there is no one who has entertained her so much as you have, in her sick-room. Will you do this? You will have to take care of yourself much of the time, — no Gertrude to tell you the hour for school, or to bring you home in season; no Alice to warn you of the time. Can you do this?"

"O, Miss Alice!" said Effie, with glistening eyes, "will you let me try?"

She turned toward the illuminated text.

"You mean," said Alice, "that you would like to give this bit of your life to Gertrude?"

"O, I would like to try," said Effie, quite encouraged.

It was touching to see the devotion that after this Effie showed for Gertrude. It was all hard for her, because at school the girls were at first inclined to treat her with coldness, for they all knew it was she who had drawn Gertrude into such great danger. Even Susie Parsons avoided her for a while; she was devotedly fond of Gertrude, and she could scarcely bear to look at or speak to Effie, the cause of Gertrude's suffering. At home, too, Effie fancied that Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and Arthur, treated her differently from before. Indeed, she overheard Arthur telling some boy that it was not Gertrude who pushed off the

sled by getting on so suddenly, — that it was all Effie's fault; he had seen it all as he was hurrying up the hill. And Gertrude, too, from her illness, had grown irritable, which she never used to be. She was really very weak and feeble, and this made her sensitive, and she suffered from all noises and discomfort. She became more and more exacting, and her calls upon Effie were incessant. She wanted to have her talk with her, and tell her stories, whenever she was in the house; and must have her now smooth her pillows, or bring the screen to stand between her and the fire, or take it away.

It was Effie's untiring patience that at last won everybody. Patience had never been one of her crowning virtues. And now often an angry answer rose to her lips at some of Gertrude's complaints; but one look at Gertrude's pale face would recall to her the sad day when she lay lifeless in Arthur's arms, and all through her fault; and she would directly turn, and make some cheerful, amusing reply, that would set Gertrude laughing. Poor, tired Gertrude! Every one was willing to do something for her, since she had always thought of others more than herself. Even papa played cribbage with her at twilight, and Arthur backgammon in the evening; and Alice sat by her side with her water-colors, to color engravings, to amuse her. But Effie's coming from school was what Gertrude longed for most, and her tales of the school-girls.

"You know I told you about Rosa Leonard's losing her skates?" she began one day.

"No, I don't remember; you don't tell me everything," said Gertrude.

"O yes, and Arthur made fun of it," Effie replied.

"He interrupted, that was it; and there was a burring in my head, and I couldn't listen," said Gertrude.

"Then I'll tell it all from the beginning," said Effie. "You know we all went with the large girls for a skate on the pond, day before yesterday."

"I know all about that," said Gertrude; "and you didn't get home till nearly five!"

"Well, on the way home," continued Effie, "we sat down a minute by the side of the road (above the bridge, you know), to wait for the rest to come up, — the Leonards, Susie, and I. Now, it seems, after she got home that night in bed, Rosa Leonard remembered she had left her skates in that very place, and it had begun to snow, and she could hardly get to sleep for thinking

how the snow was covering and burying them up. So yesterday, at recess, Miss Tilden told us we might go and look for the skates. And we went, and looked, and looked, and poked for them with sticks, and couldn't find them, though there was not much of a snow either, — not enough to spoil the skating. But that very afternoon, yesterday, John Leonard gave Rosa a brand-new pair of skates. Was not that good of him?"

"That was splendid," said Gertrude.

"But the funny part is to come," continued Effie. "In the evening Rosa went to put away her new skates in the place where she used to keep her old ones, thinking how careful she would always be of them; and there, if you please, hung her old skates on their peg, as natural as life!"

"Who had put them there?" asked Gertrude.

"Why, she had hung them there herself, when she came home the first day," said Effie; "she recalled it all afterward. Only, waking up in the night, and hearing the snow, she thought how dreadful it would be if she had left them, and never went and looked to see if she had brought them home."

"I think it was stupid of her," said Gertrude.

"So Arthur says," said Effie; "but John has told her to keep her new skates, and give the others to whom she pleases; and I think she will give them to Martha Sykes."

A day or two after, Effie came in to Gertrude with a mysterious air. "Do you know, Gertrude, I think something remarkable is going to happen. There's been a great deal of talking and consulting going on with your mother, and Miss Alice, and Mr. Lee. And Miss Alice keeps writing letters. I am very sure we shall have some exciting news one of these days."

"It can't be good news," said Gertrude, gloomily, "and it can't be about us. It is one of your 'very sures.'"

"But I think it will be about us," persisted Effie, "and something agreeable, too; for I have seen Miss Alice look at you in a half-questioning way, and yet as if something pleased her."

And it was only the day after that Mrs. Lee and Alice told to Effie and Gertrude the remarkable news. They had heard from Florida that it had been decided that Effie's mother and Annie were to return by land, leaving the end of April or the beginning of May, and to come on slowly with the summer weather, reaching home not before the middle of June.

Now it appeared that Effie's Uncle George

proposed to go on and join them. It was now the end of February; and it was settled that he should take Effie with him to meet her mother in Florida, and return with them. But further, it had been suggested that the voyage would be the best thing in the world for Gertrude. She would escape the east winds of the spring, and would be strengthened by the change.

Effie clapped her hands as she heard this delightful announcement, and exclaimed, "And Miss Alice, Miss Alice! you will go too!"

"That has been the question," answered Alice, "and mamma has urged it very much, and said that she would not trust Gertrude without me. But I do not like to leave mamma, and I cannot see what she would do if I were to go; and your uncle has discovered that the captain of the steamer he wishes to sail in is to take his wife and children, and she has agreed to take charge of you and Gertrude."

"I don't know that I want to go without you," said Gertrude, tearfully.

"Mrs. Ashley has written," Alice continued, "that she wishes very much that Gertrude would come. Mrs. Lester is to return by sea" —

"I'm glad of that," interrupted Effie.

"And your mother has engaged a woman who can take some care of two such girls as you," Alice went on; "and besides, there are two of their fellow-travellers who will come on with them, whom they have grown very fond of" —

"And then there is Uncle George," again interrupted Effie.

"And there is 'Uncle George,'" added Alice; "and you are all to come on slowly through Savannah and Charleston, along with the strawberries."

"Just think of that, Gertrude!" exclaimed Effie; "strawberries all the way from Florida home, — 'most two months of strawberries!"

Poor Gertrude, to whom everything was now an exertion, at last entered into Effie's enthusiastic delight, and began to think how fine it would be to get well, and to travel away from snow-storms and winds; and while Mrs. Lee and Alice hurried to make them ready to go, Effie sat and told her stories by the hour together, — of how they should see alligators, and walruses, perhaps polar bears, and certainly oranges. Effie was a little mixed in her geography, — but surely they should see mamma and Annie.

So Mr. Lee and Alice went on with them to New York, and again Effie stayed at Grace Lane's, and again went on board the steamer, — but this time to sleep herself in one of the de-

lightful little berths. As they left, she remembered the last words of Miss Alice; how, if it had not been for her unselfish care of Gertrude these last few weeks, she could not have ventured to let her go in this way.

"O, Miss Alice, you can call me unselfish!" Effie had said. "Every morning, in front of that illuminated text (since that time, you know), I have asked myself the question, 'Am I selfish?' and every day I have had to remember something, O, so mean, in the day before!"

Alice had not time to answer; but Effie thought of her praise, and it helped her, when, for a day or two after, she had to cheer up Gertrude through her dreary sea-sickness. Effie would have liked to stay on deck to have watched the waves, and the furrow the steamer left behind, or to walk up and down with Uncle George, or hear him talk with the other passengers. But instead, she would go down to amuse Gertrude with tales of the rest of the party, or of the captain's children, or with other stories she made up herself.

At last, one day her uncle brought Gertrude up on deck, with pillows and blankets, and made her a comfortable place against a coil of ropes, where she shouldn't see the sea, but where she could feel the soft air coming from the south, so different from the snowy blasts of February that they had left behind.

"How delicious it is!" Gertrude exclaimed, with more vigor than she had shown for some time; "this seems like June. O, Effie, are we really going into summer! If only we could forget this terrible sea, that tosses us about so. Do tell me one of your real best stories, to make me forget the tossing."

So Effie told her the story of

THE FLYING-FISH'S GIFTS.

"Once there was a little girl, and she was going on a very long, long voyage" —

"What was her name?" asked Gertrude.

"O, Alice, of course," continued Effie, "and she was having such a splendid time, she did not care if the ship never stopped. For they weren't going anywhere in particular, and they were in no hurry to get there, and she was not sea-sick; and she had on board her mother and father, and all the uncles and aunts she liked. And there were a great many other children on board, and they had a great deal of fun; but Alice used to

get tired of playing, and then she would go all alone to the very back of the ship, by herself, to a place that is called the stern" —

"Have it the fore-castle," suggested Gertrude.

"Well, it was the fore-castle, then," Effie went on, "and there was only one old toothless sailor there. Well, one day she was sitting there alone, as usual. It was when they were passing through the dominions of the Flying-fish, and a great many of them had flapped up on the deck; and the children and sailors had seized them, and had kept them. But Alice took the one that flapped up by her, and said, 'Go back to your home, poor fish.'



"What was her surprise to have him open some eyes she had not seen before, with a thankful expression, and he said, 'You shall be rewarded for this. I will grant you three wishes. Strike your forehead three times before wishing, with a fish-bone.' He dropped into the sea as he said this, but put his head up again to say, 'Wish for things of the sea.'

"That day they had fish for dinner, and Alice

kept one of the fish-bones, and went with it alone to the fore-castle. She had been thinking what she would wish for; so, after tapping her forehead three times with the fish-bone, she said, 'A pearl ring!' What was her delight to look down upon her finger, and see there a ring of the most costly pearls. She could hardly sleep that night for thinking of it, and of what she should wish next. She thought it was such a nice plan that she had to strike her head with the fish-bone, because then she would have to think of what she should wish, and not ask for such foolish things as they do in fairy tales. But the next day, as she sat at the fore-castle, she began tapping her forehead with the fish-bone before she had quite made up her mind, and out it came, — 'A little green monkey.' She had doubted about this, whether its being green would make it enough of the sea; but she looked round, and there sat the sweetest green monkey you ever saw."

"I never saw any," said Gertrude, plaintively.

"Well, this had a curly tail," continued Effie, "and altogether he was very lovely. Alice had not told the people about the flying-fish, because she didn't want to be bothered about what she would wish. But she had to show the monkey, and everybody supposed that the old toothless sailor had fished it up somewhere. It immediately became a great pet with everybody. The next day she sat thinking of what else she wanted from the sea, and then she thought of Columbus's bottle" —

"What do you mean?" asked Gertrude.

"Why, don't you remember how Columbus, when he thought he should never return home, flung into the sea a bottle with a writing on it, telling how far he had got, and maybe shouldn't get further. Well, I have been thinking perhaps we should meet it in the sea, on our way to Florida. And Alice thought the same" —

"It would be a great contribution to science," put in Uncle George.

"That's what Alice thought," continued Effie. "And she had no sooner said 'Columbus's bottle,' than she saw by her side the scrubbiest old bottle you ever saw. It was of a very old-fashioned shape, and was covered all over with barnacles, and fresh oysters, and old clams, that had been on ever since Columbus's time; and inside you could see some strange old writing. So she took it to some of the gentlemen on board, and there were some Spanish gentlemen, and with their glasses they could see some queer old Spanish

words. Everybody was very much excited, but nobody could get out the cork; and they agreed to wait till they came to the shore before they broke the bottle, so that more people could see it. Well, at last they came to the shore, and the Arabs came to help them out with the things; and one took a trunk, and another an umbrella. And Alice had to give to one the Columbus bottle, and to another the green monkey. But, just as she stepped on shore herself, she felt an odd feeling round her finger, and saw her pearl ring was all tumbling to pieces, and the pearls falling into the sand, for the gold that they were set in was not of the sea. As she stooped she heard a scream from one of the Arabs. She found the green monkey had bit the one that held him, so that he had let go the string, and the green monkey was running off to some distant palm-trees. The scream had startled the other Arab, so that he let fall the Columbus bottle, and it rolled down the bank into the sea again" —

"So she lost everything that the Flying-fish gave her," said Gertrude.

"Yes," said Effie, "because she had not wished for things belonging to the sea."

So it became quite a game with Effie and Gertrude to think what they could ask of the Flying-fish, if they came into the Flying-fish's dominions. And they looked out, too, for Columbus's bottle. But they did not find it, neither before they reached Savannah, nor after.

And they forgot it after they began to go up the St. John's River, — a river that you have to go *up*, although you are going down South, which you do in a very few rivers, such as the Nile, and one or two others.

"I have been trying to tell you Effie's thoughts since she began to think long ago, on the high rock; but there are some of her thoughts I shall have to leave you to imagine. If any of you have ever been left behind by your mothers, or have parted with them for a very little while, you can imagine, perhaps, what Effie felt when, after passing many landing-places, they came at last to the one where they were to meet her mother. And far away through a glass she saw her on a broad veranda, with Annie, looking and watching for them; and not long afterward she was in her mother's arms, and her mamma looking well and glad; and Annie was there, and Gertrude, and Uncle George, all together and happy.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER XII. — CONCLUSION.

TIME moves with rapid and remorseless steps. The season of buoyant health, of thoughtless gollity and gallant sports, which our young Virginians had so fully enjoyed, was coming to a close; and a new era of preparatory life, fraught with self denial and responsibilities, was opening before them. A transitory, but most momentous passage from youth to manhood, filling the minds of the parents with regrets and fears, and entered upon by the children with confidence and enthusiastic hopes.

Beverly had grown considerably taller, and his face was now a trifle paler and more sedate than when we last saw him. He and Frank Belmeade had been studying hard to enter the University of Virginia in the fall, and the effort had told more sensibly on his robust constitution, nourished on fresh air and active excitement, than on Frank's apparently delicate nature, more accustomed to books and mental effort.

"Boys should resolutely accomplish whatever they undertake," said Colonel Moreland, "whether to storm a battery, or master a book."

And Beverly set his teeth, and stuck to his work, often wishing in his heart that the book was a battery.

"Boys should never overwork themselves at their tasks," said the tender mamma; "your health will suffer, my son, if you don't get your gun, or your pony, and take an airing."

And Beverly would accept the suggestion with such zealous good-will, that Cæsar often exclaimed, "I declar' dat boy will kill de pony, tryin' to do a whole day's ridin' in half an hour."

At the same time the wildest hopes of another young dreamer were about to be realized. Davy Meeker had so won upon his new friends by his amiable traits of character, and his artistic talents, that Mr. Moreland had determined to send him to Philadelphia, to study in the Academy of Fine Arts, with the promise that if he acquitted himself creditably there, he should in due time have the opportunity of completing his studies in great schools of Europe. Beverly, whose taste for the beautiful had been stimulated and cultivated by his associations, and whose adventurous spirit was excited by the tales of foreign travel, was frequently heard to express his discontent at his own stupid pros-

pects over Latin, Law, and Mathematics, and to envy Davy's more attractive programme, which permitted him to range over the world in search of the bright and beautiful.

"My son," replied the Colonel, seriously, "patience and labor are the wings of Genius, in whatsoever sphere she may essay her flight; you may one day understand how many years of drudgery, disappointment, and neglect your talented young friend will have to undergo ere he can hope to win anything like appreciation or eminence in his glorious calling. You may then, probably, think your law and mathematics light in comparison. Now, if I have not read character amiss, Davy Meeker will follow his career with that patient and unswerving devotion which alone can command success. You would not. Moreover, the bold adventurers, who wrested this lovely valley from the wild beasts, and still more savage Indians, and in their place established a Christian civilization, have had little taste or opportunity to cultivate these luxuries of art, which only pertain to an old and finished society. The traditions of a people, born and reared amid hardships and dangers, favor the development of those qualities which make leaders of armies and founders of states, rather than successful competitors in the softer, and perhaps more attractive fields of literature and the arts. And now let me ask you frankly, wouldn't you rather carry a sabre at the head of a cavalry regiment, than be the greatest artist in the world?"

"Certainly I would, papa, if there was only a glorious war, in which I could win battles and honors."

"Ah, Bevy!" exclaimed Emily, clapping her hands with enthusiasm, "that, I am sure, would suit you best; with a tall feather and gold epaulets, like papa's, on general muster day."

"Or," continued the Colonel, "would you not prefer to become a distinguished orator, moving multitudes by your eloquence, and convincing senates by your arguments,—perhaps to win some high position in the government of your country?"

"That would be glorious, too," said Emily, "and Bevy might be a senator, or governor, and maybe president—who knows?"

"No," said Beverly, "I must wade through

law and politics to arrive at that. I'd rather be a soldier, and 'rush to glory or the grave' at once."

"That I was sure of," said the Colonel, laughing. "And now, my son, let me advise you, at least, to leave the arts to the professors. But I must not leave you to suppose that you have caught your artistic fancies solely from your mother's flowers and embroidery frames, or from the society of your talented young friends. These yearnings for the beautiful belong to you by right of inheritance; as, during my earlier days, the study of drawing and music served to beguile many an hour of its weariness, and to weaken the virility of many an energetic resolve. Cæsar, take this key, and open my old military chest in the garret, and bring me the long box and large portfolio you will find there."

Cæsar obeyed, and presently returned with a huge portfolio covered with dust, and a brass-bound mahogany-box, that looked like a child's coffin. With curiosity, mingled with astonishment, Beverly and his sister saw their father turn over the yellow-edged sheets, exhibiting, amidst a mass of topographical, mechanical, and architectural designs, quite a number of prettily wrought studies of flowers, animals, portraits, and groups of human figures, all of which were the work of his own hands. They were still more delighted and surprised when he opened the long box, and taking out an old rosin-dusted violin, he proceeded to screw up the loose strings, and played some simple melodies with an accuracy and sweetness which evidenced that he had once possessed no mean skill as a musician. The son and daughter stood admiring with earnest and suffused faces, while the father, carried away by recollection, played one air after another, improving in quality as his rusty memory was brightened by exercise.

"Why, papa," exclaimed Beverly, in a tone of affectionate reproach, "when you talked so knowingly with Mr. Belmeade about the fine arts, I supposed you had only been a reader and observer, and did not suspect you of possessing these handsome accomplishments; and why have you been so careful to conceal them from us all this while?"

"In the cultivated society where I acquired them," replied the Colonel, "my efforts were scarcely worth exhibiting, and I did not care to have them afford you an apology for trifling away your time in the same direction. I say again, leave the fine arts to the girls and the professors."

As this was to be the last summer at home, it must be remembered by some rare adventure or merry fête, and the young folks at the Hall determined to give a picnic on the banks of the Shenandoah. Consequently, on a bright, warm morning in July, half a dozen carriages and a troop of saddle horses, all loaded with merry boys and girls, were seen issuing from the big gate at Norbourne. Beverly, with Lucy Belmeade on horseback, cantered gallantly at the head of the cortege; while the inevitable Cæsar and Bill, with the baggage-wagon well loaded with baskets and hampers, brought up the rear. Beverly's cheeks were flushed with pleasant excitement, and he sat his horse as proudly as if he were really leading that cavalry regiment; while Lucy Belmeade, with graceful, flowing riding-habit, jaunty hat and plumes, and golden ringlets tossing in the breeze, was the observed of all passers.

As they turned from the turnpike, and swept down the lane which led by Granny Whitlock's cottage, that ancient dame and her granddaughter Susie were sitting beneath the morning-glories that arched the humble door. The old woman was knitting, and listening with placid satisfaction to the child, who was reading from a well-worn Bible. In spindling up from childhood to girlhood, the little cottager had changed so as to be scarcely recognizable. The picturesque unconsciousness of her dress and movements, the joyous wildness of her countenance, were gone. She was now nearly a head taller than the little ladies, her competitors, and it would be difficult to say how many years more thoughtful and sedate. Her nimble legs were now regularly cased in shoes and stockings, coarse in make and material, to match her high-necked and long-sleeved calico dress. Her elfin locks were all combed and sleeked, and twisted into an ungraceful knot at the back of her head. Her face was thin; and her cheeks, with their childish roundness, had also lost the rich red glow which used to tint them like a well-sunned fruit. In brief, the regular features and marvelous black eyes were all that remained of our former little woodland nymph. Like a domesticated fawn, she seemed to have lost more than she had gained by civilization. Still, she had learned to read quite fluently, with frequent mispronunciations, and an occasional halting to spell long words, and her grandmother evidently took both pride and pleasure in her accomplishment.

"As I live!" exclaimed the old woman, "here come all the young folks from the Hall, right

down past our house. Stand up, Susie, to make your best courtesy to them as they ride by, and hold up the book, so they may see you can read."

Susie stood up dutifully, but dropped the book behind her in the chair, and with eyes modestly fixed upon the grass at her feet, replied, "It's little they care, granny, whether a poor girl like me can read or not; and they so fine and gay, and full of scholarship."

"Ah!" continued the old woman, "there is Master Beverly a-riding with Miss Lucy Belmeade; and they say the old folks have agreed that it is to be a match when he comes home from college,—and a mighty handsome young couple they are now, hain't they, Susie?"

As the riders galloped past, Susie dutifully dropped the courtesy; and when they were gone, she quietly sat down and resumed her book, reading more rapidly and persistently than before.

"There's nary one of 'em noticed ye," said the old woman, "except Miss Emmy, bless her sweet face! She shuck her hank'cher at us, and bowed two or three times, she did. But they're mighty kind to us up at the Hall, and maybe the Lord will overlook their pride on account of their goodness to the poor."

The pleasure party reached the banks of the beautiful river while the morning was still fresh; and there turning aside from the highway, they dismounted at the house of one of Colonel Moreland's tenants, named Armantrout. Their vehicles and horses were drawn up around his tumble-down barn, which, if it promised but an uncertain shelter in case of a storm, was at least a convenient rendezvous, and feeding-place for the animals.

The farmer, delighted with the novelty of so many distinguished visitors, threw down his hoe, and civilly volunteered to direct them to the prettiest spot on the river for their picnic. This was a long grassy level, shaded by a grove of stately sugar-maples, immediately on the bank of the stream, and just opposite a lovely island, whose verdant beauties were reflected in the smooth and gently flowing waters. Behind, and overlooking all, was a romantic limestone cliff, crowned with cedars and arbor vitæ, and richly adorned from base to summit with ferns, climbing vines, and laurels in full blossom. From a fissure in this rock spouted a fairy fountain, cool and sparkling, which fell into an ample pool, moss-bordered and pebble-bottomed; and thence, with a hop, skip, and jump, leaping into the adjacent river.

"How rural, how delicious, how cool, how ro-

mantic!" exclaimed the visitors, as they sat down on the roots of the trees, reclined on the grass, or adventured among the rocks in search of ferns and flowers. The civil countryman meanwhile had offered his fishing-rods and rifle to the young gentlemen; and indicated the best localities for fishing or fowling to those who were inclined to such amusements. But if the young ladies had a mind to dance, Armantrout and his oldest gal, Betty, were first-rate fiddlers, and would be glad to furnish the music.

With the day before them, and an unrestrained choice of amusements, the company began to discuss and arrange their plans for the morning; but they soon found that perfect liberty and anarchy are near neighbors. The five or six who had undertaken to manage matters soon found themselves involved in a heated debate, around which the detached groups and wandering couples gradually collected, laughing, screeching, and chattering like a flock of crows in council. Besides the noise, there was an anarchy of gay fluttering ribbons of rainbow hues, of glistening ringlets of all lovely shades, from flaxen blonde to jetty black. There were rosy, flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, lisped opinions emphasized by dainty little feet, and gestured impatience by dimpled hands, expressed with a passionate grace that shamed all studied oratory.

This rising tempest in a tea-pot was fortunately calmed by the magic tones of Betty Armantrout's fiddle. Pleased with the opportunity of exhibiting their accomplishment, father and daughter had tuned up their instruments without delay, and, leaning against a large maple, led off with one of their merriest airs. In an instant every voice was hushed, and every face brightened. With a glance, a sign, or a whispered word, the excited parliament broke up into smiling couples, and stood ranged in orderly cotillions upon the shaded lawn. Betty Armantrout sang out, "Salute your partners and chain round," and away they went as merrily as if there had never been a difference of opinion on the subject. But however well it may have suited the barefooted nymphs of the classic ages, or the becloagled swains of rural England, dancing on the grass is not quite the thing for French slippers and modern figures. So after the first set it was proposed to adjourn to the barn.

The spirit of order being now completely in the ascendant, the dancers formed in procession, and, led by the musicians, marched to their new Hall with cadenced steps, singing in full chorus, in unison with the fiddles. If not over smooth,

the barn floor was wide and springy, and there the dance was renewed with a good-will. All uncultivated and inartistic, yet the music of the Armantrouts was really exhilarating, and few could listen to it without feeling an irresistible desire to dance.

The young people kept up their improvised

ball until high noon, when fatigue and sharpened appetites suggested a retreat to their green-carpeted parlors. There they found the refreshments already spread under Cæsar's superintendence. This was no sugar-cake and candy lunch, but a good substantial provision of ham-sandwiches, broiled chickens, boiled eggs, biscuits, and



Armantrout.

cheese, with the enrichment of fresh butter and milk at will from the farmer's dairy.

With merry hearts and young appetites the woodland meal was duly enjoyed, and after refection the company again broke up into groups, or confidential couples, seating themselves in

shady nooks, or wandering up and down the banks of the pleasant river. Several parties concluded to try their hands at fishing; but as the fortunate hours were past, and the Shenandoah is at best but poorly stocked with game-fish, their success was by no means encouraging.

Bill, with that especial love for this lazy sport which is inherent in his race, had been trying his luck for several hours, patiently standing knee-deep in the water, and watching every bob of his cork with an anxiety that was ludicrous. Presently, to everybody's surprise, and his own exceeding delight, he hooked up a large eel. Distrusting the strength of his tackle, he dropped his rod, and, seizing the prize with both hands, endeavored to run ashore with him. But the

eel was a vigorous and slippery customer, and squirmed so violently, that it seemed very doubtful whether the captor or the captive would gain their point. The grotesque earnestness of the negro, and the activity of the eel, excited the interest of the company on shore, and the contestants were mutually encouraged with shouts of laughter and rounds of applause.

"Git his tail in ye're mouth, darkey, and then ye can hold him tight," shouted the countryman.



This was easier said than done; but the excited fisherman, after many unsuccessful snaps, at length succeeded in clinching his teeth upon the eel's tail, and thus triumphantly brought him to land.

At the same time Beverly, accompanied by Lucy Belmeade, had strayed away up the stream until opposite the head of the island, and there finding an old fish-dam, which, in low water, served for a bridge, they ventured across, and disported themselves upon the clean, pebbly beach, which skirted its green-embowered banks.

As they joyously explored their newly-discovered domain, Lucy busied herself in gathering bright-colored pebbles, and a store of iridescent muscle-shells, to serve as cups for her water-colors; while Beverly skipped flat stones over the smooth water to marvelous distances, or clambered up the bank to pluck some showy blossom from the overhanging jungle. When they got opposite the picnic ground, they astonished their less adventurous companions by calling across to them, and tauntingly inviting them to visit their beautiful island.

As they were thus occupied, Lucy nervously seized her companion's arm, and called his attention to a strange looking object in the water, which seemed to be swimming rapidly toward them. He at once perceived that it was a snake, whose head, raised some distance out of the water, struck him as being of uncommon and frightful size. Following his belligerent instincts, he had seized a stone; but as the monster approached he suddenly dropped his missile, exclaiming, "Fourteen times thirty-six, — why, it must be forty-two feet long!" Then grasping Lucy's arm, he fled as fast as he could drag her with him toward the head of the island.

"What is it, Bevy? What can it be?" she gasped, quite breathless from terror, and her rapid flight.

"Run, Lucy, run!" he cried, still urging her forward to the crossing. "Let us gain the mainland, and get Armantrout's gun, — it must be an anaconda."

Arrived at the fish-dam, our hero dashed reck-



lessly into the water over his boot-tops, but still preserved his gallantry and presence of mind, to assist his tottering companion along the wall, so that she recrossed dry-shod indeed, but nearly dead with fright. By the time the dismayed fugitives reached the picnic ground, Beverly beheld what filled him with surprise and mortification. This was only Bessie Armantrout, who, having hastily kicked off her shoes, waded across the shallow water to where the monster lay, — had assailed and killed it with a twig no bigger than a fop's rattan, her sunbrowned face beaming with a broad grin all the while. Seeing the discomfited islanders rejoin the company all flushed and breathless, she laughed heartily and loud. "Well,

mister, hit's no wonder ye was skeered so bad, for hit's the quarest critter I ever seed swimmin' in water."

With that she took up the game in her hand, and, recrossing the stream, laid the defunct dragon on the green for the inspection of the company. It was a stout water-viper, about five feet in length, who had caught and attempted to swallow a large cat-fish. He had managed with difficulty to engulf the fish's head, which, in its struggles, had thrust its dorsal fin clear through the marauder's upper jaw, and just between his eyes. In this miserable condition the greedy reptile, unable to get rid of his proposed dinner, had been swimming about from shore to rock, and from rock to shore, until relieved by a rap from buxom Bessie's switch.

Beverly was rather glad to hear it suggested that the sun was declining, and it was time to ride back. "Lucy," said he, "how I despise books; I believe they make one cowardly."

"Indeed," she replied, with a mischievous smile, "you shouldn't say so, Bevy. I am sure I thought it was for my sake you ran away, and not because you were afraid."

"Of course I wasn't afraid for myself," he answered, sharply; "but these stupid mathematics were the cause of it all. For when it came near I guessed its head was about fourteen inches long; and I multiplied that by thirty-six, — the proportionate length of a snake's body, — which would have made it over forty feet long; and what would have been the use of throwing stones at a snake like that? And then to think of that chuckle-headed country girl coolly going over and killing my dragon with a switch no bigger than her fiddle-stick, and laughing in my face to boot."

Lucy laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. "Now, Bevy, you must admit that Bessie Armantrout is very amiable and clever in her wild way with her music, although she may be wanting in mathematical imagination, and scientific knowledge of natural history."

"It all comes of too much book-learning, and recalls just what papa says about success in war." And Beverly spitefully repeated the couplet, —

"While timorous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed."

It was on a bright September morning that we again meet the Norbourne family assembled on the front portico, surrounded with friends and neighbors. Some eyes red and swollen with recent weeping, and the strained and futile attempts

at hilarity among some of the juniors, show that the occasion is not one of festivity. Beverly and Frank were prominent in their smart traveling costumes, and two well-packed trunks marked with their names lay ready on a wheelbarrow in front of the gate. The Charlottesville coach passed at ten, and it was now half-past nine. The Belmeades were there, of course. The Oak-enstuffs, and the Meeker children, and even old Roughhead stood with hat in hand at the foot of the steps. Granny Whitlock was over in person with her anticipated Christmas present of yarn socks. The household servants mingled freely with the company, and respectfully waiting in an outer circle stood the ruder farm hands. Rich and poor, young and old, white and black, had gathered in that morning to offer their sincere and spontaneous tribute of friendly feeling and sympathy, and none were overlooked or despised. Lady Moreland with her own hands wheeled out the cushioned arm-chair for Granny Whitlock; and in acknowledging her thoughtful remembrance of her own darling, did not omit some kindly inquiries after Susie, who could not be persuaded to come over, but preferred to stay at home that morning to mind the cottage. The proud Colonel also walked down the steps to return the salute, and grasp the hard hand of his harder neighbor Roughhead, and called Beverly down to receive his awkward but kindly good-by. The negroes one after another had swept the floor with their respectful hats, and grinned their parting regrets, — when, hark! the shrill tan-tarra of the stage-horn announced that the supreme moment had arrived. There was a general and

hurried repetition of kisses, embraces, and shaking of hands, when Frank Belmeade broke away and started down the avenue at a brisk run, crying, "Come on, Beverly; the coach is waiting."

Beverly descended the steps slowly, and at the bottom turned and waved a lingering, half-reproachful salute to Lucy, who was looking over the balustrade. She responded by knitting her brows and shaking her head; and then, with a sudden impulse, she snatched the scissors that hung at her mother's girdle, and clipping off one of her shining ringlets, tossed it toward him, exclaiming, "There, Bevy, there is one almost as long as your mathematical monster."

Confused and delighted, the young cavalier snatched up the love-lock, and with a last salute hurried down the walk after his companion; and then, ho for the University!

And the boys are gone, — and with them the young, the gay, the brave, and beautiful of that day and generation.

The lively, changeful shadows no longer flicker on the wall, the cheerful fire has sunk into a bed of desolate gray ashes, and I am still sitting alone in the old Hall, oppressed with the sadness of leave-taking, — even of those boyish fancies, and the companions of my evening dreams. The old clock on the landing tells me that the dawn of another day is at hand, — the dawning of a new era, which promises gloriously for the young who are willing to get up early; but for those who can cherish only retrospective regrets, it is time to go to rest.

RIGHT IS MIGHT;

OR, THE TRIAL OF THE DOG LION.

BY MAUD INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIAL.

AT four o'clock the boys met again in the court-yard. Howard Jones, and Horace Rice (the boy who was to act as sheriff), were now added to their number. They were very busy for half an hour bringing chairs for their audience; pens, ink, and paper for the judge, attorneys, and clerk; and arranging vases of flowers for the several tables. Mr. Raymond's house stood facing the

south; the front-door was upon the east side, and opened upon the grounds where the boys had arranged their court-room. To a person standing in the doorway, the court-room presented a very interesting and business-like appearance. The judge's stand, upon the opposite side of the grounds, between the two elm-trees, whose branches nearly met overhead, — set off by the light maple-wood arm-chair, and little table covered with papers, and ornamented with the vase of beautiful bright flowers, — formed a pretty

background to the picture ; then below, upon the grass, the seat for the jury, the witness stand, and the other little tables, for the accommodation of the clerk and the two attorneys, arranged as I have told you ; and on these tables, too, vases of flowers, writing materials, and other papers scattered about ; then the white box for the prisoner, with its myrtle border, about half-way between the doorway and the judge's stand, and near the centre of the grounds. Back of all these the boys had arranged the chairs for their audience, in a half-circle ; and placed in such a way, that the first chair upon either end nearly met the witness stand upon the one side, and the jury's bench upon the other, — leaving a little space between these and the chairs, so that persons could pass to and from the centre of the court-yard without disturbance. Back of these they placed others in the same way, until their stock of chairs was exhausted. At half-past four his honor, the judge, arrived, and the boys adjourned to Mr. Raymond's parlor.

Tom Hatherway was a tall, square-built fellow, about fifteen years old, although he would have passed very well at any time for a lad of sixteen or seventeen. He had dressed himself for the occasion in a suit of black belonging to his father, and I can assure you he looked both ancient and dignified beside the other boys ; especially after he adjusted his goggles. The prisoner was with them, of course quite ignorant of the fact that he was the cause of all this commotion.

Tom's first inquiry was, "How are we to tell whether the prisoner pleads guilty, or not guilty ?"

"I will tell you," said Fred. "If he springs to his feet when his name is called, and looks Harry in the face like an honest dog, he pleads not guilty ; but if he raises his eyes sleepily, and remains motionless, he says he is guilty."

"Why, then, if the dog lies still, the whole thing will be up," said Tom.

"Yes."

"And you will call it that he is proved guilty, just the same as if he had been tried ?"

"Yes."

"And I," said Will, "request that our sheriff reminds him of his duty with the end of that little stick he carries, if he seems forgetful of the same. I'm not going to lose all the fun that way, I can tell you."

All the boys laughed. It was now ten minutes of five, and they thought they had better return to the court-yard and take their places. The jury were already there. Tom led the way,

followed by Will, Fred, and Harry. Just as Fred was leaving the room, he turned to Horace, and speaking in a loud voice, said, "You won't touch Lion when Harry calls his name, will you ?"

"No, 'pon my honor," was the reply.

The yard had been filling fast since they left it. A good many of the school-boys had arrived, and quite a number of little girls ; several of the boys' mothers and aunts and cousins' besides. In all, I think there could not have been less than forty or fifty persons present. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond occupied two of the front seats, and the Rev. Mr. Clifford another. The clock struck five, and still the prisoner did not make his appearance.

"I hope he has not taken leg bail since we left him," whispered Will to one of the boys seated on the grass. Now Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth enter the yard, then the door of Mr. Raymond's house opens, and Horace steps out, followed by Richard Cœur de Lion, the prisoner. They pass through the crowd to the prisoner's box. Fred steps to the spot, tells Lion to lie down, and the dog obeys. The door opens again, and Mary, Mrs. Raymond's cook ; Bridget, the cook at Mr. Wentworth's ; John Collins, the gardener ; Ned Hapgood, Jack Spalding, Bill White, David Southworth, and Paul French, come out of the house, and take their seats upon the door-steps. Then the judge raps upon the table, the sheriff cries "Order in the court," the whispering among the boys ceases, and the trial commences.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, looking as wise as possible, "you will now read the indictment to the prisoner."

"Richard Cœur de Lion," said Harry, accenting the last word much more than the others. The dog sprang to his feet in an instant, looking Harry in the face, and wagging his tail. "Stand up," proceeded Harry, "and listen to the charge preferred against you. You are accused of stealing a piece of meat on the afternoon of Tuesday last, between the hours of four and six, from the house of Mr. Raymond. Are you guilty, or not guilty ?" Then turning to the judge, he said, "The prisoner pleads not guilty, your honor."

Then Fred motioned with his hand, and the dog lay down again.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "you will now proceed to bring in the witnesses for the plaintiff."

Horace passed through the court-yard, carrying a cane in his right hand, which answered for

the sheriff's pole. He went to the door-step where the witnesses were seated, and, motioning Ned to follow him, returned.

Ned took his place upon the witness-box, and the clerk administered the oath, which was simply a promise to speak the truth. The witness stated that his name was Edward Hapgood; he was a student at the Elmwood School. At half-past four, on the afternoon of Tuesday last, he, in company with four of his school-mates and the prisoner at the bar, entered the kitchen of Mr. Raymond, on Court Street. Soon after entering this room, he noticed four slices of surloin steak on the table. He remained a few moments, and then left. Just before he left, the prisoner was told to lie down and guard a cap which was tossed to him by his master. When he left the room, the prisoner was lying on the floor beside the cap. There was no other person in the room. When he returned, one slice of the steak was gone, there were drops of blood all about the floor, and the prisoner was nowhere to be seen. He noticed, before leaving the room, that one of the windows was open. Presuming that the prisoner had escaped in this way, he went immediately to his kennel, to see if he could find any traces of the missing property. Upon arriving there, he at once noticed the bone which he now held in his hand; there was blood upon it at the time, and it looked as if the meat was but just torn off. Returning to Mr. Raymond's, he found the bone corresponded exactly in shape and size to those in the remaining slices of steak. Here the witness paused, and the attorney for the defendant commenced his examination, examining his notes.

"You say there were others with you when you saw all this. Can you bring them forward to testify to the truth of what you say?"

"One of them is waiting in the ante-room; it was not possible to get the others as witnesses."

"Are you sure it was just half-past four when you entered the kitchen?"

"It was just four when school was dismissed, and I only walked from the school-house to the river, and from there to Mr. Raymond's house; so I think I must have been in the kitchen at that time."

"Did you pass through the school-yard, walk directly to the river, and from there to Mr. Raymond's house, without stopping at all?"

"I stopped a few moments in the yard, and sat down on the river's bank, but it was only for an instant; and I can walk that distance in less than half an hour."

"Could the prisoner have taken the meat without getting on to the table?"

"No, I think not."

"Were there any drops, or marks of blood on the table when you returned to the room?"

"There might have been."

"Did you notice any?"

"No, sir."

"Was the prisoner in the kennel when you reached it?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see him after you returned to the kitchen — I mean, after your first return?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was he when you first saw him?"

"Standing on the door-step of Mr. Raymond's house."

"Did he drop his tail between his legs, or show in any way that he had been doing what he ought not to, as dogs generally do?"

"No, sir, his tail was all right, and he was wagging it furiously when I first saw him. I suppose he thought if he put a pretty bold face on it, he would not be suspected."

The judge rapped upon the table, and Ned was sober in an instant.

"Are you sure the prisoner had not had a bone corresponding to the one you hold in your hand, given him during the day?"

"No; but it must have been given him but a short time before I found it, for there was fresh blood upon it."

The witness was now allowed to retire, leaving the bone in the court-room, of course. Dick Spaulding was next summoned. His testimony was so much like Ned's, I will not stop to tell what he said; only he, too, neglected to mention that Lion was lying on the door-step when they opened the door.

Next after Dick came Bill White, the market-boy. He said that he brought four slices of surloin steak to the house of Mr. Raymond, on Court Street, some time between three and half-past, on the afternoon of said Tuesday. He was followed by Mary, the cook, who said she had taken said steak from said boy; that there were four slices when she took it from him. She went out on Tuesday afternoon; when she returned, she found the kitchen-floor in the state the others had described.

The next witness called was David Southworth, son of Dr. Southworth, physician and surgeon, residing on Court Street, next door to Mr. Raymond's. He was sitting by the window in his room, in the upper part of the house, on

Tuesday afternoon, when his eye was attracted to the window of Mr. Raymond's kitchen by seeing something spring from it to the ground. Noticing the object which had sprung through the window more carefully, he at once recognized the prisoner at the bar. He had something in his mouth, which looked very much like a piece of meat.

"Are you sure it was the prisoner that sprang through the window?" questioned the attorney.

"It was one of his species, and bore a very strong resemblance to the prisoner."

"If there had been another of his species standing beside him, do you think you could have told which was the prisoner?"

"I think I could."

"You are not sure as to what he had in his mouth?"

"No, sir."

Then this witness was allowed to retire, and these were all that were brought forward by the plaintiff. They now commenced the examination of the witnesses on the other side. The first one called was John Collins, the gardener. He stated that he had "knowd" the prisoner ever since he was a little pup ten inches long, and that "he had never knowd nothin' agin him." He had always thought him "a parsin' honest critter; wos sure he was not given to stealin' or the like of sich." He was at work in Mr. Wentworth's yard on Tuesday afternoon, in sight of the kennel; saw nothing of the dog. He thought he would have seen him, if he had gone to the kennel. "In fact," said he, getting excited as he closed his testimony, "it would have bin almost impossible for him to git to the kennel without bein' wisable to me."

"You say," said the attorney for the plaintiff, "you have known the prisoner ever since he was ten inches long; have you lived in the same house with him all this time?"

"No, sir," said the witness, with a broad grin; "I've niver bin in the pris'ner's house, an' I'm in no wise sartin I could git in, if I should try."

The corners of Will's mouth twitched quite visibly, but he managed to keep his face straight, and went on with the examination. "Were you at work on Mr. Wentworth's grounds all of Tuesday afternoon?"

"I was there afore two, and did not git away until arter six."

"And in sight of the kennel all the time?"

"I was in sight of the kennel all the time, wter I seed the dog come back from the school-house with the boys."

"I understood you to say that you saw nothing of the prisoner during the afternoon."

"This wos all I seed of him."

"Are you quite sure you did not leave the grounds for a moment after that?"

"I jist went over to the shed to git a rake, but I comed right back agiu."

Paul French, the next witness called, stated that he stepped into Mr. Raymond's kitchen after the clock struck five, on Tuesday afternoon. Saw the prisoner lying on the floor; noticed a cap beside him. He went in to return a book; was in great haste to join a game of ball; so he threw the book on to the table, and left, without seeing any one except the dog. Will asked him a few questions, and allowed him to retire.

Next came Bridget McCarty, cook at Mr. Wentworth's. She looked every inch Irish, with her jolly full-moon face, dark hair, and blue eyes, and took her place on the witness-stand with a look which said as plainly as words, "I'm ready for you." After she had told her story, the attorney questioned her in this way: "You say your name is Bridget McCarty; you are a native of Ireland, I think?"

"Sure 'an yer honor spakes the truth; an' 'twas a sorry day as iver I come to Ameriky, where an honest dog can't lave a bit of his dinner in his kennel, without bein' accused of stalng the same."

"Did you give him the bone you mention on Tuesday afternoon?"

"'Twas meself that did it; an' there was mate on the bone."

"Have you seen this bone before?" asked the attorney, holding up the bone Will found in the kennel.

"I've seen the like of it, yer honor."

"Is it the same shape and size of the bone which you gave the prisoner on Tuesday afternoon?"

"In faith I was not afthur measuring it, or drawing pictures of it either; an' if I had, the dog might have gnawed off a corner, an' thin yer riverence would say it was not the same."

Here there was a suppressed giggle from the boys all over the court-yard. The sheriff called for order, and when order was restored the attorney proceeded. After asking a few more questions, which were answered in pretty much the same manner, he said, "I suppose you think by evading my questions in this way, you are helping the cause of the prisoner; but you will find yourself mistaken in this. You will now leave the court-room."

"An' be all manes," said Bridget, with a low courtesy, as she stepped off the box.

There was a pause of a few minutes, and then the attorney for the plaintiff arose to make his plea, — that is, to try and prove that the prisoner was guilty of stealing the meat.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "you have heard the evidence against the prisoner. It is not *direct*, it is true; we can bring no one forward who can say he *saw* him take the meat; gentlemen of his character are rather apt to choose a time when they are alone, or at least when they think themselves alone, for the doing of such deeds. But although we can bring no one forward to say he saw him do this, you must confess the testimony is very strong against him. Mark, in the first place, what a fine opportunity he had to provide himself with a good dinner, supposing him to have been so disposed, — the meat upon the table, the open window through which to make his escape, and the kennel in which to hide whatever remained of his repast. I think you will all agree with me in the opinion, that his race, as a rule, will take a dinner that is within their reach, whether it is given them or not. But our friend," said he, looking toward Fred, "may say he is not like the rest of his race; he is an uncommon dog in every particular; not only free from the charge of stealing, but of all other charges which would represent him in any other light than brave, faithful, and true. And yet two of our witnesses have testified that he was told to guard a cap until the return of his master; and that, when he returned, the cap lay upon the floor, deserted. Our friend may urge as an argument in his favor, that there must have been some strong inducement to draw him away, it was so unlike him. I think there was, myself. I think he had a little bone, for which he had no appetite, being a well-fed dog, which he was anxious to get out of sight. You will admit, gentlemen of the jury, that one proof is good that he failed this time in being faithful to the command of his master; and, having failed in this, is it not possible he may have failed in being honest, too? This, then, is the proof we offer you. We bring three witnesses to testify that there were four slices of meat upon the plate; and two, who say that the plate on which were these four slices of steak was upon the table, and the dog upon the floor. This was the position of things when they left the room. When they returned, there were blood drops upon the floor, one slice of the steak was gone, and the prisoner likewise. These

gentlemen also state that they noticed one of the windows in the room was open. Then we bring another witness, who says he saw a dog strongly resembling the prisoner, spring from that open window with something in his mouth. The gentleman upon the other side asks, "Are you sure it was the prisoner who sprang from the window?" Is it likely, gentlemen of the jury, when there is but one other dog in this town who in the least resembles the prisoner in shape and size, that he should have made his appearance during the short time which intervened between the moment when the witness left the kitchen and his return, taking the meat, and driving the prisoner from his watch? Can our friend bring forward a witness to testify that he saw such a dog enter the house, either by the window or the door? If not, how are we to account for the missing meat, and the deserted watch? And there is another ugly thing to be accounted for, — this bone, which the witness found in the kennel of the prisoner. It is true, a witness is brought forward to testify that she gave the prisoner a bone; and, too, that there was meat upon it. You yourselves heard how evasive were the answers of this witness to my questions. We all know that the bone in a surloin steak is peculiar in shape; that is, it is not like the bone in a beef roaster, — being much smaller; neither is it like the bone we find in a mutton-chop, or any other meat, where it would be likely to be cut so thin. Now, if the witness had given such a bone to the prisoner on the afternoon of that day, do you think she would have answered me in the way she did? This is the evidence which we offer in proof of the prisoner's guilt; and we now submit the case (so far as we are concerned) to you for a decision."

Fred had been growing more and more nervous every moment, while Will was speaking. All the fine speech which he had written, and learned by heart, was slipping from his mind; the fingers which held his pen trembled visibly, and he was as pale as death with excitement. But the moment he stopped speaking, he rose and faced the jury, eager for his defense. All his lost color returned, his wavy black hair was tossed to the wind, and his eyes sparkled like diamonds. The moment he rose the dog sprang to his feet. Then Fred commenced his plea.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I think you yourselves will confess it is a pitiful case, where one is presented for trial who can say nothing in his own defense. The testimony against the prisoner in the present case is, I con-

fess, very strong. Even I, who have known him so long and so well, cannot explain how it all was. But there was one fact, to which all the witnesses for the plaintiff were careful not to draw your attention, which was this,—the dog lay on the door-step waiting, when we opened the door. This is not like a thief. I cannot tell who took the meat, or why my faithful friend did not watch my cap, as I bade him. Yet I believe him innocent of the charge now brought against him. How can I doubt one who has been true so long? When he first came to me he was a little pup, scarce three months old; this was four years ago; and every night since then he has watched beside my bed, and every morning when I awoke I have found him still watching. He has gone with me to school each day; and when school was dismissed, he has always been waiting at the door. I have taken him to market, and sent him home alone, to carry the meat which I had purchased for our dinner; and he has never touched it, but brought it safely to the house. Time and again has he done this, and been trusted with food in many ways beside. I never knew him to disobey me when told to watch my cap, until the other day; and I'm not going to doubt him now. I *know* there was some good reason for his leaving it. Look at him, boys," said he, quite forgetting he was in a courtroom. "Does he look like a common dog,—a sneaking, thievish cur?"

All eyes were involuntarily turned toward the dog. There he stood, wagging his tail; his soft brown ears falling gracefully on either side of his head, and his eager eyes fixed on his little master, as if he longed to hear him speak the word which called him to his rescue. There was not a more expressive face in the whole crowd.

"If he is not faithful to my command, what binds him to that box? he wants to come to me, you *see* he wants to come. There is no chain about his neck; why does he stay? Is it not because I bade him? This is all that he can say in his own defense; and you will say this is no proof; he was not faithful when the meat tempted him; and, I doubt not, you will judge him guilty, and thrash his honest back for a thing he never did; and I shall stand by and see it done, and hold my peace, because I promised you; but I'll not believe him guilty, because I cannot. He has been true to me, and I'll be true to him."

Then Fred took his seat, and the dog lay down with a low howl, as if he said, "You speak the truth, I did not steal the meat; and you'll be true to me, and I to you."

Then the judge arose, and asked the attorney for the defendant if he had anything further to offer in defense of the prisoner. Fred shook his head, but did not look up. Things had taken such a serious turn that most every one wished that there had been nothing done about it. Nearly all the boys were saying to themselves, "I'll not stay to see him thrashed," when Mr. Raymond arose, and asked his honor the judge if he might be permitted to say a few words. Having gained permission, he took his place on the witness stand. All eyes were now turned that way, wondering what he would have to say; and the court-yard was very quiet when he commenced his remarks.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "having something to say which I think will help you in your decision, I have ventured to offer my testimony unasked; hoping it will give you as much pleasure to acquit the prisoner as me to clear him. With your permission, I will proceed at once to make my statement. On the afternoon of Tuesday last, between the hours of five and six, I had occasion to leave my store, and go to the house for a moment. I entered at the front-door, but passed out through the kitchen. Upon entering that room I at once noticed the prisoner lying upon the floor beside a cap, and soon afterwards the meat upon the table. Little dreaming of the trouble I was about to cause, I went to the table; and seeing that the upper slice of steak was more bone than meat, threw it to him, saying, 'Good fellow! you shall have this reward for your honesty.' The prisoner sprang to his feet, and caught it in his mouth; then, turning, carried it to where he was lying beside the cap, the meat dropping blood all the way. When I saw the blood, I bethought me of Mary's clean floor; and raising my cane, and pointing to the window, said, 'Here, leave the house, sir.' He took the meat, and laying it at my feet, lapped my other hand, which hung at my side, as if to say, 'I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you gave it me.' Here was another spot upon the floor. I grew desperate! and, stamping my foot, and pointing to the meat, said, 'Pick that up.' He took it, and turned toward the cap. 'Here, not that way,' said I, going before him, with my cane raised in my hand. Then he turned, and sprang through the window with the meat in his mouth, as one of the witnesses has said."

There was quite a commotion when Mr. Raymond sat down. His testimony had changed the face of the whole matter. Fred's eyes were full of tears, and he did not raise them, although he

knew several of his friends were trying hard to get his attention. As soon as order had been restored, the judge arose to give his final charge to the jury. He said it seemed to him that there was little left for him to say. No one present could doubt the truth of the last statement, coming, as it did, from a person highly esteemed by all; and if his testimony was true, there was no doubt as to what the verdict should be. However, that all might be satisfied, he called upon the sheriff to lead out the jury.

The sheriff approached, extended his cane, and they passed out. But they soon returned, with the verdict of "Not Guilty." Then the Rev. Mr. Clifford asked permission to say a few words. The boys were all attention when he rose, for he was a great favorite among them.

"My dear young friends," said he, "I am not at all familiar with the formalities of a courtroom; so, if you do not object, I shall address you, not as his honor the judge, or gentlemen of the jury, but simply as boys, — the only title by which I know you. I feel perfectly at home when I speak to boys, for I was once a boy myself, you know, and I think I understand them pretty well. So then, in the first place, my boys, I would thank you for the pleasure of this afternoon's entertainment. I think that I have enjoyed it as much as any one present. You have carried on your trial in a right good spirit; there have been no hard words, or feelings either (I think), from beginning to end; and in this your superiors in age and worldly wisdom would do well to imitate you. It occurred to me, while listening to the trial and its final result, that there is a lesson for us all to learn from what we have heard this afternoon, which is this, — Right is Might, and Truth triumphs in the end. And to you, my little friend," said he, turning to

Fred, "I have a word to say. May you ever prove as faithful to your friends, when under a cloud, as you have shown yourself this afternoon; and if you are, be sure you will have your reward. Yes, boys, one and all, be true to your friends; and they, as a rule, will be true to you. There are some exceptions, I know; I grieve to say it, but it is a fact I can't deny. If this trial should be sent to one of you; if, among the number of those whom you have loved and trusted, one should prove false, do not grow distrustful, and doubt them all. Be true to your motto: still Love and Trust. You will find many noble hearts during your life's journey, although I know there is many a Judas still living on the earth."

This was all he said, for he knew what it was to be a restless boy, and they had been still a long time. Then the court adjourned. Fred was congratulated, I can assure you, and the dog was decidedly *the* Lion of the day. The boys were so much engaged with Fred and his dog, that they did not notice what was going on on the opposite side of the yard. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, and Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, with the assistance of the two cooks and some others present, had cleared the judge's stand, spreading it with a fair white cloth; and were now busily employed loading it with a bountiful repast. When all was ready, the boys seated themselves in little groups upon the grass; and for some time were quite as earnest in discussing the question now before them as the one they had just disposed of.

When they had talked, laughed, and eaten to their hearts' content, they separated, all agreeing that they had spent a very pleasant afternoon, and that the trial had ended much better than they at one time feared.

GOOD-BY.

I HOPE the children who have read the "Riverside" for four years are as sorry to have it come to an end as I am. But it is a great deal better to have a good thing and enjoy it, than to be missing things and grieving over not having them. You have had the "Riverside" for four years, and I believe you have enjoyed it, for I have not yet seen the boy or girl who "hates that old Magazine." I have seen a great many who like it thoroughly, and many pleasant letters from old and young make me believe it, whether I want to or not, and I want to. Now you will never have a fifth volume of the "Riverside," so enjoy the four!

And I have had four or five years of pleasure, editing this Magazine. Nobody can take those away from me. I have made friends by it that I hope never to lose. I do not expect to edit any more magazines for young people, but I mean to enjoy the recollection of the days when I edited the "Riverside," and had the pleasure every month of seeing its bright cover flying away, with its treasure of story and verse and picture, to gladden the eyes of children whom I never should see. If the Editor of "Scribner's Monthly" and my grown up family are as good friends as we have been, nobody could ask more.

THE EDITOR.

THE SETTLE.



A Proverb in Picture.

It would be too bad, thinks the Magazine Man, to finish the "Riverside" without a picture, and so he has chosen one by the same artist who drew the first picture, "Three Wise Men of Gotham," and as there will never be a number for January, 1871, it will be necessary to give the answer here, so put your ears down and hear the whisper, **B**

"When in motion, to push on is easy."

There are a good many riddles which the Magazine Man would be glad to put in this last number: they are in his pocket, but there was a bushel to put into the peck measure of these forty-eight pages. Much had to be left out, and now there only remains space to give a few with their answers, and the answers to the enigmas in the November number.

Anagrammatic Enigmas.—1. Circumnavigate. 2. William S. Stevens. *Double acrostic charade.*—Foundation words—Sun, day. Cross words—Sound, umbrella, newsboy.

SQUARE WORDS.

No. 1. A short journey. The queen of flowers. Surrounded by water. A lord.

No 2. Without end. A notion. Cleanly. An entrance.

No. 3. Part of a fence. Hebrew for father. A bird. A Scotch girl.

No. 4. A female name. Higher. Olfactories. All. Peevish.

ANSWERS TO SQUARE WORDS.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
trip	ring	rail	Janet
rose	idea	abba	above
isle	neat	ibis	noise
peer	gate	lass	event
			testy

M. S. H.

CHARADE.

See little Polly, dear little girl,
 Trudging to school by the hedgerow green;
 Sudden she lifts blue ribbon and curl
 From my first, for ripples behind the screen;
 Such a musical, chattering bird-song sweet.
 She parts the green branchlets, peeps slyly between,—
 There is my second, o'erflowing with life,
 "As noisy," she thinks, "as the children are;"
 Though whether with play, or a hungry strife,
 She scarce can tell; but her face doth wear
 My whole expressed, as she whispers herself,
 "Nobody else must know they are there." ZARA

Answer to Charade.—Ear-nest.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

Saturday, 31. The "Riverside Magazine for Young People," died, 1870.

Newspaper Advertising.

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, etc., etc. Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of fifteen cents. **GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.**, Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) "Leader," in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way: that is, so to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

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[From M. S. Stowe's "Hearth and Home," Aug. 14.]

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